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The Shape of Things

✶

BRITISH ANGER OVER TIENTSIN HAS RISEN rapidly during the past week as a result of the studied indignities heaped upon local British residents by the Japanese military authorities. The original issue in the controversy, the failure of the British authorities to hand over four Chinese suspects for trial by the Japanese, has long since been lost sight of in what unquestionably has become a bold move to destroy Western prestige in the Far East. Strategically, the Tientsin and Kulangsu blockades appear to be part of a desperate attempt by the Japanese to prevent any supplies from reaching the interior of China. The action against the foreign concessions has been paralleled by the capture of Swatow and the blockade of Ningpo, the two most important of China's remaining ports. What steps Britain will take to preserve the essential rights of its citizens to move about and trade freely is still unclear. Mr. Chamberlain has declared that Japan's "intolerable insults" will have to cease. Hints continue to be made regarding retaliatory action. But despite increasing evidence that some such measures will have to be taken if Britain is to remain in the East, the talk of retaliation has never been specific enough to make much impression on Japanese policy. The situation may have to become even worse before the Chamberlain government takes the most elementary measures of economic self-defense. And worse it seems certain to get.

✶

HARD FIGHTING ON THE OUTER MONGOLIAN border is reported to have been going on since May 11. As is usual with such outbreaks, the dispatches from Soviet and Japanese sources are so conflicting that it is impossible to know exactly what has happened. But it is evident that both sides have used airplanes to an unprecedented extent and that losses have been heavy. Previous incidents of this sort—it has been subsequently established—have been instigated in nearly every case by local Japanese commanders. It is quite possible that this one, like the Tientsin blockade, was started by the military clique as a protest against Tokyo's refusal to join the Rome-Berlin military pact. But whatever the

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cause, both this and the Tientsin affair provide powerful arguments for speeding British-Soviet negotiations and for including the Far East in whatever arrangement is ultimately reached. The somewhat belated emphasis which Moscow is putting on the situation is taken as an indication that the Kremlin may be preparing to ask Britain to reconsider its position with regard to the East. Of the two countries, Britain has undoubtedly the most to gain by an all-inclusive alliance.

*

EVERY DISPATCH FROM EUROPE AND THE Far East indicates that a new climax, if not the decisive one, is at hand in the perpetual crisis the world suffers. More and more observers abroad insist, and they are not merely using a figure of speech, that the Second World War is already under way: that all the reported incidents from Tientsin to Danzig are skirmishes in which the axis powers are testing the peace front; that an outbreak of hostilities on a grand scale is to be expected before fall. The language of both responsible and irresponsible statesmen became less diplomatic over the last week-end. Chamberlain's Cardiff speech, in which he spoke a "last word"—Germany can obtain many things but not by force—and Halifax's message to Ribbentrop—if you want war you can have it—have been answered promptly by Hitler, Goebbels, and Ley with plain war speeches, and more. A propaganda drive has been started in Germany with an entirely new slogan—"Germany's rights or war." This "or war," openly put forward in hundreds of factory and party meetings, while more and more reservists are called to the colors, is a new note. So far Hitler's words, however much his acts have belied them, have been more of peace than of war. Now he seems set upon convincing the German people that they may have to fight after all, that the period of bloodless conquest is over.

*

JEWS IN GERMANY ARE BEING CALLED BACK to work; immigration permits already issued are being canceled. Their newest fate is to replace workers called to arms—two million in the regular army, four more million in training in various short-time courses. Czech, Slovak, and Austrian workers are being forced into trains and transported as conscript laborers to Germany proper. In Graz wives threw themselves with their children on the railway tracks. Fifty per cent of the Austrian Nazis, who bore the brunt of the fight for *Anschluss* and expected jobs afterward, are in concentration camps for opposing the rule of the "Prussians," who sit now in every warm place. Austrian soldiers, drilled by Prussian officers, complain bitterly of their cruel methods. Officers' quarters have been surrounded with barbed-wire fences for protection. In Bohemia an ever larger police force is necessary to control the Czech opposition. Farmers must have permits to go to the next village. In Germany proper working hours are stretched every week. Families are torn apart. The sons go into the army; the daughters and younger boys are ordered to the country to help with the harvest; fathers returning in the evening from their jobs find an urgent order to appear immediately in a certain place of assembly, where they receive instructions till midnight in the police work which they will have to take over on the "Day." Housewives are left alone to figure out where to get enough food for the next day. They will get handbills instead: "There are people who have a lust for goulash and whipped cream, who want to glut themselves. To every hysterical shouter and belly stuffer who wants to have delicacies, we say this is not the right time." The signs of the terrific strain under which the German population is suffering become more visible every day. The new propaganda drive is apparently designed not only to frighten England and France again—this time with a German war spirit which was absent in the last crisis—but also to overcome the weariness of the German people. As it is, Hitler seems to have reached a height of preparedness which cannot be maintained indefinitely. "Germany's rights or war." The harvest is not far off.

*

THE SENATE'S SURPRISE ACTION IN ENDING the President's authority to devalue the dollar and in voting an increase in the price paid for domestic silver is of greater political than economic significance. Further devaluation of the dollar was not in prospect; nor were there indications that it would be required in the near future. If it subsequently becomes necessary, Congress can again be asked to grant the President the power it has just refused. Meanwhile, the knowledge that the dollar cannot be raised or lowered in value should have a beneficial effect on foreign trade and may even stimulate foreign lending. Much less defensible was the vote to increase the price of domestic silver from 64.6 to 77.5 cents an ounce. In this action the so-called economy bloc joined with the "lunatic fringe" of money fanatics to sanction a barefaced raid on the Treasury. As has been repeatedly pointed out in these columns, the silver producers are no more entitled to government subsidy than are peanut vendors or any other economic group.

*

CLOSE ANALYSIS OF THE "INEQUITIES" WHICH a "high Administration official" finds in the proposed amendments to the Social Security Act suggests that the criticism may not be wholly sincere. Objection is made, for example, to the fact that differences of only a few days in birth or a few cents in wages may mean a substantial benefit or none at all. This charge can be leveled

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with equal force against the present law or any system of social insurance which sets hard-and-fast rules for qualification. Similarly, the progressive lowering in survivors' benefits as a result of long-standing unemployment or disability is a minor matter as compared with the decision to extend survivors' protection to the wives and children of the insured. It is also minor as contrasted with the failure of Congress to provide disability insurance as suggested by the Advisory Council on Social Security. An article in next week's issue of *The Nation* will show in some detail how the proposed amendments fall short of providing full security. But it would be most unfortunate if their very real value were obscured by carping criticisms which do not touch the basic issues.

*

GENERAL FRANCO HAS GRANDIOSE PLANS for reviving the Hispanic Empire of the New World, but it would take a lot of Black Arrow Brigades, Condor Legions, American embargos, and Allied "non-intervention" to bring back the days of the conquistadores. Because Latin America is cool and rapidly growing cooler toward the new regime in the mother country. For this state of affairs three factors are immediately responsible: the appalling number of political executions since the close of the war, the denial of the right of asylum, and the new government's presumptuous approach to the former Spanish possessions of the Western Hemisphere. Even the Mexico City *Ultimas Noticias,* which was pro-Franco throughout the war, finds that the brutality of the fascist regime is losing Franco many friends on this side of the Atlantic, but it is the row with Chile over the right of asylum that has crystallized anti-Franco sentiment. When Spain declined to permit the departure of Loyalist refugees who had found haven in the Chilean embassy in Madrid, the Popular Front government at Santiago won the instant support not only of Mexico, Cuba, and Venezuela, but also of the extremely conservative governments of Uruguay, Salvador, and Argentina. Colombia, which has not yet joined in the protest, is experiencing even more strained relations with the Franco regime. What touched off the explosion at Bogotá was the attempt of Luis Aviles, the new Spanish ambassador, to keep "unfavorable" reports on Spain, especially in connection with the executions, out of the Colombian press. Mass-meetings were held throughout the country, a police guard had to be thrown about the home of the envoy, and newspapers of every political shade reminded Aviles that this was the 129th year of Colombian independence. *El Liberal* as a *coup de grâce* asked whether Señor Aviles could imagine "a Colombian who would enter a Colombian city calling himself 'the Leader' or 'the Victorious' at the head of a legion of foreign invaders."

THE PROPOSAL TO ADMIT 20,000 GERMAN refugee children passed out of the news with the conclusion of hearings before the House and Senate Committees on Immigration; it will be news again when and if it is reported to the floors of Congress. It is at this moment that the pressure of public opinion must be exerted, first, to bring the resolution out of committee and, second, to insure its passage, for the opponents of the measure are working overtime. Their obvious and hostile arguments can be refuted: The bill is not an opening wedge to break down the quota laws—it is avowedly an emergency measure. If it offered any real threat of increasing unemployment the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. would not favor it. The children will not become public charges, for their support will be assured before they enter. The more specious arguments—that the bill will encourage the breaking up of German families, that it discriminates against refugees from other countries, that we must take care of our share-cropper children first, would hardly wring tears even from a crocodile. The most subtle and effective argument is the *sotto voce* contention that this is a Jewish bill. The implication is that all the children are Jewish and—more crocodile tears—that their admission would increase anti-Semitism. Here again the fallacy that Hitler is so anxious to propagate, namely, that the refugee problem is a Jewish problem, is being carefully nurtured. It happens that not more than 60 per cent of the refugee children are of Jewish origin. But even if the percentage were 100, it would still be not a Jewish but a human problem. And if American legislators stoop to ask a child in distress whether or not he is Jewish, we shall have taken a long step in the direction of the anti-Semitism which the opponents of the present resolution so ostentatiously disavow.

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ON JUNE 1, 1925, M. PAINLEVE, THE FRENCH Premier, pleaded for reconciliation with Germany, Leon Trotsky was transferred to a new post on the U. S. S. R.'s supreme council, Sinclair Lewis denied calling Americans pigs, snow fell in Wyoming, and Lou Gehrig entered the line-up of the New York Yankees. On May 2, 1939, the French government reaffirmed its pledge to Poland, William Green assailed John L. Lewis, John Barrymore was accused of profane "ad libbing" in Omaha, it was partly cloudy in New York, and Lou Gehrig left the Yankee line-up, suffering, it is now revealed, from hardening of the spinal cord. In the fourteen-year interval Gehrig had played 2,130 consecutive games, shattered innumerable batting marks, and achieved the unique immortality that Americans reserve for their athletic gods. He had also become one of the few fixed elements in the crazy-quilt of present-day civilization. We've often wondered what original insight into human activity Gehrig got from

his lookout at first base, and whether he was conscious of the gap between his own realm, so largely untouched by wars and crises, and the surroundings of ordinary people; how did the advent of the Third Reich appear from a vantage point at first base? Gehrig's fame is a singularly American phenomenon. No other country would salute a man for staying in one place so long, unless he were a statue, and no other populace would be so universally grieved by his ailment. Not only has a superhuman first baseman been transformed overnight into an invalid; an irresistible force has budged one of the few apparently immovable objects of a disordered age.

Still Using a Thimble

THE new spending-lending plan outlined by the President in a letter to Senator James F. Byrnes is a strange mixture of grandiose and halfway measures, long-range insight and short-term opportunism. Its economic weaknesses are its political strength, and its curiously hybrid character is traceable to the peculiar position in which Mr. Roosevelt finds himself. More spending is obviously necessary to provide employment and maintain business at a fair level of activity. The view that industry will revive of its own accord if only the government stands aside is still put forward but not very hopefully in the conservative press. The 1937-38 recession was the result of Mr. Roosevelt's readiness to try that kind of program; the decline in business kept pace with the cut in spending, and expansion was necessary to bring about even a mild revival. Yet a letdown in popular enthusiasm for the New Deal has brought dissatisfaction with "spending"; the growing deficit continues to be a growing political liability. It was necessary to spend without increasing—or seeming to increase—the deficit, and to spend in a way that would be least obnoxious to a Congress in which a Republican and conservative Democratic majority, though unable to put forward a program of its own, is still strong enough to block the New Deal. To meet these exigencies Mr. Roosevelt has framed a proposal that again exhibits his mastery as a political strategist, though it is likely to prove disappointing as an economic prescription.

There is first of all a huge sum total, $3,060,000,000. It may have been hoped that the mere announcement of so huge an expansion in spending would give the markets a reviving fillip. The sluggish reaction of the markets is understandable when one examines the details of the plan. First of all, the plan is a seven-year plan, and the amount to be spent next year is but $870,000,000. Secondly, while the proposal is likely to appease many members of the opposition by leaving projects to be carried out through local initiative and under local control, this factor also means much delay in getting projects started. The President's provision for $100,000,000 in loans for railroad equipment may encounter similar difficulties. The expenditure of even $870,000,000 next year is unlikely. Thus we have Mr. Roosevelt recognizing that government must fill the gap left by private enterprise—but proposing to fill it only feebly. With the policy of pump-priming we have no quarrel. Much of this program —notably the provisions for rural electrification and tenant farm purchases—is admirable. Our principal objection is that Mr. Roosevelt, in this as in past attempts at pump-priming, does not propose to pour enough water down the well really to get the pump started.

The New York "Post" Changes Hands

SALE of the New York *Post* again demonstrates that freedom of the press is nine-tenths rhetoric. Dissident groups enjoy an interstitial liberty. The press is free to criticize politicians as it pleases. Courage comes cheap to conservatives. But the publisher who steps on the toes of Chase National, General Motors, or even Lydia Pinkham must sooner or later bend the knee or be marked for slaughter. Although New York City's numerous liberals and powerfully organized workers would seem a natural market for a progressive, pro-labor daily, the same economic forces that killed the old *Globe* and the *World* have proved too much for one of the country's most enterprising publishers.

The *Post,* made memorable by Hamilton, Leggett, Bryant, Schurz, Godkin, and Villard, had fallen to a low level of mediocrity and conservatism under the Curtis-Martin ownership when it was acquired by J. David Stern in December, 1933. He proceeded to repeat his previous successes in Philadelphia, Camden, and Springfield (Illinois). The paper was never well coordinated, and its performance was always spotty. It stooped to conquer—contests and sensationalism helped build it. But its energetic though often eccentric editorial policies, and its vigorous championing of the New Deal, labor, and the under-dog won it an enthusiastic audience. Circulation had quadrupled when the recession of 1937-38 hit the *Post,* with its inadequate financing and meager advertising, just as it was crawling out of the red. Business difficulties were soon reflected in policies which succeeded only in antagonizing thousands of readers. The *Post's* baiting of reds and the Soviet Union was all the more offensive because of the liberal pretensions of the paper. Regulation of labor unions was advocated. There was an ignominious run-to-cover on Spain. The Apex decision was applauded. Stern's final months as publisher were a frenzied search for funds and a foredoomed attempt to ride as rapidly as possible in two different directions.

The paper has now been sold to George Backer, wealthy young American Labor Party leader and B. Charney Vladeck's successor in New York's City Council. Backer has more money, if less experience, than Stern. He also has what Stern never won—the good-will of certain advertisers whose liberalism is tied up with their opposition to Nazism. Portents of a shift back toward the *Post's* earlier liberalism may be seen in Backer's labor-party background, his move away from Stern's isolationism, and the news that he is hiring Rollin Kirby, long unhappy on the pseudo-liberal *World-Telegram,* as cartoonist. The financial fate of the paper will probably be settled by whether or not it gets Macy's advertising; the other stores will follow if Macy's goes in. Advertising may also settle the editorial fate of the *Post.* Whether it does or not will depend only in part on Backer. For the undertow that tugs at newspapers in New York, as in our other cities large and small, is fierce and in the long run irresistible—except (sometimes) by genius, miracle, and luck. We hope that Backer has them all.

Lessons from Tientsin

AS THE Tientsin blockade drags into its third week, the concern of the United States in its outcome has deepened. Too much emphasis, perhaps, should not be placed on the fact that American citizens are suffering serious inconvenience at Tientsin and Amoy as a result of the Japanese action. The local Japanese military authorities have leaned over backward to respect American citizens in the hope that the United States would not join with Britain in drastic action. But it has become increasingly clear that the Japanese themselves see the struggle as broader and more far-reaching than a mere dispute between Britain and Japan. Western interests have proved a real obstacle to their progress in China, and they have determined to crush them if they can.

In a word, Tientsin has shown that the Japanese mean business. Americans with interests in China, whether business, educational, or missionary, can no longer tell themselves that they might be able to carry on as well under Japanese as under Chinese rule. Our government must decide in the immediate future whether it is prepared to defend the rights of its citizens or will relinquish their not inconsiderable interests to the Japanese. Failure to take a firm stand alongside Britain and France in the present crisis would mean surrender to Japan.

No one in this country wishes to get involved in a war with Japan over a conflict of interests in China. There is no immediate danger of such a war. But Britain's experience indicates how weakness and procrastination can lead to an "intolerable" situation. If the Western powers had lived up to their treaty obligations at the time of the conquest of Manchuria, or even at the outset of the present undeclared war, and withheld economic support from Japan, the present crisis could never have developed. If the United States fails to take a stand today, our citizens may tomorrow be suffering indignities that will lead to the inevitable growth of a war spirit.

What strength Japan has today it owes almost entirely to the economic assistance of the United States and the British Empire. These powers furnished Japan with 77 per cent of its imports of essential war materials in 1938. Through absorption of Japanese exports, they provided approximately 70 per cent of the foreign exchange required for the purchase of such necessities. Denied this assistance, Japan, by its own confession, would be unable to carry on in China, much less threaten attacks on the Western nations. But in any economic action to check Japanese aggression, the United States must of necessity play the principal role. Last year this country furnished 57 per cent of Japan's imported war materials, a slightly greater proportion than in the previous year. Its purchases, chiefly because of the amount of silk it takes, are greater than those of any other single country, though the British Empire as a whole takes more.

There can be no question that an overwhelming majority of the American people want to see this partnership with Japan dissolved. A recent Gallup poll taken before the Tientsin crisis showed more than 70 per cent to be in favor of such action. Yet the bitter fact is that Congress will not take up any of the half-dozen embargo bills before it unless popular pressure is exerted to a greater extent than it has been so far. The State Department will not push for action lest it be accused of "pulling Britain's chestnuts out of the fire."

Either the Pittman or the Schwellenbach resolutions would untie the President's hands so that immediate action could be taken to restrain Japan. The Coffee bill, despite its wide support, is too limited in scope. Any bill that is effective is bound to encounter opposition from those profiting from the sale of war materials. Fortunately, no important American interest is involved. Our chief export is cotton, but cotton growers have a special interest in a Chinese victory since one of the announced objectives of the Japanese invasion is the development of a Japanese cotton supply in China. Next in importance is oil, and it so happens that our total sales of petroleum products to Japan are but a small fraction of domestic sales. The powerful iron and steel interests are among the most active supporters of a ban on the export of scrap iron, third on the list of exports. Our chief import is silk, but in rayon, cotton, and nylon we have domestic products which can readily meet all of America's needs. Some sacrifice is undoubtedly involved in the use of economic restraints. But it is as nothing compared with the loss to civilization that would result from a victory for Japanese aggression.

What Every Editor Doesn't Know

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

LIKE many poses, the false air of assurance assumed by even the best of editors is at least expected of them if not forced upon them by their public. I think this is unfortunate—and not only because it ultimately turns editors into prigs, and the journalistic discussion of matters of general interest into pretentious soothsaying. It is chiefly unfortunate because public affairs, today especially, should be approached in a spirit of modest inquiry, proposed solutions should be treated with skepticism, and every opinion should be formed after an honest examination of complicated and conflicting facts. But such an attitude is hard to achieve in the face of the general craving for assurance. No one is going to rush to a newsstand to find out what Westbrook Lippmann doesn't know about the chief events of the day.

Editors take a position. Into that position go such respectable ingredients as thought and acquired fact. Sprinkled in unconsciously are also at least a pinch of class prejudice and political bias and a few grains of self-interest. But the most important influence on the flavor of the final dish is the accumulation of confusion and plain ignorance that has been resolutely skimmed off and thrown away. Down the sink with doubt is too often the motto of our editorial writers, and I do not except those who write the opinions expressed in *The Nation.* One and all we are afraid that the guests may not like our concoctions and won't ask for seconds.

Somewhere editors must find the courage to make room for doubt in their writing. It may even be that our readers will welcome it after a heavy diet of desk-thumping. And especially we must let doubt inform our views on world affairs. Nowhere are we more likely to be betrayed by self-assurance than in the realm of foreign policy: here if anywhere is the place to tread diffidently, watchfully, relying on no precedents or dogmas.

Especially we should be careful about words. Events move, leaving a graveyard of good editorial language behind. Today we may hopefully refer to Mr. Chamberlain's pacts as a "peace front," but we have almost forgotten the larger phrase "collective security," and next month we may be talking about a "war alliance." All three are intended to describe a way of stopping fascist aggression; but a policy that offers hope of a peaceful Europe at one stage may a year later represent the only chance of success in war. If we are wise we will use the inevitable clichés of our trade in full knowledge that they are likely to die in our typewriters. And when they are dead, they should be buried.

Our opinions and hopes and plans are also subject to sudden death. Last year a solid front of non-fascist nations in Europe would probably have been able to deflect or stop altogether the aggressive plans of Hitler and Mussolini. Now even a real peace front might not succeed in doing so. A year ago all immediate steps in American foreign policy could reasonably be calculated in terms of the best way to promote peace. Today it is necessary at least to consider what this nation should do in case of war.

Faced with a choice of evils, doubt is not only permissible; it is obligatory. If war engulfs Europe as it now engulfs Asia, terrific magnetic forces—economic, political, and irrational—will tug at America's neutrality. No artificial isolation will really insulate us against them. It is still true, as it was when collective security meant what it said, that only by preventing war can the United States be kept safe from involvement in war, and now we are not sure that war can be prevented even if Mr. Chamberlain's peace front is built soon and solidly. How long would our neutrality last if war really came? In 1914 we pacifists had a simple slogan; it was "Peace Without Victory." Wilson said it; but we meant it. If war comes now or a year from now, despite our reinforced skepticism about its final effect, our slogan will be different. It will be something like "Stop Hitler" or "Fight Fascism." Can we combine that slogan with a program for keeping America out? Perhaps we can, but I think it is healthy to admit that we don't know that either. In the whole international complex the only facts we can count upon are uncertainty and change. Let us forswear the language and mood of omniscience. They won't work any more.

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In New York thirty-two years is a generation in the life of a neighborhood as it is in the lives of men. When 20 Vesey Street was built in 1907 to house the *Evening Post* and *The Nation* it was close to the geographical heart of the publishing business. Park Row, just around the corner, was the home of the old *World;* while the *Tribune* and the *Sun,* the *Mail* and the *Globe* were next-door neighbors.

Today the gold dome of the World Building is a bit dingy, and the *World* and the *Mail* and the *Globe* are dead. The *Tribune* swallowed the *Herald* and moved up to the neighborhood of Times Square. The Park Row days are long gone. And now *The Nation* is going, too. It has taken offices at 55 Fifth Avenue, and this week will see the removal of a weekly that has lived in one building as long as the building has stood. Such a tearing-up and replanting is painful even when it seems necessary. Not one member of the staff but will suffer a sense of loss when he looks for the last time at the rooms lately turned into a chaos of packing cases, and at the pleasant outlines of St. Paul's, which through the years have reminded us that America has a past, as well as the present so inexorably condensed into each week's issue.

France Means Business

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, June 13

AND so Mr. Strang has gone to Moscow, and we are told that it is going to be all right this time. Sir Nevile Henderson, the British ambassador in Berlin, is said to have sent a sort of S. O. S. to London saying that if the Russian alliance was not concluded at once, nothing could stop the Nazis from doing something desperate. Coming from a diplomat who was never known to be prejudiced against the Nazis, his warning is said to have made a big impression on Lord Halifax and even on Mr. Chamberlain; and Mr. Strang has been given a fairly free hand and instructions to get the job finished somehow. The scope for "consultation" is said to have been reduced to very little, and Russia is to be guaranteed not only against a direct attack but also against an "indirect" attack, that is, against one launched via the Baltic states. On the face of it, everything should work all right now. Unfortunately, the Russians have become extremely distrustful after two months of haggling, and the French are not so sure that they will "march." Already the semi-official *Petit Parisien* is putting the blame on the Russians in advance for any possible breakdown by suggesting that all that really interests Stalin is to keep out of war, since war is the only thing that has any chance of breaking up his regime. There may be a fragment of truth in this, but the fact remains that in the opinion of the French government the alliance would have been signed long ago but for the attitude of the British. Why did not the British government accept the general "anti-aggression" formula proposed by the French two months ago as the basis for the tripartite pact—a formula the Russians were ready to accept—instead of concentrating on every variety of "eventuality" in which mutual assistance would work? If a hundred such eventualities were to be set down on paper, the Germans were certain to find a 101st constituting a loophole not covered by mutual assistance. No wonder the Russians grew suspicious.

I really believe that the French government, reflecting public opinion, sincerely wants the Russian alliance and has done its best to get the British government to be sensible. Its policy, especially Daladier's policy—and Daladier *is* the French government today—has been perfectly clear on this issue. There has been no sign in Paris of the hesitations, the muddleheadedness, of the bad old Munich days, when the French government was in a worse state of jitters than even the British; and I think one may say that if the Russian talks break down, the French will not be in any way to blame for it. With no illusions about Russia, the French know that the Germans are working desperately to prevent the Anglo-Franco-Russian alliance, that they have already made use of the present delays to get a foot into the Baltic states—just as they got a foot into Rumania in March, before Britain had guaranteed Rumania—and that they are reckoning, among other things, on the terrific demoralization and discouragement that the breakdown of the Russian talks will cause in all the countries adhering to the peace front. Hardly a single paper of all the thirty-odd papers in Paris today says a single word against the Russian alliance. The *Temps*, which on the day after Munich declared that "the Franco-Soviet pact and the Franco-Polish alliance have lost much of their significance," is today all in favor of it, complete with the fullest guaranties covering "indirect" aggression through the Baltic states.

It is true that Lord Halifax's and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches last week seemed, for a brief moment, to have revived the appeasement chorus in France. It did not, however, burst into song, but chirped rather timidly and self-consciously. The good old *Munichois* suddenly felt that here was a chance for them to make a little noise. M. Flandin, at his jubilee on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his political career, gave a little philosophic twitter about the impossibility of "maintaining the economic status quo in the world, still less in Europe," but the emphasis was cautiously put on the word "economic." On the following day Professor Barthélemy—who in the *Temps* on April 12, 1938, caused such a terrific commotion by saying that the French were not going to fight for the Czechs—came out with a calm, philosophic piece to the effect that "while this hypertension was better than bloodshed" it really could not be allowed to go on indefinitely, and some kind of arrangement should be arrived at with the axis powers. All of this sounded perfectly sound and respectable, except that one could not quite forget what M. Flandin and M. Barthélemy were saying a year ago, or help reading all sorts of funny things between the lines.

M. Marcel Déat, who invented the slogan "Die for Danzig? No!" which sent Daladier into a fury a month ago, and who also proclaimed about the same time that Germany would not keep quiet until it had been given "fresh pastures," was much less discreet than either Flandin or Barthélemy, and put, as the French say, both his feet in his plate by declaring in an article in the



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Oeuvre that all this stuff about the peace front was a lot of ballyhoo, that Germany could easily break it up through the Yugoslav gap, and that even if we signed an alliance with the Soviets nobody could persuade the ordinary Frenchman to fight for Latvia or any other place which he had never heard of and which was not of "vital interest" to him. Will you fight for the Negroes? Will you die for the Czechs? Will you die for Danzig or Latvia? It's funny how in defeatist propaganda the same old tricks are invariably used. It must, however, be said that this sort of thing has, so far at least, not had the slightest effect in France. M. Déat was severely sat on at the French Socialist Congress, which refused to identify itself with his ideas.

One of his severest critics there was M. de Monzie, a member of the present government, who is an interesting French specimen. M. de Monzie is one of those numerous Frenchmen who had absolutely no faith in the Czechs but have an immense faith in the Poles, and who were pro-Munich last year and pro-peace front this year, complete with the Russian alliance. He disliked Benes personally and did not think the Czechs "a nation," least of all a nation capable of any serious resistance; whereas the Poles to him are a real nation, a great nation, the heirs of Kosciusko, and all that. As for the Russians, they may not be a "steam-roller," and their military help may be deliberately limited when it comes to the point, but "we must have them on our side." Altogether, there is very little "Munich" pacifism left in France; even the Paul Fauristes in the Socialist Party represent a traditional intellectual and doctrinaire attitude rather than a widespread movement of opinion in the country, for the man in the street does not believe that Paul Faure's harping on a great international conference for "economic appeasement" is of any practical importance after the reception given in Berlin and Rome to President Roosevelt's message of April 15.

One of the reasons why French opinion is now almost unanimously in favor of the peace front and the Russian alliance is that the right has now abandoned Italy as a forlorn hope. "Our natural ally is not Russia but Italy" was for years the theme of almost every right-wing speech and article. And nothing would discourage them—not the *Anschluss* nor Munich, least of all Italian intervention in Spain. The outcry for "Tunis, Corsica, Nice!" came as a shock to these people, but even that did not fully cure them of the illusion that Italy would sooner or later break up the axis. As recently as the end of March, Bailby in the *Jour* thundered against the idea of the Russian alliance and said that the "natural" alliance against Germany was England-France-Belgium-Holland-Spain-Italy-Yugoslavia-Rumania-Poland. He asserted that the Italians were horrified by the German march into Prague, and that they would gladly enter into such a new alliance. But all this day-dreaming has now been dropped, even by most of the diehards on the right; and although they still dislike a pact with the Soviets, they refrain from saying anything against it. Spain has been a terrible disillusionment to them—and this applies to the French business class. A prominent French industrialist with important interests in Catalonia was asked on the day Barcelona fell whether he was not pleased. "Well," he said, "perhaps my shareholders are going to be pleased, but I don't think France will have much reason to rejoice." When I met him again the other day, he confessed that his shareholders were "thoroughly fed up," too. Another French industrialist told me, in speaking of one of the most famous mining concerns in Spain: "The reds made a dreadful mess of it, but it was mere child's play to what Franco's people have done since." And still another French industrialist went to Spain to inquire about the very important French railway property in the north. He was told that no one could say whether the French-owned railways were going to be nationalized or not, and whether, if they were, any compensation would be paid to the owners.

Nevertheless, illusions about Spain are not quite dead. In spite of everything, Franco is represented as sitting on the fence and as intending to derive every benefit from the battle for influence going on in Spain itself between the axis powers and the others. There is perhaps some truth in the theory that, ultimately, Franco will back the winner, or rather that he will not throw in his lot with the axis powers against a powerfully constituted peace front. But that is the best one can say. It is certainly true that Franco has been impressed by the Anglo-French naval precautions taken in the western Mediterranean and has been complaining of "encirclement"; when Lequerica, the Spanish ambassador at Paris, saw a French minister the other day, this minister said to him: "My dear Ambassador, all that encircles Spain is—the sea." Which was, in fact, a nicely phrased little warning. But while the pressure on Gibraltar and Tangier has relaxed, one cannot be quite certain about anything yet. Can the Balearics be effectively neutralized in case of war? And what of the German submarine bases in the north of Spain? And what are

the hundreds of German and Italian airplanes still doing in Spain? None of these questions would arise if the "reds" had not been sunk with the connivance of France, and especially of Britain.

From the French "home front" there is very little to report. Daladier's authority continues unimpaired; and even a very—very—left person I saw the other day said: "He's really making a smart job of it. His ideas on foreign policy are sound, and at home he manages things with a minimum of friction. I think we have been underrating him; or maybe he has himself grown up." Parliament has fallen into terrible disrepute in France, partly through its own fault. The government is accepted as a *salut public* government—which is not contrary to French tradition. As the same very left person remarked to me: "So long as the man in the street is allowed to go on reading his *Canard Enchaîné,* with jokes about the great demonstration organized in Bonnet's honor at Southampton by the solitary railway porter to whom he had given a shilling, he will continue to feel that he lives in a free, democratic country. As for the parliamentary debates, *"Ils s'en font."*

Delay May Be Fatal

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, June 14

LORD HALIFAX'S speech in the House of Lords on June 8 sounded very much like an S. O. S. to Hitler to save the British government from the painful necessity of making an alliance with the Soviet Union. The excuse that Halifax's overtures to Germany were necessary to allay German fears of "encirclement" will not bear examination. It may be doubted whether a single German sincerely believes that England and France have the smallest intention of attacking Germany. When the Germans complain, as they did before the war of 1914, that they are being "encircled," they mean that obstacles are being put in the way of their expansion at other people's expense.

The assertion frequently made that Germany is overpopulated and has not sufficient *Lebensraum* is baseless. The density of population at the last censuses in the respective countries was 276 per square kilometer in Belgium, 270 in England and Wales, 252 in Holland, 193 in the United Kingdom, 138 in Italy, 130 in Germany, 90 in Poland, 76 in France, and 72 in Europe as a whole without Russia. Austria, which is now included in Germany, had a density of 80 per square kilometer. I do not know the figures for Bohemia and Moravia, but for all Czechoslovakia it was 108.

Halifax's invitation to Germany, which was supported in speeches by Neville Chamberlain and Sir John Simon, was enthusiastically welcomed by the Italian press, but the German press expressed doubts about its sincerity. In France it caused dismay, and the Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* said in a message dated June 9: "There is a strong tendency in Paris today not to take Mr. Chamberlain's last statement on the Russian talks and the dispatch of Mr. William Strang to Moscow at their face value, but to treat them rather as so much window-dressing."

One of the most significant comments was that of the pro-fascist *Journal de Genève,* which suggested in an editorial on June 11 that if Hitler at once accepted the offer to negotiate made by the British government, Germany might take the place of the Soviet Union as the ally of England and France. The paper added: "Unless we are greatly mistaken, this is a solution that Mr. Chamberlain would welcome very gladly and that would not be displeasing to British opinion." I am sure that the *Journal de Genève* was right about Chamberlain, but I hope that it was mistaken about British public opinion.

At the time of writing it looks as though Chamberlain and Halifax would be obliged, however unwillingly, to come to an agreement with the Soviet Union. Daladier and his colleagues in the French Cabinet, with the exception no doubt of Georges Bonnet, are now strongly in favor of an alliance of England, France, and Russia, and this is demanded by the French General Staff. Also, it is probable that the Anglo-Turkish alliance would fall through if no alliance were concluded with Russia. Although the agreement between England and Turkey was arrived at on May 12, the treaty has not yet been signed or even initialed, the Turks having postponed its signature pending the Anglo-Russian negotiations.

It may safely be said, however, that, whether or not an agreement is arrived at with Russia, Chamberlain's double-crossing will continue. He has not abandoned the hope of another Munich, and unfortunately a return to the policy of appeasement has a large body of support in the ranks of the Second International and the International Trade Union Federation. It should not be forgotten that the British and French sections of the Second International—the British Labor Party and the French Socialist Party—voted for the ratification of the Munich agreement in the House of Commons and the Chamber of Deputies respectively, and thus became accessories to

the destruction of Czechoslovakia with all its consequences.

Paul Faure, the secretary of the French Socialist Party, who is an ardent *Munichois*, had the support of nearly half the delegates at the recent congress of the party at Nantes, and the absurd resolution adopted by the congress, which was a hash of conflicting policies, declared in favor of an "intenational peace conference." The Men of Munich in the French Socialist Party work with the Men of Munich in the French Trade Union Confederation and with the pro-fascist group led by the ex-Socialist, Marcel Déat.

President Roosevelt's message of April 15 to Hitler and Mussolini is being exploited by the Men of Munich to put on him the responsibility for their policy of peace by further concessions to Hitler and Mussolini. This was done in the resolution of the French Socialist Congress and still more flagrantly in a resolution unanimously adopted on June 7 by the workers' delegates to the International Labor Conference now being held in Geneva, which included the following passage:

> That the working people of every nation strongly urge all governments to join in the international conference suggested by President Roosevelt for an honest investigation into, and constructive solution of, the economic difficulties, social problems, and nationalistic rivalries which already are depriving hundreds of millions of people of their right to enjoy the fruits of civilization, and which, if not peaceably solved, may destroy the innocent people of many nations.

The resolution was proposed by three staunch Men of Munich—the Belgian delegate, Corneille Mertens; the Dutch delegate, E. Kupers; and the Swedish delegate, Gunnar Andersson. Before presenting the resolution to the meeting of the workers' delegates on June 7, they got it approved by Robert J. Watt, the United States delegate, who does not seem to have grasped all its implications. Some of the other delegates do not seem to have realized what they were letting themselves in for by voting for the resolution.

The passage quoted from the resolution is a misrepresentation of Mr. Roosevelt's message of April 15. The misrepresentation was probably unintentional, for I doubt whether any of the delegates had looked up the text of the message. Mr. Roosevelt did not propose such an international conference as is proposed in the resolution. He proposed "discussions," in which the government of the United States would gladly take part, on two specific points, namely, relief from the burden of armaments and "the most practical manner of opening up avenues of international trade." "Discussions" might take the form of a conference but would not necessarily do so. Further, Mr. Roosevelt's proposal was conditional on the consent of Hitler and Mussolini to give certain assurances which they have refused to give. This being the case, the proposal presumably no longer stands.

The resolution of the French Socialist Congress did at least make it a condition of the international conference that the governments taking part in it should be "resolved to respect the engagements freely signed by them"—a condition that excludes Germany and Italy in advance. The resolution of the workers' delegates to the International Labor Conference attaches no condition at all to its proposal of an international conference to bring about the millennium. Apparently, the delegates are prepared to go into a conference with Hitler and Mussolini tomorrow without asking them for any sort of assurance or guaranty that they will abandon their aggressive policies. The fact that the resolution was adopted the day before Halifax's speech was no doubt a coincidence, but it was an unfortunate one. The further fact that the resolution contained no mention of the efforts to form a coalition to resist aggression made it in effect a declaration in favor of an alternative policy. The resolution of the Nantes congress approved those efforts, including the proposed agreement with Russia.

The Geneva resolution of June 7 is unlikely to have much practical effect. Its importance lies in the revelation that it gives of the spirit of too many Second Internationalists. Halifax's speech, on the other hand, was dangerous. It could not fail to increase distrust of the British government, which is already almost universal, and it was calculated to give Hitler and Mussolini the impression that the new policy of Chamberlain and his colleagues is neither sincere nor serious. If the negotiations with Russia are dragged out much longer, Hitler may be encouraged to seize Danzig. The idea that Hitler can be appeased by economic concessions is an illusion. The talk about German lack of raw materials is as big a piece of humbug as the talk about German overpopulation. If Germany lacks raw materials for its peace industries, it is because it spends too much money on preparations for war. Hitler wants raw materials in Europe under his control only to make it easier for him to go to war. In particular, he wants the control of the iron mines of Lorraine and the oil fields of Rumania. The return of the German colonies would not help him, for their supply of raw materials is trivial and would not be available in time of war unless Germany had command of the seas.

As all the diplomatic representatives of the French government have been saying, the only way to avert war is to convince Hitler that he will have war if he continues his aggressions and that he will probably be beaten. The policy of "appeasement" has already brought us to the brink of war, and any sign of weakening on the part of England and France, any encouragement to Hitler to hope for further concessions, may take us over the brink.

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This Is America

III. THE SOUTH STILL LOVES ROOSEVELT

BY JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES II

"IF YOU ask me," I heard a well-educated young corporation lawyer in one of the South's industrial centers say the other day, "he's going to run for a third term, and be elected. After that Mrs. Roosevelt is going to be President, and then Jimmie. Me, I'm for General George Van Horn Moseley!" The young man meant it. He honestly believes that the power derived from vastly increased federal funds to spend and innumerable jobs to give is being used to perpetuate Roosevelt, and that the only way out now is to find a man on horseback. He hates the President with a hate that passes Roosevelt-hating in the North, East, or West, and in the service of that hate he is able to endure and to believe much. He can endure what in his lexicon is outright socialism in Republican leaders and conservative Democrats. And he can believe in the nightmares of Messrs. Moseley, Christian, Pelley, Deatherage, and company. He can endure the Ku Klux Klan and Tom Heflin, if necessary, to defeat a New Dealer. He can believe in the great "Jewish international plot" and the impending Communist revolution among Negroes of the South. Hate of Franklin Delano Roosevelt makes all things seem possible. He is vigilante-minded, flog-minded, military-minded, ruling-class-minded, a fascist in fact and sometimes in confession.

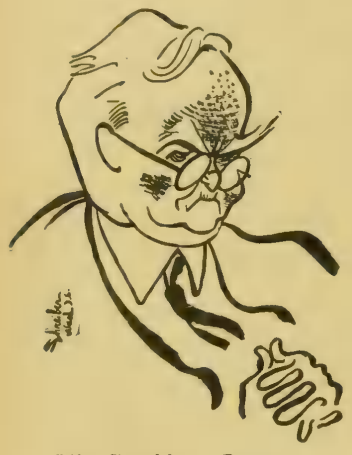
The young man gets this detailed mention because there are a great many of him. It is significant that five of the eight "star-spangled fascist" leaders reported upon by Stanley High in his article in the *Saturday Evening Post* last May are located in Southern states. It is significant that twenty-two of the twenty-seven bills against alien radicals introduced in Congress during the present session came from Southern members. And it is significant that the Ku Klux Klan, with fresh cries of "Americanism," has taken unto itself in Atlanta a new Imperial Wizard sworn to follow in Hiram Evans's footsteps. "The fiery cross will blaze again on the hilltops of America," vowed Veterinarian James Arnold Colescott upon assuming the robes in June, "and the Klan will serve militantly for God, country, and home. . . . We shall ever strive to promote the interests of the native-born, white, Protestant, Gentile population of America. Doubtless, the well-organized minority groups will take care of their interests. It is at least their problem." The new Imperial Wizard took care to add that he was "against floggings, lynchings, and intimidations," and promised to do all he could to put people who indulged in these pastimes in the penitentiary.

This is not to say that the South is going, or has gone, fascist. It is simply to report that at a critical time for this part of the country the temperament, history, and circumstance which have so often in the past made certain Southerners feel that sharp measures must be taken to maintain a certain rule are repeating themselves. The young man mentioned above has many friends and much influence, but numerically he is in the minority, and his fascist trend is only one of many currents here.

Other trends may be reported as the South looks to the 1940 elections. One is the advance of organized labor and the slowly increasing acceptance of the principle of collective bargaining by industrialists, a trend which is now limited mainly by bitter-end individualists and the occasional failure of national unions to recognize what most Southerners believe to be regional differences calling for regional policies. The labor movement in the South has profited from the New Deal not only in the Wagner Act but also in the hostility which federal control of wages and hours has aroused in certain quarters and in the quarrel between Mr. Green and Mr. Lewis. Many one-time opponents of collective bargaining have become reconciled to it as an alternative to federal wage-fixing. And Mr. Lewis's Congress of Industrial Organizations and its Textile Workers' Union of America have so awful an affinity to communism in many Southern minds that it has become possible to look with something like affection upon Mr. Green's once-hated American Federation of Labor. Nevertheless, it is Mr. Lewis's organization which has accomplished the most notable new organization—among coal miners and textile workers. On the whole, labor organization in the South is still handicapped by the existence of a huge surplus farm population eager for industrial jobs and by the race problem. To those for whom organized labor is a fearsome thing in any degree, organization of Negroes is especially fearsome. And racial feeling between black and white keeps Jim Crow more or less a member of the union.

Another Southern circumstance influencing 1940 is the voice of science. Thanks in part to the New Deal, in part to the South's own leaders, both physical and social sciences are spreading and are being looked to as the real answer to the problems and opportunities of the

region. The Rust brothers with their cotton-picking machine, Tuskegee's George Washington Carver with his findings in agricultural chemistry, the Farm Chemurgic Council, the late Charles Herty with his research in making newsprint from Southern pine, Frank Cameron, of the University of North Carolina, with experiments in harvesting the cotton plant entire and converting it into cheap cellulose, the new federal laboratory at New Orleans, adventures in making a rubber equivalent out of Southern sugar cane, studies in the production of plastics from cotton hulls and stalks, the development of a tung-oil industry, the substitution of cattle for cotton, the southward march of the cotton-textile and paper industries with promise of more new industries to come, the impetus to soil preservation and erosion control in New Deal agricultural measures —all these and many more developments in physical science have caught Southern imaginations; and even though their effectiveness depends upon a coupling of them with social, economic, educational, and political science—as the Tennessee Valley Authority is attempting to show—they are so much less subject to dispute than the latter that the South's determined emphasis on them makes them a large factor in the present picture.



Vice-President Garner

Another factor is the liberal movement—and the damage done to it by uncomprehending liberals from other parts of the country. The failure of these outside liberals, in their approaches to the South, to separate themselves clearly from a communism which ruling Southerners hate and fear above all else, and their insistence upon a strait-jacket application of general principles without regard to Southern history and circumstance have made their assistance more a liability than an asset to the developing liberal spirit in the South. At the Southern Conference for Human Welfare in Birmingham last December insistence upon a crusade on the spot against local race-segregation laws aroused such bitter resentment and suspicion that hopes of a poll-tax reform and legislative reapportionment, which would have meant something possible and concrete to the liberal cause in Alabama, went overboard. Glorification of the Scottsboro Negroes as individuals was a sentimentality which may have served good purpose in the North, but it hurt the case for plain justice among a people who might have been persuaded of the innocence of the defendants but who knew that, no matter whose the fault, they were individuals of a low order. Trumpeting for every wage increase mentioned in the South and insistence upon arbitrary overnight elimination of the wage differential upon which Southern industry has, rightly or not, been established, may be noble in the abstract, but they harm rather than help efforts for the maximum wage possible without destruction of the operation that gives the wage.

Fascism, union labor, science, liberalism, fear of the Negro—all are contributing to unsolidity in a once solid South. But another factor, related to all and developing over all, is tending to make the South solid again. That factor is the belief in national discrimination against this region. The huge volume on "Southern Regions" prepared by the University of North Carolina's Howard Odum a few years ago is devoted not to this alleged discrimination but to an exposition of phenomena differentiating the South from other parts of the country and suggesting a regional problem and opportunity. But the book has been made a Bible of Southern regionalism, supporting not only the conviction that science and self-help are needed, but also a demand for justice and generosity from the rest of the country. When the President called the South the nation's number one economic problem, he said what Southerners like Dr. Odum had been saying for years. When he was given the hot and hostile retort that the South is really the nation's number one economic opportunity, the answer coincided with what these same Southerners had been saying. The comparative poverty which makes the South a problem, they have been saying, makes it also an opportunity, and calls not only for new effort in the South but for a new national policy. A number one problem is entitled, they are saying, to number one tenderness from tariff makers, number one fairness from makers of freight rates, number one caution in wage-hour-law administration lest there result a destruction rather than an increase of wages, and number one freedom from discriminatory federal and state taxes on cottonseed-oil products. The South is the nation's problem, they are saying, because its poverty deprives the nation of a vast new market for goods and services; its opportunity because the defeat of that poverty would develop that market. The same poverty threatens the nation with an industrial and agricultural competition based on substandards and distress, which can be escaped if Southern economy is lifted to the national level. The spirit of regionalism is so strong today and unites so closely all groups in the South that an effort is on foot to have Southern delegates to the next Democratic National Convention present a solid front, holding their votes subject to bargaining on such matters as freight rates, wages, tariffs, federal taxes. Impracticable as this proposal is, it illustrates a regional consciousness which

is creating a new solidity in the South and which will count in the next Congress if not in the Democratic convention.

It is safe to say that whoever the Democratic nominee may be, the South will vote for him. The Democratic Party still owns this region. Garner can count on it as well as Roosevelt, Farley as well as Hull. Farley would be subjected to an anti-Catholic campaign, but prejudice against his religion might be more than offset by the personal friends he has made on his visits here and by his hold on the party organization. The fact that the Negro vote in the North and East has been won for the Democratic Party in the last two elections and that it may have become more valuable and concession-worthy than the vote of the white man in the South could eventually destroy the South's loyalty to the Democratic Party, but that eventuality is not yet. Once the Democratic nominee is announced next June, he can count on the South.

But there will be sharp maneuvers and bitter infighting before the nomination is made. Encouraged by the failure of the "purges" in South Carolina and Georgia and by the national rightward trend in the 1938 elections, anti-Roosevelt elements are out to make Southern votes at the convention decisive not only against a third-term nomination but against nomination of any New Dealer. John Garner is their man. They prefer him to Cordell Hull because many of them are industrialists and do not like the tariff-leveling policies of the Secretary of State. Lately, however, there has been much editorial doubt of Garner's ability to get the nomination. In spite of his showing in Gallup and other polls, belief is growing that no one who is not at least acceptable to Roosevelt can be named. The anti-Roosevelt Charlotte *Observer* has announced editorially that there is "no chance for 'Cactus Jack'" at the convention, and the Columbia *State* thinks that "he has a slim chance for the nomination, and a much slimmer chance to win if he gets it," since the country's conservative vote will go Republican. Next to Roosevelt, Garner and Hull are favorites in sample votes throughout the South, but Paul McNutt may grow in popularity with those who want Garner but think he can't win.

Voting restrictions which deny the Southern masses their full voice give the anti-Roosevelt movement an advantage beyond its popular strength in the South. In spite of this, the popularity of Roosevelt is still so great that he has only to announce for a third term to be sure of nearly every Southern delegation. Any other New Dealer will have hard sledding, but the President needs only to ask to be given. Undoubtedly this situation in the South will be a factor in his decision. It isn't that the South condones violation of the third-term tradition, or is altogether satisfied with the New Deal—the price of cotton is an argument against that. It is simply that the Southern masses have come to include Roosevelt in their tradition as they include the Democratic Party itself. No matter what failures attend his efforts to restore cotton's kingdom, no matter how wrong he may be on purges, court packings, third terms, and the like, he is their man; they believe in his good intentions; they suspect his enemies; and they will not turn him down even though they may deny him his objectives.

In the South as elsewhere Roosevelt has won friends with his foreign policy among those who oppose his domestic policies. Isolation has its innumerable champions, but a region which once sent more than half its cotton and tobacco abroad and hopes to do so again—and which learned through party loyalty to Woodrow Wilson to accept international action—finds it easier to believe that peace and prosperity lie in the direction taken by the President, in his overtures both as a peacemaker and as a maker of balances in international power politics. There is wide conviction in the South at this writing that the Roosevelt policy has stopped the dictators. There is a feeling, too, that as White House and Hyde Park hosts to George and Elizabeth, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt were just about perfect.

The South, it may be said, is looking right, left, up, down, and over—but it still loves Roosevelt.

[*The fourth article of this series, on the Southwestern states, will appear week after next.*]

"Niemöller or I"

BY ALBERT VITON

RELIGIOUS and anti-fascist forces in this country should join their counterparts in the Reich this week in marking the beginning of Dr. Martin Niemöller's third year of martyrdom in Nazi prisons and concentration camps. Niemöller's arrest on July 1, 1937, on Hitler's personal order came as a surprise to no one, least of all to himself. In a sermon he had delivered a few days before as the sole member of the Prussian Council of the Confessional Church still at liberty, he had attacked the fundamental principles of the regime with unprecedented vigor. An emergency court released him early in 1938 after he had served eight months in the notorious Moabit Prison. But even before he could see the friends who were waiting for him outside the courtroom, he was seized by Gestapo agents and lodged in the Sachsenhausen concentration camp.

In the Third Reich and outside Dr. Niemöller has become the symbol of the defense in the relentless *Kulturkampf* now being fought in Germany. In a private letter recently received in this country an Evangelical pastor writes that "not since the days of the Roman Empire have Christians suffered such persecution as now under so-

called Christian rulers." No exact statistics are available on the number of churches confiscated for neo-pagan worship, nor can one say how many pastors are under arrest. But at least a hundred have been deprived of office, more than forty have been prohibited from entering their parishes, at least forty others have been forbidden to preach, and many have had their salaries confiscated. The Bible may no longer be displayed in bookstore windows, and efforts are not spared to put an end to the publication of religious tracts.

The Nazis are now directing most of their energies toward uprooting Christianity among the youth. *Sigrune: Organ for Nordic Art* recently published a photograph of boys and girls in Hitler Youth uniforms performing a pagan puberty ceremony which is to replace communion and confirmation. Publication of the periodical *Evangelical Youth* has been prohibited. *Schwarze Korps,* official organ of the S. S., on June 6 started publishing a "National Socialist Catechism" to uproot "a whole series of Christian ideas" which "cannot be coordinated with the national philosophy." The grammar schools of Kirchheim have instituted a special course in the Nazi catechism; the *Schwarze Korps* now demands that all schools be compelled to substitute the new catechism for the Christian, because, if both are taught, children "will learn in one hour things which they should deny in the next." Pressure is being brought on university students not to study theology. Dr. Heinz Franz, one of the official Nazi student leaders, demanded in May that all theological scholarships and stipends be discontinued; the German Student Association at the Martin Luther University at Halle ordered the expulsion of all theological students from membership; the Evangelical seminary at Bethel, directed by Bishop von Bodelschwingh, has been ordered closed.

But the opposition forces are not meekly submitting to these and other draconic measures. The first public mass demonstration against the regime was staged recently in Dahlem, Niemöller's parish. All the 115 demonstrators were arrested. Dahlem again defied the Nazis on June 13, when 2,000 protested against the decision to deprive Niemöller of his office. An American theologian just back from a visit in the Reich personally witnessed numerous acts of defiance in provincial towns and villages. He saw the heroism of an Evangelical pastor and his community defeat Nazi efforts to take possession of a church; he saw theological students resist with force a group of Nazi trouble-makers; above all, he saw police making common cause with an Evangelical pastor against Nazis who had come in buses to disturb a Sunday service.

When Dr. Schacht, former Foreign Minister Baron von Neurath, Finance Minister Count Lutz Schwerin von Krosigk, and Minister of Justice Traug Gürtner appealed for Niemöller's release in the spring of 1938, Hitler is reported to have replied, "It is Niemöller or I." That challenge has been taken up. Religious people who attempted to come to terms with the regime are now compelled to acknowledge the hopelessness of their efforts. In increasing numbers they are forging a united front with other opposition groups. The secret "German Freedom Party" has found many adherents among them. The new opposition is directed not only against specific acts of the regime but even more against its whole spirit as expressed in the total denial of freedom of conscience, the November pogrom and the merciless enforcement of the Aryan paragraph, the attempts to convert the church into a propaganda department of the Nazi Party, and the distortion of the New Testament to eliminate among other things all references to the virgin birth of Christ, Jews, sin, grace, and life everlasting. No doubt it would be dangerous to overestimate the menace which this opposition constitutes to the regime. Weapons are obviously unevenly divided. But it would be equally dangerous to dismiss it lightly. Human conscience can be an explosive force.

Everybody's Business

Montagu Norman's Dual Role

London, June 13

CONFRONTED by all too obvious prospects of aggression, the Czech government some time prior to Munich prudently decided to remove a part of its banking funds from Prague. Some of its gold and foreign-exchange reserves it placed with the Bank of England; it also deposited gold bullion amounting to some $30,000,000 with the Bank of International Settlements at Basle. In taking this latter step it was perhaps influenced by the very special position of the B. I. S. in international law. Under protocols signed by the leading European powers in 1930 and 1936, this bank was, in the words of Sir John Simon, given "complete immunity from all forms of restriction and interference"—an immunity which applied both to property and assets owned by the bank and to property and assets which it held for others. The intention of this provision was to give sanctuary to the funds of the B. I. S. wherever deposited and protect the assets of neutrals in countries at war.

The B. I. S. has no vaults of its own, and when it received the deposit of Czech gold it handed it on to the Bank of England for safekeeping. Naturally the Czech government did not object. "Safe as the Bank of England" is a British slogan which has gained world currency and is one of the cornerstones of London's position as an international financial center. Hence when Hitler marched into Prague on March 15, the Czechs may have drawn some consolation from the fact that at least a part of their liquid assets was beyond the invader's reach. Moreover, the British government almost immediately took steps to block all Czech funds in England and prevent their passing into German hands.

The Nazis' greed for gold was not to be so easily balked. In Prague their first move was to occupy the National Bank,

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and they immediately set to work to gain control of Czech deposits with the B. I. S. According to the *Week*, a London "news letter" which is usually well informed, an order to transfer the $30,000,000 gold to German account was presented on March 17. Whether this order was signed by authorized directors of the Czech National Bank, who clearly would be acting under duress, or by new directors hastily and illegally appointed by the German government, is not yet known. But in any case the B. I. S. executive, apparently without consulting the Board of Directors, immediately decided to honor the order and in turn instructed the Bank of England to release the gold.

Presumably nobody in the Bank of England was capable of adding two and two. It was known that the British government was anxious to obtain details of all Czech assets in London, but although the Treasury and the Bank of England are in constant consultation not a hint was passed to the former. The bank took the position that its sole duty was to obey the instructions of the customer in whose name the gold was held. As Governor of the Bank of England, Montagu Norman was not aware that the B. I. S. in this case was simply acting as trustee for the Czech National Bank. As director of the B. I. S. he was, no doubt, better informed, but did not choose to pass on his knowledge to his other self.

This singular transaction only became public knowledge toward the end of May when it was subjected to indignant criticism in Parliament by members of all parties. Their wrath was at first directed against the government, which seemed now to be engaging in financial "appeasement." Sir John Simon, Chancellor of the Exchequer, appeared for the defense. The Treasury, he declared, had no inkling of the affair until toward the end of March, when partial information reached it from an indirect source. Having received such a tip, it might be thought that it would have made a few inquiries of its own; but the National Government has always shown a positive genius for being unaware of embarrassing facts—its blissful ignorance about the extent of Italian intervention in Spain is an example—and it seems to have done nothing at all. According to Sir John Simon, there was nothing it could do unless it treated B. I. S. protocols as scraps of paper, which would have been contrary to international law and morality. The responsibility, he insisted, was solely that of the B. I. S.: once it had given an order, the Bank of England had no option but to obey it, and the government was bound not to interfere. Nor were the British directors of the B. I. S. under the control of the government. The B. I. S. was a non-political body, and the British members of its board were representatives of the Bank of England, which was the government's banker but not a government bank.

Since Simon thus passed the buck to Basle, it is worth while to examine more closely the composition of the B. I. S. directorate, made up of appointees of the chief central banks which participated in its formation. There are three French and three German bankers, two British, two Italian, two Japanese, two Belgians, and one Dutchman, one Swede, and one Swiss. It can be safely assumed that the Germans, Italians, and Japanese are strictly subject to the orders of their governments and on major questions probably vote together. In order to obtain a majority they would only need to win over two others, and since there are many indications that Montagu Norman has long been *gleichgeschaltet*, they no doubt can usually count on their British colleagues. This would explain the willingness of the Nazi government, despite its hatred of everything international, to continue participation in the B. I. S.

In this instance the actual decision is supposed to have been made by the executive committee, which is composed of Dr. Beyen, the Dutch president, M. Auboin, the French general manager, and Herr Hechler, the German assistant general manager. Today's *Financial News*, in a report by a special correspondent in Basle, states that Dr. Beyen supported his German colleague against the strong opposition of M. Auboin. The latter informed the French government, which suggested that the whole matter be submitted to the board. But the French directors declared that they would certainly be outvoted in this case, and this opinion was confirmed by inquiries made in London. As a result the whole affair was left to the executive committee. If this account is substantially correct, it would seem that Montagu Norman and Sir Otto Niemeyer, the British directors, though they were not consulted officially, were perfectly aware of what was going on and, by silence, gave their consent. The June meeting of the board at Basle is known to have been devoted mainly to the question of the Czech gold. No statement was issued and no action taken. The only possible inference is that the board has condoned and confirmed the action of the executive.

Inspired apologists assert that in accordance with Swiss law the B. I. S. was bound to comply with instructions from the Czech National Bank so long as the signatures were in order. But it is a general banking principle, and one, I understand, incorporated in the Swiss code, that a banker who surrenders funds belonging to a customer when he has reason to suspect irregularity is guilty of negligence. In this instance it was a notorious fact that the Czech National Bank had just been seized in violation of all international law, and it was a reasonable inference that its directors were acting under *force majeure*. Ought not the B. I. S., therefore, to have sought the direction of the courts before surrendering the gold? That, I believe, prudent bankers will agree would have been the correct course of action, even though it might have been extremely embarrassing to the German government to call the Czech directors as witnesses to the authenticity of their signatures.

While the B. I. S. was Germany's chief accomplice in this crime, the Bank of England can be charged with having been an accessory after the fact. Its defenders claim that had it refused to execute immediately the order from the B. I. S., it would have violated the spirit if not the letter of the protocols. But as a speaker in the parliamentary debate pointed out, if a banker knows that the holder of an account acts merely as trustee for a third party, and has reason to believe that the trust is being abused, it is his duty to make inquiries and, if in doubt, withhold payment until the legal position is established. During the Spanish civil war funds belonging to the Bank of Spain were blocked on far flimsier grounds.

The Bank of England's willingness to compound this

felony must tend to weaken London's prestige as a financial center. Small countries subject to German aggression will more than ever prefer to keep their funds in New York. Aside from this, Britain is directly damaged in two ways. With the removal of these $30,000,000 the remaining Czech assets in this country are insufficient to meet all the British claims against them. Worse still is the contribution which has been made to the financing of German rearmament at a time when this country is being forced to take extraordinary measures to resist German aggression.

After this incident there is a strong feeling in financial and political circles here that the B. I. S. should be wound up. It was originally founded largely to facilitate the payment of reparations. This function has disappeared, and its usefulness as a safe haven for the reserves of the smaller central banks can hardly survive the gross breach of trust it has just committed. It will, indeed, be surprising if those depositors who have the misfortune to be near neighbors of the Reich do not close their accounts as soon as possible. Some of its champions claim, however, that it still has a role to play as a "Central Bankers' Club." Seeing the assortment of weapons already at Germany's disposal it will occur to many that such a "club" is clearly superfluous.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

IN THE London office of the Chicago *Tribune* is a board bearing in gilt letters the names of distinguished ex-members of the staff. A gap indicates that one name has been removed. It was that of George Seldes, expunged on direct order from Colonel McCormick.

TWO ARAB chiefs were arrested recently in Damascus, where they had been engaged in violent anti-British agitation. Police searched them and discovered that each prisoner was carrying a large packet of Bank of England notes. Investigation revealed that the notes were part of a consignment recently sold to the Banco di Roma by the Bank of England.

THE RAILROAD exhibit at the World's Fair includes a wall display indicating on maps the costs of freight transportation in various European countries. The map of Italy, clearly outlined, includes the island of Corsica.

RECENT REPORTS of a Vatican-sponsored "appeasement" move created a major disturbance in high French circles. Although newspapers didn't report the incident, it is said that five members of the French general staff formally told the government that they would "no longer be responsible" for France's safety if another Munich were engineered.

A GROUP OF English-speaking Catholics met in Madrid several weeks ago and drafted a joint letter to the Primate of Spain. The letter expressed glowing enthusiasm for "Catholic Spain" and hailed its triumph over "the red enemies of Christian civilization." Among the signers was William Carney, New York *Times* correspondent in Spain.

A NEWSPAPER being planned for New York will have as its front page a table of contents written in headline form. . . . The next big Dies committee attack will probably be aimed at Hollywood liberals. . . . H. L. Mencken wants migratory workers deported to Russia. . . . *America,* the Jesuit weekly, now brackets Chile with Mexico as a "red" country. . . . Only four minor stations of Chicago's sixteen radio stations will sell time to the Guild strikers against Hearst. . . . A headline in the Chicago *Tribune* ran: "Spain Abolishes Capitalism; Puts Limit on Profits." . . . In pre-axis days Japanese stores used to sell "Russian cakes" for five sen each; now they are called "Italian cakes" and cost six sen.

ALTHOUGH NEWS of these actions rarely reaches the cables, "slow-down" demonstrations by German workers are having their effect. A pronounced example is the situation in the Ruhr coal mines. In May, 1928, 275,000 workers employed there produced an average daily output of 420,000 tons. In May, 1939, according to figures recently revealed in Germany, 311,000 workers averaged 419,000 tons a day.

THE RELUCTANCE of newspapers and public officials to reveal the suicides of famous people is notorious. There is usually an elaborate explanation of the "sudden death," then a long silence. The latest example is a press-association dispatch about a Western judge. The dispatch said that he had "suffered chronic pain from a stiff neck. Stretching his neck afforded him some measure of relief. His body was found yesterday dangling from a strap in a fuel shed behind his home. A coroner's jury returned a verdict that death was due to 'strangulation while attempting treatment for a stiff neck.'"

FATHER COUGHLIN'S New York followers recently staged a quick reversal. A fortnight ago *Social Justice* trumpeted the charge "Jews Boycott Hearst," blamed Hearst's financial troubles on Jewish opposition, and urged Catholics to read his papers. The following week Hearst's New York radio outlet, WINS, rescinded its agreement to put Father Coughlin's speeches on the air. Now Coughlinites are picketing Hearst's WINS.

A NEW rare item for stamp collectors is the result of recent diplomatic moves. When the French government recently issued a stamp carrying the picture of Clemenceau, the German government protested. The stamp was abruptly withdrawn and is now being offered at a high price.

GERMANY'S MINISTRY OF WAR is quietly organizing courses for military officials in various foreign languages. Among the subjects included is Yiddish, apparently on the theory that invasion of Poland and Rumania will bring officials into contact with large numbers of Yiddish-speaking Jews.

[*We invite readers to submit material for In the Wind. The $5 prize for the best item received in June goes to Charles Davis of Wheeling, West Virginia, for the story about the patent-medicine advertisement published two weeks ago.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

...LINGAME ...LIBRARY ..., Cal.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE liberalism of the Roosevelt Administration and of Mr. Roosevelt himself is likely to face a severe test in the next few weeks. For Congress has before it a number of reactionary anti-alien and anti-immigration bills: it has already passed what is really a federal criminal-syndicalism law, and the Senate Judiciary Committee is at this writing considering a measure which would confine certain aliens in a concentration camp without trial, indefinitely, if they could not be returned to the country of their origin. This Hobbs bill was actually passed in the House by a vote of 290 to 61. If it is passed by the Senate, only a Presidential veto will save the country from this long step toward fascism. Most of these bills are totally unnecessary to protect the country from those who would overthrow the government by force from either right or left. All of them constitute grave breaks with our historic principles and beliefs. Arising in most cases from a genuine desire, which every loyal citizen must share, to protect our own institutions, they carry within them the seeds of destruction.

Personally I have the greatest hope that the President will not permit such laws to become effective. But I am not too sure, for he has been singularly silent about many infractions of our civil liberties. Only once or twice has he even referred to them. Never has he made such forthright statements as those that have come, animated with the finest American spirit, from the lips of Secretary Ickes and, more lately, from our admirable Attorney General, Frank Murphy. The latter has just taken a wonderful step forward by creating a civil-liberties division in the Department of Justice and putting at the head of it a subordinate who really believes in our liberties and means business. Not in fifty years has there been as important a development in this department, which during the war and post-war years, under Woodrow Wilson and Attorney General Palmer, was a department of injustice and a national disgrace. I give the President full credit for having made possible this move by Attorney General Murphy. But he has rarely exercised his veto, and he may easily yield to the clamor for measures that Congress seems bent on passing unless it is made absolutely clear to him that the bulk of the American people are opposed to them and do not intend to have the country stampeded into them.

There is no worse adviser for the country than Senator Reynolds; yet we are likely to see the Senate seriously considering his anti-alien bills, somewhat modified. Perhaps before these words appear in print, bills will be reported to the Senate providing for registration of all aliens, for compulsory naturalization of all aliens one year after arrival, for the complete stoppage of immigration for five years, with resumption at that time only if it is certified that there are less than 5,000,000 unemployed in the country. The Senate Immigration Committee has already appointed a subcommittee to consider the Dempsey bill, passed by the House, to gag labor, religious, and other progressive organizations by making their non-citizen members deportable if the organizations should take formal action on political matters affecting the government. These bills are so loosely drawn, I believe, that they could be used to punish persons belonging to organizations engaged in perfectly legitimate propaganda to alter governmental bureaus and departments.

Eager as I am to safeguard the country from the machinations of the Nazis and their fascist sympathizers, it seems to me that these bills must be defeated at all costs. So I add my appeal to those that are going out from liberal societies and publications and other defenders of our civil liberties, and ask everyone who sees these lines to write to his Senators and his Representative in protest, and to hold himself in readiness to take part in a nation-wide demonstration to the President if that becomes necessary. Not only should we permit immigration to continue as at present, but we should let down the bars to take in 20,000 child refugees, as the Wagner-Rogers Child Refugee bill would have us do. For us to stop immigration now would debar this government from going on with its efforts to induce other nations to make room for the victims of the German despot.

The President took the lead in calling the Evian conference to deal with these victims of Hitler. How can we continue in this great humanitarian enterprise if we close our own doors to them? Nothing could be more cruel and cold-hearted; nothing would be a greater break with our historic policies. We have been from the foundation of our Republic a place of refuge from oppression. Millions of our inhabitants are the descendants of refugees. To shut out those who are fleeing from Europe in this terrible moment in the world's history would be nothing short of a crime. Should the Roosevelt Administration permit it no one could claim that it was a really liberal government or one true to the finest traditions of our American life.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THEATER ON THE LEFT

BY CHARLES R. WALKER

II

IT IS admitted—and in certain circles acutely resented—that in a brief three years and a half Uncle Sam has become the greatest producer in the world. With a taste both daring and catholic, the Federal Theater has lifted plays out of the whole dramatic canon of the race, beginning with Euripides and ending with Shaw, including Broadway successes, vaudeville, marionettes, a circus, and a show boat. Playing in thirty-five states, with the admission price usually from 5 to 55 cents, it has attracted an audience totaling 26,000,000, 65 per cent of whom, according to Hallie Flanagan, had never seen a "legit" before in their lives. Of this vast project, the present article will deal with but a single aspect—the relation of the WPA theater to left and social drama.

More than a year ago *Fortune* declared, "From any point of view save that of the old-line box-office critics . . . the Federal Theater Project is a roaring success." But it has *not* been a success with evangelistic opponents of the Administration—who feel that the taxpayers' money has not only been wasted but at times been spent to spread the germs of communism in America. When "The Revolt of the Beavers," a class-struggle parable, appeared, one New York reviewer suggested that Sovietism was being taught by the Federal Theater to American school children. The review was instantly photostated, and within twenty-four hours a copy was on the desk of every United States Senator.

The following plays are generally considered the most provocatively left of FTP's productions: "Turpentine," a play about Negro workers in their relations to their white bosses; "Chalk Dust," which dealt with teachers and the educational system; "Class of 1929," a play about young men on relief; "The Cradle Will Rock," class struggle in the steel mills in operetta form (this play, originally sponsored, then denied sets and stage hands, by FTP, was later taken under the wing of the Mercury—after a successful run on its own); "It Can't Happen Here," a doubtful left play portraying what fascism would look like in America according to Sinclair Lewis—it implied strong defense of old-fashioned Americanism and was careful not to offer any radical alternative; "Help Yourself," a farcical kidding of bankers and big business; "The Revolt of the Beavers," mentioned above; "The Living Newspaper"—"Triple A Plowed Under," "Injunction Granted," "News of 1935," "One Third of a Nation," "Power." Other districts outside New York have contrived their own "Living Newspapers." Chicago, for example, last season did "Spirokete," popularizing the menace and cure of syphilis.

FTP affirms, and audience records bear it out, that it has produced social plays—as it has produced Shakespeare—because the public demanded them. It is this fact and not FTP sponsorship that should really give the *Saturday Evening Post* pause, if it insists on the jitters. Of a typical FTP audience Richard Lockridge wrote: "It is young, lively, and I suspect hard-up. It goes to the theater only partly to pass the time. It goes evidently expecting to hear something said." The "something" can be gathered from a study of the preceding list and a score of other provocative offerings. An English observer who wrote a book on FTP insists: "Not only have the best of the Federal Theater productions expressed a definite viewpoint, *it seems their excellence is on the whole in direct ratio to such expression.* Clearly what is needed in that good 55-cent playwright is a clear propagandist." (Italics mine.)

Possibly FTP's most distinctive and finished innovation, aesthetic or otherwise, was the "Living Newspaper." Being, so to speak, open propaganda openly arrived at, its conscious frankness contributed a purity of form and intention, an absence of artificiality, and a punch lacking in all but a few other examples of propaganda drama. Plays like Albert Bein's "Let Freedom Ring" or Lawson's "Marching Song" strike one, in contrast, as impure amalgams of aesthetic feeling and social thesis.

Timing and tempo were of the essence, so much so that there was almost a symphonic quality about certain ensembles in "Power" and "One Third of a Nation." There were reminiscences of the technique of the old agit-prop at its best, and also of the chorus interludes of "Peace on Earth," but the scripts were far sharper and more factual, and a direction emerged that was flexible and mature. The very limitations of the themes chosen elicited not only a careful documentation but a dramatic ingenuity lacking in earlier and freer propaganda groups.

The Federal Theater Project, vast as it is, has by no means preempted the field of the social theater. If many social-minded and talented persons were absorbed from other groups when the WPA started, hundreds were later dropped for lack of funds or returned to jobs in the regular theater. Distinguished examples are of course

Marc Blitzstein ("Cradle Will Rock") and Welles and Housman of the Mercury, who were responsible for FTP's Negro "Macbeth" and "Faustus." In the catastrophic contingency of a collapse of the Federal Theater Project the nucleii for a renascent and independent theater in America would be legion.

Though FTP is worthy of acclaim by all believers in a "free adult theater" it would be a mistake to overlook certain limitations and dangers inherent in any state-subsidized theater. In spite of the absence of formal censorship, limitations have inevitably been imposed, first, by the general objectives of the Administration—reforming capitalism and defending it—and, secondly, by the directives of the Communist Party, which has organized the largest bloc of left opinion inside the FTP. The fact that recently the immediate objectives of the Administration and of the Communist Party have coincided has constituted a kind of double check on the character and scope of left criticism permissible in WPA drama. It is easy to imagine a whole category of plays subject to this double check: any play, for instance, that sharply portrayed the democracies—England, France, and the United States—as defenders today of capitalist imperialism rather than as potential allies in a crusading war against fascism, or any play critical of Washington *from the left* and advocating a "revolutionary way out of the crisis of capitalism," as many left plays of the early thirties did. All this, in the writer's opinion, quite apart from the merits of the political questions involved, is an argument for a flourishing "free and adult" social theater *outside* the federal project.

But within the limits set by this double check the freedom and vitality of FTP's social theater, as I have emphasized, have been astonishing. As far as I am aware, they would be endangered only by a world war or a turn to the right in Washington, or in the administration of the Federal Theater itself.

What would have happened, for example, to "Injunction Granted," or "The Revolt of the Beavers," or "Power" in war time? Since social criticism is notoriously incompatible with mobilizing a modern nation for war, they would never have been produced. On the other hand, if the Federal Theater Project should be still alive when war comes, it would presumably serve the War Department as a propaganda arm—and far more effectively than the commercial theater itself.

Of more pressing interest, one hopes, is the future of FTP in peace time. It was disturbing a year ago to find lots of evidence of a relative dampening down originating in Washington. Certain workers in the New York project, at least, believed that those in control were no longer seeking for plays that "say something" but for plays that "say little" as innocuously as possible. Last year George Kondolf replaced Philip Barber as head of the New York theater project. He was energetic and devoted, but a rumor persisted that he was appointed in order to make FTP in New York "safe" for the Administration. Whether or not that was true, it is easy to see why social-minded audiences thought so. "One Third of a Nation" was produced and indeed in part directed by Mr. Kondolf, but the play was an inheritance from Mr. Barber's administration. "Haiti," though based on the stirring story of Christophe's revolutionary resistance to Napoleon, turned out to be the old familiar miscegenation melodrama. Rex Ingraham and the rest of the Negro cast, as well as the theme itself, deserved better treatment at the hands of WPA. "Prologue to Glory," a play about Lincoln's youth, was socially quite innocuous, and both script and production were unbelievably dull. The only play in the repertory with punch was one contributed from England by Mr. Shaw. "On the Rocks" had enough of Shaw in it to make it worth seeing, though it was difficult when the curtain came down to decide whether the author had been advocating a Fascist dictatorship or a Communist one.

This year there have been signs of renewed vitality. Under attack and working against odds, FTP has continued to be one of the soundest cultural and social assets of America. The politicians who want to destroy it in the name of economy or the "American way" would do well to take a plebiscite of the 30,000,000 Americans who constitute its audience. The season has given us, among other things, "The Blow," a pleasant and highly successful melodrama about a hurricane, and the irreverant and lively "Swing Mikado." (See without fail "Pins and Needles'" hilarious parody, "The Red Mikado," inspired by it.) But above all, "Life and Death of an American" by George Sklar—which contrasts favorably with Messrs. Kaufman and Hart's boy-scout version of American civilization in "The American Way"—proves that FTP as a social theater isn't dead.

One calls to mind the remark made two years ago by Hallie Flanagan to the American Theater Council: "The theater when it is good is always dangerous."

[*The first half of this article was printed last week.*]

BOOKS

An Egyptian Moses

MOSES AND MONOTHEISM. By Sigmund Freud. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

FREUD'S much-heralded book is neither a psychoanalysis of the Bible nor primarily an attack upon the Catholic church. Indeed, as far as the church is concerned, Freud, who has had to live under its dubious aegis most of his life and has been told that psychoanalysis was merely an extension of the confessional technique without benefit of clergy, has

paid it a belated compliment. He notes that during the recent barbarian invasion of Austria it was Catholicism which rose to the defense of culture and decency.

The book contains many things, however, which will be unpalatable to many minds and denominations. Not that this is likely to astonish the author; from a lifelong experience of hostility to his theories he would probably suspect something seriously amiss if a book of his were not repudiated in many quarters. And in this case the challenge is particularly grave. In brief, Freud claims that Moses was not a Jew but an Egyptian, that the still barbarous and polytheistic tribes of Israel at the period of the Exodus could not have been the originators of an enlightened monotheism, and that Moses was slain by a cabal of reactionary priests who resented his innovations. He further asserts that Christianity, as formalized by the priestly hierarchy during the centuries following Christ's inspired credo, was a distinct recession from the spiritualized, ethical emphasis of the Jewish religion, which had gradually discarded the trappings of magic, superstition, demonology, and a naive belief in immortality. These are certainly provocative charges.

This latest contribution of Freud stems directly from two previous works. In "Totem and Taboo" (1912) he had established the primacy of the father and the blood guilt associated with his slaying as the source of totemism and its religious overtones; and in "The Future of an Illusion" (1927) he had defined religion as essentially a racial neurotic symptom with obsessive characteristics. We have here another instance of the consistent development of Freud's thought: his final reckoning with religion in this book is an organic extension of previous trends.

Freud's contention that Moses was an Egyptian, a man of high rank, either a priest or a noble, seems incontestable. The proof from etymological sources is overwhelming. Variations of the name occur again and again in Egyptian hieroglyphs. Indeed, Freud finds it strange that nobody else should have drawn the obvious conclusion. He sees Moses as a disciple, possibly a posthumous follower, of Ikhnaton (Amenhotep), the enlightened Pharaoh of the Eighteenth Dynasty, who repudiated the worship of Amon and developed the cult of Aton. After the death of Ikhnaton, Moses turned to the backward and oppressed Jews and preached to them the doctrine that he had embraced from his master. With the Egyptians only too glad to see them on their way, the whole business of the miraculous crossing of the Red Sea, as Freud comments caustically, can be put down as a case of mock-heroic confabulation. He further asserts that circumcision, a rite unknown to the peoples east of Suez but customary with the Egyptians, was imposed upon the Jews by Moses as, so to speak, a way of earmarking them.

Freud uses a thesis advanced by Professor Ernst Sellin as basis for his belief that Moses was slain by a reactionary polytheistic priesthood after the refugees had joined the Jewish tribes left in Arabia, where the volcanic god Jahve had become ascendant, and possibly before the conquest of Canaan. It must be noted that Sellin, a brilliant authority on Bibical exegesis, is not widely supported in his reading of Hosea, although Professor Frederick Sturmer, of the University of Würzburg, accepted his thesis. Having taken this step, Freud assumes that there was a second, spurious Moses who may never have heard of his predecessor.

After these preliminaries Freud proceeds in characteristic fashion. He makes an assumption which is really a variation of the theory of the transmission of acquired characteristics —the reconstruction of the ontogenetic psyche according to the phylogenetic. "Peoples can be treated as we do the individual neurotic." And again, "The archaic heritage of mankind includes not only dispositions but also ideational contents, memory traces of the experiences of former generations."

Freud therefore, within the confines of his own logic, postulates a latency period for the Jewish race in which the memory of the slaying of Moses could for a long time remain unconscious. But the revived memory left them with a double guilt: the prehistoric, totemistic slaying of the primeval father, followed by the slaying of Moses. Freud regards Moses as one of the world's really great men, one who, like Ikhnaton, was a millennium or more ahead of his time. He postulates memory traces of him surviving predominantly in the writings of the inspired prophets of the Jewish race (including Jesus), who constantly reacted violently against the intrenched priesthood of their times and preached a spiritual religion of pure ethical content.

The book contains many other controversial points. Freud explains anti-Semitism as being based in part upon a real jealousy of the Jewish claim to monotheistic priority, as being in a way an acknowledgment, though a mistaken one, that the Jews had invented monotheism—of which they had never ceased to boast. He further asserts, somewhat paradoxically, that "hatred for Judaism is at bottom hatred for Christianity" and brings the point home to the German National Socialists, who were "badly [and belatedly] Christianized" and now have become "barbarically polytheistic" again under the aegis of Thor and Wotan.

Freud acknowledges many hesitancies in publishing his latest work for public as well as private reasons. For a time he thought of not publishing his discussion of monotheism at all. It was written at intervals in Vienna and London and contains many recapitulations. Thus the entire theory of the super-ego and of the return of the repressed is repeated, with emphasis upon original sin and salvation, which became the nucleus of the new religion created by St. Paul. These innovations made Christianity a Son instead of a Father religion, with the central emphasis upon Christ as the redeemer. Also, as if in anticipation of an attack upon Sellin's thesis of the slaying of Moses, Freud stands by his original theory as expressed in "Totem and Taboo," despite the many strictures made upon it, notably by Malinowski. He insists upon its psychological if not its factual truth, as a psychoanalyst rather than as an ethnologist.

The book is bound to make a deep impression and to have many profound repercussions. There is certainly irony in the thought that a Christian (?) Hitler, whom Freud would probably place beyond the pale of psychoanalytic aid, should violently deny that Christ could possibly have been a Jew, while Freud, a man brought up in the Israelite faith, should proclaim to all Jewry that their greatest leader was an Egyptian. And Freud, writing in his eighty-third year, seems finally to have settled scores with his apotheosized father by analyzing him out of existence.

ALFRED B. KUTTNER

Handbook on Air Power

BOMBS BURSTING IN AIR. THE INFLUENCE OF AIR POWER ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS. By George Fielding Eliot. Reynal and Hitchcock. $1.75.

MAJOR ELIOT'S new book is hardly the aeronautical equivalent of Mahan that its subtitle suggests. It is no treatise, but rather a short—and if superficial still admirably clear—handbook on air power for the middle-class trade; reading time, one hour and forty-five minutes, or two trips on the commuters' special.

The first part of the book is devoted to satisfying the curiosity of the man in the street and his wife about what air power means to Europe. Assuming that war is coming, will Hitler gamble everything on silencing and demoralizing London? Major Eliot thinks so; the *Blitzkrieg* is the only strategy offering him victory—if he is ever forced to fight. To reduce London, Major Eliot calculates that he must send out from 600 to 1,200 planes a day for at least a week, constantly replacing those brought down by defensive planes.

Since, according to Major Eliot, Germany now has 4,000 planes in fighting squadrons, with an equal number in reserve, and is producing some 600 planes a month, its air strength would be equal to the astounding effort necessary for carrying out Hitler's threat to raid London every hour. But this effort would involve leaving German cities unguarded against counter-raids and draining all attack planes from the Siegfried line. As Major Eliot shows, this gamble that the English would collapse in a week—Hitler's variation of the 1914 Schlieffen plan, which assumed that the French could be crushed in short order—leaves the French army out of account. During the Munich crisis General Gamelin told his (uninterested and partly corrupt) government that he could take his army through the Siegfried line in four days, as though it were "marmalade." If Gamelin was not boasting, this is surely one reason why Hitler does not intend to oblige his enemies by getting into a general war.

In the second part of his book Major Eliot goes right to the root of the method Germany has preferred to the gamble of war. He can find no more appropriate word for this method than blackmail; and, as he shows, Chamberlain has effectively passed on this blackmail to his countrymen. Thanks to the German air threat, the Chamberlain government was able to say: "Fighting Hitler means of course that all you silly fools will get your heads blown open, if you aren't gassed first. But of course we'll lead you into it if that's what you want. Only wouldn't it be better to let Hitler take that funny little country out there that nobody wants but him?" Fighting Joe Kennedy recently said that only Jews and radicals in the United States oppose Chamberlain and appeasement. Major Eliot's book is bound to make Joe a liar in many people's minds. Its conclusion is that Chamberlain is no good.

Eliot turns to America in the latter part of his book. Here he discusses the special problem of a nation uniquely protected by thousands of miles of ocean from the horror of political blackmail and/or bombing that has hung over every European city since the gory days of March, 1938, in Barcelona. Our defense needs are entirely different from those of European nations, and the paramount weapon of our air force is the long-range four-engine bomber. These planes will cooperate with the navy to prevent any remote threat to our security from such bases as the Canary or the Cape Verde Islands—which, Major Eliot neglects to add, have already been handed over to Germany and Italy by the stupidity and/or treachery of our London-made policy toward Spain. In the Atlantic we can make ourselves impregnable by the use of advance bases like the one building at Puerto Rico, and in the Pacific Hawaii will serve a similar purpose. The Philippines are more a strategic liability than an asset. The Panama Canal should be fortified and have its locks doubled, and a new canal should be built through Nicaragua. This will make our sea communications shock proof. For the rest it is necessary only to build a wall of ships and planes that will repel any attack, and to stay out of Europe. Such is Major Eliot's defense program, and it is undoubtedly a popular one.

This book will not be read by the technical or military expert. It is not irrelevant or unfair, nevertheless, to question certain simplified technical statements on which its argument hangs. Thus Major Eliot clings to his previously published thesis that aircraft cannot be relied on to win battles independently of land or sea forces; his citation of the Barcelona horror is meant to show that the independent value of aircraft is mainly psychological. But he does not discuss the Battle of Guadalajara, in which the Loyalist air force, operating independently, sent the Italian army running over the hill. If it is true that aircraft, operating independently, can rout masses of land troops, the plans for any future war along Russia's European border—where great masses of men will necessarily be used—must be altered considerably. Major Eliot does not discuss this possibility. Indeed, one of the great gaps in his book is that it contributes nothing at all to the widespread popular desire for authentic information on the air power of Russia.

A debatable point is Eliot's assignment to the combined British, French, and Russian air fleets of a ratio of superiority over Germany of only two to one. Figures confidentially released by the War Department at the end of 1938, when Germany's relative position was superior to its present one, gave the anti-German forces a four-to-one superiority.

Another very serious omission, in a discussion of the security of the United States, is the lack of any mention of the direct relation of our export trade to axis armaments; Major Eliot's plea for United States rearmament fails to point out that it would be cheaper for us to stop arming the powers we must arm ourselves against. Similarly, he fails to analyze the contribution of American technology, as distinguished from materials and equipment, to the building of possible enemy war machines; and, in fact, his discussion of international air power is throughout superficial for its omission of technological comparisons between the various air powers. Major Eliot may feel that it is dangerous for a democracy to attempt to tamper with the freedom of its citizens engaged in foreign trade. But there is no sense in pretending that there would be any freedom left here if our security received even the suggestion of a threat. Frank regimentation of our foreign trade to forestall United States rearmament on what may eventually have to be a totalitarian scale would be the lesser evil. ELIOT JANEWAY

The Great Deflator

WALL STREET UNDER OATH. By Ferdinand Pecora. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

IN "Wall Street Under Oath" Ferdinand Pecora writes of the investigation associated with his name. The inquiry, begun by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee in January, 1933, two months before Mr. Roosevelt's inaugural, did much to shape the New Deal. The facts elicited during the seventeen months in which Pecora put most of our leading bankers on the griddle laid the basis for the Banking Act of 1933, the Truth-in-Securities Act, the Securities and Exchange Commission Act, and the Public Utility Holding Company Act. The list represents impressive achievement, but these statutory fruits of the investigation are overshadowed by its success as an instrument of democratic education. Like the other great Congressional inquiries that have played midwife to social reform, it turned the nation into a vast class in economics. The chief findings sank so throughly into the public consciousness as to make possible defeat of the high-pressure lobbies mobilized against regulation of the security markets. It was argued that supervision of the Exchange would dry up the market, but the ordinary citizen learned enough from the Pecora investigation to translate this argument into simpler terms: the bankers were threatening to stop shooting craps if they were forbidden to load the dice. "Far from being an impartial forum for the free play of supply and demand, as pictured by its authorities," Justice Pecora writes, "the Exchange was in reality neither more nor less than a glorified gambling casino where the odds were heavily weighted against the eager outsiders." If that be a truism, it was Pecora who made it so.

The Pecora investigation served another function. It helped destroy the prestige of our leading financiers and thus to weaken their power to fight the necessary economic and social reforms of the New Deal. The shrewd public-relations strategists of the right have recently been successful in muffling the impact of the present monopoly inquiry by raising the cry of "no witch hunting." The Pecora investigation, to take the invidious phrase by the horns, did witch hunt. It personalized issues. Its least tangible but perhaps most important result was the change it brought about in our national ideals. The financial stuffed shirts of the post-war decade, on whom the young men had hitherto sought to model themselves, underwent a Great Deflation of their own in Pecora's hearings. Mr. Wiggin had made four million dollars selling the stock of his own bank short between the first market break in September, 1929, and the final crash. Mr. Morgan had been able to "avoid" payment of any taxes during the black years when the less fortunate lost homes and farms under the sheriff's hammer. Mr. Mitchell's Brazilian bond expert reported the "complete ignorance, carelessness, and negligence" of the state authorities of Minas Geraes; Mr. Mitchell assured investors that "prudent and careful administration of the state's finances has been axiomatic with successive administrations in Minas Geraes," and sold them $16,500,000 of Minas Geraes bonds worth their weight in wallpaper. Mr. Insull's deft use of a device called the holding company had made it possible for him to manipulate and lose $2,500 of other people's money for every dollar invested of his own. The "preferred list," the most sensational of the Pecora revelations, dramatized the easy-money Elysium in which our upper classes dwelt and the imperial impartiality with which the House of Morgan distributed largess to politicians of either party. When the barrage against the New Deal began and the American Bankers' Association attacked guaranty of bank deposits as "unsound, unscientific, unjust, and dangerous," Pecora's pupils were ready with a Bronx cheer.

Justice Pecora ends upon a note of warning. "It is certainly well," he concludes, "that Wall Street now professes repentance. But it would be most unwise, nevertheless, to underestimate the strength of hostile elements. When open resistance fails, there is still the opportunity for traps, stratagems, intrigues, undermining—all the resources of guerrilla warfare. These laws are no panaceas; nor are they self-executing. More than ever we must maintain our vigilance." Perhaps we shall be more vigilant when Justice Pecora gives us the sequel this book demands, when he tells us what occurred behind the scenes and what has since happened to the legislation his inquiry fathered. How much of our progress is real, how much illusory? To what degree is the divorce of commercial banking from security affiliates a divorce of convenience? What of the "traps, stratagems, intrigues, undermining" which have occurred since the passage of our new banking and security legislation? In this connection one hopes the sequel to "Wall Street Under Oath" will exhibit less delicacy. Justice Pecora discusses the notorious commercial-alcohol pool of 1933, but fails to mention its most prominent participant, Joseph P. Kennedy; or the fact that the President by some fantastic intrigue was prevailed upon to pick, not Pecora, but that same speculator from Boston as first chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Perhaps some publisher can now persuade Justice Pecora really to tell all.

I. F. STONE

Shorter Notices

THE HORSE THAT COULD WHISTLE "DIXIE" AND OTHER STORIES. By Jerome Weidman. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

Either you already know the anecdote about the musically gifted horse or you don't, but in either case you won't learn any more about it from reading Jerome ("I Can Get It for You Wholesale") Weidman's volume of stories. The title, which is unquestionably a honey as titles go, is attached to a sketch which appeared in the *New Yorker* a few months ago about a bellicose father who forced his reluctant little boy to ride one of the ten-cents-a-turn (non-whistling) ponies in Central Park. It happens to be one of the best stories in the book, clear-cut, single in its aim, pungently projecting its one scene and biting off the thread at the end with a grim snap. The chances are that it belongs to that group of stories which Mr. Weidman in his preface says were written to please himself rather than to conform to the whims of magazine editors. The two stories that precede it, however—What Do You Know and All I Survey—must come from the second class, the pieces that were written to suit somebody else; and, as the author frankly admits, he does other people's work badly.

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Most of the twenty-eight stories in the collection may be divided into two groups: the Lower East Side sketches and the stories about people who talk English with more regard for the rules, whatever sins they may commit against the rules of ethics or sportsmanship. On the whole, the first group, doubtless drawn from Mr. Weidman's own reminiscences, hit the mark much more squarely and consistently than the second, which often sound as if the author had started out simply with the determination to write a story that the average reader would consider hard-boiled. Vignettes like The Explorers or Dumb Kid or Old Clothes for Poland hit you with the impact of things seen and vividly recorded. Though there is a liberal sprinkling of the abysmally selfish, ruthless characters Mr. Weidman's novels would lead you to expect, the stories show a few gleams of sweetness and light. Some of the people, though small-souled, are at least "good-natured slobs," and a few even reveal a spark of poetry trying to spurt into flame against the soggy background of New York's human ant-heap.

WIND, SAND AND STARS. By Antoine de Saint Exupéry. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.75.

Antoine de Saint Exupéry has little joy of his adventures; he is addicted to them. They have dragged him across the Andes, slapping his plane through hellish storms while he sought a comrade, and they have ground his mouth into the Libyan desert when thirst maddened him. They have brought the enchantment and the sovereignty of flying the mails by night in Africa and South America and France, but he has been filled with melancholy always, which "curiously resembled thirst." Whether he was saving the proscribed weaklings from the firing squads of Spain or buying slaves to free in Morocco, it was the pathetic nobility of man that moved him, the tragedy that in every man there should be "a bit of Mozart murdered." Like Conrad, Saint Exupéry is a philosophical adventurer for whom each incident forms the nucleus of a wonder and is universally significant. Rain, to him, is never water, but a cosmic lash. Pilots don't die; they "retire for Eternity." He never flies his plane higher, simply; he "tacks in the direction of Mercury." But for all this mysticism, this beating about the fact, his adventures are vital and his conclusions as clean as his admirably translated prose.

AMERICAN NEEDLEWORK. By Georgiana Brown Harbeson. Coward-McCann. $15.

Mrs. Harbeson has written a valuable book in a field where many of the links are still missing. She does not, for example, establish in factual terms the influence of the Moravian schools, which was probably important; perhaps she could not do so for lack of definite evidence. But there is scarcely an aspect of the long history of American stitchery which she does not touch upon or charmingly illustrate—the illustrations, some of them in color, are copious—and the sentimentalism which has sometimes invaded similar works is missing here. Her book will naturally be of interest to practitioners of all ranks, of whom there are surprisingly many, refusing the thesis that the leisured arts are gone. It will have much to say to those who, like Marguerite Zorach or Mrs. Harbeson herself, regard stitchery as a means of expression related to the art of painting. Still further, she has assembled with great insight and tact materials which may one day be worked into a comprehensive history of American design.

ART

American Art at the Fair

ANY detailed discussion of the 1,200 art works at the World's Fair contemporary American exhibition would be futile. The show must be viewed as a whole, as an attempted synthesis of present-day traditions and tendencies in our art and national culture. The "democratic" nature of the collection has already been emphasized by Holger Cahill in his introduction to the catalogue. Apparently each painting and piece of sculpture was "elected" to the walls like a state senator—with the accent on regional representation. The motive was to arrive at some definition of an American aesthetic, to render a more inclusive description of painting, sculpture, and the graphic arts in this country today. The result is an inglorious geographic compendium which violates all the boundaries of judgment and taste, although it follows most of the laws laid down by Baedeker.

We are represented from coast to coast in our art, from the Gulf to Canada and back again, yet nowhere do we come upon an affirmation of the American scene in terms of oils, color, patterns, shapes, design, composition, as aesthetically coherent or successful as the Fair itself. The reason for this failure is not to be ascribed to the artists but to the judges—it is assumed that Mr. Cahill is their spokesman—and their shockingly chauvinistic emphasis on specific national characteristics to the detriment of more generalized evaluations. Throughout Mr. Cahill's introduction, American Art Today is discussed as some local, isolated phenomenon, like thunder in Alaska—with even less reference to any universal experience. Mr. Cahill complements this point of view with the attitude that art in this country is still in its early formative stages, and consequently must be regarded indulgently as an element in our national education. Such qualities as *réportage*, environmental limitations, territorial differences, are to be taken into account in preference to more metaphysical factors. Under government patronage—which, it may be noted, originated not with prosperity but with depression: unemployment, the enforced bohemianism of the worker, and the inverted, freak professionalization of the bohemian—the artist has suddenly become a useful member of his community, has even raised its cultural standards. This circumstance, Mr. Cahill feels, should create new and apparently provincial criteria. We may pause here. It seems an obvious confusion to believe that because the artist has been provided with a counterfeit orientation to bourgeois society the technical problems of his media have altered or his work is to be accepted purely in terms of his wage-earning function in the community. Before the artist succeeds as a county gazetteer, he must first become—like Breughel—a gazetteer of humanity. This is his primary

function, and it relates more particularly to interpretation than to documentation, more to a state of consciousness than to a geographical or economic state. Doubtless personal, social, and political conditions contribute to his general statement, but they neither dominate it nor eliminate it. Geography is the anatomy of the land, not its *esprit,* and impoverished as our American art heritage is, it would be difficult, offhand, to identify the work of Benjamin West, Ryder, Eakens, or Luks with place-names or purely local (city, country) customs. Yet each of these painters described an aspect of American culture or consciousness. Their idiom was as coherent as the idiom of David, Greco, Renoir, or Lautrec. But their provincialism—American civilization as compared with Europe—was translated into their *matière;* it never served to decorate a dialect.

The artist in American Art Today, despite his communal integration, is both a social and a creative victim. His work presents nothing more than canceled tidbits of aesthetic slang. His contribution is made not in a universal idiom but in a patois which balks translation. Communication is limited; often to express himself he is reduced to the imitation and parody of a foreign tongue. It may seem folly to attribute this deficiency to the judges of the exhibition, but it must be remembered that they set out to discover the denominator to American imagination and consciousness, and accomplished little more than a foot tour of the forty-eight states; that an insistent emphasis on specialized national criteria is the next best thing to fascist censorship of art; that none of the breadth, vigor, or creative originality of the Fair itself is to be found either in the show as a whole or in any one of the 1,200 representations; and that, finally, if the American psyche is banal, gross, or provincial, those are the qualities to be sought and metamorphosed in its art rather than the compensatory facts of geographic and cultural insulation.

It may be mistakenly assumed from what has been said that the exhibition consists of a series of literal reproductions of the American scene, from the Battery to Yosemite Valley. On the contrary, even this type of coordination and consistency is lacking. Heterogeneity is the keynote, and every school of contemporary painting is represented, the modern, academic, surrealist, neo-romantic, abstract, and propagandist, all apparently neatly trimmed to the artist's newly achieved orientation. Here and there one comes upon a painter whose virtuosity and competence are gratifying, but his contribution, more likely than not, is completely adumbrated by its surroundings, overhung with everything but trapezes. Max Weber, who is certainly nobody's discovery, offers an excellent study in figure grouping and tonal architecture, an oil, Seeking Work; Stuart Davis leads off the abstract group with Gloucester Harbor, employing a technique which suggests *pointilliste* abbreviation; Hopper, Kuniyoshi, Reginald Marsh, Niles Spencer, all present recognizable examples of familiar styles. For those who enjoy the pursuit of needles in haystacks, the following may be recommended: J. Billington, Henry Botkin, Peter Busa, G. Driscoll, Briggs Dyer, Doris Lee, Jack Levine, James Lechay, Douglas Brown, George Morris, and Joseph Solman.

Of the 25,000 works submitted, one wonders how these few acceptable contributions and even fewer pieces of sculpture constitute a characteristic American cultural assertion or form "an integral part of modern civilization." Mr. Whalen, with the unimpeachable wisdom of a child, was right from the very beginning: the Fair would be art, there would be no need for an exhibition of fine arts. And he proceeded to create a five-and-ten-cent-store Xanadu out of the swamplands. Mr. Cahill and his associates, unfortunately, inverted the process.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

FILMS

ENJOYING Elisabeth Bergner in her newest picture "Stolen Life" (Paramount release) I celebrated a sentimental anniversary which, I hope, did not rob me of the mythical objectivity of the critic. It is exactly twenty-five years since Liesl, as we called her, made her first public appearance in Vienna. The occasion was the annual dramatic performance of the high school where I was a pupil. Now Michael Redgrave has replaced me as her partner, and, to get it over with, I hasten to admit that he is excellent. I also have to confess that I followed Liesl more attentively than anything else in the picture.

The script, after a light Czech novel, tells the strange story of two young and exceedingly charming sisters who look alike but are not alike. Martina is a precious soul, Sylvina a flirt. It is not difficult to understand why the inexperienced, robust mountain climber switched to the more directly appealing type. The melodramatic tricks which follow I will not give away—the attempt of the gentle Martina to live the life of her successful sister, after her death, becomes the central theme. Many observations could be made on why a great actress has to play in such tricky stories, but I will not concern myself now with this question, which involves both box-office misconceptions and the lack of adequate manuscripts. I am still under the spell of a *Wiedersehen* with the girl of twenty-five years ago. Since I am interested more in her personality than in the vehicles she chooses for expressing herself, the criticism that in the double part of Martina and Sylvina she remains always Elisabeth Bergner is meaningless to me.

And not only for that reason. There are two different types of actress. One type brings a part to life; the other uses a part to come alive herself. Both are legitimate techniques. Elisabeth Bergner belongs in the second category, those whom one might call autobiographical players. They become important, and distinguished from mere exhibitionists, if their personalities are worth while. Most stage and screen artists are, of course, mixed types. Elisabeth Bergner, however, seems to be as purely autobiographical a player as can be imagined. Her means of expression have developed since 1914, but their theme remains the same—the torn soul of Liesl.

The plot of "Stolen Life" is too crude and obvious for the presentation of a dual personality. And the actress's often criticized "mannerisms"—her method of holding the opposing forces in herself together only to separate them in

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this picture—are sometimes insufficient to conceal technical limitations. Many people, too, prefer straighter and healthier performances; they are even annoyed by too subtle nuances, which merely complicate further for them a reality that is complicated enough. Especially many men resent the complexity of a superior woman. Elisabeth Bergner displays it again and again uncompromisingly. Often she may not achieve her end, the full expression of the conflict in the character of Elisabeth Bergner; but watch attentively little scenes like the one in which Martina stops her aunt's attempt to tell her that she must fight the sister who has lured her lover away. See how she does it, pianissimo, with a minimum of effort, conveying in one second the whole depth of her love, and you will experience a rare, unforgettable moment of perfection.

An artist of the other type is Ralph Richardson, whom we saw last in "The Citadel" as Denny. In "Clouds Over Europe" (Columbia), an English-American production of a good deal of merit, he creates the character of an amiable secret-service agent, Major Hammond. The picture often achieves the excellence of suspense and characterization of the best thriller of the past season, Hitchcock's "The Lady Vanishes," but it is Ralph Richardson who steals the show with his precise, witty, and unforced presentation of a personality quite different from his own. It is easy to predict that Major Hammond will appear again and again. The club of movie detectives will have a new permanent member. Special mention must be made of the expert direction of Tom Whelan, who hits the mark in every scene.

This was a good week: it gave me the chance to see again an old friend who, criticism aside, becomes more beautiful in every picture and to gain a new one—Major Hammond.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

GIESEKING, who has hitherto made records only in England and Germany, recently made some in this country; and a group of them head Columbia's June list. The extraordinary delicacy, sensitiveness, and precision that distinguish his playing are in the performances, on a single record ($1), of Debussy's early and undistinguished "Rêverie," which Larry Clinton has made famous, and a transcription of Strauss's "Ständchen," which is better heard in its original form sung by Elisabeth Schumann. The incisiveness and suppleness of rhythm, the verve, the rich tonal coloring contribute to a superb performance, on another single ($1), of Ravel's "Alborado del gracioso," a piece with little content but much Spanish style and piano glitter. And all these qualities combine to produce a performance of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 57 ("Appassionata") (three records, $5) that is swift, exciting, truly passionate, and lacking only the breadth and rugged power which the work should have. Even without this, however, it is a better performance than Fischer's, and therefore the best now available outside of Schnabel's in H. M. V.'s subscription set. Recording is excellent.

In each of Chopin's Etudes a different piano figuration is exploited; and this provides the terms in which Chopin creates a piece of music as exquisitely thought and formed and finished as any other. The best performances, then, are those in which a sensitive musicianship operates with the complete freedom provided by a technique that disposes of the figuration with unobtrusive ease—those of Bachaus, for example, in his early Victor set. In Kilenyi's performances of Opus 10, excellently recorded in a Columbia set (three records, $5), one is more aware of figuration brilliantly played than of musical pattern outlined with good and sometimes with sensitive musical taste. They are not, then, the best, but they are very good, infinitely better than Cortot's, and therefore the ones to buy if you want modern recording.

Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert exhibit powers that are among the greatest we know of, but not in a run-of-the-mill exercise of craftsmanship like Mozart's Violin Sonata K. 454 (two records, $3.50), well played by Denise Soriano and Magda Tagliaferro, nor in a potboiler like Beethoven's Eleven Viennese Dances (two records, $3.50), also well played by the London Philharmonic under Weingartner, nor in a prim little copy of eighteenth-century models like Schubert's Symphony No. 5 (four records, $6), on which Beecham lavishes superb playing by the London Philharmonic that would better have been devoted to the great Symphony in C. As for the Cante Flamenco sung on two records (75 cents each) by La Niña de los Peines, it sounds like the real thing; but the real thing, I must add, includes not only La Niña's style but her far from agreeable voice.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Objective, Not Partisan

Dear Sirs: Discussing the merger of the Akron *Times-Press* with the Beacon *Journal,* Robert Bendiner and James Wechsler in the May 13 issue of *The Nation* said: "Morrow was the champion of the swift-rising union movement in Akron and an ardent defender of the New Deal."

Thus objective and fair journalism has been mistaken by historians of the labor movement for partisan journalism. It is a mistake that labor leaders never made. They were satisfied with fairness and formed no pressure groups to get more. A few industrialists construed objective fairness as labor bias, but there was always a larger, more important, and pragmatic group that understood.

The *Times-Press* was the first newspaper in America to condemn sitdown strikes. It never hesitated to attack anything offside that labor did. It supported injunctions when granted fairly after a proper hearing. On the other hand, it attacked vigilante movements and decried the formation of any group for the purpose of suppressing or coercing labor. It just as readily condemned employers when they stalled and tried to wait for a Supreme Court decision before recognizing and obeying the Wagner Act. All this involved a well thought-out and pursued philosophy of journalism. It was simply this: An editor best serves democracy when he functions in his community as an integrator, striving always to harmonize warring elements into movements that bring a united front in seeking the common good.

This is accomplished most easily when the editor runs his news columns on the ruggedly honest principle of telling what goes on. This takes more courage than bias does, because the partisan always has his supporters to give him encouragement. It has been my experience that newspapers cannot settle labor controversies, and that the editor is most useful when he hews to the objective news line and contents himself editorially with pointing out deviations from fair play by either side and demanding that they stop. The public is always quick to perceive these deviations when they are pointed out, and pressure goes on against the side that has erred.

The idea that I, as editor of the *Times-Press,* was a champion of a movement or a philosophy of a class nature does violence to my attitude of professional and philosophical detachment. It implies a bias that did not exist and obscures whatever adroitness I may have shown in handling a difficult problem.

In fairness it should be said that I had at all times the warm-hearted support of the Scripps-Howard general management in my efforts to run a newspaper in the best democratic tradition. It is also true that there was a great deal of friendly rivalry between John Knight, publisher of the Beacon *Journal,* and myself in seeing who best could do the job of being fair and objective.

WALTER MORROW

Columbus, Ohio, June 21

Knox Gelatine Research

Dear Sirs: In the April 29 issue of your publication Helen Woodward discussed the scientific information that has been released recently on the use of gelatine for increasing muscular endurance. Because she made several inferences and statements that are not correct I am taking the liberty of writing you this letter.

In the first place, the work is not in the field of "patent medicine," as she puts it, but in the legitimate field of scientific research. Plain, unflavored gelatine does not claim to be a medicine but a beneficial food.

Glycine therapy is a controversial subject, and one from which pseudo-scientists should stay clear. The scientists who conducted this research are not at all inclined to credit Knox Gelatine's glycine content alone for the observed effect on muscular-energy output. Argenine and glutamic acid receive equal credit as precursor material for muscular creatine. Knox Gelatine contains ample amounts of both of these amino acids, and it is therefore entirely ridiculous for Mrs. Woodward's informant to throw the weight of observed effectiveness on the shoulders of glycine alone.

Mrs. Woodward seems to doubt that "glycine either as a medicine or in gelatine gives you muscular energy." Accepted proof of the fact that this treatment has not only given increased muscular endurance to the normal healthy person but also benefited the person suffering from muscular diseases may be found in medical literature. An account of the recent research was published in the Proceedings of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine, a journal of no small repute. However, the Knox Gelatine Company has not advocated that persons suffering from muscular diseases take this treatment. Such recommendation should come from their physician.

Mrs. Woodward seems to feel that one ounce of gelatine a day might cause the person taking it to develop any one of a long list of diseases caused by consumption of excessive amounts of protein. Since the average adult should consume at least four to five ounces of pure protein daily, it does not seem probable that one-half ounce of gelatine, which is the usual amount taken after the preliminary period, could upset the normal protein metabolism. Also a pure, plain, unflavored gelatine is accepted by medical and nutritional authorities as one of the most easily digested proteins for the human body.

She also remarks that gelatine swells in water, and her inference is that the required quantity might swell to such proportions as to do injury to the stomach. Gelatine does swell in cold water, and so do bread, crackers, and any one of a hundred other food products, but plain, unflavored gelatine dissolves completely at body temperature. Therefore the gelatine dissolves as soon as it reaches the stomach instead of staying in granulated form.

Again we answer Mrs. Woodward's question, "What about the people with too little gastric secretion?" by stating that persons suffering from this lack are dangerously ill and should be under the care of a physician. Since this ailment is an extremely painful one, persons suffering from it are not apt to be unaware of their condition.

Mrs. Woodward errs when she says that diabetics should not use gelatine because they will be adding to their total carbohydrate allowance. Plain, unflavored gelatine *does not* contain any carbohydrate. As a matter of fact, plain, unflavored gelatine is one of the foods frequently used by doctors in diabetic diets to introduce variety into the menu and also to increase the bulk of food and satisfy the hunger of the patient.

On one point alone do we find ourselves in full accord with Mrs. Woodward and that is her statement that we obtain phosphoric acid, glycine, and creatine from the food we eat. However, an ordinary diet will not supply "extra" amounts of muscular energy; to get these from food such huge quantities of meat would have to be consumed that the price might be such well-known clinical conditions as gout, kidney diseases, etc. We may add that creatine is not contained in the food we eat, but has to be synthesized from amino acids contained in foodstuffs.

Mrs. Woodward remarked, "It is yet to be substantiated that to be effective as a muscle energizer, gelatine has to be taken unflavored and unsweetened." Since she stated in the first part of her article that the amount of gelatine prescribed for this purpose would be difficult to take, wouldn't she certainly object to taking the amount of flavored and sweetened gelatine necessary to obtain the desired results? Since a package of the latter contains only about 10 per cent gelatine—the rest is sugar, flavoring, and coloring matter—she would have to take about thirteen boxes of the sweetened and flavored gelatine daily. And even I would think that a bit too much to get down.

J. E. KNOX, General Manager

Johnstown, N. Y., June 2

And Knox Advertising

Dear Sirs: I didn't say that Knox Gelatine research was in the field of "patent medicine," but that its advertising methods "have a patent-medicine sound." Of course gelatine contains other constituents besides glycine, but it is the glycine that is of the greatest importance, both on account of its high percentage and because it is involved in the formation of creatine, as has been experimentally established. "Creatine," says Mr. Knox, "is not contained in the food we eat." This statement is distinctly incorrect. Perhaps Mr. Knox meant to say creatinine, which is a metabolic waste product of creatine. Creatine itself occurs regularly in all muscle tissue; and, indeed, the building up of this substance in muscle from glycine is the basis of Knox Gelatine's whole campaign.

As for the effect of gelatine in quantity on the digestion, gelatine forms a hydrophilic solution like any other protein. I did not say that to take an ounce a day might result in "a long list of diseases." I said that too much of it might make you uncomfortable, and I repeat it. Just because a substance is a food doesn't mean that it's a good thing to take in large quantities.

Of course there's no carbohydrate in unflavored gelatine. However, every protein taken in excess of the body's maintenance needs and used in energy metabolism has to be transformed to carbohydrate before it is burned. So doctors figure 60 per cent of the protein allowance as carbohydrate. Most of the protein we take that we don't need is turned to carbohydrate. Where's the chemist who doesn't know this simple fact?

People with too little gastric secretion are as a rule not dangerously ill. Few of them go to doctors. But if they ought to do so, then certainly people who haven't enough energy should see a doctor instead of dosing themselves with Knox Gelatine or glycine or anything else.

My cook uses Knox Gelatine because I like it. But it is not a medicine, and to have its advertising read as if it were is risky and ridiculous.

HELEN WOODWARD

New York, June 14

Protest from Miss Block

Dear Sirs: Only the utmost provocation could induce me to protest against the complete misrepresentation of my book "The Changing World in Plays and Theater" in the review by Robert Vambery in your issue of May 20.

When Mr. Vambery, after quoting my definition of a vital theater as one which deals with matters that are essential to life in any given epoch, states that I never say what is essential to life in our time, he is simply not telling the truth, for, as all other reviewers have agreed, the importance of my book, in the words of John Haynes Holmes, for example, "lies in its critical studies of the outstanding plays of recent years in terms of the thought and life of this stirring age."

How on earth would it be possible for anyone, even if he had not my underlying social point of view, to discuss the works of Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, Chekhov, Toller, Bourdet, Maugham, Lawson, O'Neill, Wexley, Odets, Hellman, and a host of others and not tell what is essential to life in our own time?

Again when Mr. Vambery states that I do not like the theater because I "apply" to it words like "spurious," "paltry," "ephemeral," and "futile," he is again not telling the truth. Nowhere in my book are such words applied to the theater *as such* but only to certain aspects of the theater which I deplore.

"The Changing World in Plays and Theater" has been hailed as of greatest value *to the theater* by such persons as Barrett Clark, Gilmor Brown, Harold Clurman, George Middleton, Ferdinand Bruckner, and others too numerous to mention here. Is it likely that all these men of standing in the theater are wrong in their enthusiastic commendation of my book and that Mr. Vambery alone is right in his incredible misrepresentation of it?

ANITA BLOCK

New York, June 12

Reply from Mr. Vambery

Dear Sirs: Miss Block charges me with misrepresentation in two instances. Neither of them affects the main argument of my review, and so "complete misrepresentation" seems a bit of an overstatement. Nevertheless, this is a very serious charge.

As to the first instance, it is obvious from Miss Block's letter that she has not understood this part of my review. She should read it again as I cannot repeat here the whole passage. Briefly, what I said was that Miss Block has given her definition a narrow-minded interpretation. Her august "what is essential to life" means simply "what I take to be essential to life," and so the sentence should read: "A vital theater is one which deals with matters that Miss Block deems to be essential to life." It is really amusing how utterly unable she is to realize that others may regard entirely different things as essential. Consequently her judgment of what is and what is not "vital theater" is merely a matter of personal preference. Miss Block should have written a book called, "My Years in the Theater" or something like that, and all would be well.

As to the second, let me quote Miss Block. On page 3 of her book she says: "entranced by the often *spurious trappings* of the theater *such as clever acting, smart dialogue, dazzling costumes and effective scenery . . .*"; on page 239: "we have with infrequent exceptions a theater cluttered with the *paltry* and the *futile.*" "The theater-of-the-armchair" stands on page 2, and on page 4 we find "plays which . . . *transcend ephemeral theater* and are worthy to live on as dramatic literature."

Miss Block "deplores" clever acting, smart dialogue, dazzling costumes, and effective scenery, but she likes the theater. Those "certain aspects" which she

professes to deplore are an integral part of the theater, and if she dislikes them, well, then, she dislikes the theater, and that is just what I said. What she likes is something which does not exist, which never existed, and of which there is no indication in the history of the theater that it ever will exist. Let me shock Miss Block. The theater *is* ephemeral. And this is exactly why it has retained the affection of mankind down the centuries. Puritans who would reform the playhouses only succeed in closing them. Roundheads and blockheads who would build a brave new stage could only succeed in engendering the Dark Ages of the Theater.

I am also charged with differing from other critics. This of course is no charge at all. I could call my own witnesses who are in agreement with my condemnation of Miss Block's tenets. Good names too, from Aristotle to J. W. Krutch, from Dryden to W. S. Maugham. But I won't. An old rebel who seeks refuge in authority is a charming sight, and it should be enjoyed without comment. ROBERT VAMBERY

New York, June 14

Harriet Tubman, Abolitionist

Dear Sirs: I am writing the biography of Harriet Tubman, the Negro woman abolitionist who was so widely known as a leader of the "underground railway," and am anxious to acquire any information about her life, particularly about her service in the war. She was born in Dorchester County, Maryland, about 1820, and died in Auburn, New York, in 1913. She served at Hilton Head, South Carolina, in Virginia, and elsewhere, and was widely praised by officers of the Northern army. She was also active as a feminist, and I should like to hear from suffragists who may recall her participation in their activities. Please address me at 316 West Ninety-third Street, New York.

New York, June 1 EARL CONRAD

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The Shape of Things

*

THE ACTION OF THE HOUSE IN AMENDING the neutrality bill to apply a mandatory embargo to the sale of arms and ammunition to belligerents is more serious as a gesture than as a practical measure. It has already been openly welcomed by the dictators as a blow at France and Britain and has been greeted with equal dismay in those countries. Léon Blum, writing in the *Populaire*, accurately described the moral effect of the change. "The immediate question," he said, "is not whether, once war was started, such or such a power would be induced to take such or such an attitude, but whether this attitude, proclaimed publicly now, could turn the dictators from going to war." The practical effect of the amendment is less serious. The embargo would not affect the sale of such crucial secondary war materials as oil and cotton and planes and machines, goods which the United States could most usefully supply. But the matter is not clinched by the House vote. The Senate committee has not reported out the bill and it seems possible that it may fail to do so. That would leave matters as they now stand, which is in the worst possible position. The new bill even as amended by the House is greatly preferable to the existing measure which would effectively hamstring all aid to the anti-fascist powers in case of war.

*

IN THE CONGRESSIONAL HOLOCAUST OF THE last week, the bill to admit 20,000 refugee children was one of the innocent victims. It was approved by the Senate Immigration Committee with the inclusion of a proviso that the children admitted would have to be deducted from the present quotas. By this simple change the committee wiped out the whole point and purpose of the bill. The refugees admitted under present quota restrictions comprise persons of all ages who can no longer live under the terror to which they and their families have been subjected. The sponsors of the refugee-children bill had no wish to slam the door in the face of the thousands now awaiting their turn on the quota. Their hope was to bring in an additional group of young children who would, in advance of their arrival,

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be guaranteed homes and support. To admit the 20,000 children as part of the next two years' quota is in effect to reduce it by that number. That this was the intention of the committee may be conjectured from the fact that it also approved two of Senator Reynolds's anti-alien measures, a bill suspending all immigration for five years and another requiring aliens to be fingerprinted. It is not expected that these unthinkable measures will be adopted in this session, but they indicate a tendency which may well prove strong enough to wreck the effort to rescue a few of the youngest victims of Hitler's permanent pogrom.

*

ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO A PAN AMERICAN Clipper rose from the still waters of Manhasset Bay in Long Island Sound and carried a cargo of paying passengers from the United States to Europe. This was a breath-taking event, symbol of a new era in the history of communication. But, while it made the front page, the people of both continents responded with only mild interest. This seemed curious. It was partly to be explained, no doubt, by the long, careful, unsensational prelude of test and mail flights which had accustomed the public mind to the fact of trans-Atlantic air voyages long before the passenger service was installed. But it was partly due to the nature of the general news of the past week. People were thinking about the threatened Nazi conquest of Poland; not about the conquest of 3,000 miles of ocean by an alliance of scientific achievement and business enterprise. If they stopped to consider the meaning of the Clipper's first passenger trip, their wonder and admiration were almost certainly qualified with fear. The Atlantic is now only twenty-four hours wide. It is a commentary on the times that this thought today is more sobering than exhilarating.

*

THE SIEGE OF TIENTSIN HAS BEEN EASED slightly by British capitulation to Japan on the question of discussing the "broader" aspects of British-Japanese relationships. Although the Japanese extremists appear to have given ground in permitting the conference dealing with the issue to be held in Tokyo rather than Tientsin, Britain retreated to the extent of agreeing to discuss not only the surrender of the four Chinese whose delivery has been demanded by Japan but a series of additional demands acceptance of which would be tantamount to making Britain an ally of Japan in its invasion of China. Japan has asked for the right of policing the British concession against Chinese political activities, and has demanded that Britain "cooperate" in suppressing such activities. This much Britain is apparently prepared to grant as a gesture of appeasement. But the crucial Japanese demand is for "economic cooperation," which involves British financial support for Japan's fiat paper money in North China and the turning over to Japan of some $10,000,000 worth of silver in the Tientsin banks. Whether Britain will bow to this demand is still an open question. The strong stand taken by the United States in refusing to keep its ships out of Foochow and Wenchow harbors should stiffen British resistance. But there is real danger that the rising tension in Europe may induce Chamberlain to make peace on any terms in an unjustified hope of thereby separating Japan from the axis.

*

J. MONROE SMITH, LATE PRESIDENT OF Louisiana State University, who borrowed $500,000 on faked credit of the University and lost $430,000 of it speculating in cotton, has given himself up in Canada. He said he didn't know he was wanted until he read it in the papers! His co-speculators—we doubt that he worked alone—will probably turn out to be as prominent as Smith in Louisiana politics. Governor Leche's hurried resignation in favor of Earl Long, the long-lost Huey's brother, has not clarified the mystery; his latest statement that in future his "only political purpose will be to further the political interests of President Roosevelt" may be an appeal for mercy in Washington. Smith's income-tax returns are being investigated and an inquiry into the use of WPA funds is scheduled. These may be, as someone has said, acorns from which oaks will grow. But there are voices in Louisiana calling for a thoroughgoing investigation of the state by the Department of Justice, and we think it is in order. Will the Democratic Administration avoid the issue as it did in New Jersey or will it help to throw the Long machine into the dust heap alongside that of Prendergast? Time—and politics—will tell.

*

WE ARE INTERESTED TO NOTE THAT THE steel industry is about to recover from a major crisis. It seems that in recent months a few cases of price competition in the industry have actually been recorded. Since the industry has spent years seeking to overcome this unpleasant phenomenon, the cause for such a departure from accepted custom must be sought in some extremely vital issue facing it. The New York *Times* of June 11 supplies the clue. It seems that the steel industry has been divided into two camps: the United States Steel Company, which recognizes the C. I. O., and the other steel companies, which do not recognize the C. I. O. The wrath of the smaller companies against the titan for dealing with organized labor has, it seems, mounted to prodigious proportions. Large in its might and confident in its power, United States Steel has sought to overlook the slings and arrows of outraged competitors; but its efforts have now been brought to an end. Verbal invective by Girdler and Weir is one thing; price-cutting is another. When the smaller companies vented their ire by "chiseling" on the accepted price structure, the United

States Steel Company was forced to reform. It is now in the process of "reorienting" its labor policies. Only recently, its Iron and Steel Institute delivered a blistering attack on the National Labor Relations Board. This new policy of appeasement has brought hope to the industry that the unfortunate price "war" may soon be a thing of the past. In wondrous ways, indeed, do the forces of competition bring about harmonious relationships, economic balance, and the coveted equilibrium.

*

SCHUSCHNIGG'S THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD SON has been forced to join the Hitler youth in Vienna. His father is still a prisoner of the "greatest German ever born" as Hitler described himself in the course of the fateful interview of February, 1938, in Berchtesgaden between himself and the Austrian Chancellor. Now the "greatest German" has ordered that the child of his unhappy foe be taught that he is the son of a scoundrel—nothing less will be told young Schuschnigg in the Nazi organization which his father in his time suppressed. Our minds are set on great events, but we should not overlook the "little" things. The dispatch from Vienna reveals a side of Nazi sadism unsurpassed in its subtle cruelty. Against the demagogic speeches of Hitler about justice, living space, and his duty to defend the German nation against a world of enemies stands the "humanity" he practices on a helpless little boy in Vienna.

Silver and Spite

SILVER and spite, joined in an alliance, won what may prove a costly victory in the vote by the Senate to take from Mr. Roosevelt further power to devalue the dollar. By the time this appears in print the Senate may have restored the devaluation club the President needs to preserve monetary law and order. But we feel safe in predicting that some of our most respectable anti-New Deal politicians will have a hard time living down their part in this legislative foray against Mr. Roosevelt, for it shows that they are ready to sacrifice the nation's best interests to satisfy their overwhelming hatred of the President and to link hands with any selfish interest to win a temporary victory over him. Their coalition with the Senators from the silver states overrode the most cherished conservative principles. When the President, at the beginning of 1938, reduced the price for newly mined domestic silver from 77.57 cents an ounce to 64.64 cents, his action was approved in conservative circles. "At last," *Business Week* commented, "the country is approaching reason on the silver-price question . . . [Mr. Roosevelt's] new proclamation is in effect a sweeping admission that the subsidy is economically indefensible." A year and a half later an alliance between the silverites and Republicans to restore this economically indefensible subsidy to 77.57 cents is supported with smug apologetics by organs of "sound finance."

It is easy to dwell on the inconsistency that leads the pontifical Vandenberg and his fellows of the economy bloc to slash allowances for the jobless and at the same time to vote huge additional profits for silver-mine owners. We hope the Administration will make the most of the contrast. The economy bloc appears in an even poorer light when judged by its own standards—maintaining stable monetary conditions, safeguarding the value of the dollar, and so on. If this were 1928 or 1929, it would certainly be unsettling to give the President power to devalue the dollar at will. But at a time when the gold standard has long been suspended the world over, when our trade rivals can at any time devalue their currencies, the attempt to fit the dollar into the vise of a rigid gold standard is an invitation to the rest of the world to devalue. It is a spur to instability. The President's power to devalue has not been used and probably will not need to be used. Its mere existence was enough to prevent England from devaluing the pound last year. The arguments advanced for a rigid gold standard in the right press are anachronistic nonsense, the same kind of economic poppycock that kept us from following England's example in 1931 and freeing ourselves at that time from a gold standard that only works well when there is no pressure on it.

Within the framework of world politics, the action by the Senate seems to us most dangerous, and we hope that it will be rescinded. To deprive the President of reserve power to devalue the dollar would be to undermine the tripartite monetary agreement that is the one link between this country and France and Great Britain at a time when even a limited unity of action is important. To end purchase of foreign silver is to help Japan against China, and to weaken the silver-producing states of Latin America, notably Mexico. American oil interests have sought for some time to choke off purchases of Mexican silver, and it may be significant that the amendment to stop the buying of silver from abroad was made by Townsend of Delaware; the du Ponts are a major factor in the oil industry. On this point again some of our conservatives are guilty of the grossest inconsistency and the most obvious fallacies. We do not recall that the conservative press ever objected to the foreign-lending policy of the Coolidge-Hoover era. The only difference between the purchase of silver from Latin America and the buying of Latin American bonds is that there is more commercial use for silver than for second-hand engraved paper. Both stimulate American trade, create a market abroad for our goods. It might well be argued that purchase of foreign silver is more advantageous than purchase of domestic. Part of the money paid for domes-

tic purchases increases the profits of the silver-mine owners; it does not add to purchasing power. On the other hand when we buy foreign silver, the foreigner must buy American goods with the entire proceeds. The purchases create jobs in this country. The economy bloc, fresh from committing mayhem on the WPA, has merely voted to enlarge what one might term an SWA, a Silver Works Administration, that does indeed give employment to miners but at the expense of fat rake-offs for mine owners.

Setback in Relief

ABOUT all that can be said for the "compromise" relief bill which was rushed to the President just before the deadline on June 30 was that it averted a closing down of the WPA. While the bill was not quite as reactionary as that which originally passed the House, the improvements were relatively slight. To the credit of the Senate it must be said that many of the worst sections of the bill were rejected when the measure first came before the upper house. Amendments were adopted restoring control to a one-man administrator, increasing the appropriation for the WPA and the NYA, continuing the federal theater project, and eliminating 30-day payless vacations for WPA workers. The limit of federal participation in WPA building projects was raised from $40,000 to $75,000. All of these vital changes were swept away by the House conferees except the top limit for the building projects which was compromised at $52,000, and the provision for one-man control.

The results are disheartening, not only because of the individuals who will suffer by the unjustified cutting down of relief, but as indication of an anachronistic mentality which may delay for years a decent solution of the relief problem. The viewpoint finds its roots in the days when the United States was an agricultural country with plenty of free land on the frontier—a day also when the sense of family and neighborhood was much more deeply ingrained than at present. In those days there was some reason for assuming that a man who had to appeal to charity was a ne'er-do-well, and for making the conditions of relief as humiliating as possible. Today, however, it should be evident even to the most extreme reactionary that the conditions which make relief necessary are wholly beyond the control of the individual. Unemployment and poverty are the result of a breakdown in our economic structure for which society is responsible. It is most unfair, therefore, that relief should be surrounded with safeguards and conditions designed to stigmatize the relief recipient and thus destroy his morale.

Particularly unfortunate is the continuation of the restrictions on the arts projects, which by and large have come the nearest to providing a civilized standard of relief. In some instances, it is true, politics have been played and men have been given jobs for which they were wholly unprepared. But the theater projects in particular have met a very real lack in American life, and produced some superb plays which would not have a chance on the commercial stage. From a strict counting-house point of view, they may have seemed socially wasteful. But in a country physically equipped to produce an abundance of material wealth, it is only logical that well-thought-out government works projects should be concentrated in the cultural and educational spheres.

It is to be hoped that the setback which the Administration suffered on relief will not be reflected in greater caution in next year's program. Many of the Administration's difficulties in this field have not been created so much by too great liberalism as by uncertainty and lack of program. The reactionaries came to Washington this January determined, if they did nothing else, to hamstring the relief program. The Administration forces were not equipped with a well-coordinated, permanent relief program designed to eliminate the abuses which had grown up. Throughout there has been too much a tendency to regard relief as a temporary problem. It has already been with us in aggravated form for nearly ten years; it will almost certainly be with us another ten years even if a much larger measure of recovery is effected. Let us hope that the coming months will be utilized to provide a bold, well-integrated, sound program for submission to the next session of Congress.

The Krivitsky Affair

THE articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* about Soviet Russia, its internal and external policy, signed by a General Krivitsky who claims to have been instrumental in the carrying out of Stalin's Spanish policy, have attracted wide attention. True or false, they made interesting reading. Normally we are informed about the workings of a dictatorship by official handouts or censored dispatches. It is no wonder then that opposition charges win special attention from people who rightly distrust the official statements of even democratic governments.

Four weeks after the first article appeared, the *New Masses* stated that Krivitsky was never a Russian general, that he had never laid eyes on Stalin or Voroshilov, that he could not use a rifle. No proof was offered for these statements. The *New Masses* said that Krivitsky was a certain Schmelka Ginsberg, and his counsel now admits that the last name is correct. That this would not exclude the possibility that the Communist of 1918 from the Austrian-Russian border might later become a Red Army officer assigned to the Soviet secret service in Western

Europe, is obvious. The *New Masses* in fact granted by implication the assertion that Krivitsky-Ginsberg was in the Russian service. It wrote: "You are just the kind of adventurer that the infamous Yagoda would pick for his anti-Soviet dirty work." The challenge of the *New Masses* contained two other statements, first that Isaac Don Levine, for years a known anti-Soviet writer, ghosted the articles, which he did, and that Suzanne La Follette, described unjustly as a "Trotskyist stalwart," is lending a hand in preparing the material for a book by Krivitsky, which she denies. But these statements had no bearing on the issue of Krivitsky's identity. The *New Masses* did an elaborate job of disclosing the irrelevant.

The *Saturday Evening Post,* in an editorial admitting that Isaac Don Levine wrote the articles and that General Krivitsky was an alias, was able to point out that almost all the leading figures of the Soviet regime and the editors of the *New Masses* as well use noms de guerre. But the *Post* did not dissociate itself from its contributor; it printed a fourth article by him and an editorial which also dodged the issue. It is unthinkable that the editors of the *Post* do not know the identity of General Krivitsky. Anybody familiar with the routine of checking up on an unknown author who comes with sensational material to a magazine of the size, wealth, and reputation of the *Saturday Evening Post* cannot doubt that its editors know more about Krivitsky than they have told so far. The editorial leaves us just where we were before—we have to take the word of the *Saturday Evening Post* editors that Krivitsky is no fraud.

The *New Masses* in last week's issue celebrated a great victory. It started with the statement that the *New Masses* "revealed Krivitsky as an impostor," which is entirely untrue; the *New Masses* only said he was. It said that the *Post* "is now compelled to admit one part of the hoax"—also, to put it mildly, a gross exaggeration. Thousands of articles are ghosted, the mechanical putting down of a story is of no importance as far as its truth is concerned, and no editor commits a crime in using the services of a rewrite man. And the fact that Krivitsky is an alias is surely no confession of a hoax. On the other hand the ineptness of the *New Masses* attack does not free the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* from the obligation to prove beyond doubt—especially since many statements in Krivitsky's articles are open to serious question—that they did not fall for a swindler, even if he was once a red officer.

A part of the *New Masses* editorial deals with the content of Krivitsky's articles, branding them as pure fabrications. To discuss the validity of Krivitsky's story seriously and thoroughly, as the *New Masses* has not yet done, would have been in order in the first place. It would have helped to clarify the policies of Russia in the mind of many confused people and it would have been a great service to expose the fraud—if there is one. Last and not least it would have been clean and cogent journalism instead of irrelevant sniping which irritates and confuses without shedding any light on the real issues involved.

Appeasement or War?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

NOT long ago Hitler was reported to have told his military leaders that within six months he would be "master of Europe." This prophecy was uttered in the midst of the late "lull" while he was busy assembling the materials and marshaling his forces for the present full-blown crisis. On another page of this issue Mr. Villard reports a sensational confirmation of Hitler's claim by exceptionally well informed authorities, who predict that the next appeasement, already planned, will in cold fact give Europe into Hitler's hands: "Hitler is to recover for Germany everything taken from it by the Treaty of Versailles—Danzig, the Corridor, Silesia, and Prussian Poland. Part of Poland is to go to Hungary, another part to Lithuania, while Russia is to get Bessarabia, and Germany another part of Rumania."

I shall not argue that this may not happen. Munich happened. Two weeks ago I wrote that a new effort at appeasement was "just around the corner" and since then we have seen a succession of moves no doubt designed to dangle the rewards of virtue before Hitler's nose but certain to encourage his deep-rooted belief that he can go as far as he likes without precipitating war.

Efforts to make a deal over Danzig are certainly under way. Britain has made a bid for a new naval agreement with Germany and invited Hitler to collaborate in restoring "mutual confidence and good will." And even Halifax's speech last Thursday, while a clear and welcome warning that Britain would "resist force," left open a door through which a new appeasement might easily slip. "If we could once be satisfied . . . that we all really wanted peaceful solutions—then I say here definitely that we could discuss the problems that are today causing the world anxiety. In such a new atmosphere we could examine the colonial problem, questions of raw materials, trade barriers, the issue of 'Lebensraum,' the limitation of armaments and any other issue that affects the lives of all European citizens."

These are pre-Munich words, as every person will realize whose memory reaches back to last summer. They are coupled, it is true, with an assertion that some basis "more substantial than verbal undertakings" will be necessary as a basis for a bargain. But what? Halifax does not say, and we shall be excused if we demand of him some similarly substantial proof of good faith. Our suspicions are multiplied by the lack of progress at Moscow.

Zhdanov's article in the *Pravda* was a sharp challenge to the British-French position. He implied clearly that he (and one must assume that he speaks for the government) believes the long delay has been a maneuver to create an impression of Russian intransigeance so that responsibility for the next capitulation to Hitler might be pinned by the Western powers on the Soviet Government. If this interpretation is true the prospect is a black one; and it would be no brighter if one accepted the rather fantastic suggestion in Mr. Villard's article that Russia is holding off in order to reap territorial gains as a result of Hitler's coming triumph.

Add to these doubts the real difficulties of achieving and implementing a military front against Germany, and the makings of a new Munich accumulate. Poland is geographically hard to defend. A successful defense inevitably involves Russian aid, and even if an agreement is reached between Moscow and the Western powers, the practical problem of armed collaboration between Poland and its old Soviet enemy will not be simple. Nor will it be easy for the British fleet to move to the defense of the Baltic ports. The possibility of its being bottled up there at the start of what would undoubtedly become a general war will not be ignored by the Admiralty. Poland will have to be defended by an attack on Germany from the west. And such an attack would precipitate immediately the full fury of war on a continental scale.

High cards are in Hitler's hands and he is already playing them with the assurance of a past master in the art of psychic attack. But those margins of error are still enormously wide. I'll enumerate a few of the chances that weigh against a "peaceful" conquest of Europe by the Nazis—and then I'll leave the score to be added up by the events of the coming weeks. Only an anonymous "authority" would dare be as sure of the future as were Mr. Villard's informants.

First and most obvious is the apparent effort of the British and French to hurry their war preparations and complete their alliances. If they intend appeasement they are certainly at the same time preparing for its failure. No one can honestly doubt that both nations are working feverishly to get ready for an emergency, and France, at least, seems determined to fight rather than yield—not Danzig or Pomorze but what the surrender of these would mean—the physical security and political independence of its own territory. It is impossible to dismiss the whole preparedness effort as play-acting; but it may well be an anchor to windward. The speech of Halifax seems to me typical of this mood: appeasement, if we can get any encouragement from Hitler; but, if not, we mean business this time.

Second, the Russian alliance. Procrastination may mean sabotage—on one side or both. But if Britain—even under pressure from France—yields on the crucial issue of guaranties to the Baltic states, it will be an evidence of good faith that cannot be dismissed.

Third, the apparent determinaton of the Poles to fight rather than yield. Not only their "idealism," but a streak of irrational recklessness in the Polish nature may make another Munich impossible—even if it is attempted. And to buttress their warlike inclinations, the Poles have the fate of Czechoslovakia as a warning. The fact that they helped to bring the Czechs to their knees and gladly seized their small morsel of territory is to their eternal discredit, but it does not decrease the force of the lesson. In addition the Poles have a promise of support from the Western powers that must be regarded as more binding than the Czech-French alliance proved to be, if only because it was made deliberately for the express purpose of guarding against the danger that now threatens. The Poles can, with better reason than the Czechs, hope that if they fight they will not have to fight alone.

Fourth, there is the hair-trigger situation in Germany itself. Economically the Third Reich is at the stage that the Kaiser's Reich reached only after three years of war. The two articles on conditions inside the country, printed on other pages of this issue, dramatically sum up the dilemma of the Nazi Government. It must have new victories soon or it cannot sustain the strength to win them. If it be said that even now a major war would be insane it must be considered that sane alternatives are not offered. The choices are war, or further Nazi triumphs achieved by means of threat and terror, or a continued struggle for power and position such as has been waged during this past year. A reasonable hope of relaxation is not among them. It could come only as the result of open abandonment by the fascist powers of their aggressive aims. The crucial inner weakness of Germany is not likely to produce any such retreat; it is far more likely to speed the day of decision and lessen the chance of a prolonged non-military struggle.

When will the showdown come? This week or after the harvest? And where? In Danzig or on several fronts at once, including the Far East and the Mediterranean? No one knows. But we know that troops are massing in Danzig and on all the borders of Poland; that the entire Polish fleet is at Gdynia; that Hungary has proposed to Hitler that it take over the rest of Slovakia; that Hitler is forcing Slovakia to hurry to completion two military highways running north toward Poland; that Russian naval maneuvers this summer are to take place in the Baltic. These factors seem to point to an early showdown in Northern Europe. The other day Winston Churchill likened the present crisis to the situation of last September—"but with this difference . . . that this year no means of retreat are open." We hope Hitler believes that; and we hope it is true.

Happy Fiscal New Year!

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, June 29

EXACTLY what accounted for the Senate's Fiscal New Year's Eve celebration is one of those little mysteries of parliamentary behaviorism. It was probably part hatred of Roosevelt and part plain exhibitionism. Whatever the explanation, as the end of the 1939 fiscal year approached, the Republican economyites went along with a plan to pay the holdup price of 77½ cents an ounce for domestically mined silver in exchange for votes to deprive Roosevelt of his dollar devaluation powers. As a display of bankrupt opposition leadership, there has been nothing like it since the advent of the New Deal. Nobody stood to gain anything from it except the silver bloc. Senators Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan and Robert Taft of Ohio, Republican presidential aspirants, richly deserved the hangover headaches that were all they got out of the spree. H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, who engineered the deal, had his moment of satisfaction, no doubt, over the Administration's embarrassment. But it was the President who got the most out of the ridiculous antics of his potential 1940 opponents.

He got a chance to denounce the Republican hopefuls as connivers-with-Wall Street and made the most of it. While the importance of the issues involved was vastly overemphasized, what arguments there were certainly were on his side. It is recognized that power to take another nine cents' worth of gold out of the dollar, even if exercised, would have no appreciable effect on domestic price levels. Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau insisted that the power was useful as a club over the British to keep the pound in line. If Vandenberg and Taft thought at all, they probably thought they were winning the gratitude of investors by warding off further devaluation. But obviously there was no inflationary danger in what was left of the devaluation power. On the other hand, Morgenthau's suspicions of the British may have been well founded in the light of last year's experience with a falling pound.

As for the new silver price, that was indefensible on any ground. And by trying to stop purchases of foreign silver, the coalitionists cut no throats except China's and Mexico's. The only mourners were friends of the good neighbor and open door policies. Whether these policies are worth the cost of subsidizing all silver-producing nations is a debatable question. However, it is notable that the Republicans didn't undertake to debate it. There was no argument over continuing the stabilization fund, yet even this was placed in jeopardy by the reckless tactics of the Republican-silverite coalition.

Vandenberg and Taft again placed themselves in a silly position when the relief bill came along. After shouting for months that a substantial part of responsibility for relief should be turned back to the states, both opposed an amendment requiring 25 per cent local contributions. It was finally adopted over their opposition and despite the warning of Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia and the United States Conference of Mayors that many states would be unable to make the grade, but only after it had been modified to permit smaller contributions up to January 1. The Senate tried vainly to improve the House bill, which Representative Clifton Woodrum of Virginia, chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee on relief, had shrewdly cut down to less than minimum. Even as amended by the Senate, the bill remains the most conspicuous monument to reaction the present Congress has erected. Its restrictive features will complicate administration and cut expenditures drastically. By tying it up with the monetary bill in the fiscal year-end jam, Woodrum and his associates spiked the guns of the Senate liberals. A protracted fight was out of the question with 2,500,000 relief jobs dependent upon action by midnight of June 30.

The President has only himself to blame for failure of an amendment by Senator James Mead of New York to give the Public Works Administration another $500,000,000 appropriation. Majority Leader Alben Barkley opposed it in Roosevelt's name. Apparently, Roosevelt felt that approval of the amendment would hurt the chances for his $4,000,000,000 program of self-liquidating works loans. Legislation to carry this program into effect will provide the big monetary fireworks of the new fiscal year. With the exception of the foreign loan and toll highway provisions, it seems to have a good chance for approval. A feature of this program, generally overlooked so far, is that Vice-President Garner's ally, Jesse Jones, despite his elevation to the post of administrator of the new federal loan agency created by the reorganization bill, will have nothing to do with the more important lending projects. John Carmody, as administrator of the federal works agency, will be head man, controlling even the railroad loans, which until now have been handled by Jones's Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Another encouraging aspect of the new plan is that Senator James Byrnes of South Caro-

lina will handle the legislation. By far the most effective parliamentarian in the Senate, his return to the Roosevelt fold means much to the New Deal.

An unheralded battle for enforcement of the wage-hour law will be one of the high spots of the closing weeks of the session. Southern sweatshoppers are almost universally ignoring the law and thumbing their noses at Administrator Elmer Andrews. They can get away with it because his appropriations have been drastically reduced by Southern reactionaries in Congress. Representative Malcolm C. Tarver of Georgia, chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee in charge of funds for wage-hour enforcement, cut $176,000 off the last bill, already inadequate, after failing to get an exemption for the candlewick bedspread home workers in his district. Senator Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, leader of the Senate conferees, whose state is a sweatshop paradise, accepted the reduction without protest. Meanwhile, Representative Eugene Cox of Georgia has struck back at the Wage-hour Division for citing the Camilla Hosiery Company, one of his home town industries, to the Justice Department for falsification of wage records. Cox has induced his crony, Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia, to sponsor a resolution to investigate Andrews's agency.

The modified neutrality bill, repealing embargo provisions of the present law, has passed the House and is now before the Senate, where it will encounter determined opposition and probably an isolationist filibuster. Acceptable to the Administration because it in effect serves notice on Hitler and Mussolini that their enemies will get American arms and ammunition in case of war, the new bill undoubtedly will command majority support in the Senate. The President is prepared to sit out a filibuster, if necessary. In foreign, as well as domestic affairs, he is counting on the emotional brashness of the opposition to play into his hands. If Vandenberg, Taft and company keep it up, the new fiscal year will be temporarily painful but it may prove to be only the prelude to a happy election outcome.

Why Hitler Must Bluff

Exhausted Nazi Labor

BY JUDITH GRUENFELD

YOU can enslave men, you can take away from them all their individual rights, you can subject them to forced labor, you can paralyze their thinking with propaganda, but you cannot give them insufficient food—a diet of *Ersatz* products—and then exact from their undernourished bodies a record labor output. This, however, is what Hitler is trying to do. His labor policy is designed to get more work out of men who have less to eat. But even a dictator cannot override physical laws.

Thus the increase of sickness is becoming a major obstacle to Hitler's war preparations. Overwork and undernourishment are depleting man-power. Millions of work-hours have been lost in the past year because of sickness. In fact, according to the official report on sickness among insured workers, "the damage inflicted in 1938 upon German economy by disability—solely among obligatory insured workers—equals the loss of 740,000 units of man-power."

The employment increase in 1938 was almost offset by the loss of man-power through disability, a loss 15.5 per cent greater in 1938 than in 1937. The accelerating tempo of this deterioration of the workers' health is clearly revealed in official reports: in January, 1939, for example, disability was 31.5 per cent greater than in December, 1938. Moreover, in 1938 disabled workers lost an average of twenty-three work days each, which indicates the extent of serious illness. The increase in mortality among workers, according to official figures, amounted to 5.9 per cent in 1936 and 4.3 per cent in 1937; "in 1938 expenses caused by increase of deaths rose 10.3 per cent."

The increasing sickness rate—46 disability cases per 100 workers in 1938, as compared with 31 in 1932—is officially attributed to the "considerable labor strain in 1938." One thinks at once of conscription of labor for fortifications and of the vigorous "efficiency campaign" to overcome the labor shortage caused by new military requirements. And the more man-power the Reich loses by the increase of illness and the mounting death rate, the heavier is the burden imposed on still able-bodied workers. The pressure on labor increases steadily. Professor Arnold, a Labor Front official, in an address before a large gathering of employers in Berlin on February 18 last, stated that the lack of raw materials and labor could be overcome "only through the intensification of labor's efforts—two workers will have to perform in coming years the work performed at present by three workers." Thus "full employment" in Hitler's Reich is not identical with workers' well-being but actually entails their

complete exhaustion. As Dr. Robert Ley, the head of the Labor Front, put it bluntly, "Socialism in the Third Reich is a hard, manly socialism; not the well-being of the individual but that of the community matters."

But the constant effort to draw upon the laborer's last ounce of energy works in a vicious circle. The Nazis may be willing to achieve "national well-being" by destroying the health of individuals, but the national economy is thereby losing man-power. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, referring to the recent extension of the work day in coal mining, designed to obtain a 12 per cent increase in output, pointed out on May 7: "The main concern now is whether it will be possible to stop the steadily declining output per capita and shift"; and it gave the following warning: "The strength even of the most ardent workers has limits." The same paper remarked in connection with the general lengthening of the work day to ten and more hours that "people in charge of responsible administrative functions can more easily work longer hours than workers who have to drag cement bags fourteen hours a day. Once health is impaired, it cannot always be restored."

The overstrained workers express a growing resistance by absenting themselves from work after Sundays and holidays. Hence the campaign in the German press against "Blue Monday." In factories in the Ruhr district announcements have been posted threatening severe penalties for workers "who fail in their duty by staying away from work or who intentionally slow down." But no threat can combat the "slowing down" caused either by fatigue or by the "passive resistance" which is aroused by the workers' knowledge that the money they obtain through overtime cannot buy the food and other things they need. Nevertheless, Hitler continues the policy that is responsible for the pressing lack of consumers' goods, importing raw materials for armament at the expense of raw materials desperately needed by industries working for consumption.

Faced by labor's increasing disability and exhaustion, the Nazis are attempting to overcome the factor of physical limitations by their usual method—propaganda. One of the slogans for 1939 stresses a new duty, the "duty of health." The campaign was inaugurated by Dr. Robert Ley himself, who explained: "Since in this new Germany of ours there are no individuals any more but only soldiers of the Führer, it is everybody's duty to keep healthy." The underlying assumption is apparently that individuals get sick for their own pleasure but must keep healthy for the sake of the Führer. The "health duty" is being impressed upon workers through the agency of "health troopers," who have been introduced, with great publicity, into thousands of plants. These "health troopers" add their efforts to those of the so-called *Werkscharen*, whose "main task in the factories," according to Dr. Ley, "is to achieve record efficiency and to induce all workers to do the same." In a front-page article in the *Angriff*, Dr. Ley described the activity of the *Werkschar* as follows:

> The model for any community is for us National Socialists always the soldier. . . . Only because the National Socialist factory community has a military set-up with the employer as chief commander, the factory delegates as sergeant-majors, and the workers themselves, divided into cells and blocks, marching with their flags at the factory's summons, do we maintain the confidence of employers and employees. The *Werkscharen* embody this military spirit.

The health troopers are recruited from "the best members of the *Werkscharen*." They are supposed to remind the "labor soldiers" of their health duty and to impress upon them that the factory community has no use for "lazybones," "dreamers," and "malingerers." Employers, on the other hand, are urged to improve factory hygiene. At Hitler Youth rallies boys and girls are obliged to pledge themselves to fulfil their "health duty." Yet at the same time a new "youth-protection" law has introduced night work for juveniles into the iron and steel and other war industries.

It remains to be seen how much man-power the Reich is going to lose in 1939 through the increase in disability and death caused by the recent decree lengthening the work day. The Berlin magazine *Soziale Praxis*, published by the Reich Secretary of Labor, Dr. F. Syrup, called attention in its issue of March 1 to the dangerous effects of overwork:

> The eight-hour day is far exceeded in many industries. . . . If one takes into consideration the harm caused to body and soul by the excessive lengthening of work hours, one realizes the negative effect of the longer work day. Labor intensification combined with lengthening of hours means a double strain. . . . The constant increase in sickness since 1936 is a warning to be careful. . . . The great policy of our Führer cannot be carried out by worn-out human material.

The menace of mounting sickness to Germany's military strength has been even more alarmingly signalized by the National Socialist *Monatshefte für Sozialpolitik*, which recalled that just one hundred years ago Prussia introduced the first law in Germany shortening the work day. This was done because the king was alarmed by reports that recruits from industrial districts had been rendered unfit for military service by too long hours of work. "The shortening of the work day thus appeared an urgent necessity for patriotic reasons," the Nazi monthly emphasized. But, it continued, "it so happens that on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of this labor law we are lengthening the eight-hour work day and are facing in many respects just such a problem as existed then." There is a difference, it admitted, in that the long work day was then due to the profit motives of individuals,

while today it is necessitated by a "national emergency." However, "this does not alter the devastating effects of too long hours on human health." Hence, the Nazi journal stressed:

> We should not forget for a single moment that by lengthening the work day we counteract to a certain extent our military objectives. For what good does it do for us to enlarge our military equipment by all possible technical means if the physical military capacity of our people is being at the same time so reduced that we may one day run short of fit recruits, just as a hundred years ago? This is even more dangerous today because modern weapons, particularly air weapons, require excellent health and nerves which are not worn out.

Meanwhile, the Reich, using its man-power for war preparations, is lacking some 600,000 farm hands, despite the compulsory farm service for girls; herds of cattle have been slaughtered in the Rhineland, according to Minister of Agriculture Darré, because no workers could be found to care for them. Where, then, is Hitler going to get the man-power for his much-advertised war autarchy after the mass mobilization of workers for actual warfare has taken place?

No Food for War

By L. F. GITTLER

CONVERSATION with a German today gives one the impression that the country is going through a period similar to the blockade year of 1917. One hears of the same scarcity and bad quality of foodstuffs and commodities, the same lack of raw materials, the same ingenious substitute products that keep people guessing what they are made of. When Germans speak of these conditions, they reveal a growing anxiety. The food and commodity shortage generates suspicions that they are eating *Wurst* made from dog meat or sick animals, that their shoes and clothing are made of "paper." These suspicions are only partly justified, but the fear psychosis is genuine. Germans have no hope of a better future. Resigned to eventual war, they remember that one million Germans died of malnutrition during the last conflict, when vital foods were unobtainable.

Responsibility for this situation must be borne by the Four-Year Plan, which has placed Germany on a war-economy basis, with the whole industrial set-up concentrated on producing munitions, imports limited to raw materials for military purposes, and home products of good quality shipped abroad in order to obtain foreign currency to buy additional war material. While the population hungers, vast reserves of foreign oil, cotton, and wheat are being stored for military use. A main principle of the Four-Year Plan is to change the food habits of the nation from bread to potatoes, from meat to fish, from fats to sugar. Mass eating in factories, schools, office buildings, community kitchens is being introduced to prepare the country for war-time conditions.

The shortage has made the German the worst-fed and worst-clothed person in Europe. There is a very inadequate supply of staple products like butter, meat, vegetables, eggs, cream, fats, oils, bread, margarine, fruit. A typical meal for wage-earners is a dish of lentils and cabbage. Students lean heavily on *Backobst*, a dish of dried prunes, apricots, and raisins, which also forms the universal German dessert. Soldiers fare better, with sausage, fish, and, during the short season, even tomatoes.

Not only the lower classes suffer. Nutritional disease has filtered into every economic stratum. A young American in excellent health came to Germany to work with the Berlin branch of a large American corporation. Deciding to know the country intimately, he engaged board and room with a middle-class German family. After six months his teeth became loose and his gums swelled and bled. Consultation with various doctors proved futile until a specialist told him that he had scurvy. The American effected a cure by importing lemons from abroad, on each of which he paid a five-cent duty. Illnesses caused by insufficient and poor food have taxed physicians. A doctor in a large Berlin hospital told me that more cases of nutritional disease—scurvy, pellagra, rickets, anemia, general debilitation—came to his institution last year than in the ten years previous to the Hitler regime.

The change from plenty to scarcity can be discerned by anyone who knew the German Republic. Apples, pears, oranges, fruit of any kind is scarce; occasionally bananas are sold in the street by a "German colonial Negro" in a white helmet who hawks his wares in pidgin German to an amused crowd. This is part of the colonial propaganda and hints that if Germany recovers the Cameroons bananas will be plentiful. Restaurant menus are meager, featuring the internal organs of various animals—giblets, kidneys, lung hash, rabbit spine. Meats are always hidden under mounds of flour sauces, potatoes, or dumplings.

The stores are a picture of scarcity. Butter can only be seen during early morning hours two or three times a week. Bakeries cannot sell bread less than twenty-four hours old; so that housewives are not tempted to throw away old bread and to buy new. The bread is grainy, loaded with potato and other inferior flour. Vegetables available occasionally are celery roots, turnips, beet tops, cabbage, parsnips. The milk is bluish, and condensed milk is used as cream. Beer halls do not sell the beloved *Bockbier*. It is being produced only for shipment abroad in barter for war materials.

Lest this shortage result in widespread discontent, the Nazis release certain foods in various parts of the country for limited periods. This accounts for the conflicting re-

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ports of travelers. While one section has butter, another has none. For weeks there are only tomatoes, then cabbage, then dried carrots. Sometimes the much-loved whipped cream is on sale for a week, with all stores announcing the good news on huge placards. A foreigner returning to the Reich after several years' absence notices that Germans no longer carry *Stullen,* sandwiches filled with liver paste, sardines, or the like. In the old days Germans could be seen eating these *Stullen* between meals wherever they happened to be—in busses, movies, the theater, offices, factories.

The unappeased appetite of the war industries has created a crisis in non-armament plants. All raw materials are first distributed to industries producing submarines, guns, tanks, rolling stock, airplanes, artillery. Iron and steel may not be used for building anything not strictly intended for military or semi-military purposes. Factories turning out automobiles, agricultural implements, sewing machines, typewriters, cameras, optical goods must wait weeks for a meager supply.

New houses, even in prosperous sections, have no elevators, boilers, radiators, ice-boxes, not to speak of electric refrigerators. Stoves predominate for heating. Apartment dwellers must wait months before worn pipes are refitted. New telephones are not being installed and old ones are not repaired. Equipment is reserved for army field-telephone systems. Merchants are reopening deep cellars as ice-boxes. Artists have no oil paints to work with. The use of linseed oil by painters entails a heavy fine. Shops do not display wedding or engagement rings. Many craftsmen—shoemakers, watchmakers, tailors, opticians—are idle for lack of material.

In an attempt to cope with the shortage Germans conserve every scrap of food and material in the Reich. The Hitler Youth, the Labor Service camps, old-clothes dealers, scrap-iron merchants, and squads of men with green armbands are enlisted in the *Kampf dem Verderb* (the Fight Against Waste). Placards are everywhere:

> In the Fight Against Waste . . . we all help the Führer to make Germany free and independent. Our duty is to conserve materials which until now were carelessly burned or wasted. That is why we are collecting zinc, copper, pewter, aluminum, lead, bottle caps, tubes, tin cigarette boxes, metal buttons, fiber, string, old paper, tin cans, light sockets, electric bulbs, leather scraps, tinfoil.

Each person has a specific "duty." In households a big poster shaped like a pig is inscribed "I eat" and "I don't eat." It tells us that pigs eat peelings, skins, salads, bones, bread pulp, vegetables, potatoes, egg shells. These must be saved for pigs, for peasants are forbidden to feed them any grain, alfalfa, hay, or rye. Garbage that pigs do not eat—bottles, banana peelings, paper, metal—is saved for other purposes. Big trucks make the rounds weekly collecting these leftovers. Hitler Youth—when they are not raising rabbits as a hobby—collect bones in school, go on scavenger hunts to find old rubber, rabbit skins, horsehair from mattresses, old clothing, pig bristles, objects of brass, iron, or lead, acorns, herbs.

Housewives save all water used in cooking potatoes and vegetables. Meat eaten on "Strength Through Joy" excursions is first cooked in potato soup prepared for army consumption. Women bring their own bottles and bags when shopping. Large signs in all stores declare: "Paper is raw material. Do not ask for more." Clerks are taught how to wrap parcels with a minimum of paper and how to tie knots with a minimum of string.

The potato has come to mean something very precious to Germans. It appears in a dozen forms—in bread, dumplings, pancakes. Determined to supplant bread with potatoes, Nazi research laboratories explore the potato for hidden vitamins and devise new recipes. The East Prussian Junkers who used to extract strong liquor from potatoes are now forbidden to do so. A film shown in all theaters entitled "Potatoes with the Evening Meal" shows food scientists testifying to the "great value of potatoes to Germany and humanity." I saw the film in a middle-class neighborhood, and there was audible grumbling in the darkened cinema when it was tactlessly followed by newsreel shots of Göring, in Tyrolean hat, shooting deer on his estate. The camera lingered on the body of the deer, and when someone in the audience smacked his lips, the house broke into hollow laughter. This might be construed as Nazi humor.



Propaganda Minister Goebbels

Another film used in the "Fight Against Waste" takes us inside the kitchen of a wasteful housewife who is throwing away edible things like vegetable scraps, fruit skins, potato water. Montage effects are skilfully used to show garbage cans piling up until it seems that German women are wasting mountains of food. A final sequence shows a trim housewife in a gleaming kitchen getting dinner with the utmost care and afterward conserving everything that can be used again. The film ends with the narrator's appeal: "Save for the German people and for German cattle the things they need to eat and cannot get because of the sanctions of foreign nations."

Neither elimination of "waste" nor stringent rations, however, have solved Germany's food and commod-

ity problem. Much research has been devoted to *Ersatz* (substitute) products fashioned out of materials found in the Reich. These are tried out in concentration camps and army stations before they are put on the market. Their quality is poor, inadequate even for peace-time needs, and they cannot possibly substitute for the supplies that used to come from other countries. Yeast is made from wood pulp, coffee from burned oats; fish albumen instead of eggs is used for baking, for mayonnaise, and for sweets. Housewives have lately been using "mineral oil" for cooking. Much progress has been made in the production of synthetic honey and marmalade, and in extracting certain oils from grapeseed.



Field Marshal Göring

Whale oil is now the most important ingredient of margarine. Germany at present produces half the whale oil of the world. But extensive German exploitation of the whale fields is endangering the supply.

Supplanting meat with fish is the aim of one of the big Nazi campaigns. German fish production has doubled in the last six years. But fish consumption remains the same; imports merely have been curtailed. *Ersatz* wearing materials have had a slight success. Cellulose wool and a *Werkstoff* made of wood and fish fiber are of good quality, but are expensive and do not stand up under washing. Berlin department stores have huge signs over their shirt sections: "Do Not Boil or Wring These Shirts." Germans have had sad experience of clothing shrinking 20 to 50 per cent after the first washing, and of shoes, typewriters, and suitcases falling apart after several weeks' use.

Cheap "paper suits" cost $40. Thus German streets are jammed with men and even women wearing their uniforms—army, Storm Troops, Elite Guards, Women's Bund, Hitler Youth, Hitler Girls—as these are of durable material. No woolens at all are available. This lack is illustrated by the experience of an Englishwoman at the German border customs. Several yards of woolen material which she had bought in Czechoslovakia before the invasion were found in the bottom of her suitcase. The officials asked her where she had bought it. "In Germany," she answered, since the Czech state was now a part of the Reich. The officials weighed the material and rubbed the threads between their fingers. They smiled wisely and said, "You never bought such material in Germany."

Soap has been denuded of its fat content and now is made mostly of bicarbonate of soda. Cheap bars cost 20 cents, better bars 30 cents. At that, they have little cleansing quality and work havoc with clothes and complexions.

Synthetic rubber, now used in toothbrushes, is an achievement, but it is expensive and not produced in great quantities. Artificial tires last 4,000 miles at most, one-third the distance of natural rubber. Tires cannot be bought unless the old ones are first turned in to prove the need. Consumption is also curbed by the denial of licenses to applicants who turn curves too sharply and thus wear out tires too rapidly.

The shortage of goods and foodstuffs and the failure of *Ersatz* products to provide adequate substitutes have naturally led to some speculation and not a little hoarding. But the extremity of the shortage makes it difficult even for seasoned speculators to ply their trade. Smuggling is sporadic and limited to cheeses, fats, butter, meats, and margarine in small towns along the border.

Under new decrees hoarding has become an act of treason. Nevertheless, housewives hoard canned foods, condensed milk, sugar for preserves. Storekeepers hoard canned goods, metals, and textiles, and are hard put to it to circumvent the authorities, who make regular inventories of all stock. Merchants are forbidden to order more goods unless their shelves are practically empty. Very expensive stores charge fancy prices for pre-Hitler goods, prized by customers who can afford to pay for them.

Manufacturers cannot order any raw materials until their supply is exhausted. Thus business is a gamble for them, since they cannot plan their production in advance. Government inventory inspectors are alert to spot devices by which manufacturers hoard raw materials.

Nazi propaganda, through press, radio, and films, tries to head off grumbling and discontent. This propaganda follows four main lines:

1. "Germans are not so badly off." Horror pictures culled from the blackest depression era in America show shanty towns, bread lines, bums, garbage-eaters, misshapen children. These are supposed to show the "plight of all Americans"; half of them are faked.

2. The hardships and privations of Germans today are "due to the fact that Germany was clubbed into poverty by unfair treaties and reparations." Hitler said in his last Reichstag speech that Germany's subjection was a result of her having entered conference rooms with no cannon to back her demands. Thus Germany is "temporarily" producing cannon instead of butter, importing iron ore instead of eggs and fruit, and with rearmament accomplished the army will assure a rosy future.

3. Blazing headlines in newspapers announce that world Jewry has "cornered the international market in onions, sugar, lettuce, and, knowing how much German Aryans love these foods, has refused to sell them to the Reich."

4. Radical Nazis speak with ridicule of "bourgeois stomachs," contemptuously term white bread a "concoction of liberalism" and the eating of good wholesome food the "democratic decadence of gourmands."

But all this propaganda does not alter the fact that the shortage is now a weighty problem and in the event of war will precipitate a grave crisis inside Germany within a few months. Germans know that bad as things are, they can be immeasurably worse—as they were in 1917.

Perhaps the shortage that alarms them most is the lack of competent physicians, caused by the preference of Nazi youth for promising careers in the army, the government, and big industry. The medical course has been reduced two years to attract new students, but more and more often one sees even in Berlin signs on doctors' offices reading: "No New Patients Will Be Accepted This Week."

Social Security for the Joneses

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

EXCEPT for one blast from a high Administration official charging the existence of certain "inequities," the course through Congress of the proposed amendments to the Social Security Act has so far been surprisingly smooth. The absence of controversy is somewhat difficult to explain. No measure before Congress so intimately affects the lives of so many Americans as that embodying these proposals. None involves an expenditure of comparable proportions. And none is based on a more challenging social philosophy. Yet the House accepted it without a murmur, and it seems likely to slide through the Senate with almost equal ease.

The so-called inequities are mostly matters of detail. But the changes that have been proposed, particularly in the field of old-age insurance, involve far more than mere detail. They are based on a different, and sounder, approach to the fundamental problems of social protection and depend on wholly new principles. These principles deserve careful study, since their application is responsible for many of the "inequities" of which the critics complain. The first underlies the method of computing old-age benefits. Under the Social Security Act as it now stands, benefit payments are closely related to a worker's total contribution to the old-age fund. This is a distinct disadvantage to the middle-aged and older workers, since they can contribute for relatively few years. The result is that the average worker past fifty can look forward only to from $20 to $25 a month upon retirement. He could do better in many states with a non-contributory pension. Clearly the amount is not enough to maintain an elderly man and his wife on a standard of health and decency. It is not social security.

In an effort to avoid this sort of injustice to the older generation, the Social Security Board has recommended that benefits be based primarily on a worker's *average* wage rather than on his *total* wages since the act went into effect. The proposed schedule of benefits is really no more complicated than the old. On reaching sixty-five all persons properly insured will receive a monthly benefit equal to 40 per cent of their average monthly wage up to $50. This means $20 a month for workers who since enactment of the law have averaged $600 a year. The benefits of higher-paid workers will be increased by 10 per cent of the amount by which their average monthly wage exceeds $50. Since wages above $250 a month are not taxable, amounts over that figure do not increase the size of the benefit. But an extra 1 per cent is added for each year worked prior to retirement.

The rigid formula of the present law has also been changed to take account for the first time of the varying family responsibilities of insured individuals. There is to be a supplementary allowance of 50 per cent for wives over sixty-five and for children under eighteen. The lump-sum payment at death is to be replaced by monthly survivors' benefits payable to widows with dependent children, to orphans under eighteen, to widows over sixty-five, and, where there are no other beneficiaries, to dependent parents of sixty-five or over.

The advantages of the new schedule to the generation now approaching retirement can best be shown by means of a specific example. Let us see, for instance, how it works out for Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jones, a typical couple just over middle age. Jim was sixty in January; his wife is a year younger. He earns $100 a month, which is just about the average for the country as a whole. Under the present law his benefit would be only $19.50 a month after he had contributed to the old-age fund for seven years. The new scale will give Jim a basic benefit of $25 with 1 per cent added for each of the seven years, or a total of $26.75. When his wife reaches the age of sixty-five, his benefit will automatically be increased by half and will remain at that point until one or the other dies.

Thus the new scale will give the Jones family $40.13, or more than double the amount they could hope for under the present arrangement. For them—and for millions in like circumstances—the difference is that between security and extreme poverty.

All is not clear gain, however. Since the new schedule is not expected to cost any more than the present one over a period of forty years, it is evident that the increased security provided the older generation will be obtained at the expense of the generation now getting its start. The projected arrangement is distinctly less favorable than the present one for unmarried men of the younger generation, or for young men with wives considerably younger than themselves. Let us assume, for example, that Jim Jones has a son who is single at thirty-two, earning $150 a month. Under the revised program the son can look forward to only $40.50 a month, whereas the existing schedule would give him $57.50. Even under the present law, a young man of twenty-one would do better to invest his contributions in an annuity in a private insurance company rather than contribute throughout his life to the federal old-age scheme. This will be doubly true under the new schedule.

At first sight it may seem unfair that Jim should profit at his son's expense. Yet the apparent discrimination against youth is based on a sound principle. The existing old-age-insurance plan is not so much a system of social insurance as a program of forced savings. Now it may be wise and necessary to compel families in the low-income groups to lay up money for their old age. Experience has shown that they will not do so voluntarily because it involves a sacrifice in essentials. But forced savings should not be confused with social security. Savings are made in reverse ratio to needs. Those with the highest wages and the most regular work naturally accumulate the largest savings. Men of the older generation, through no fault of their own, have not time enough left to save a substantial amount. In providing virtually the same protection for all regardless of age or the number of contributions, the proposed amendments come much closer to social security than the original scheme. The allowances for wives and minor children are an even clearer step in that direction.

Another important victory for the principle of security as contrasted with that of forced savings is evident in the decision to drop the large reserve for the old-age-insurance fund. By moving up benefit payments from 1942 to 1940, by providing larger initial benefits, and by deferring the scheduled increase in pay-roll taxes, the amendments will greatly reduce the size of the reserve from that originally forecast. This means that the money collected in pay-roll taxes will be used to increase buying power rather than to defray the national debt.

It is true that many anomalies still remain. Some are inescapable. No matter when and under what terms the benefits begin, some individuals will lose out either because their birthdays come a little too soon or because they fail to qualify under the earnings requirement. The proposed amendments will disqualify a few individuals who would be covered under the law as it now stands. This is unfortunate and could still be avoided by a simple clause extending protection to such persons. But as the amendments stand, the number who gain by the changed qualifying conditions greatly outnumber, for this generation at least, those who lose. It would be most unfortunate if the emphasis recently placed on the "inequities" of the new plan should divert attention from this all-important point.

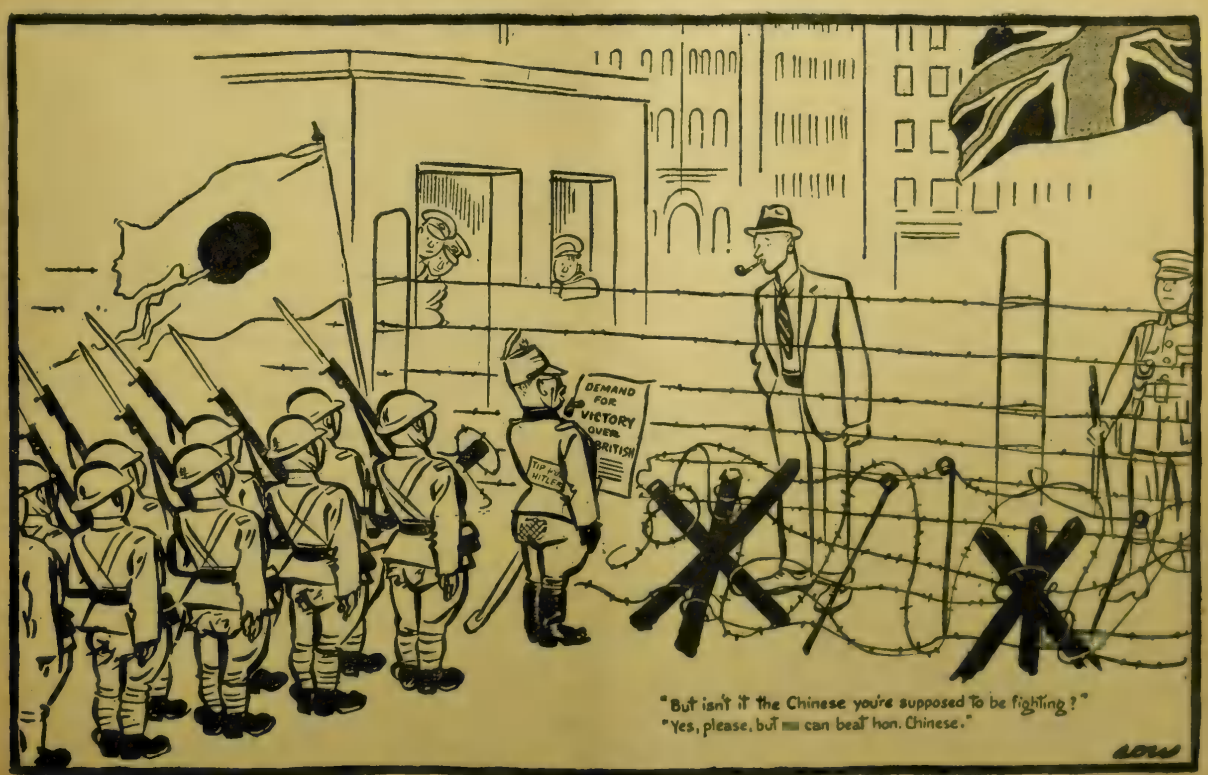
Critics have particularly stressed the fact that persons who do not qualify under the proposed amendments must pay substantial taxes for which they receive no benefits. This is in direct contrast to the situation under the present law, which provides a lump-sum payment equal to 3½ per cent of their total wages to non-qualifiers. To the literal-minded the change may seem unjust. Yet it merely illustrates the divergent principles underlying the two plans. Owing to pressure from conservative interests, the old-age scheme in the Social Security Act was set up as a contract between the government and the individual worker with provision for the full return of each worker's individual contribution. It is the same sort of arrangement as that which an individual would enter into with a private life-insurance company. The amendments are based on a wholly different conception. It is assumed that each person pays his tax, not for his own personal protection, but for the creation of a *system* of social security. As a matter of fact, this principle has long been accepted as the basis of most of our taxation. No one would seriously propose that every tax dollar be earmarked for the benefit of the individual paying it. The idea is no more logical in the field of social security.

Nothing above is meant to suggest that the amendments before the Senate will eliminate all or even the chief shortcomings of the Social Security Act. But the most serious of the remaining defects in the old-age-insurance scheme cannot be blamed on either the Social Security Board or its Advisory Council. The House Ways and Means Committee flagrantly ignored the primary recommendation of these bodies when it refused to grant the protection of old-age insurance to some millions of workers not now covered by the scheme. The Advisory Council had asked that the benefits of the plan be extended to the employees of religious, charitable, educational, and other non-profit organizations. It also proposed that farm laborers and domestic workers, two of the least secure groups in the country, be taken in after January 1, 1940. The discrimination against these groups rests upon no logic or principle. If old-age security is necessary and right for part of America's families, it should be made available for all. Insurance implies the

averaging of risks; to achieve this, persons in both protected employments and marginal jobs should be included. Nor can any defense be made for restricting the wives' allowance to those over sixty-five. In most cases the wives of elderly men are a few years younger than their husbands. They are rarely capable of self-support. Unless some aid is forthcoming, they will have to struggle along on their husbands' limited pension until they too reach the magic age of sixty-five. The next largest group of forgotten individuals are those who become incapacitated before they reach the age for retirement. There are many more such than is commonly supposed. At least 125,000 are estimated to be disabled by sickness or accident each year. Their needs are as great as or greater than those of persons disabled by age. Yet while fairly adequate provision has been made for the aged, nothing has been done to relieve the misfortune of disability for these others. In cases of premature death the proposed amendments would provide benefits to the survivors of such of the disabled as retain their eligibility to insurance, but the disabled who live receive no benefits until they reach sixty-five. The degree of protection afforded the families decreases with each year that the disabled are unable to work until it ultimately disappears.

Another fundamental weakness in the proposed schedule of old-age benefits is its obvious bias in favor of the higher-paid workers. This is carried over from the present arrangement. It is true that both schedules contain differentials favoring the lower-paid groups. Yet despite this fact, it will still be possible for a high-paid worker to get twice as much as a worker with a low average wage. This latter differential is obviously not based on need. It can only be defended on the ground that it helps provide the incentives which are essential to capitalism. Against this argument, however, stands the fact that Great Britain has long maintained a flat scale of benefits without noticeable detriment to its capitalistic structure. If, for political reasons, some differential must be preserved in favor of those accustomed to a higher standard of living, it need not be so great as in the proposed schedule. The acceptance of a basic change in principle with regard to years of contribution and dependents suggests that we may soon see the elimination of the bias favoring those needing the least protection. Such an anomaly has no place in a sound social-security system.

The changes which the House has proposed in the field of unemployment insurance are much less satisfactory. Most drastic, and more dubious, is a provision permitting states with adequate reserves to reduce their pay-roll tax below the present minimum of 2.7 per cent. It is estimated that this amendment may reduce the total tax collected by as much as $250,000,000 in 1940. At first sight such a concession seems amply justified. With the present tax rate most of the states added substantially to their reserves even during the severe unemployment of the spring of 1938. These reserves are now well over a billion and a quarter and are growing steadily. Why not take advantage of the favorable situation and afford some



SOME SORT OF VICTORY URGENTLY NEEDED

tax relief? A glance at some of the facts in connection with unemployment should provide the answer. In March, 1939, the United States had some 11,000,000 jobless. Only 816,000 of these, or about 7 per cent of the total, were eligible for unemployment benefits in the middle of that month. For the lucky few receiving benefits the average weekly payment for total unemployment was just $10.15. Less than one payment out of twenty was for as much as $16 a week.

It would be well to ask whether unemployment insurance was established for the benefit of business or to aid the unemployed. If the latter, it should be recognized that only a beginning has been made. About all that can be said for the existing set-up is that, unlike many of the early foreign schemes, it is actuarially sound. It has come through a severe recession with money in the bank. But it is difficult to see why this money should, in effect, be turned over to business instead of being used to provide more respectable protection against unemployment. Certainly the proposed tax reduction involves a retreat from the basic principles of the Social Security Act.

With these few unfortunate exceptions the bill before the Senate represents a very definite advance on the road to true security. Before we judge its shortcomings too harshly, we should remember that it is just a beginning. If the experience of other countries is any criterion, the act will be further liberalized and extended at frequent intervals for many years to come. While it might be argued that it would be better to frame a satisfactory program now and interfere with it as little as possible in future years, that is not the way that social-insurance systems are built. Much must be learned by trial and error. But during the trial period there can be no excuse for the continued exclusion of millions of the most needy from the advantages of social protection. Better that the benefits be meager and available for those who need them most than that they be liberal but denied to the chief victims of an insecurity that is not of their making.

In the Wind

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST has emerged from semi-oblivion to supervise personally his chain's drive against the Bloom neutrality bill. Hearst editors are being deluged with instructions from San Simeon on how to wage the fight; the "old man" spent hours on the phone with his New York editors recently, giving them key words—such as the "anti-neutrality bill"—to be used in headlines and copy. He has also ordered lavish publicity for Hamilton Fish's isolationist committee.

IT CAN'T be confirmed, but a bizarre story is now circulating widely in Wall Street. It concerns the $5,000,000 worth of wheat that the United States recently sold to China on credit. According to Wall Street gossip, the Chinese sold the wheat to Japan for cash before it had left this country, then used the money obtained from the sale to purchase American munitions.

M-G-M HAS abandoned plans for the production of "It Can't Happen Here," with the official explanation that the times are "not propitious." The M-G-M studios received ten Nazi newspaper editors on a good-will mission shortly after the edict came down. The studio's public-relations department said the reception was "in the regular line of business."

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS issues a syndicated weekly stamp column for its papers. Recently that column reported the issuance of a new 30-kopek Soviet stamp depicting the statue of a Russian worker atop the U. S. S. R. building at the New York World's Fair. In publishing the column the Washington *Star* edited "Russian worker" to read "Bolshevik agitator."

THE NATION recently received a letter which ran in part as follows: "Dear Sirs: In view of the article on page 661 of your issue for June 10, please discontinue our subscription to your magazine. . . ." The article on page 661 was "Royalty Is Not Enough" by Freda Kirchwey. The letter came from the librarian of the Royal Bank of Canada.

SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE ranks high on the Chicago *Tribune's* list of public enemies. The *Tribune* recently published an A. P. photograph of Senators Johnson and Vandenberg leaving a committee meeting. As the picture appeared in other papers, it showed Senator La Follette also, but the *Tribune* had eliminated him.

IMPORTANT PERSONS in American business are praising General Franco more and more outspokenly. This column has previously noted the enthusiastic observations of James Mooney, vice-president of General Motors. Now Joseph W. Rowe, vice-president of the Irving Trust Company, has returned from Spain exulting because "many former causes of strife and political and industrial confusion have been eliminated" and reporting that "with the resultant stability in government, and with labor troubles for the time ruled out, business [in Spain] faces the future with a confidence which has not existed in more than a decade."

CROWN PRINCE OLAV and Princess Martha of Norway recently visited Madison, Wisconsin, and were feted by state officials. During the reception an aside from Governor Heil to the Princess was missed by the crowd but picked up by the radio "mikes." The Governor was saying to the Princess, "I love your hands, I love your face, I love everything about you."

A CONFIDENTIAL bulletin issued to local units from national headquarters of the German-American Bund to local units carries this heading: "Make the Police Your Friends."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

NEWS of an alarming character has reached me from sources of such importance that it has made a deep impression on me. I should like to believe that it is false, but the authorities for it are exceptionally well informed, especially in regard to the situation in France. It is to the effect that the recent intimations in the New York *Times* and other newspapers that there is another appeasement in the offing, with Poland as the victim this time instead of Czechoslovakia, are correct. Even the terms, I am told, have been agreed upon, and the determined efforts being made by England to mitigate them have not been successful. As the story runs, Hitler is to recover for Germany everything taken from it by the Treaty of Versailles—Danzig, the Corridor, Silesia, and Prussian Poland. Part of Poland is to go to Hungary, another part to Lithuania, while Russia is to get Bessarabia, and Germany another part of Rumania. It is a horrifying possibility, but there it is. If it becomes reality, Hitler will be master of Europe, and England and France will be left helplessly weak and isolated. That this plan is under way is said to be the reason why Russia is hesitating to sign up with France and England. Of course if Hitler should confer Bessarabia upon Russia, he would undoubtedly be able to conclude a non-aggression pact with Stalin and then a far-reaching commercial treaty as well.

What this would mean for England is obvious. It would mean the downfall of the British Empire, especially after the humiliations to which it has been subjected by Japan in China. If it yields now, I cannot see how England can possibly say no to any demand for colonies which Hitler may make. If it said no, he could simply go ahead and take them. Without Russia's aid, and with Germany further strengthened by the accessions I have cited, England could not think of making a military stand against Germany, great as is the British fleet. This would be a most terrible punishment for the follies and blunders of which Chamberlain and his predecessors have been guilty. The crimes of permitting Mussolini to conquer Ethiopia, and Franco to conquer Spain, and Hitler to dismember Czechoslovakia will have been paid for. According to the London *New Statesman and Nation*, the Chinese ambassador to England recently remarked: "The air is black with the wings of the chickens coming home to roost." The *New Statesman* added: "The results of backing the aggressor in China have been as fatal as those of backing the axis powers in Europe. We have gained nothing by it, and the world has lost civilization, freedom, peace, and hope." The alleged deal is in line with the recent statement of the Russian chief of propaganda, Zhdanov, that France and England are playing with Russia just "to clear the way for a deal with the aggressor nations."

Undoubtedly the reader of these lines will say: How can this be when England is arming as never before and France, too, is crippling itself by its tremendous financial efforts to keep up the armament race? Why is it that England is frantically buying airplanes even in this country? Is it all a bluff, is it again mere stage play? Well, it must not be forgotten that a year ago last May two American correspondents of high standing, Constantine Brown and Leland Stowe, announced on the authority of a British Cabinet Minister that Czechoslovakia had been "sold down the river." When their stories were cabled back to England, there was an indignant official denial on the floor of the House of Commons, but what these American correspondents had prophesied came to pass. Of course England and France must keep up the bluff. They will face tremendous opposition at home if they surrender. The French army will be outraged; only last Sunday General Gamelin, the head of the French General Staff, protested against any further appeasement; his speech is confirmation of the story I am reporting. It is hard to see how the British people could endure the degradation of an abandonment of Poland.

As to the border war between Japan and Russia now being waged in Mongolia, some informed journalists believe that Russia is inciting it for the express purpose of bringing further pressure to bear on England. Englishmen must know that if it comes to real war between Russia and Japan, their rights and privileges and trade in China will go by the board whoever wins. A New York *Times* dispatch says that the Germans openly state that they are sitting back waiting for Poland's nerves to crack—and its pocket-book to become empty. Poland has been fully mobilized for six months on a war basis and cannot stand it indefinitely. The Poles are, however, an incalculable people, full of idealism, and they may decide to go down fighting, in which case England would certainly have to join or be branded as utterly treacherous. Well, I can only continue to hope that my information is all wrong, especially in view of Lord Halifax's strong speech, but—strange and terrible things did happen in Czechoslovakia!

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Goods and Social Goods

MAN'S ESTATE. By Alfred Bingham. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

MR. BINGHAM'S new book is really three books. One is a rather tedious autobiography. The second is a polemic against Marx and the labor theory of value. The final one, the one that Bingham was trying to write all the time, is about what the United States must do to make democracy work. The first detour he takes is autobiographical: he is too sensitive about having been born on the right side of the railroad tracks and having been given a checking account with his first razor, and therefore he wastes too much time in psychoanalytic digressions explaining how he came to change sides. His second difficulty, getting all tangled up untangling Marx from his algebra, arises, I suspect, from the fact that he hasn't really clarified his constructive notions into proposition form. When a man reaches the stage at which he can say, Do a, b, c, and watch things start to hum, he doesn't have to waste much time demolishing idols. My reaction to Bingham or Marx is that I don't care whether Marx or Bingham is right, and that I can see as much to shoot at in Bingham's marginal-utility theory of value as he sees to attack in Marx's labor theory. But I *do* care about knowing what the United States is to do. Unfortunately, he hasn't told me a great deal more about this than that full production, fully consumed, is a good thing. And no one has to be quite as self-consciously radical as Bingham still is about pushing this slogan. It is certainly to his credit that he was one of the first to advance it, but today no one from Herbert Hoover to the old lady in a rocking chair in Peoria will be content with anything less than full production. The question is: How to organize it? Unfortunately, "Man's Estate" ends where it should begin.

This is not, of course, to say that the book does not make many valuable points. One of the most important is Bingham's view that nations are converging from different directions on a new form of economic organization—roughly, state capitalism, or state socialism—which partitions economic activity between administrative centralization and individual freedom, leaving the short end for the latter. He is concerned to have us bargain for as much individual freedom as possible from the American version of this growth. In this connection he devotes a major part of his argument—too much for a book primarily devoted to devising a program for this country—to elaborating the thesis that Soviet communism and German fascism are growing toward the same type of organization, something between socialism and capitalism, which is not primarily a function of class rule, which can best be described as national planning, which relies on the price system to express such individual choice as is permitted, and which manipulates the price system in order to fix the consumption of shoes or potatoes where it pleases. Administratively, he argues, the Soviets have long since abandoned all attempts at socialized distribution and now rely upon coordinated manipulation of prices and wages to control consumption. This differs, he concludes, from the way in which capitalism gets goods distributed only in that wage and price changes are consciously planned, as, of course, is production. As for the German system, his case is best summarized by recalling that Hitler began "Mein Kampf" with a fierce denunciation of all state intervention in individual business management, and then proceeded to crack down on all managements. The Communists started planning, says Bingham, and the Fascists have aped them.

It may be that Bingham's analysis, like all attempts to generalize, is inadequate as a systematic explanation of European economic trends. But unquestionably he has called attention to a drift which cuts through ideological camouflage and shows how goods get produced and distributed and to what programmatic end. Whatever other forces may also be at work here, this drift is evident in the United States.

Bingham himself recognizes one major change effected by this drift toward planned nationalism when he rests his case with a demand for the government to act as the nation's principal investment banker. The German example, taken functionally, not morally, has shown that it is not necessary meticulously to coordinate the production of everything from neckties to canned salmon in order to have a planned economy. To control the flow of investment funds, and thus to determine how much purchasing power is available over and above that created by the production of consumer goods, is sufficient to control an economy's rate of growth; for no change can be supported by the production and consumption of consumer goods alone, which is just an advanced form of bartering spices for loin-cloths. This control the Germans have mastered, and now the British and ourselves are beginning to operate it as well. It is not in itself a political control. It is apolitical; what is political or moral about it is the purpose for which control is exercised—armaments or better living standards. An interesting example of this change is provided by the work of Mordecai Ezekiel, who has influenced Bingham considerably. Originally, Ezekiel advocated all-inclusive coordination of production and consumption, but he has recently modified his view to hold that if government regulates the investment function, it will be controlling the lever that moves all economic activity and therefore won't have to trouble itself about Mr. Schechter's chicken business. The position of the United States with respect to countries farther along in this manipulative art may be illustrated by a point which Bingham develops from the work of L. E. Hubbard, whose studies of Soviet economics are well known. Wages and money values, he shows, are constantly manipulated so as to insure full public spending of purchasing power; Germany also avails itself of price and public-investment policies to draw all money into circulation. The New Deal, on the other hand, as Bingham does

not go on to show, has invested in heavy contributions to purchasing power, is doing so at this very moment, but its control of the investing function is not sufficient to influence the trend of production. It is precisely the widespread uncertainty about where production and employment are going that is vitiating this governmental contribution, for it was offset in magnitude during the first quarter of 1939 by an equal volume of consumer hoarding and debt liquidation. The New Deal, in other words, has developed no technique for drawing purchasing power out of savings, while its pump-priming procedure is still too much of an emergency-spending and not enough of a permanent-investment affair to determine long-term trends.

Bingham's contribution to this problem is, in effect, to say: Such long-term trends are in any case inevitable, whether for democratic or fascist ends, so let's use them now and for democratic ends. Excellent. The difficulty is that in this field generalities are cheap and inconclusive; the realm of ends, as the philosophers might say, is finished with in a declaratory paragraph about good things. It is in the realm of means—of facts, figures, and organization—that American democrats are becoming impotent, and Bingham, for all his contribution, hasn't provided the key.

ELIOT JANEWAY

Letters of T. E. Lawrence

THE LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE. Edited by David Garnett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

THE more one reads in Lawrence's letters, the more one finds that he is not in the expected tradition of Burton, "Chinese" Gordon, Blunt, or Doughty, that he is less the flashy empire builder and more the prophet poet in the line of Byron or Blake. Nor is this so strange a combination or inheritance as it might seem at first. His shifty attitude toward the art of writing parallels Byron's captious snobbery of the amateur toward verse which he wrote in his personal style consummately well, and from impulses similar to those of Lawrence. His stated opinions of society in general approach the oracular resolution which rendered Blake lonely and open to the accusation of madness.

Blake, born poor, and Byron, well bred, were children of their own time and of the French Revolution. Lawrence was, above all his contemporaries, a child of the twentieth century. His writing is a testament of the first World War, its aftermath, and preparations for the next great war. The unpublished "Mint" is a prophetic book, and incidentally a work of art, about militarism, socialism, Whitman's "adhesiveness," and the failure of the individual; and although written fifteen years ago, it can be projected centripetally toward concentration camps and the attrition of democracy today. Lawrence's corrosive, self-imposed loneliness was an effort to approach a bedrock connecting him with all his fellowmen. He embraced pain, danger, fright, and conscious hell with his eyes open. It was his misfortune that he seemed to acquire a taste for the pain.

He feared madness and shared certain elementary practices of the mystic. The terrible letters to Lionel Curtis display him in the role of secular saint. Seven years after his strange revelation by the pool of Azrak he underwent a preliminary dark night of the soul which was almost more than his capacities were prepared to bear. Lawrence had no tested technique for self-investigation. He had an instinctive gift for the technique of war; he was to master the technique of literature and of machines. Yet he was without a body of belief supported by the Christian church, Islam, or Buddhism. His only "belief" was in his fellows. He was a kind of Protestant mystic, in itself an anomaly. He could make no coherent system out of history or experience, as Blake or Yeats was able to do. He was more physically active than either, and hence could assume less, intellectually, than either. Instead, with stupendous difficulty, he achieved a work of art, "The Mint." Blake and Yeats paid the price of their originality. They constructed consistent systems and were not enslaved by past inertia, but to a great degree their audiences turned out to be only themselves. Lawrence, besieged by a terror of personal dishonesty and the horror of personal loneliness, constructed a poetic document so transparent that its clarity transcends photography. When "The Mint" is published, its message will be revealed as cold and hot, without any confusing insulation either from Lawrence's fame or the lapse of intervening time.

The reasons for Lawrence's scarred confusions and glancing nervousness are more tricky than in most great men. The psychiatrists' approach to his mystery is as unsatisfactory as the purely Marxian. Lawrence's childhood was the ordinary education of an exceptional person. All his brothers had ability. There was no apparent family conflict. Suddenly, however, his talent for action manifested itself like a genius for poetry or higher mathematics. This activity was not compensatory. He was not frustrated. He employed his particular magic with skill and freedom. In a small way he became a great general. In a side field he possessed unique power. This side show was focused on himself, by himself. No wonder he suffered from revelations of immense power, which, because of his intelligence and experience, he immediately doubted, believing the opposite and fearing his ultimate impotence. His resultant sense of guilt was a moral shame, concerned with obligations to people he loved. He had little blood guilt, though he killed many people. Picture him as placed at the outlet of an electrical circuit. With one hand he shocked himself positively, with the other negatively. Somewhere between there was a short circuit. Part of him was burned. The part unsinged often permitted a free flow, of unusual intensity. The purely physical particles reduced their animation. The emotional and intellectual frequently increased with staggering results. And hence one questions him as a simple neurotic or an imperialist.

It has been brought against Lawrence that not only was he "the father of gold" in the Arab revolt, but that also he miscalculated fatally in backing Feisal rather than Ibn Saud. In 1916 Ibn Saud was little more than a desert prince. His progressive view of Islam, which we recognize now, could scarcely have been seen then, since it was not manifest. Similarly, but far more seriously, it has been asserted by those same young men who might have admired Lawrence most that, like his "step-relative," D. H. Lawrence, he was a misleader, a false socialist, an anarcho-nihilist, and for today's purposes a proto-fascist. T. E. Lawrence lived in a

pre-Munich world. His guiding frame of mind was post-war. By training and temperament he was an heir of the English nineteenth century. His boyhood was spent in recovering the technical methods of the medieval crusaders. His young manhood was spent in the mastery of the technique of a modern crusade. His maturity was passed among mechanics of motor-boat and airplane machinery. It has been asserted that he was essentially a hater of mankind because he retired into the army, a destructive fraternity, and that he might far better have been a medical missionary in China like one of his brothers or an archaeologist like another. He often spoke of wanting to be a night watchman after his retirement. He realized the self-annihilating service of the army, since it was bent ultimately on destruction—but this knowledge came late, after something like fifteen years in four different branches of the military. As an amateur soldier he embraced arms with a convert's fanaticism. Most seriously of all, they tell us, he was so full of self-love or self-interest that whoever may have admired him never loved him, since he felt no real love for anyone, least of all for himself. They point to his ungenerous remarks on E. M. Forster. The man was his great friend, he admitted—but was he a "great" novelist? A certain intellectual snobbery throws an unpleasing reflection on his monument. Did he ever for a second lose himself sufficiently to discover the true connection between men, in the search for which he finally destroyed himself? Or was his death-will inherent, like cancer, from the start?

After reading his letters no one can assume that his death was an unconscious suicide. All his life he had suffered serious physical mishaps which he ignored. Yet one can't help wondering how he would have behaved had he lived. What would have been his opinion of Munich? Would he have gone back to organize Britain's defenses, as Churchill suggested? Would he have gone fascist? The last question is, I think, preposterous. The slight link with Mosley came before fascism had got its German face; Mosley was rising as a nationalist rebel, and at the time even John Strachey was his friend. His respect for Lenin did not make him a Communist, nor did his efforts to get Trotsky an asylum prove him a Trotskyite. His admiration for Day Lewis, Spender, and Auden shows he was not blind to what was happening. Like Henry Adams, but for a different reason, he was a kind of socialist without being a Marxist.

He anticipated the trouble in Palestine twenty years ago and hoped England would not accept its mandate. He had foreseen the effect of imperial treachery toward the Arabs and Pan-Islam. Would he have written angry letters to the *Times* which again they would not print, or would he have accepted the disciplined silence of the retired army officer? Was his modesty irresponsibility or lack of energy? Would his cynical experience have prevented him from leading an English nationalist movement?

One guess is as good as another: the letters are full of possibilities. I feel that he would increasingly have become an artist. He was finally learning to be as easy in the craft of literature, which he first practiced before the war, as he was in the craft of machines, which he learned with less difficulty later. He would have come to accept his mastery of this technique as he had those of archaeology, war, and physics. The efforts in his life had been paid for in the exhaustion of his personal ambition. I doubt if he would have wished to head any "movement." Put it down to an ultimate perverseness or a final wisdom. He might have proceeded on his quest for consciousness, less perhaps as a crusade than as a quiet hunt; and he would have found his hard-won art a strong support.

There is no space here to praise his wonderful letters as they should be praised, his knowledge of sculpture and writing through their processes, his felicity of phrase, and his descriptive rhythms. The relationship of the letters to his other writings, to "The Mint" in particular, will provide his critics with fodder for years to come. A word must be said, however, about David Garnett's admirable editing. Organized with the greatest intelligence, on an elastic chronological basis, this work could not have been a simple task. Lawrence was frank about almost everything, in particular, about people still living—some of his best friends. Most of this material is preserved. Inevitably, certain omissions are exasperating—five words here, half a page there—and yet one wonders that the Foreign Office was as generous as it was. However, the technical production of the American edition is vastly inferior to the English, in printing, reproductions, paper, and binding.

Lawrence created two nations and ultimately believed the work well done. He hoped for a commonwealth of all the nations and strove toward that end. He held no bias for Britannic might, though he admired many well-known English public servants. He revolutionized motor-boat design and wrote two of the greatest prose narratives of our day. He made an individual effort, as a conscious being, to comprehend the basis of fraternity, and to some degree illuminated it. His means for this research were emotional, physical, and the willed act of his intellect. His considerable technique was faulty, but what Englishman for his time tried as much?

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Society as Patron

GOVERNMENT AND THE ARTS. By Grace Overmyer. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

PERICLES, Maecenas, the medieval church, the Medici, monarchs and millionaires have played the role of patron to the arts. Accepted as the function has been, nevertheless there has been a popular misconception about the extent to which artists are dependent on patronage for the fulfilment of their creative growth. "Government and the Arts" shows by a simple and concrete method that at all times and in all countries society has assumed responsibility for the nurture of the arts and that in those societies where the responsibility has been most democratically discharged the arts have thrived best.

After digesting the considerable amount of facts condensed into Miss Overmyer's study, one should never again idly say that the artist, if he is any good, can look after himself. On the contrary, the artist is the creature of the social protection he has received, the practical encouragement which has been accorded him by various agencies and structures. From the Renaissance on, in the Western world, the artist had the aid and comfort of tangible support from king and queen. After

the Treaty of Versailles, the artist had the aid and comfort of recognition in the new republics. In the United States, in recent years, in the Federal Arts Project of the Works Progress Administration and the section of painting and sculpture of the Treasury Department, the artist has had the widest public aid ever extended to the arts.

That this final development of the relation of the state to the arts is not "boondoggling" is made abundantly clear in Miss Overmyer's book. Through the Renaissance and during the evolution of modern nations, governmental structures were created—the academies, the schools, the institutes, the Beaux Arts of many countries. In all, fifty-eight nations have answered her inquiries with a mass of factual data carefully compiled in tables at the end of the book. The antiquity and continuity of the tradition of government support of art are the amazing lesson of this research, a lesson augmented by the further fact that in the course of history these agencies have produced more positive than negative results.

Particularly for Americans—reared in hardy individualism—it is tonic to look back on the native tradition. From the founding of the Republic the importance of culture in the nation's life has been appreciated. L'Enfant's plan for Washington is but the first indication of the upsurge of creative and aesthetic energies in American life. The importation of Italian sculptors to decorate the Capitol, the commissioning of John Trumbull to paint murals commemorating the American Revolution, the establishment by Buchanan in 1859 of a Commission of Fine Arts, its reestablishment in 1910, are the steps which lead logically to the present-day renaissance of the arts in America. If any be so hardy now as to declare that the government should *not* employ the thirty or forty or fifty thousand painters, sculptors, writers, musicians, actors, dancers, technicians who have been or potentially may be employed by the Federal Arts Projects, he is going counter to the whole course of American culture, as well as to the practice of civilized countries throughout the world in all centuries.

Miss Overmyer's book is not, however, special pleading. It is a well-documented, simply presented summary of facts. The cogency of its material lies in the inescapableness of its data rather than in the eloquence with which it pleads. Indeed, others will have to do the pleading. Implemented with the arguments contained in "Government and the Arts," they can make an extremely good case for the preservation and continuance of this part of the American tradition.

ELIZABETH MC CAUSLAND

Spies, Plain and Fancy

NAZI SPIES IN AMERICA. By Leon G. Turrou, as Told to David G. Wittels. Random House. $2.

SECRET AGENTS AGAINST AMERICA. By Richard Wilmer Rowan. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

SECRET ARMIES, THE NEW TECHNIQUE OF NAZI WARFARE. By John L. Spivak. Modern Age Books. 50 cents.

TO THOSE who read mystery stories as a refreshing stimulant against mental fatigue or as a means of escape from too intense preoccupation with their regular work I heartily recommend these three books, whose fascination is in no way diminished by the fact that they deal with truth, not fiction, and that they will be listed in library catalogues as socio-political documents. All three portray an America with which few of us are familiar, an America which, because we are too blind or indolent to see it, is being harnessed to the chariot of the most sinister force in our world today. Perhaps reading these records of foreign espionage in this country will make us realize the importance of keeping a more watchful eye on the practical manifestations of those ideologies which use espionage as a political instrument in their fight against world freedom.

Of the three, "Nazi Spies in America," by Leon G. Turrou, seems less sensational only because the recent trial of Erich Gläser and his associates, around which it centers, were so widely reported and read. That should not prevent our reading it again, if only to deepen vague impressions, to find testimony which we remembered as "perhaps" or "possibly" true backed up by unimpeachable documents and court records. The fantastic network of military, political, commercial, and technical espionage that Mr. Turrou spreads before our eyes is too complicated to be comprehended from fragmentary news reports. It must be seen in the logical sequence of a compilation such as this to be fully understood.

What impresses one most in Mr. Turrou's excellent analysis is the way he traces each plot and conspiracy back to its source in some high office of the German government. At first Berlin vehemently denied these charges, but as each day brought new proof of the direct connection of the Nazi government bureaus with the accused and their accomplices, these protests subsided. "Nazi Spies in America" will be a constant reminder of the dangers that still threaten our liberties.

"Secret Agents Against America," by Richard Wilmer Rowan, is a very different sort of book. The author has devoted years to the subject of international espionage, and the small library of his works covers practically every phase of that perennially interesting subject. His latest contribution to spy lore deals with espionage as practiced by the fascist countries—the Gestapo of Germany, the Italian Ovra, and the widespread spy system of Japan. Needless to say, the divers activities of the Nazi "Bundists" in this country receive the lion's share of attention.

Undoubtedly the most exciting of the three books, however, is John L. Spivak's "Secret Armies." Here you have mystery unadulterated by political preachments. Mr. Spivak's story of how Berlin prepared its coup in Czechoslovakia is thrilling reading. His description of how Italian, Japanese, and German secret agents work hand in hand with official fascist groups in the United States and Mexico and around the Panama Canal will be a shocking revelation to those who think there is safety in isolation.

Most important of all, it seems to this reviewer, is Mr. Spivak's contention that not only Germans but Americans without a drop of German blood in their veins are functioning as secret agents for the Nazi regime. His reproduction of correspondence between the organization of Henry Ford and the Bund and individual German spies makes us understand much better than before why our automobile king was "honored" with the presentation of a Hitler medal. It proves

that there are Americans—more perhaps than we care to think about—who are prepared to serve National Socialist Germany, not because they are Germans or because they are paid for their work in Nazi shekels, but because they are convinced that spreading its doctrines is for the best interests of their own country.

LUDWIG LORE

History for Art's Sake

EDINBURGH. By Sacheverell Sitwell and Francis Bamford. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

LIGHTLY but indelibly certain pages of this entertaining history of "the Paris of Scotland" bear the imprint of the mind of the master of literary artifice who is Sacheverell Sitwell. These characteristically subtle passages are the Introduction with its sly glance in the direction of Auld Reekie's Princes Street and Scottish Military Museum; the bland pages devoted to the architecture of Adam and Playfair and the painting of Raeburn; such graceful accounts of curious consequences of Sir Walter Scott's romanticization of Scotland as Fanny Elssler's ballet La Gypsy and the careers of the brothers Stolberg-Stuart, a couple of harmless impostors who claimed to be grandsons of the Young Pretender; above all, the jewel of the "Pecksniffian style," the final description of George IV's visit to the city of wet clouds, heavy smoke, and piles of Aberdeen granite in 1822. The remainder betray a rapid but less ingenious and inventive pen. Still, the spirit of the Sitwell blows through all of them. A unity, the tasteful, delightfully illustrated little work is purely reporting and narrative history. It neither seeks to motivate the events it recounts nor to present them as an organic progress. Its impulse, in other words, is neither ethical nor logical but exclusively aesthetic.

The relative tenuity of the feeling also suggests the thorough first-fiddleship of the best and brightest Sitwell. Body, density of substance, never supremely distinguishes his art; and the material of this "Edinburgh" for one thing fails to reflect the economic life of the city during its centuries with a consistency that will cause even those unpersuaded of Marx to shudder. Its social life, its civic and institutional evolution, even its philosophy fare little better; its very religion attains only incidental mention. With the exception of art, which in this case naturally figures only toward the narrative's conclusion, what is mainly represented is political history, the series and fortunes of the Scottish kings, statesmen, and captains, their wars and policies, and such municipal events as sieges, conflagrations, capital executions, trials for witchcraft and murders. Yet let none scorn the volume for its texture of political and lurid anecdotes. We have Nietzsche's word for the fact that "three well-chosen anecdotes can achieve the portrait of a man." And the multiple and picturesque incidents reflected by the book have been selected by sharp and thoughtful eyes and as significantly as brilliantly arrayed. They represent the essential Edinburgh: they certainly represent—as all histories do to a degree—the authors', perhaps the period's, feeling about a past very possibly the whole human one. The feeling in this instance would appear to be one of disgust, since its picture is pretty thoroughly a tissue of battle, murder, rapacity, treachery, fanaticism, stupidity, and misfortune, symbolized in the career of the unhappy House of Stuart and set off by a scattering of superior figures like those of Mary of Guise and the Marquis of Montrose. Entirely disgusted it none the less cannot be said to be. For it knows the occurrence of Ages of the Antonines, centuries of rationality and high education. It knows the hundred years in which Auld Reekie was "the Athens of the North."

PAUL ROSENFELD

Hyperindividualism

REALITY. By Paul Weiss. Princeton University Press. $3.50.

PAUL WEISS is one of the most promising of the younger American philosophers, and in this, his first book, the qualities that have gained him a reputation are fairly represented—dialectical skill, ambitious range of interests, and a gift of unusually articulate expression. At its worst that gift becomes purely verbal, trying to pass off for flashes of wisdom, but achieving the hollow resonance of specious oracular depth. But at its best, and that is not infrequent, it bursts into a pyrotechnical shower of epigrams which shed vivid light over dark fields and leave an afterglow of understanding in the reader's mind. "A universal peace is but a figment of deluded spirits, a prelude to a fable; but were all men to feel the heat of the ideal within them, we should soon have a testimony to folly." "The history of fanaticism is the story of the conversion of good men into bad . . . while the history of civilization is almost the reverse, revealing the power of false dogmas . . . to transform incipient evils into goods." These are typical examples.

Brilliantly written though this book is, its content will disappoint all those who, like the reviewer, are in revolt against the claims of philosophers in the grand style. A philosopher who today claims that his aim is to understand "the universe in its eternal character" must not be surprised if he is thought by us moderns to be conceited and dated. For we are uncompromising relativists, and not likely to sympathize with that peculiar disease of the mind, that metaphysical arrogance, which leads its victims to suppose they can transcend their finitude. We moderns are content to leave the eternal character of reality to God. And of Him we say, with Weiss himself, that "He is a hypothesis defining the locus of a metaphysician's distress." As for reality, even with a small *r*, we are too wary of emotive onions to waste much time peeling them down to a kernel we know we won't find.

A more serious quarrel with Weiss will arise out of his belief in the absoluteness of the individual, fundamental to his conception of the world. Weiss flatly rejects the efforts of his contemporaries to conceive the universe as continuous and the individual as relative. "Ontological individuals . . . are obdurate basic metaphysical facts," we are told dogmatically. And from that alleged truth Weiss derives a predatory notion of the individual which the heirs of the Robber Barons, the Girdlers, Fords, and Whitneys, are fighting desperately to retain as the guiding principle of our social life, for it is the principle which has enabled them to climb to

the top of the heap, and it must therefore be the eternal character of reality. "The essence of the individual consists not in a bare tendency to preserve itself but in a tendency to incorporate within itself whatever others there may be, so that it may become self-complete." Or, "The individual does not endeavor to realize ends which are more real than itself, but endeavors to absorb all other realities in the effort to attain a state of absolute completeness." Thus the full force of a gifted mind is bent to the task of defending a reactionary philosophy which we have been forced to abandon not only for moral but for theoretical reasons. But nowhere within this book are these reasons given a fair hearing.

As a philosopher Weiss aims to give us a statement of reality "so universal and complete that there is no feature but which can be seen to be a specialization of it." But when we look at it, his philosophy turns out to be a belated rationalization of an ephemeral economic system in its last contortions of decay. Of course of a man like Al Capone or Göring it is true that "the very essence" of his being "is to endeavor to actually embody in itself the whole of reality." But while this is true of psychopaths and barbarians, it is certainly not true of the subhuman or of the inorganic or, much less, of the rational levels of nature. And only on an utterly barbaric scheme of values could the devouring tendency which defines the worst individualism of a moribund culture be adjudged a drive toward perfection. Strangely enough, the refutation of Weiss's conception is found within his own book, for he tells us that "there are no fixed, unpassable boundaries in nature." Reflection on the full meaning of this sentence would have shown him that his concept of the individual must be wrong when taken as the basic feature of the world. But since it does define the egregious hypertrophied individualism of a culture that is dying, Weiss's book furnishes us with a most appropriate epitaph for it.

ELISEO VIVAS

The Word War

ALLIED PROPAGANDA AND THE COLLAPSE OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE IN 1918. By George G. Bruntz. Stanford University Press. $3.50.

"AN accurate estimate of the relative importance of the part played by propaganda in bringing about the collapse of the German Empire is impossible," according to Mr. Bruntz; nevertheless, it "could not help but have an effect . . . and without a study of the part it played no historian can come to a real conclusion as to the causes of the collapse." The Nazis, blind to the military defeats of 1918, the effects of blockade, and the uselessness of struggling against weight of numbers once America had had time to bring its troops into action, have invented the theory of the Stab in the Back, which lays all the blame on revolutionary agitation sustained equally by Bolshevist and Allied propaganda. Whatever part it played in the last war, propaganda will not be neglected in the next. Mr. Bruntz's study has therefore more than a merely historical interest.

American organization followed that which had been evolved by the English and French, but provided the weightiest propaganda—Wilson's speeches. His sincere reasonable-



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ness left the Germans little to fear from peace. The contrast between the Fourteen Points and the terms their own leaders had imposed at Brest-Litovsk was bad for morale. When German newspapers made omissions in Wilson's speeches, the French distributed full reports by airplane, with the mangled German version in parallel columns, to convict the authorities of lying, until they had to print Wilson in full. Undoubtedly the Germans, in surrendering, relied on him.

Mr. Bruntz examines the content of Allied propaganda and the means taken to distribute it in Germany and the German army. True accounts of defeats suppressed by the German censorship ("The number lost in one of our regiments as given in the British leaflets tallied exactly with the actual loss. Hence thereafter the entire contents of the leaflets was believed," says one German historian); statistics of American preparation; accounts of starvation in Germany contrasted with plenty, even in prison camps, in France and Britain; and always blame for the Hohenzollerns and exoneration for the German people, were dropped from airplanes, automatically released from little balloons drifting on the wind, shot from trench-mortars, showered from shells carrying several miles, smuggled over frontiers from neutral countries, floated down the Rhine from Switzerland in canisters or across Lake Constance in toy sailboats.

Mr. Bruntz relies in part on recent German writers apt to exaggerate the effect of our propaganda. His arrangement of his material leads to some repetition. His translation of German is clumsy (*Vorsicht!* is by no means "Foresight!"), and there are other irritating marks of haste, as when he calls M. Briand "Prime Minister of Foreign Affairs." Still, his book is a useful contribution to the history of an increasingly important subject. BASIL BUNTING

Shorter Notices

AMERICAN EARTH. By Carleton Beals. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

Mr. Beals's book, subtitled "The Biography of a Nation," is an impressionistic historical survey, aimed rather at broad underlying principles than at specific events in chronological sequence. His chief and passionate interest is the land itself, which once seemed so limitless and now constitutes such a formidable national problem: how our ancestors got it, what they did with it, what we are doing with it today. In his usual vigorous, biting language Carleton Beals throws his light on the abuses that have accompanied the westward thrust of the frontier, from the shameful oppression and deceit that blacken the whole story of the white man's struggle against the Indian to the confused jumble of present-day farm policies. "We have," he protests, "abused the American earth. We have destroyed much of it. . . . We have been greedy for the profits of a day, forgetting that the American earth is the greatest heritage we can pass on to our children, to our nation. It is our nationality." In spite of the gloomy picture, spotted with blood, waste, degradation, just as it is lightened with heroic struggle and iron determination, he closes with some practical criticism, and a hopeful challenge to America: to plan its national welfare in terms of the right to work, decent living standards, security, and justice between men and classes.

THE VOYAGERS AND ELIZABETHAN DRAMA. By Robert Ralston Cawley. D. C. Heath and Company. $4.

In scope this book greatly exceeds its title. Professor Cawley has traveled well down into the seventeenth century, considering both dramatic and non-dramatic literature, prose and poetry, major works and minor, in his search for allusions to the newly expanded world, the world of the great voyages. If he missed the Humber and the Ganges in Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress," one may safely guess that hardly a dozen other references have escaped him. An incredible wealth of such references is recorded here, fenced in by hedgerows of footnotes, classified by region, by country, by subject. This study may bring to mind Professor Lowes's "Road to Xanadu" so far as it suggests immediate origins, particularly in books of travel, for figures of speech or casual themes in literature, but it lacks the stress upon imaginative processes which makes that book notable. Professor Cawley has not exceeded his task by indicating its worth. In two or three paragraphs he briefly concludes that progress was made in geographical accuracy by dramatists and others because of the printed accounts of the great explorations, but that is all. Surely a study of so conspicuous an element in a great literature should have yielded much more! As to the economic urgency behind these accounts, particularly those assembled by the Hakluyts, he fails to touch upon this or to use other material with which he is obviously familiar in this connection, though to do so might have provided a brilliant cross-illumination, even on the imaginative side, for his subject.

MUSIC

THE people who organized the American Lyric Theater might have said: We will set up a theater in which we will use American singers, a stage designer like Robert Edmond Jones, a conductor like Fritz Reiner, to produce operas in a way in which they are not produced by the Metropolitan; a theater in which we will give works the Metropolitan does not give, and those that are better given in a smaller auditorium than the Metropolitan's; a theater available on the one hand to an American composer who may write an opera worth staging; a theater available on the other hand to the public that is interested in opera but unable to afford the Metropolitan's prices. And deferring to the realities of the situation—what American composers can offer, and what American audiences will pay even low prices to hear—they might have begun with "The Marriage of Figaro," which Reiner and Graf produced so successfully with young American singers in Philadelphia a few years ago, or with "Carmen." In this way they would have created a theater and a repertory that might have attracted an audience.

What they actually said and did was very different. The kind of thinking that went into the project is exemplified by two consecutive paragraphs of the prospectus, the first of which begins with the statement, "Interest in music in the United States has grown amazingly in the past twenty years," followed by illustrative figures, and the second of which begins with the statement, "One of the strongest forces in building up this wave of interest in contemporary music is the

sixteen-year-old League of Composers." The first statement is fact; the insertion of "contemporary" in the second is an example of how fact is falsified by verbal manipulation; and a good deal of the time the manipulation is of terms that are not even rooted in fact to begin with.

In every country, according to the thinkers of the American Lyric Theater, there lies between popular musical comedy and grand opera the field of lyric drama. This differs from grand opera in being intimate, in being native—that is, "rooted in folk material, and providing the necessary opportunities for native librettists, composers, singers, and artists"; it is therefore "the one manifestation of musical art that has had, in all countries, the most popular appeal," and the source of "the great music of every nation" and of grand opera in particular. And our own country, too, has its composers and librettists bursting with talent which, as the talent of Americans, is specifically adapted to the creation of an American lyric drama "out of indigenous material"—a lyric drama which will be "a natural not an imported product, intimate in character," and appealing to Americans because it "will speak to the people in their own language on familiar subjects." The one thing that has prevented the creation of such a drama here has been the lack of a producing theater for which the talent might work—"the large dimensions of the [Metropolitan] Opera House being more suited for the standard grand operas of a foreign pattern"; and the American Lyric Theatre is to fill this one need.

But if one looks at the other countries one finds that the more intimate operas are things like Mozart's "Seraglio" and "Figaro," Verdi's "Falstaff," Debussy's "Pelléas," which are not rooted in the folk material, either dramatic or musical, of the composers' countries; one finds that not only these but works like "Der Freischütz" and "The Bartered Bride," which are rooted in folk material, are part of the repertories of the great opera houses; and if one turns back to this country one finds that these works have been given at the Metropolitan, and that the American public has not found them any more difficult of access than it has foreign painting, literature, drama, or films, and has preferred them to native products like "The Man Without a Country.'

The organizers of the American Lyric Theater also produced two American operas "illustrative of these purposes and of the organization's high artistic standards"—and illustrative, presumably, of the hitherto unused riches of native talent. And if one considers on what they chose to lavish the skill of a Jones and a Reiner, the expense of scenery, costumes, singers, chorus, an orchestra of fifty-two and a stage-crew of twenty-five at union rates—if, that is, one considers "Susanna, Don't You Cry" with its "'symphonic" mistreatment of Stephen Foster's music in every possible European style that does not fit, and the feeble score for "The Devil and Daniel Webster," one must conclude that these people not only were ignorant and muddled but did not have the minimum of artistic brains and taste that could recognize talent and lack of talent when they encountered them.

But it turns out that "Susanna" was produced because $50,000 came to the American Lyric Theater from someone who wanted it produced; and events proved in this instance that a theater with neither artistic brains nor integrity behind it could not win an audience.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editor

"The Prejudiced Mind"

Dear Sirs: Ruth O'Keefe, in her inquiry as to whether "a Catholic can be a good citizen of a democracy" in your issue of May 27, points out that "non-Catholics can do only harm by exaggerating or misunderstanding the situation" she describes. One wonders, therefore, why she has appealed to a non-Catholic reading public, as it seems quite certain she has done in writing in *The Nation,* and how, if she is still a practicing Catholic, she could have been guilty of such unfortunate exaggeration and misunderstanding.

Miss O'Keefe admits that Catholic bishops, priests, and members of Catholic lay organizations "have the same right to express themselves as other citizens." It is when she suggests that they have attempted to coerce those who conscientiously disagree that she is guilty of what, by a euphemism, may be called exaggeration and misunderstanding. She should know that no bishop and I dare say no priest told Catholic people how they must stand on the Child Labor Amendment. They might do that, and would be justified in doing so, on any grave moral issue such as compulsory euthanasia for the aged and ailing. But for other matters they merely explain the whys and wherefores of their own views to the people who rightfully look to them for guidance. After all, Monsignor John A. Ryan and the late Frank P. Walsh were not excommunicated or even silenced for their ardent championship of the Child Labor Amendment—nor was Bishop Lucey.

It is a mark of the prejudiced mind not to inquire into the reasons underlying an opponent's position but simply to dismiss it as "medieval," "reactionary," "fascist," "communist," and the like. And I believe that many supporters of the Child Labor Amendment have done a disservice to the cause in refusing to see that its opponents are not all of them merely selfish Bourbons and lick-spittles of Bourbons, but that the language of the proposed amendment gives some reason for apprehensiveness concerning the extent to which the federal government would be given control over the child. And that is a matter concerning which Catholics are and must be very sensitive, and, in fact, an attitude for which our left-wing liberal friends have praised us whenever it suited their purposes, as when the late Pius XI withstood Mussolini over the issue of Italian Catholic Action (for youth) and when Cardinal Faulhaber and the prelates and priests of Germany fought Hitler every inch of the way over the education of Catholic children.

The really deplorable thing about Miss O'Keefe's article, and especially its publication in *The Nation,* is that it comes at a time when the manipulators of the United Front and its supporters are making very obvious efforts to separate the faithful from their bishops and priests—trying, in other words, to provoke an extreme anti-clericalism in this country. I have no idea whether Miss O'Keefe had any such notion in mind; but that is the purport of her article nevertheless. And it is most unfortunate for all concerned. For there are all kinds of people in the Catholic church, including liberal, reactionary, middle-of-the-road, and undecided. And the genuine liberals outside the church will stand a better chance of securing support for their liberal policies from the "middle-of-the-road" and "undecided" Catholics by showing friendly feelings for the Catholic "liberals" than by attacking and maligning the Catholic "reactionaries." Certainly you will get nowhere by lumping all bishops and priests together as "reactionary" and by labeling the late Pius XI, one of the greatest liberals (in the better sense of that word) of our day, as a puppet of Italian Fascism.

EDWARD J. HEFFRON
Executive Secretary,
National Council of Catholic Men
Washington, June 18

Who's "Prejudiced" Now?

Dear Sirs: Questioning the Catholicism of a person who ventures to criticize or oppose the clergy is a time-worn device to discredit his opinions, as at least one of the members of Mr. Heffron's board of directors can testify. The question seems to imply that no one can criticize the church from within. I am a Catholic, of a Catholic family, married to a Catholic, and with four fine Catholic children. I had two perfect years in a French convent before the separation of church and state and have missed ever since the tolerance, kindness, intelligence, and spiritual beauty I knew there. If I see the church which I have known in its most perfect form enter upon courses which seem to me and to many others disastrous, may I not speak?

The facts as to the Child Labor Amendment were as I have stated them. I speak from a long and disillusioning experience in Massachusetts. I did not mention coercion. If Mr. Heffron feels that these facts imply coercion I will not deny it. Legislators whom I interviewed said, not once but many times, I'd like to vote for the amendment but I do not dare. These were experienced politicians, not children. Mr. Heffron knows what they feared just as well as I do. In Massachusetts the church has been able to reward the politically docile by pressing for state appointments, and has done so with some notoriously incompetent people. The church has been able even in recent months to prevent the appointment of the politically recalcitrant, even though exceptionally competent.

I am interested in Mr. Heffron's description of the "marks of a prejudiced mind." Has he "inquired into the reasons underlying my position" or has he simply dismissed me with the implication that I am a renegade Catholic?

If Mr. Heffron will reread the article he will see that I am describing a tendency, not a completed process. I did not lump all our clerical leaders together. It is quite true that we still have among our clergy and among the princes of the church liberals whom we all honor from our hearts and to whose policies we can give complete allegiance. It is a little disheartening that when the question of liberalism in the church comes up it is always the same small handful of distinguished men who are used for demonstration purposes. It indicates better than anything I could say how overpowering the other tendency in the church has become. As to silencing—Monsignor Ryan was silenced as far as Massachusetts is concerned.

Mr. Heffron asks why this article was published in *The Nation.* If he will name in these columns a Catholic journal which would accept and publish such an article he will do a service to many beside myself. There are other Catholics who have sought in vain an opportunity

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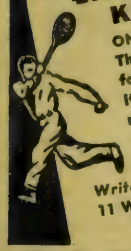
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to speak to Catholics of their Catholic perplexities. I am grateful to *The Nation* for its hospitality, and so, if I may judge by my recent correspondence, are many other Catholics. RUTH O'KEEFE

Boston, Mass., June 23

Stassen on the Skids?

Dear Sirs: With old-timers of all parties asserting that they "have never seen a governor skid down hill so fast," with even Republican resentment at the point where the party giants have met secretly to pick his successor, with the voters of Minneapolis in such spontaneous revolt that—despite lack of good Farmer-Labor campaigning and even some deliberate mismanagement—the Republican mayoralty candidate recently came far closer to defeat than in the election of 1937, *The Nation* on June 17 treated its readers to a forecast of a liberal defeat in 1940 in Minnesota.

Arville Schaleben's report is sheer propaganda, and here is the proof:

1. Labor revolt against the labor-relations act which Stassen is credited with maneuvering from the Old Guard is so strong that either the law will be permitted to rest in the dust bin or open violence will break out. And the labor movement is again becoming the solid core of the Farmer-Labor Party, united on a virulent anti-Stassen basis.

2. The jokers in the "state's first civil service law" are such that its enactment can only be compared to the *repeal* of civil service in Michigan.

3. By "improved social security" Schaleben doubtless refers to the Homestead Lien bill, which forces the aged to choose between the receipt of old-age assistance and the bequeathal of the homestead to their descendants. No event since the hard times of 1933 has produced more resentful protest. Or perhaps the reference is to the current discharge, on twenty-four hours' notice, of the key figures in the Public Assistance Division, the one department in which professional efficiency and nonpartisanship had reached a peak under the Farmer-Labor administrations.

Nation readers have probably never been told of the theatrical coach who over a period of at least two years carefully drilled "Red" Stassen to gesture, talk, and appear like "Red" Olson—this as part of the *very* liberal state campaign prepared and directed out of national Republican headquarters. Signs of an equally thorough coaching for an assault on the White House are only too apparent to those of us close at hand.

W. R. SASSAMAN

Minneapolis, Minn., June 23

[We asked Mr. Schaleben, as a reputable journalist, to make an objective survey of the North Central states. In his judgment prospects for a liberal victory in 1940 are not as bright as Mr. Sassaman thinks they are or as we would have them, but that would indeed be flimsy ground upon which to reject his report. We agree with Mr. Sassaman about the accomplishments of the Stassen administration and we wish that Mr. Schaleben had been more critical. We do not make it a practice, however, to insist that the views of our contributors conform with our own opinions. Our columns are always open to criticism of material that appears in our pages and we are glad that Mr. Sassaman has taken the opportunity to point out the reactions to the Stassen program, but what he calls his "proof" that Schaleben's article is "sheer propaganda" is an example of non-sequitur in its purest form.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Information, Please

Dear Sir: I am preparing a doctoral dissertation on Wendell Phillips and I should welcome any information about him, particularly manuscript letters. Any material lent to me will be given the utmost care, returned promptly, and duly acknowledged. My address is 245 West 107th Street, New York.

OSCAR SHERWIN

New York, June 18

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JUDITH GRUENFELD is a contributor to the *International Labor Review* and various European periodicals.

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

*

IN A BELATED VOTE THE SENATE REVERSED itself by restoring the President's power over the dollar and reestablishing the purchase of foreign silver. The Administration victory was won by a narrow margin of four votes when six of the eleven silver Senators were induced to switch their votes in return for an advance in the buying price of domestic silver to 71.1 cents an ounce. Measured in terms of dollars the price was a small one for a major political victory. The added cost to the Treasury of the seven extra cents per ounce for domestic silver will be largely offset by a reduction in the price paid for foreign silver. And in no case would it amount to more than a few million dollars. But it must be admitted that both conservatives and liberals came out of the struggle with badly tarnished prestige. The "economy bloc" belied its principles when it voted, originally, for an outrageous subsidy of 77.6 cents an ounce on domestic silver. And the Administration forces resorted to exactly the same tactics when they bought support for Presidential control over the dollar by concessions to the silverites. The irony of the situation is heightened by the fact that of the three bitter Congressional battles fought over the Fourth of July week-end, the Administration made its chief stand on the least important—that of monetary powers unlikely to be used—and lost the far more vital struggles over relief and neutrality.

*

WITH THIRTY-FOUR SENATORS LINED UP IN opposition to the Administration's neutrality program, the prospects for revision of the Neutrality Act remain as obscure as the day Congress opened. While the Administration is undoubtedly strong enough to pass the Bloom bill if it ever reaches a vote in the Senate, it is evident that this cannot be achieved without one of the bitterest fights in Congressional history. The fight would be well worth while if there were any assurance that the bill could be passed with the Vorys arms-embargo rider stricken out. But nothing could be more disastrous than a legislative jam which resulted in maintaining the present act during the critical months which lie just ahead.

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Failure to remove the existing ban on the export of munitions and implements of war to belligerents would be an open invitation to Hitler to strike while Germany retains the tremendous advantage gained by seizure of the Austrian and Czech war supplies. In view of the difficulties in obtaining the Senate's agreement to any one plan, both the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* have suggested outright repeal of the act as an alternative to a long and bitter struggle over revision. Such a move might win the support of veteran isolationists like Borah and Johnson, who have never liked the present law. It should appeal to the Republicans, since it restores that pre-Roosevelt status. And it would definitely put an end to an intolerable situation in which the weight of American foreign policy, under the guise of "neutrality," has been thrown on the side of aggression.

*

IF THE ADMINISTRATION'S GOOD-NEIGHBOR policy means anything, it means making an effort to save Latin America from the sticky web of barter trade with the totalitarian powers. That in turn means credits, and ar admirable agency for extending them is ready to hand in the form of the Export-Import Bank. But that would be far too simple and lacking in that perverseness which in Washington operates to turn any anti-fascist gun away from its mark and if possible level it at the gunner. Thus the Export-Import Bank is engrossed at present not in plans to stimulate trade with South America but in arranging to get $15,000,000 worth of cotton to General Franco on the basis of two years' credit! As Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen were quick to point out, the State Department demanded cash for such non-military items as this country was allowed to send to the late Spanish Republic on the ground that its credit rating wasn't good. Now it is willing to extend heavy credits to Franco, although a war in the next two years would make the General's wobbling government a risk too great for a loan-shark. What makes the eagerness of the loan advocates even more sinister is the coincidence that the Franco government is suing the United States Treasury for exactly $15,000,000 for purchasing silver from the republic, which in Franco's eyes had no title to the metal although it was the legal government of Spain. Is the cotton loan Franco's way of "settling" a case that would otherwise be thrown out of court? In any event the transaction has a bad odor and it is time the President smoked out the striped-pants saboteurs in his State Department.

*

THE C. I. O. HAS WON ANOTHER VICTORY over Frank Hague and his four yes-men of the Jersey City Commission. The ordinance, before its revision, sought—in spite of the Supreme Court's ruling—to allow as little free speech as possible. Revised under pressure from the C. I. O., the new ordinance omits earlier provisions which would have limited meetings to four street corners, prohibited meetings at factory gates, required four days' notice to the Director of Safety before any meeting, and limited the period of public meetings in political campaigns to four weeks prior to elections or referendums. Permits for meetings are still required under the new ordinance, but Hague explained that this was "a mere formality." Twenty-four hours' notice is required "to see that meetings were not duplicated." Only the original four "free-speech" sites need four days' notice for their use, and Hague explained that no permits would be required for meetings at factory gates. "We turn the streets over to the people," Hague said piously. We welcome the new convert to civil liberties, though we shan't trust him any farther than we can throw a cat.

*

BRITAIN'S DECISION TO EXTEND CREDITS totaling $300,000,000 to its potential allies for the purchase of munitions and other war materials is a canny move. More potent than threats of force is the threat of economic resistance to fascist plans of conquest. For while relative military strength is debatable, in the field of finance England and France are unbeatable, and Hitler knows it. The angry reception of Britain's move by the German press is evidence that it is taken seriously. At last the great Western power is doing what it should have done in Spain and Czechoslovakia and, to a greater extent than it has, in China. The sum announced is not enough but it is substantial. It should provide enough up-to-date equipment to strengthen appreciably the defensive powers of Poland, Rumania, Turkey, and Greece. This aid is particularly useful in the case of Poland and Rumania, since both countries would probably be cut off from British supplies in the event of war. But the most important result of the British decision is its moral effect. The Nazi press rightly views it as an act of treason, and so it is—treason to the spirit of Munich—for British credits are more convincing evidence of future intentions than British promises.

*

JAPANESE EXTREMISTS ADDED FRANCE LAST week to the large and growing list of countries with which Tokyo has become seriously embroiled. Except for further destructive air raids on Chungking and other Chinese cities, military operations against China have been all but forgotten as the military clique continues to hit out in other directions. The blockade of the British concessions at Tientsin and Amoy is now in its fourth week with little prospect of early solution. Fighting between the Japanese and Outer Mongolian-Soviet forces has increased in intensity until it threatens to constitute a serious strain on the dwindling Japanese resources. As

PUBLIC L

if this were not trouble enough, the army clique has issued a virtual ultimatum to the authorities of the French concession at Hankow demanding an apology for the ban of a Japanese "victory" parade through the concession and the arrest of certain Chinese leaders. Meanwhile, the long-delayed Japanese-British parley on the Tientsin affair is scheduled to open about July 13 with the Japanese making broad demands for British economic assistance to the puppet governments in China. Sir John Simon has already indicated that Great Britain will reject Japan's basic demand—that Britain support the fiat currency which the Japanese have foisted on the population of the occupied areas. Dispatches from Tokyo indicate that the outcome of the Sino-Japanese conflict may hinge on the results of the Tokyo conference. That being the case, the military clique may be expected to play its hand to the limit during the next few weeks.

Public Work and Relief

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE spreading strike of construction workers on WPA projects against the cut in their hourly wage is the logical culmination of an unrealistic relief policy. The decision by Congress to bring down the rate precipitated the conflict, but the seeds of trouble had been planted long ago.

When the WPA was instituted, unemployment was still looked upon as a temporary ill, the by-product of depression, and relief as an emergency job. No one believes that now; not even, we suspect, those business men and politicians who for public consumption argue that only the threat of New Deal reform prevents private industry from soaking up all the unemployed. Even if business activity should rise to the 1929 level it would not absorb more than one-fourth of the men and women now unemployed or at work on government projects. But Congress as a whole has never faced this reality; and supporters of the New Deal have been among the last to acknowledge it. To meet the issue squarely would involve political dangers they are only too glad to be able to avoid. But their refusal to face the facts of 1939 and the future has had many ugly results. It has led to a deceptive system of national bookkeeping, a relief policy calculated to perpetuate a sense of social insecurity rather than to overcome it, and such anomalies as produced the new security-wage provisions against which the WPA workers are now protesting.

Why should skilled workers on WPA construction projects be paid less than their fellows employed on other government jobs or by private contractors? Why should their right to strike be even questioned? Such discrimination is commonly justified by the argument that they are not "regular" government employees but are "the unemployed"—jobless dependents who are permitted to work for their subsistence during an emergency. Government enterprises organized under the WPA have been classified as "made work," designed to absorb labor rather than for their intrinsic value. How meaningless this classification has become is evident as one runs through the list of jobs included in the WPA program. Every piece of public construction that could possibly be shunted over to the WPA by local authorities has landed there: the construction and repair of public and many private buildings, the laying out of great highway systems and parks and playgrounds. The list could be stretched indefinitely. Though I have seen no figures to prove it, I am willing to bet that the majority of such projects would have been or should have been undertaken in the normal course of events. They are public enterprises that any local or national authority would launch if it could lay hands on sufficient funds. Many are nothing more than the necessary functions of upkeep and repair, as is evidenced by the WPA fences one sees planted about almost every patch of new paving or road excavation. If they were not financed with federal money they would have to be included in local budgets—and the workers would have to be paid prevailing rates of wages.

In other words, on a wide variety of construction operations, workers have been employed in direct competition, not only with privately paid labor on similar jobs, but with labor that would have to be employed on the same job if WPA had never existed and paid at regular going rates. When this fact is thoroughly digested, it becomes hard even to swallow two sententious opinions expressed editorially in the New York *Herald Tribune;* first, that Colonel Somervell echoed the "overwhelming sentiment of the American public" when he remarked, "If they'd all quit we'd be tickled to death," and second, that the prevailing-wage system was "an unconscionable imposition on the taxpayers of the nation."

On the other hand, the *Herald Tribune* is right when it goes on to argue that the prevailing-wage system was "outrageously discriminatory." It was. The semi-skilled and unskilled workers have been largely unorganized and therefore relatively helpless. Through the Workers' Alliance they have mustered barely enough strength to protest effectively against wholesale lay-offs and the more glaring forms of insecurity on the job. This "outrageous discrimination," however, was a direct bonus to the "taxpayers of the nation," who thus got their sewers laid and their roads built at a labor cost far less than would have been possible under the conditions prevailing in ordinary public-construction jobs.

The present strike may be doomed to failure or Congress may see fit to restore the prevailing-wage provision in the new relief law. But in neither case will the basic difficulty be eliminated. Relief and public works have

become dangerously entangled. They need to be separated, honestly and logically, dealt with in their own terms, and treated as parts of a permanent program designed to bring system and security into our economic structure.

This is a large order but it must be filled if our economic life is to go ahead without major breakdowns on the road. In January, 1937, *The Nation* printed an editorial outlining a permanent program for relief. "The emergency period for relief has passed," said *The Nation.* "The situation confronting the President today contrasts sharply with that of March 4, 1933. Then it was a matter of somehow getting food to the hungry, and of devising means of safeguarding self-respect in the process. . . . Today, at the threshold of the President's second term, the time has arrived for the shaping of a permanent policy." The editorial advocated that work projects should be undertaken on the basis of their social and economic value and should provide full-time work at standard wages and under standard conditions; while the system of social insurance should be extended as rapidly as possible to offer benefits to persons not otherwise cared for. Meanwhile, it urged, direct and adequate relief should be provided for all the needy, to be administered jointly by the federal and state governments. And simultaneously a nation-wide public employment service should be instituted, based on a complete census of the unemployed and buttressed with vocational training and rehabilitation.

That program sounds to me as sensible as it did in 1937—and as far from realization. Such a program can be substituted for the present disgraceful mess only if Congress and the Administration—and labor as well—are willing to deal with unemployment as a deep-rooted symptom of a chronic economic disease. They must forget that word "emergency"; it has lost its meaning and become nothing more than a deceptive political slogan.

That Anglo-Russian Pact

AS THE Anglo-Russian conversations drag on and a waiting world is kept in uneasy suspense by unusually laconic governments, rumors run wild. The reasons advanced for the long duration of the negotiations range from one extreme to the other. Chamberlain, the hero of Munich, and his inner cabinet are suspected of not really wanting the pact for which they seem to be bargaining so stubbornly, of playing a shrewd game both of appeasing their growing "stop-Hitler" opposition and preparing at the same time the grounds for a new Munich by showing up the Russians as unreliable —simultaneously using the negotiations to intimidate Hitler. On the other hand Stalin, the promoter of collective security, is suspected of not wanting the pact either and of secret dealings with Hitler. The confusion is intensified by the propaganda of the Axis, which has an enormous interest in creating mistrust in Russia's intentions. The peace moves of the Pope and the overtures which the Italian press is allowed to make to Russia serve the same purpose.

The Anglo-Russian negotiations started when England realized after the occupation of Czechoslovakia that whatever else it may be, Nazism is the streamlined rebirth of German imperialism and that Hitler had not fallen for Chamberlain's primitive scheme, according to which Hitler was to fight the Russians, exhaust himself even in victory, and in the end find himself at the mercy of the ruling classes of the rearmed democracies. Instead the possibility of a united attack on the West by Germany, Italy, Spain, Japan, and their satrapies became suddenly a reality. Against this danger England started to organize the "peace" front whose purpose was to protect not small nations—which England would sell down the river if it were to its real or imagined profit—but the British Empire. The Soviet Union entered the negotiations in a mood no less realistic. A pact with England and her allies would relieve Russia in all probability from the long-feared double attack in the West and the East; at least Russia could be sure that it would not have to face Japan and Germany alone while the democracies looked on. And if things should turn out otherwise, nothing would be lost.

If these were the motives for the opening of the negotiations then their long duration can mean only one thing: that the two parties are not yet sure that they will get what they want out of the bargain. The subtle questions which have arisen—i. e., if Hitler engineers internal coups in Danzig or in the Baltic states, will international law allow England to act?—are merely the forms in which the mutual distrust is discussed. (In his latest speech Chamberlain envisioned internal changes in Danzig which he would consider inimical and of more than local importance. Tomorrow he may apply this view generally to all the danger zones.) Stalin wants to go to war after England; Chamberlain may want to be sure that Stalin has not learned a lesson from himself—i e., that he will not try to get the democracies into a fight with Hitler, while he stands by until they exhaust themselves. This variation seems remote—it would not be logical for Stalin to miss the occasion to help destroy his western arch-enemy, but Chamberlain may still entertain such fears. On the other hand, Chamberlain's declaration on Danzig, which was precise enough to satisfy his bitterest critics in Commons, may serve to take the edge off Soviet suspicions and speed up negotiations.

Are there any guaranties of faithfulness in a romantic marriage contract, not to speak of a marriage for prosaic purposes between two parties who waste no love on each other? To put the question this way is to oversimplify it.

People who fear and dislike each other may unite against the plague or they may use, as they often do, a common mail service. And the stop-Hitler campaign is looked on by the democracies as merely an action against a plague. Therein lie both the weakness of an anti-Hitler front which is ideologically split and the second profound reason for the prolonged negotiations. In the meantime they fulfill one important function: they keep Hitler guessing. No doubt he feels, for the first time, as uncomfortable as the rest of the world.

Funds for La Follette

THE NATION appeals to progressives throughout the country, in editorial offices and in Congress, to muster every bit of influence at their command in a fight to save the La Follette investigation. Reaction could win no greater victory at this session than to choke off the inquiry. The Dies committee had no difficulty in obtaining another $100,000 from a Democratic-controlled Congress, though it has done its best to wreck the New Deal under the guise of fighting subversive influences. The La Follette civil-liberties committee is still waiting for a new appropriation, though it ran out of funds weeks ago.

The apathy of progressives toward the committee's fate is inexcusable. Democracy has found no more effective or appropriate weapon against reaction. The inquiry has served to call attention, not to random fascist racketeers or crackpots, but to major forces that threaten freedom in this country. The committee's activities involve no compromise with our basic ideals, no coercion or suppression, no addition of "ifs" and "buts" to the Bill of Rights. Publicity has been the committee's principal weapon. The inquiry is a thoroughly democratic way to deal with undemocratic influences, and only those who cannot stand the spotlight should object to its continuance.

Behind the fight to kill the La Follette inquiry are organizations and men who fear the factual dynamite in its files. One of these organizations is the Associated Farmers of California and of the Pacific Coast. The Associated Farmers, the most successful attempt this country has yet seen to use the farmer as a front for reactionary big business, claims that it has nothing to hide and complains that it has not yet been given a hearing by the committee. But one may be sure that its lobbyists at the capital are doing all they can to keep the committee from getting a new appropriation. The Associated Farmers contains the seeds—and in some sections of the Pacific Coast far more than the seeds—of a native American fascism. Its hold depends in large part on keeping its rank and file in the dark as to its real backers and aims.

The enemies of the La Follette committee have shrewdly avoided a frontal attack, for that would have awakened New Deal forces to the need for putting up a fight in behalf of the investigation. The publicity men and lobbyists working against continuance of the inquiry have sought instead to spread the impression that it was no longer needed. Dies has put a few fascist addlepates on the stand, and this "exposé" has been used to sell the idea that a supposedly reformed Dies committee can be trusted to do the work of the La Follette committee. The Attorney General has entered the picture, sent his own investigators to the Coast, and told Administration leaders that his new civil-liberties bureau makes the La Follette inquiry unnecessary. We have a high regard for the Attorney General, but we think he has been badly misinformed. There is room for both the Department of Justice and the La Follette inquiry on the Coast, but the former alone cannot possibly do the job. The most effective blow against the Associated Farmers would be disclosure of its sources of revenue. We suspect that much of its following would be shocked to learn where a big portion of its financing has come from, but here publicity, not prosecution, is the weapon. Even in the field of vigilantism, action by the Department of Justice is difficult, for the organization counters vigilante charges by pointing to the deputy-sheriff badges on the strong-arm squads that have broken up picket lines and smashed strikes in California. Finally, how much confidence can the public feel in an inquiry by the Department of Justice so long as J. Edgar Hoover is head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation? Hoover is a pet of the Hearst press. Another of Hearst's favorites is Philip Bancroft of the Associated Farmers, his unsuccessful candidate for the United States Senate.

The Associated Farmers and Hearst took it on the chin in California last November when Olson was elected and the anti-labor initiative No. 1 was defeated. But these interests have been extraordinarily successful in hamstringing the Olson administration at Sacramento, and exposure of the organization is essential to strengthen the New Deal forces in the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States for 1940. Both Olson and the lower house of the California Legislature have petitioned Congress to give the La Follette inquiry the funds it needs so that it may hold hearings in California. An unfortunate element in the situation is the hesitation exhibited by Senator La Follette. A combination of politics and punctilio has led him to pull his punches in the fight for his own inquiry. His political advisers in Wisconsin fear that the powerful enemies the investigation has made will spare no expense to defeat him for reelection. Senator La Follette had to fight hard for his last appropriation, and said at the time that he would not ask for another. He feels that honor requires him to abide by the promise. That makes the obligation to fight all the more binding on other progressives. The La Follette inquiry must go on.

The Bastille Tradition

BY CRANE BRINTON

THE fall of the Bastille was a marked day from the start. Even in Tsarist Moscow enlightened gentlemen put candles in their windows when the news came. The very first anniversary, July 14, 1790, was celebrated at Paris with impressive ceremonies at the Champ de Mars. It rained, perhaps in retrospect a not unhappy symbol; for the democratic faith in which July 14 is one of the holy days has had to prove itself no fair-weather faith. Now, on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the taking of the old feudal castle by the people of Paris, it still looks very much like rain. But, here and there all over the world, men will still celebrate the fall of the Bastille.

What are they celebrating? In France and the French dominions, they are in part celebrating a French national holiday. As an element in the *culte de la patrie,* July 14 is now so firmly established that it might well survive changes which, in pure logic, are quite antithetical to what the men of 1789 were striving for. Even a fascist France would probably have to make room for July 14, as the anti-clerical Third Republic has had to make room for Saint Joan of Arc. But Bastille Day, even more than the Fourth of July, is not just a national holiday. To the rest of the world, and to most Frenchmen, it is a memorial to the "principles of 1776 and 1789," to ideas common to Western democracy.

These ideas are to be found in eighteenth-century political writers of almost every nationality, in the American Declaration of Independence and Bills of Rights, and in the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen which followed hard on Bastille Day. About their meaning and application historians and political theorists have debated endlessly. Was the French Declaration, for instance, intended to protect the individual citizen against the tyranny of the government, or, on the contrary, was it meant to clear away the complicated web of surviving medieval restraints and associations in order to make the Leviathan state supreme over the helpless individual citizen? Is Rousseau's "Social Contract" at bottom an individualistic or a collectivistic document? So complicated are political processes that the answers men give to these and similar questions are confusingly at variance. Four years after 1789 Robespierre, who certainly thought of himself as a good child of the Revolution, could justify the Reign of Terror as "the despotism of liberty against tyranny." Nevertheless, if we go behind words to the sentiments, habits, and ways of life which words crudely bring together and focus, we find that after one hundred and fifty years Bastille Day still has concrete meaning for us.

In the first place, the storming of the Bastille was an act of defiance against vested authority, a dramatic and concrete assertion that men can and will overthrow a government with which they are dissatisfied. It is true historically that the governments brought in by such revolutionary acts have not been slow to claim for themselves all sorts of imprescriptible authority. Jefferson's generous willingness to contemplate the necessity for a revolution every twenty years or so has not usually been characteristic of successful revolutionists. It is also true that this revolutionary heritage has helped to breed a blind and foolish hatred of all governmental action, a hatred which skillful conservatives have often put to the paradoxical use of preventing political and economic change. Yet both for good and for bad, this vague feeling that there is nothing particularly sacred or final in anything a government does is one of the realities often disguised as "individualism." It is not, even in France and in the United States, a feeling so strong and universal as to come anywhere near what the political theorist calls anarchism. The crisis over President Roosevelt's Supreme Court plan taught us that even in the land where good citizens leave their cars under "No Parking" signs and picnic where "No Trespassing" is allowed, some governmental arrangements are *almost* sacred and final.

In the second place—and this is most important—the revolutionary tradition is tied up with an attitude which, for purposes of analysis, we shall have to call metaphysical. Like most such attitudes, it is not with most men consciously and elaborately worked out in words, as the professional philosopher likes to work it out. But to deny that ordinary men cherish metaphysical sentiments, and possess at least a set of stereotyped ideas to express such sentiments, is to be guilty of a very grave intellectualist fallacy. Briefly, the reason why no governmental arrangement is final in the democratic faith is that in this faith nothing is final, nothing absolute. Governments are made by human beings who cannot possibly be right all of the time.

It is clear that this operational conception of truth is at variance with some very fundamental human dispositions. No orthodox Christian theologian, for instance, can entirely accept it. It is, however, the basic assumption of what we call natural science, and, if only through the

triumphs of applied science, it has played a great and obvious part in the modern world. In its naked form of scientific skepticism, it seems clearly too much for ordinary men to bear, since in our daily lives habit and conditioning must put on something of the absolute. But in such modified forms as the nineteenth-century doctrines of evolution and progress, it has penetrated down into cultural levels for which the intellectual is likely to have a good deal of contempt. Try and tell most Americans that the idea of progress is meaningless! Not even the perfected totalitarian state has dared jettison the concept of progress.

Politically, these notions of government as a set of arrangements necessarily subject to change lead to the third general underlying characteristic of the democratic tradition: that government will change most readily which is conducted on the principle of the freest possible discussion. Since decisions must somehow be made, discussion will be followed by voting, and the wishes of the majority will prevail. But not forever. Renewed discussion will bring new problems and new majorities. From this there follows the apparatus of democratic government with which we are all familiar—universal suffrage, universal education, freedom of speech and of association, guaranties to minorities and to the individual, and, in practice, a party system of "ins" and "outs."

Such we take to be, in very simple form, the basic tradition of 1776 and 1789: a government by discussion in which all may take part, a belief in the necessity of change, a willingness in the final pinch to appeal to armed revolution to obtain change. There is a good deal else in the tradition, but on this much at least almost all the faithful would agree. It is a tradition still alive today, one hundred and fifty years after it received its most dramatic modern assertion, but a tradition never unchallenged, and today challenged with especial vigor. Large parts of Europe which played no small part in forming the tradition appear to have repudiated it entirely.

Moreover, within the democratic states themselves, fascist-minded groups are articulate and aggressive, while the democrats are confused and discouraged. The attempt to apply to the study of social problems methods successful in the natural sciences—an attempt thoroughly in accord with the democratic tradition—has added to the discomfiture of the democrats by casting doubt on some of their fundamental assumptions. The social science of the eighteenth-century founders of our tradition seems now to have been based on an untenable intellectualism. We simply cannot now think of man as a rational animal in the way a Holbach, a Godwin, or even a Bentham once thought of him. Experience has taken some of the rationalistic bloom off "government by discussion." To say this, however, is perhaps no more than to say that the eighteenth century cannot prescribe for the twentieth —which is in itself a statement in full accord with the democratic tradition. Holbach and Tom Paine may not have the whole answer to our contemporary dictators, but does this mean that there is no democratic answer? Surely not. A renewed democratic tradition may lack the freshness and innocence of the golden days that followed the fall of the Bastille (they were, by the way, very brief days), but it will still prove a going tradition.

Democracy has been a relatively rare political phenomenon, and would seem to depend for its existence on favoring conditions that in the past have been very difficult to maintain. Montesquieu was being more realistic than his vocabulary might now indicate when he said that the mainspring of a republic is "virtue." He seems to have meant that government by free discussion depends on those who discuss being pretty decent fellows, patient, good-tempered, informed, sensible, industrious, conditioned not to expect the impossible from themselves or from others. Thinkers as different as Plato, Aristotle, Polybius, and Machiavelli are in surprising agreement with Montesquieu. But we need not fall into Utopian exactions: the thing is a matter of balance, of something like a statistical generalization. A going democracy can absorb, or keep down, a lot of unfit material. Dozens of potential Hitlers are probably displaying their indecencies in the half-worlds of our big cities, as Hitler once displayed his in a Viennese poorhouse. A going democracy can put up with a considerable number of grafters, racketeers, pimps, show-offs, and Napoleons of finance, industry, amusement, education, and what not. But not with an unlimited number. Your average citizen of a democracy has got to be a fairly good human being, even to the extent of being a little priggish about it.

Moreover, this average citizen must not be too sorely tried by circumstances. Even with such consolations as a revealed religion can afford him, he does not bear up well under prolonged adversity. The decencies necessary to the democratic life cannot long be maintained in a population subject to serious economic want, to prolonged warfare, or to great and unchanging inequalities of wealth and social esteem. A great many men, even majorities, may be lifted briefly into heroism—a battle, a camp-meeting, a crusade, the siege of a Bastille—but few inductions from history are more certain than that this inhuman pitch of effort and excitement can not and does not last long. Populations long exposed to conditions that would try the endurance of a hero do not behave heroically—or democratically. They howl for a savior, and usually get him, and his name is often Hitler.

What is less obvious, and less studied—North Whitehead has made a beginning—is the upsetting effect of industrial and economic changes on the apparently necessary routines to which even democratic workers are conditioned. We have said that democracy depends on

change. So it does, but clearly some changes can be made too fast and too recklessly. Democracy also depends on various subtle and none too well recognized balances. It may be that our efficiency engineers are too far ahead of democracy, and that not in a strictly Veblenian sense.

What we have managed to make of the heritage of 1776 and 1789 in the last century and a half has been influenced in large measure by the expansion of our civilization on two frontiers: the external frontier of empty lands in the Americas, Australia, Africa, and Siberia, and the internal frontier of applied science—the industrial revolution. The first, we are told often enough, is almost shut; the second also seems to be closing a bit, but for reasons less unavoidable. There is always the hope that applied science may yet include applied social science. If it does we shall have an almost boundless frontier for democratic expansion.

Democracy is in for harder sledding than it had throughout most of the nineteenth century. Yet it still seems to promote certain ways of life, even disciplines, which lead to adaptability, initiative, and cooperation, and these are assets in the most ruthlessly Darwinian of worlds. It has survived a lot in the last 150 years—dictators like the two Napoleons, contrary faiths, at least two world wars, and some economic depressions which, judging from the newspapers of the time, must have seemed almost as bad as this one. It is now, if in no heroic measure, some part of the personal emotions of millions of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and Scandinavians, and, though for the moment suppressed, of Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and Russians as well. It is a part of the way we see the world. This sesquicentennial anniversary may be celebrated under a cloud, but the chance that our children will celebrate a bicentennial anniversary in 1989 is at least as good as the chance that in 1973 Italy will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the March on Rome, or that Germany in 1983 will hail the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Third Reich. For the external frontier is as closed to the totalitarians as it is to us; and we may believe that with all our failings the internal frontier, which is the frontier of human intelligence, foresight, and decency, is more accessible to us than to them.

Warn Japan Now!

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

EUROPE'S crisis clamors more insistently for attention just now, but a crisis of the same order is in the making in the Far East. It is still one or two stages behind Europe's but it is moving in the same direction, and if not arrested it will arrive at the same point. This point can be described briefly as the instant when it will be necessary to choose between a Far Eastern Munich and war. And as Europe proves, a Munich is a postponement, not a prevention of war.

Tientsin has quieted for the moment, but only for the moment. The British and Japanese are negotiating for a settlement, with prospects for success highly doubtful, but meanwhile the foreign communities in Tientsin remain under blockade. They remain, that is, hostages in Japan's hands, with Japan given the opportunity of starving or terrorizing them into submission at its pleasure until it has wrung from Great Britain, and inferentially the other Western powers, compulsory support of its invasion of China. But as the first week of the blockade proved, this is more than a diplomatic maneuver. It contains inflammables that may ignite the whole world from the Far East. The Japanese army has tasted the sweets of power over Occidentals, and after its fashion will hunger for more. Given another opportunity, it will show even less restraint. It will not only strip and beat foreigners; there is every likelihood of excesses that will provoke fighting in Tientsin which, even if it is directed against the British, will inevitably spread. There are Americans in Tientsin, too.

Even a settlement in Tientsin satisfactory to the Japanese would not eliminate the danger. In fact, it would aggravate it. What has happened in Tientsin would be duplicated in Shanghai. For more than a year the Japanese have been demanding increased rights in Shanghai and making such inroads as they can. Should they have their way in Tientsin, they will renew their attacks on the International Settlement in Shanghai with redoubled vigor. For the Japanese have set out to extirpate or nullify Western possessions, rights, and interests in China, partly for their intrinsic worth and partly because they believe that will deal a blow to Chinese morale and deprive the Chinese of such help as they indirectly get from the existence of the foreign concessions. Tactics that proved successful in Tientsin would be repeated in Shanghai, under conditions in which international complications could not possibly be avoided.

In all probability nothing can be done now to save Tientsin. Even if the British succeed in winning a compromise which will enable them to remain in the city the concessions will be under ceaseless blackmail. British

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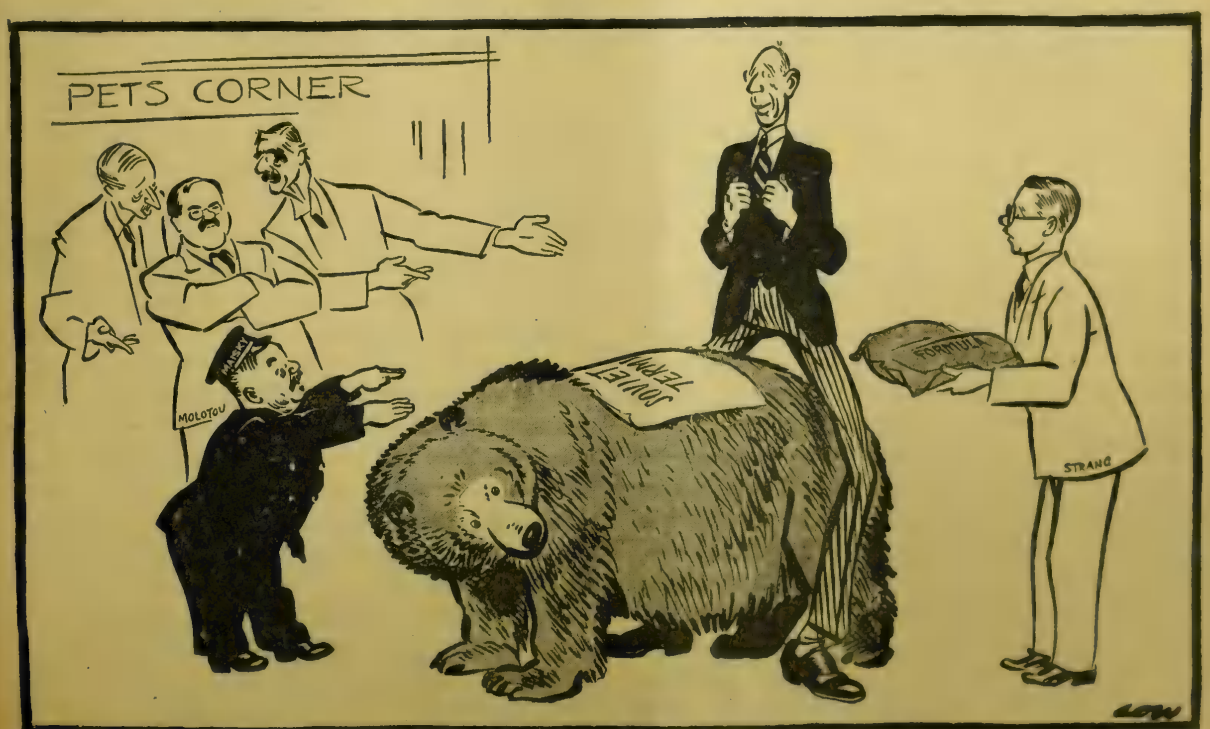
and French control will be a diplomatic fiction. Whether the British blundered by waiting too long to make a stand or were helpless because of the German threat, they have already lost. They have put themselves in a position in which they must either fight, which they cannot do, or, for all practical purposes, surrender.

It is not too late, however, to prevent a similar situation in Shanghai—and that is vital. There are some 40,000 Occidentals in Shanghai, including 4,000 civilian Americans and a United States Marine force of 1,000. There are British and American war vessels in the harbor. There are at least 3,000,000 Chinese in and around the Settlement and the French Concession. To blockade Shanghai as Tientsin was blockaded, to shut off food, institute searches, and make personal attacks without provoking a succession of clashes between foreign and Japanese troops is possible but too improbable to warrant consideration. And to yield to the Japanese in Shanghai as in Tientsin in order not to provoke formal conflict would be to invite a cataclysm. The Japanese for two years now have been marking Chinese individuals and groups for accounting. If their army were to enter the Settlement there would be slaughter and sacking of a kind and on a scale that has not been seen since the Middle Ages. Immunity for the 40,000 white men and women in the city would be impossible even if the Japanese soldiers did not get out of control, as they always have in the past. In short, the Western countries, and the United States in particular, would find themselves compelled to fight or to surrender under conditions which they would find intolerable. Without any desire to be melodramatic or alarmist, I believe that if the Japanese attempt to reduce the International Settlement at Shanghai there will be war. And the point is this: if they are not forewarned in time they will attempt to do just that.

Thus the Western powers would have to choose reluctantly between going to war on an issue that is not intrinsically worth a war or making a surrender that would not only be unpalatable but would be a prelude to more egregious demands and more unpalatable surrenders. And this time the United States would be directly involved, for it is in Shanghai that most of its Far Eastern interests lie. The British complaisance over Tientsin may well be attributed to a desire to shift the test to Shanghai, where the Americans have so great a stake.

As contemporary Europe proves, there is only one way to deal with "Munichs"—prevent them from arising. Once the situation is at hand, there is nothing for it but to fight or to invite further aggressions by yielding with the prospect of having to fight ultimately under more unfavorable circumstances. A Far Eastern Munich can be forestalled in only one way: by doing early in the summer of 1939 what Chamberlain did not do early in the summer of 1938 in Europe, namely, to serve notice.

This time Great Britain cannot serve notice, because



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO SIT DOWN

Germany stands in the way. The United States can, and it is idle to argue that its stake in the Far East is negligible. In the first place, historically this is not true. In the second place, it will be irrelevant if United States marines are mowed down by Japanese machine guns when they go to the rescue of American civilians.

The United States has one powerful weapon which can be effective without being unsheathed. That is Japan's fear of American military and economic might and its manifest desire to keep this country from becoming hostile. To this factor alone is attributable such restraint as Japan has shown thus far. Only this fear can prevent Japan now from creating a situation that will leave the United States little or no choice but to intervene. If the Japanese know unmistakably *in advance* that there is a line beyond which they will not be permitted to go, they may reconcile themselves to remaining on the safe side.

That line should be drawn at Shanghai. The Japanese must be informed *now* and in words that cannot be misunderstood that the International Settlement at Shanghai is international, its status guaranteed by a network of treaties and subject to change only by international action, and that any Japanese attempt to change its status by unilateral action will automatically invoke penalties.

By way of pointing the warning, plans should be made in advance. There is already, in Japan's discrimination against American trade in North China and on the Yangtsze River, ample ground for imposing countervailing duties against Japanese goods. Other retaliatory measures can be prepared—denunciation of commercial treaties, restriction of exports to Japan in graduated stages measured by the seriousness of Japanese offenses, and, if necessary, the closing of outlying American ports —the Philippines, for example—to Japanese trade. Meanwhile the extension of additional credits to China would accentuate the warning.

The last year has shown that immunity from risk of war cannot be preserved in the contemporary world by inaction. The negative course has been all but fatal in Europe. It will be similarly disastrous in the Far East. Only unequivocal words and preparations to translate them into action will persuade the Japanese to choose discretion. Otherwise the West must be drawn into the Far Eastern war, and under present world conditions the West includes the United States. In the interest of the future peace of Asia, all else aside, it is better that the Chinese-Japanese war be settled in the Far East. Then China, if it escapes defeat, can be master in its own home and there will be no further Western complications. It is highly important to avoid converting the present war into a conflict between Japan and the West over Western rights in China. The next few weeks are crucial —as crucial as the weeks of June and July in Central Europe last summer. In September it was too late. If we wait much longer, it will be too late in the Far East.

This Is America

IV. THE GARNER COUNTRY

BY CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

"IF ROOSEVELT doesn't run, I'm for Garner." This is the answer that the Southwest most often gives to the question of 1940. It comes from ranchers, from drillers in the oil fields, from sharecroppers in East Texas, from Spanish-American tenant farmers in New Mexico. Yet most of these people believe in the New Deal, and know that Garner stands at the very opposite pole from Roosevelt. Why, then, does there exist this widespread confusion of thought and purpose?

Put part of it down to the obvious fact that Garner, as the favorite son not only of Texas but to a considerable extent of the whole Southwest, appeals strongly to sectional pride. Put more of it down to the fact that any liberal candidate, other than Roosevelt, represents only part of the New Deal. For example, Wallace stands in the public mind for the AAA, Hopkins for the WPA, and the enemies of both organizations just about cancel out their friends. The New Deal has been singularly impotent in producing a spiritual and political heir.

The Southwest will give its electoral vote to the Democratic candidate in 1940. This is certainly true of Texas with 23 electoral votes and Oklahoma with 11; it is true also of New Mexico and Arizona with their three apiece unless the Republican vote should roll in like a tidal wave. It matters little whether the candidate be Roosevelt, Garner, Farley, Clark, Hull, Murphy, or the darkest of the dark horses. Farley or Murphy could carry the Southwest with ease, for anti-Catholic feeling has declined since all four states voted against Smith in 1928. A Jewish candidate could carry the Southwest, too, for that matter, if one were nominated; for anti-Semitism has almost vanished since the Ku Klux Klan fell into a consumptive invalidism in 1924.

But in the struggle for control of the Democratic

Party, it is plain that in the Southwest Roosevelt alone can win for the New Deal. Senator Josh Lee of Oklahoma writes me: "I am convinced that the people are whole-heartedly for Roosevelt and will vote for him overwhelmingly if a candidate in 1940." That seems to be a sound view not only of Oklahoma but of all four states in the Southwest. People will vote for Roosevelt because he sums up the whole New Deal, and especially because he personifies it in spirit.

The repeated failure of recovery measures has not been charged against the President. Business leaders are blamed instead, for the Southwest has a tradition of finding the origin of all its troubles in Wall Street. Besides, much of the Southwest, especially Oklahoma and Texas, escaped a part of the 1937-38 decline. This escape helped the political fortunes of the New Deal, though the credit for it should go largely to the oil industry; or to the motoring public, who will buy gasoline in good season and bad. All four Southwestern states now produce oil, the first well in Arizona having been brought in 35 miles southwest of Phoenix as recently as June 22. Texas is the nation's greatest oil-producing state; Oklahoma is third, outranked only by Texas and California. In 1938 the oil production of Texas and Oklahoma was 640,067,631 barrels, more than half of the whole production of the United States. Texas alone in 1938 produced 39.2 per cent of the nation's oil, and 23.7 per cent of the world's output.

Crude oil currently brings about a dollar a barrel, which means that Texas and Oklahoma receive about $650,000,000 a year from crude oil alone. Yet independent oil producers and the men who drill the wells complain that the cream of the profits is skimmed off by the North and East. This is all a part of the wail of most of the country west of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio that it pays too much interest, is discriminated against on freight rates, and, in general, as President Roosevelt put it, "is in hock to the North." The cry is true enough in general, but it is also a lazy excuse for each section to throw up its hands and weep, "We can't do anything about our share-croppers, or our migratory workers, until we get out of the clutches of the Wall Street bankers." Incidentally, however, it does serve the useful purpose of splitting the business opposition to Roosevelt. Many small independent oil operators, for example, align themselves with Roosevelt because they feel themselves squeezed between the big oil companies and the bankers.

The stability of the oil industry is currently threatened by low tank-wagon prices for gasoline and overproduction of crude. Sinclair has recently led the way toward higher tank-wagon prices, and the industry can probably solve that problem itself. But it is doubtful if anything short of rigid federal control will ever end the threat which always confronts the oil industry of drowning in its own crude supplies. Yet the big oil men are deathly afraid of federal regulation, and their sweet dreams of two-dollar oil are disturbed by nightmares of Harold Ickes with a gas flare, a somewhat sour-faced Diogenes prowling among the derricks in search of an honest man.

Oil brings more money than does cotton to the Southwest, but cotton affects more than three times as many people. How this works out in terms of human lives may be seen from the fact that while in Texas in 1938 oil was dividing $550,000,000 among the 800,000 people depending on it, cotton was dividing $129,000,000, less than one-fourth as much, among more than three times as many dependents, 2,700,000. From this point of view, the cotton industry was only one-twelfth as efficient as the oil industry.

Cotton has always been a poor man's crop. Poor men grow cotton, and growing cotton makes men poor. Exporters bewailing the loss of foreign markets may forget these unhappy facts, but cotton farmers do not. Tell a farmer how the New Deal has ruined the cotton market and he will probably remind you that before the New Deal, in 1932, under Herbert Hoover, he sold cotton for as low as four cents. Moreover, farmers would be in a bad way without their New Deal checks, and they know it. A survey of ten Texas cotton counties revealed that benefit payments in 1938 made up a third of the farmers' income; and that even with the benefit payments the farmers received only 53 per cent of what was their normal income prior to 1931.

Nobody has much hope that the international cotton conference called by Secretary Wallace to meet in Washington on September 5 will discover a solution to the cotton problem. But it is so serious that men are now grasping at straws. There is little disposition among growers to blame either Roosevelt or Wallace for failing to find a solution. The general attitude is that the New Deal is doing the best it can. One farmer told me, "I don't figure you ought to shoot a man while he's tryin'."

Cotton exporters are not so charitable. They've been in a shooting mood for four years. Exporters want a big crop and an open world market; they care little about the price and less about the men and women who plant and pick the crop. The government's loan policy has helped to bring the export market to a sixty-year low, and feeling is so bitter among exporters that it is as much as one's life is worth to go into the Houston Cotton Exchange, and suggest quietly, even to a stenographer in an outer office, that Mr. Roosevelt is a kind man, if deluded on the subject of cotton. But just to illustrate how confused political loyalties can be, the same cotton exporters who have no kind word for Mr. Roosevelt's Mr. Wallace have high praise for Mr. Roosevelt's Mr. Hull and his reciprocal trade agreements.

After oil and cotton comes livestock as the third of

the major products on which the Southwest bases its economy. Dust storms and acreage controls on cotton and wheat have reversed a long-time trend from cattle-raising to farming. In Texas in 1938 the income from livestock, amounting to $303,000,000, was only 7 per cent less than the income from crops, with livestock increasing and crops decreasing. This trend if continued may some day jeopardize the cattle market, but for the present prices are good and cattlemen have been fairly prosperous since 1934.



Mayor Maury Maverick

Roosevelt's order to purchase 48,000 pounds of Argentine corned beef for the navy was whipped to a froth by his enemies all through the Southwest. But most cattlemen know that Argentine corned beef is on the shelves of every cross-roads store. Very little beef is corned in the United States. Nevertheless, cattlemen are jealous of the home market, and if prices were endangered, the incident might be used effectively against Roosevelt.

The cattleman, with a jealous eye on the American market, tends to be an extreme isolationist. The cotton man is more likely to take an interest in foreign affairs. But the Southwest, including even the cotton ports, is interested more in Latin America than in Europe. The Southwesterner could look with equanimity upon the destruction of democracy in Europe—partly because Europe is remote, partly because he feels that people like the English with a king and queen and all that aristocratic flapdoodle can't be very good democrats anyway. But if fascism were to threaten to gain a foothold in South America or Mexico, the Southwesterner would be much concerned, and he might even be willing to fight about it.

The Southwest is so eager to do business with Mexico, and to encourage tourist travel back and forth, that good-will junkets are almost as common along the border as Mexican jumping beans. But relations with Mexico have been clouded for the last year by the oil expropriation of March 18, 1938. Except for the big oil men, who would like to see a stout stick waved in the direction of Mexico from Washington, the average Southwesterner would gladly see the problem settled on reasonable terms. He feels that Mexico was completely in the wrong and shouldn't have done it at all; but now that it has done it, he is eager for the United States to make as good terms as possible, without kicking up a lot of bad feeling that will hurt the tourist trade.

On the whole, the Southwest prefers the good-neighbor policy. That is why President Roosevelt's strong stand against the dictators, which would have been unpopular in the Southwest if it had concerned only Europe, has been popular because it seemed designed also to protect American interests in Mexico and South America.

Maury Maverick's election as mayor of San Antonio has put liberals in the Southwest into a fighting mood again. Before the returns were all in on election night, liberals were jubilantly crying, "Next we'll get old Jack Garner." That cry was a trifle optimistic, for Cactus Jack, the poker-playing sage of Uvalde, will be a hard man to beat in the Southwest, especially in Texas. Roosevelt alone can do it, and then only if he makes an open fight. But if a fight is to be made against Garner, Maury Maverick has certain obvious qualifications for acting as field marshal for Roosevelt.

In these heated days Maverick's excellent war record will do him no harm. His good family connections will be an asset; his grandfather was a mayor of San Antonio a hundred years ago, and also a signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence. But more important, Maverick really likes to fight. He believes in democracy. He has a compassionate feeling for the disinherited. And finally he has a strong hold on the Mexican vote.

There are nearly two million Mexicans and Spanish-Americans in the Southwest. They have recently been awakening to political consciousness. It was the Mexican pecan-shellers or *nueceros* who were largely responsible for Maverick's impressive victory. Moreover, when Maverick took office on June 1, the governor of the State of Coahuila, Mexico, sent an official delegation, thus making Maverick's inaugural a symbol of international amity.

Maverick's election as mayor wipes out his defeat last year for reelection to Congress, and puts him again on the political highroad. When he went back to Washington after his defeat in 1938 the liberals had a party of consolation, a sort of wake, for him. They told Maury how much the country would miss him, and cried so much into each other's drinks that they spoiled the scotch-and-soda. But Maury was not impressed.

That was the trouble with liberals; too many tears and not enough fight; too many theories and not enough votes. "What this country needs," says Maverick, "is fewer bureaucrats and brain-trusters, and more politicians who are honest but can still get the votes." He knew he had failed of reelection because he had neglected his home fences, and he decided to go back to start all over again. He believes that it is important first of all to make democracy work at home, in the cities and the counties, the weakest divisions of American government.

The mayoralty campaign was bitter. Maverick was

called every kind of radical. "The red fog rolled up so thick I could hardly see," says Maury. It was recognized that the result would depend largely on how great a majority he could get among the Mexicans on the West Side. On election night the West Side boxes were slow in reporting. Maverick was a little ahead in the early returns, but only by a couple of hundred votes, and several machine boxes certain to go strongly against him were still out. Then Precinct 33 from the West Side was reported. Out of 393 votes cast, 303 were for Maverick.

Maverick's first job will be to clean up the corruption in San Antonio's city hall. He has been in office a little more than a month now, and has made a fine start. But he will also be in the center of the political ferment that is just beginning to brew in the Southwest; and in the South, too. A week after his election as mayor, in a speech at Austin, Maverick put himself at the head of the anti-Garner forces by consigning to the Garner camp "every Roosevelt hater; every enemy of progress; every anti-Democrat; and a trainload of carpet-baggers and the most reactionary Republicans who would like to see the Democratic Party lose in 1940."

After it had been made known in Washington that regardless of what Roosevelt does, Garner's name will be put before the Democratic convention next June, Maverick repeated the substance of his Austin speech. Since Roosevelt has not announced his intentions for 1940, Maverick asked for an uninstructed delegation from Texas. His speeches must be looked upon as at once a notice and an invitation; a notice that there is some one in Texas who is ready and willing to come to grips with Garner, and an invitation to Roosevelt to get into the fight.

The subject should not be dismissed without casual reference to one of Roosevelt's uncounted assets and one of Garner's uncounted liabilities: Roosevelt's son, Elliott. In his capacity as a political expert and Fort Worth radio commentator, Elliott says many nice things about Garner, but he is not doing Cactus Jack any good. For Southwesterners within the sound of Elliott's voice are a somewhat old-fashioned lot; and although they observe the Ten Commandments no better than do people elsewhere, they do believe that if a son cannot honor his father, he should at least remain silent.

Wendell Willkie Is Wuined

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

THE silly season was with us earlier than usual this year. Ordinarily the official opening is the week-end of the Fourth when a dearth of news sends reporters to the morgue in search of shirt-tails for the perennial sea-serpent stories or to Long Island to cover the annual address of Nicholas Murray Butler on the State of the Nation.

In this screwball year of 1939, however, the silly season got well under way early in the spring and it now gives promise of staying with us until after the next Presidential election. It started under the spiritual if not the zodiacal sign of Pisces. Fish talk was mingled with the prevalent baby-talk of the swung nursery rhymes. The reversion of a whole people first to childhood days and then to their finny origins is an interesting commentary on our times. Inaugurated appropriately enough in our institutions of higher learning, the escape to idiocy soon swept the country. It was a short step from the gulping of goldfish to the mass singing of that rollicking ballad that begins:

> Fee iddy fishies fimmin' in de poo,
> Fee iddy fishies an' de mummy fishie too.

Future historians will doubtless set down this flight to the primal ooze as an indication of collective yearning for some sort of fundamental security. However that may be, examples of the delights of idiocy ranging from the speeches of neo-Bryanite Senators from the Free Silver states of New Jersey and Vermont to the current writings of Wendell Willkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation since 1933, are abundantly at hand for anthologists of the fantastic. And since the name of the top Man of Vision is a headline commonplace, let the anthologists begin with Wendell's literary outpourings now flowing from the *Atlantic* to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

His theme song is the Ruination Blues. Mr. Willkie has, it seems, been ruined, not through any flaw in his impeccable public character, Heaven forfend, but rather because of the "cruel" and "brutal" (to use two of Wendell's favorite adjectives) machinations of a ruthless federal government. You will recall that everything was lovely in the Tennessee Valley prior to 1933—happy share-croppers whistling while they worked, contented factory hands singing at the looms, smiling housewives lighting kerosene lamps. Then along came George Norris with his crackpot schemes for getting cheap electricity to the Valley people, together with other things, and the wailing of the Willkie was heard in the land. Since then it has risen to a poignant crescendo.

By a fortunate coincidence, those of us who constitute

the underlying consumers are now permitted a close-up view of just what a utility man has in mind when he announces that he is ruined. At the very moment that Mr. Willkie's article called, "Brace Up, America!" was being acclaimed by the readers of the *Atlantic*, there appeared the annual report of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, summarized in the New York *Times* as follows: "The report of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation and subsidiaries for the twelve months ending on May 31, 1939 . . . showed a consolidated net income of $14,144,128, after all expenses and charges. This was equal, after preferred dividend charges, to 15 cents each on the corporation's 33,673,328 shares of common stock outstanding and compared with $4,800,842, or 3 cents a share, in the twelve months ended on May 31, 1938. Net income in May, 1939, was $1,014,096, against $620,949 in May, 1938."

In the version of the Willkie dirge revised for the benefit of *Saturday Evening Post* readers and adorned with a picture of a disconsolate man drooping over a park bench, whom for a moment we took to be Mr. Willkie himself, we come upon the familiar laments—"the effects of excessive taxation," "the fear of government itself," "our democracy will vanish in the chaos of national bankruptcy." Scarcely were the tears dry upon this manuscript when we were informed that the government had been so touched by Mr. Willkie's recital that it had agreed to pay ten million dollars more for his Tennessee subsidiary than the government thought it was worth. Then the President in one of his less brutal moods sought to appease Mr. Willkie and his fellow shirt-tearers still further by assuring them that he had no hate on the utilities. But Wendell was inconsolable. He kept right on keening until the other day the House passed a measure looking to the hamstringing of TVA. In the language of de fishies "Dey fam and dey fam all over de dam."

Ordinarily you'd expect this would make Mr. Willkie very happy indeed. In fact it was regarded as such a victory for the forces of "liberal business" that a move was started to nominate Mr. Willkie for President on the Republican ticket in 1940. But still things were terrible. It turned out that Mr. Willkie had hollered so loud that he had gummed up TVA funds ear-marked for the purchase of his own property.

It's all very discouraging. And somewhat mystifying. However, Mr. Willkie is writing a book telling us how to get back our "neglected liberty—that of free enterprise." The temperature rises as we await its publication. At such a time what more natural than to turn to the author of "Iddy Biddy Poo" for the answers to the problems posed by Mr. Willkie and his associated Jeremiahs? Aren't they all summed up in those immortal words: "Boop, boop, dittum, dottum, wattum-Chui"?

Everybody's Business

Prosperous Sweden

Stockholm, June 23

SWEDEN has undeniable claims to be considered the most prosperous country in the world. Unemployment is no longer a special problem. Outside of two industries where unusual circumstances prevail the number of jobless is hardly more than can be accounted for by seasonal factors and normal labor turnover. The sharp recession which hit the United States and Britain in the fall of 1937 was only reflected here after a considerable interval and then very mildly. The index of production compiled by the Federation of Swedish Industries (1935 equals 100) achieved a record level of 123 in the last quarter of 1937. By the third quarter of 1938 it had slipped back to 114 but thereafter the rally in American business was paralleled and by February this year the index was 119. It has almost certainly risen several points since then.

Of course neither employment nor volume of production is, by itself, an adequate measure of prosperity. If this were the case, Germany today would be the most flourishing of all countries. But the enormous rise in German production is represented largely by goods which have no consumptive value in the present nor productive value in the future and, far from permitting an improved standard of living, it has led to a definite deterioration. In Sweden, on the other hand, there has been a slow but steady improvement since the end of the great depression. Real wages now are some 10 per cent higher than in 1929 and in addition the workers have benefited by largely increased social expenditures.

There has also been since the depression a definite improvement in the income of the farmers, who form an important section of the population. This is largely due to the efforts of the government, in which the Labor and Farmer parties collaborate, to raise and control agricultural prices. Its policy has necessitated some increase in the cost of living and, to that extent, has involved a sacrifice on the part of the workers. But the government, with the general approval of its supporters, decided that if the country's economy was to be properly balanced, the disproportionately low share of the national income accruing to the farming community must be increased. Moreover the measures of control work both ways so that when the world price of cereals rose sharply in 1936 Swedish grain prices were not permitted to follow.

It may of course be only a coincidence that Sweden not merely is the most prosperous country in the world today but, apart from the Soviet Union, has a greater proportion of its economy subject to collective ownership and control than any other. Compared to the degree of socialism accepted here quite calmly by all classes, the "socialism" of the New Deal which causes Wall Street such apoplexy is not very impressive. Here practically all public utilities are owned either by the state or the municipalities. The major part of the railroad system has long been the property of the nation and the few remaining private lines are about to be taken over. The state telephone service is both efficient and cheap and a high percentage of homes are wired.

Electric power production is largely in the hands of the

state and the municipalities, though there are also a number of closely controlled private undertakings. Long before TVA was thought of, the joint exploitation of navigable waterways and hydro-electric stations by a state organization was an old story in Sweden. Many of the best power sites were on the extensive publicly owned lands and instead of handing these over to private enterprise the state proceeded to develop them.

Other state economic interests include the tobacco monopoly, a major share in the liquor monopoly, some 20 per cent of the forests, and large participations in the great iron-ore mines of the north and in the Boliden goldfield, the most important in Europe. Recently it has entered the field of road transportation in competition with private interests. On the whole it may be said that the state has closed the chief avenues to private monopoly and kept a strong hand on the exploitation of natural resources.

The various public enterprises are managed on business lines by a number of separate administrations whose budgets are not lumped in with the national budget in the haphazard way which we still follow in the United States. Expenditures for railroad electrification, or for the extension of a power station, are properly treated as a capital outlay to be provided out of loans and not as a charge on current revenues. Nor do the state enterprises as a whole require a draft on taxes in order to make their accounts balance. On the contrary they contribute each year to the national treasury a sum which not only meets the interest on the whole national debt but in good years provides a substantial contribution to general revenues.

For all this, the capitalist survives in Sweden and apparently prospers. Practically the whole field of manufacturing industry is open to him but, since accumulation by way of monopoly is barred, he has had to depend for success on inventive skill and organization. It is necessary to add, however, that banking finance, which is largely concentrated in four big institutions, exercises a great influence over industry. This power seems at present to be used with some caution; no doubt because the government is watchful for abuses and has weapons available to check them.

Is it fair to assume a connection between the partial socialism of Sweden and the way in which it has been able to push through the great depression to a new era of prosperity? I believe it is. The fact that the state was already responsible for a large part of the annual new investment of the country made it much easier to develop and carry out a public-works program. Again, the restriction of the scope of private enterprise has tended to check the growth of great fortunes and thus prevented, to the same extent as with us, the accumulation of savings in excess of amounts which can be absorbed by new investments. Equally, it limited the area in which that sensitive plant, "business confidence," could operate as a decisive factor.

Business spokesmen here naturally hesitate to endorse this analysis, just as they minimize the influence of government policies in overcoming the crisis. Their version is that the depression was beaten by normal recovery forces assisted by luck—for instance, the rearmament demand for iron ore. In government circles the element of luck is not denied, but it is claimed, and I feel with justice, that without economic planning recovery would have been less complete and less stable.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

ALLEN ZOLL, leader of American Patriots, Inc., will have something else to explain after his trial for attempting to extort $7,500 from WMCA radio officials. The Institute for Propaganda Analysis has obtained a copy of a letter Zoll wrote to the Japanese Institute, official Japanese propaganda agency, several months ago, in which he offered the services of his organization to help "cultivate goodwill" for Japan's cause in America. He boasted that A. Claude Gill, formerly an expert on "communism" for the Hearst papers and an official of numerous patriotic societies, is one of his aides. Zoll said that he would help the Japanese fight "communism" for $5,000 a month. Whether his offer has been accepted isn't known.

JAPANESE-BRITISH relations may be further aggravated by the work of a Tokyo liquor merchant. He's just issued a brand of whisky bearing this label: "As supplied to His Majesty King George VI, bottled at Buckingham Palace under the personal supervision of the king." The whisky is so strong that two shots destroys consciousness.

THE BOSTON Branch of the Workers' Defense League has just issued this circular letter on the Maritime Union strike against Standard Oil: "Standard Oil and its subsidiaries cannot continue these tactics unless they can sell their products. On the enclosed sheet is to be found a list of these products. It is contrary to the laws of the Commonwealth to advocate a secondary BOYCOTT. Therefore this letter has been careful to avoid advocating a popular boycott of all Standard Oil products."

DESPITE NEW JERSEY'S newly enacted law against the wearing of "foreign uniforms," Nazi Bundmen continue to parade in the same costumes. They insist that both their organization and their uniforms are "American." The fact is that the Bund's uniforms, although tailored in the United States, were designed in Berlin by the Propaganda Ministry.

NORMAN BEL GEDDES is designing a new format for the New York *Post*. . . . The magazine *Psychiatry* published in its June issue a solemn analysis of the origins of pornographic limericks; most of the last lines are omitted. . . . George Sokolsky is preparing an attack for *Liberty* on the Institute for Propaganda Analysis. . . . A traveler recently returned from Germany reports that German students are being taught that Holland will soon be part of the Reich.

FROM THE New York *Times* July 6: "Mr. Chamberlain is determined not to bring Mr. Churchill into the cabinet at this moment, but even the Prime Minister's most loyal rooters do not care to say Mrs. Churchill can be kept out for good."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SOME months ago I was warned when in Washington to keep my eye on Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. My informants insisted that he was the man who at the proper time would appear from behind the Garner candidacy. Hence I was much interested to read last week that Senator Johnson of Colorado had come out for Mr. Wheeler for the nomination, and this just the day after the Senator had spiked the story that he was being approached by pro-Roosevelt persons to get him to agree to run for the Vice-Presidency with the President. Mr. Wheeler promptly announced that he would not do so and that he was absolutely opposed to giving the President a third term. Well, there was no dodging the issue there. But when he was suggested for the Presidency Mr. Wheeler remained modestly silent. Senator Johnson declared that Mr. Wheeler is a real liberal "whose record for liberalism was made long before 1933, and who is so honest and trustworthy that he holds the respect and confidence of the most conservative Democrats in the land." He added that Senator Wheeler "has been a loyal supporter of President Roosevelt except on a very few occasions."

I can certify that Mr. Johnson is right in saying that Burt Wheeler's liberalism antedates the New Deal, for I campaigned with him when he was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the La Follette ticket in 1924. I then found him sound by my tests and beliefs, courageous, quite willing to be on the unpopular side, and an extremely effective campaigner. We were in the aftermath of the degraded Harding Administration, with Coolidge in the White House trying to gloss over the crookedness of the sale of the government's oil lands and Senator Fall's acceptance of a bribe handed to him in a little black bag. Senator Wheeler turned out to be a remarkable actor, with a great sense of the dramatic. His experiences as a prosecuting attorney in Montana stood him in excellent stead. He had an empty chair placed on the stage near him, made an imaginary culprit take his seat, and then proceeded to cross-examine the imaginary person so skillfully and eloquently that the audience fairly gasped. Of course he repeated the phantom answers as if they had been made and so gave the spellbound listeners a wonderful picture of what had happened in the oil scandals.

Now it is alleged that he has forsworn all his liberalism, become the tool of the interests he first opposed, and a reactionary. The chief reason for this is that he fought the President's court-packing plan and the first Reorganization Bill, and some other measures. When he ran for reelection in Montana he was bitterly attacked by the left-wingers, who made the same charge of his having gone over to the enemy. His defeat was freely prophesied, but he won easily. He was the extremely skillful general in charge of the opposition to the Supreme Court reorganization bill, and it was his strategy which succeeded. He kept himself considerably in the background. Now that opposition does not seem a sin to me because I appeared before the Senate Committee to testify against the packing of the Supreme Court. But there is a school of reformers to whom any differing from F. D. R. is a sin.

During these last ten years Burton Wheeler has become one of the foremost American authorities on our railroads while acting as chairman of the Senate committee dealing with railroad problems. He has deliberately steeped himself in this subject, believing that somebody in the Senate must do it. In doing so he has put aside opportunities for leadership in other fields and spoken far less on popular questions than in the past, which doubtless leads some people to believe that he is less interested in progress. I do not now know if he really has drifted from his former progressive moorings; I shall await proof of it.

Another public man whose name keeps coming to the front is Secretary Hull. Were he younger, physically stronger, and an effective campaigner we should hear a great deal of his candidacy. I have been much interested by the fact that two of the ablest Washington correspondents, Raymond Clapper of the Scripps-Howard newspapers and J. Fred Essary of the Baltimore *Sun*, have come out for Mr. Hull, using, curiously enough, almost the same language on different occasions. Said Mr. Clapper: "If I were God, I'd make Cordell Hull the Presidential candidate of the Democratic Party. That is the practical thing for the party to do." Mr. Essary tells me that whenever he presents Mr. Hull's name to an audience the applause is long and loud. Yet I do not find anybody in the profession who thinks that there is any chance of nominating Mr. Hull. Tennessee is no more a pivotal state than is Burton Wheeler's Montana. But more than that, it is known that Mr. Hull is not popular with the New Dealers because at heart he is opposed to so many of the New Deal policies. It is still felt in Washington that no man opposed by the President can get the Democratic nomination. Personally I am not so sure about that, but that is the prevailing belief.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

ONE OF America's gifts to civilization, and I say it brazenly, has been the mass production of innumerable commodities at low prices. Soviet Russia is perhaps the best point of vantage from which to get an objective view of this phenomenon which we take so much for granted; there one realizes that the ten-cent store, figuratively speaking, is one of the wonders of the modern world. But the view is only less striking from other European countries.

Our preoccupation, as a nation, with things, which has at once stimulated and been stimulated by mass production of commodities, has been deplored by countless social critics; and certainly there is a suggestion of inner poverty in the spectacle of a man driving a car at fifty miles an hour with a radio roaring in his ears. Radicals are likely to write down this love of gadgets as another sign that Americans are hopelessly bourgeois. I think it is childish rather than bourgeois and not at all hopeless. It is slowly coming to be realized that socialism, which presumably radicals aim at, can exist only in the midst of plenty, including plenty of gadgets. It seems clear to me that if we ever reach maturity it will be by way of outgrowing our dependence on things through surfeit rather than through renunciation. For better or for worse, Americans have not been schooled to renunciation. Meanwhile the fact that the farmer plows his fields with a tractor to the accompaniment of a radio and that automobiles and automatic ice-boxes are passing into the category of necessities rather than luxuries for great sections of the population is to me a social good. Even radicals have been known to take pleasure in fast cars and handsome bathrooms; yet I suspect you would find that the average American has the vague but deep impression that socialism means dividing what he has with other people instead of increased prosperity for everyone except the Morgans and the Rockefellers and the other denizens of the higher income brackets. This is partly the fault of the radicals themselves, who still suffer from the Puritan asceticism of Cotton Mather and to whom the economy of abundance is still somehow immoral. Their tack should be to make Americans want more, not less. It wouldn't do any harm if radicals came out oftener for the American bathroom and the electric razor; it might even help to dispel the picture of reds as long-bearded and slightly soiled. Radicals could stand a touch of glamor.

I personally consider the American bathroom an element in the good life. But I want a great deal more. I want, for instance, what Europeans take for granted, books so cheap that I can own every book I've ever liked or thought I'd like, so cheap that lending books would be a pure pleasure from which one could afford to expect no return. What's more, I think that the desire for books is far more widespread than highbrows believe and that it can be enormously increased by the stimulant that has helped to create demand for other commodities, namely low prices. Make good books as cheap and easy to get as pulp magazines are today and buyers will not be lacking, even in benighted America. One of the strongest impulses in the average American is to get something reputed very good for very little. This may not be an admirable motive for buying good books but it will put them in a strategic position, and good books have always had a way of fighting their own battles.

The worst criticism of our ten-cent-store civilization—and it is a devastating one—is that good books are still a luxury. The average European may lack a tiled bathroom; he usually has a library, for in every country in Europe books old and new, good and mediocre, are incredibly cheap and abundant. I would prefer a library to a bathroom; but there is no good reason why I should not have both; the reproach is not that so many Americans have demanded and obtained bathrooms but that they have not insisted also on having libraries at a commensurate price. Up to now the publishing business in America has been based on a unit price in the neighborhood of $2.50. Mass production has passed it by. A publisher can show you figure by figure why he must charge $2.50 for a light novel, and the figures are convincing within their terms of reference. It is the terms of reference that one cannot accept as final. If you assume that a book will not on the average sell more than 2,500 copies then you set the price at $2.50 or $3 or $4, depending on the cost of the book and upon the price you think the limited traffic will bear. That means, of course, that in most cases you are automatically limiting its sale to 2,500 or less. If you strike a best-seller, the price of $2.50, once the initial costs have been paid, yields a nice profit. The publisher may tell you that this profit merely takes up the slack on the less fortunate books. This argument may or may not be valid, depending on the number of unprofitable books the publisher issues. But publishers do not as a group pay the highest income taxes and it seems very likely that the average publisher loses money on 80 per cent of his books and makes his profit on 20 per cent if only for the reason that he operates under a mechanism which mass production has made anachronistic in other fields.

Another argument sometimes advanced, that cheap books do not sell, may also have a limited validity, but only, again, within the terms of this mechanism. The publishing business has not been geared to the merchandising of cheap books; since, given his limited market, a publisher makes more money on a $2.50 book than on a dollar book, he naturally spends his advertising appropriations and his selling energy on the $2.50 item. Booksellers do likewise. Publishers and booksellers are business men first of all, even though many of them are also genuinely interested in literature. Moreover, the reading public, aside from its lack of taste and anti-intellectual bias, has been conditioned to regard books as luxuries. It goes to a bookstore only when it has $2.50; for the rest it reads magazines of which the cost is paid by advertisers, not by readers. What the publishers need is the market that magazines now dominate, a market which cannot be reached with a price of $2.50.

This is all by way of leading up to the latest venture by a publisher into mass production and low prices—Pocket Books. Unlike Modern Age Books, which started two years ago and seems to be doing nicely, Pocket Books are exclusively reprints, on the theory, which seems prudent, that the millions who do not now buy books at all can best be conditioned to buying books if they are started off with established titles. This policy eliminates the element of chance in issuing new books which is one of the imponderables in the publishing business. Robert de Graff, editor of Pocket Books, believes that new books must continue to be introduced through the higher-price mechanism. But once the hurdle of mass production and mass consumption has been crossed with reprints, we may reasonably expect lower prices for new books. And eventually, though it may take a long time, if the mechanism of mass production works with books as it has with other commodities—if the potential market for cheap books, which Mr. de Graff puts at 30,000,000, becomes real—the book publishing business can be shifted to a mass-production basis to the profit of authors, booksellers, publishers, and consumers.

Pocket Books are really pocket size, and pocket weight. What seems to be a genuine prejudice against paper covers is obviated by firm "soil- and water-proof Dura-gloss covers," which may, after current American custom, be made of milk or cornstalks for all I know. The first ten titles range from James Hilton's "Lost Horizon" through "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" by Agatha Christie to Butler's "The Way of all Flesh" and Five Great Tragedies by Shakespeare. Pocket Books is taking the public taste as it finds it. The type is excellent, the paper opaque, the text unabridged. The books are attractive, even gay, and feel like books. They are sold in drug and cigar stores and on newsstands as well as in bookstores. The price is 25 cents. So far they have been put on sale only in and around New York but the first returns have been so promising that national distribution is planned to begin in August. According to the *Publishers' Weekly*, Macy's sold 695 the first day. A small cigar stand in midtown sold 110 copies in the first day and a half. The demand from non-bookstore outlets is almost twice as large as from book and department stores, which means new customers. Well-known authors are already asking that their books be included in forthcoming lists. Ten new titles are to be released each month. They will, like the first group, comprise both classic and popular works. The assumption of Pocket Books that there are 30,000,000 Americans who want to buy good books and can't afford to is at the moment a statement of faith rather than proved fact. I for one subscribe to it.

I HAVE always found what is usually considered light reading pretty heavy going. This may be a defect on the side of purposefulness; but I think it has been proved that there is nothing more enervating than effort without satisfaction, and for me at least the reading of light novels falls into that category. The reading time itself may pass without active discomfort, but the happy ending does not leave me happy; it merely makes me feel as if I had been drinking the froth without the beer. This does not mean that I spend my hours in the hammock reading Marx and Engels or that I do not share the common impulse toward escape. It merely means that the world to which I escape must have a reality of its own sufficiently engaging to blot out my own, for the moment, palling reality. The book which fulfills this qualification may be fantasy or humor. It may, for instance, be "The Sword in the Stone," by T. E. White, which might, I suppose, be put under the heading of light reading but falls as well into a category of more substance. "War and Peace" is easier reading for me than "Anthony Adverse," and I insist that the reasons are not highbrow; I submit that "The Portrait of a Lady," merely as story, is more absorbing than "The Brandons," by Angela Thirkell—one of this summer's lightest novels (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50). As James said of "Bovary"

> Without proposing Flaubert as the type of newspaper novelist, or as an easy alternative to golf or the bicycle, we should do him less than justice in failing to insist that a masterpiece like "Madame Bovary" may benefit even with the simple-minded. It derives from its firm roundness that sign of all rare works, that there is something in it for everyone. It may be read ever so attentively, ever so freely, without a suspicion of how it is written; it may equally be read under the excitement of these perceptions alone, one of the greatest known to the reader who is fully open to them. Both readers will have been transported, which is all any can ask.

Which is all I ask, and do not get, from such novels as "The Brandons." It is a pleasant book about a delightful English family in a charming English village who are threatened with inheriting a gloomy English estate from an ancient and eccentric (English) aunt. It is full of roses; it is deftly written and talk runs freely. The trouble is that the roses are dried ones; the effect is of a delicate sachet in the bureau drawer. But the scent of dried roses is not enough to dispel the smell of 1939, and so for me "The Brandons" failed in the purpose for which it was obviously intended. It provided no escape. "Black Narcissus," by Rumer Godden (Little Brown, $2.50), has higher pretensions. It tells the story of a group of Anglican nuns who tried to establish a convent on the slopes of the Himalayas facing Kanchenjungha. The mountain and the natives defeat and demoralize them one by one and send them packing before a year is out. The writing is smooth and cool, the locale exotic. I need hardly say that it is reminiscent of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." It is an attractive book and it is obviously designed as something more than "light reading." It has far more substance than "The Brandons" but for me its irony is too obvious, its pattern too pat; this reader, at least, was not transported, though as usual the dust-cover testifies that other readers have been.

SOME TIME ago, in a discussion of books that might safely be read between eleven and midnight I called for more books about deserts to fill in the gaps between rereadings of Doughty. Galbraith Welch, author of "The Unveiling of Timbuctoo: the Astounding Adventures of René Caillié," one of this year's crop, is, it seems, diligently at work filling my order. She writes:

> I am so pleased by what you say about deserts that I want to write to you. Deserts are caviar to most people. Of course. Otherwise the deserts would be chuck crowded and no one would live in the sown. Same as we would all have flocks of tame sturgeon in our farm yards. I love the Sahara more than any place. We have crossed it from top to bottom and traveled to the Hoggar and the Tuat and lots of other places. I have seen the Bible deserts and the

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Egyptian desert and the desert of the Druses too. You say that this generation reads more good books about deserts. *I* think it needs a system by which everybody is compelled to spend some part of his life living in a desert. Very educational morally. Which Lord knows this generation needs. As far as the books are concerned I am now writing one all about the Sahara. I hope it will be a good one. It is taking a great deal of study, and won't be ready for maybe two years. I hope you will read it when it is printed. And I hope you may like it.

Your remarks about detective stories are very witty. I remember how, when my husband published a few years ago a two-part story in the *Woman's Home Companion* (he is James Francis Dwyer) wherein part one ended with a little girl being swept overboard off a sailing boat, a dear old Irishwoman wrote him and said, "We all feel sure in Baltydaniels that little Isabelle will be saved." I have written one detective story and had the good luck to sell it to a popular magazine. It is laid right in the middle of the Sahara. Don't you think that might make it bearable to you? If so, and if you care to write me, I will see it is sent to you when it comes out in the autumn. It is called "Murder in the Sahara."

Even I would find a detective story laid in the Sahara tempting, and I shall try to be patient until that book "all about the Sahara" provides another midnight oasis.

Wonder what the Inner Life of an Outer Mongolian is like.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Thomas Wolfe, Autobiographer

THE WEB AND THE ROCK. By Thomas Wolfe. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THERE HAS been no American first novel since the war which promised so greatly as "Look Homeward, Angel." To be sure, it was a large, sprawling record cut down from an incredibly longer and more sprawling one. With all the vitality of a born writer behind it, it showed nothing of the discipline of a born artist. It lacked perspective; it lacked proportion; the emotions it struck were too often homesick and adolescent. But nobody reading it could fail to perceive its spendthrift power, or fail to recognize the vigor with which the Gant family was brought to life, or close the book without being aware that no such rhetoric, no such energy and rush of language, had been visited upon any other young man of our time.

"Look Homeward, Angel" was an autobiographical novel, the usual beginning for a young man who wrote hotly and expressively from within. Not at once did the reader grasp that this particular young man must be always an autobiographer, because his equipment—his tortured romantic egoism, his megalomaniac memory, his grandiose assimilation of life in terms of purely personal encounter—outlawed any other approach to literature. But this worship of selfhood was confirmed by Wolfe's second novel, the even more unrestrained "Of Time and the River." Clearly the world about him existed no farther than his eye could see; and it was a world that lacked order, objective truth, social meaning. Only what he could sink his teeth in, or fling his body upon, or whirl about in his memory, was real; and even these were things he must write about with the same vehemence and ardor that he lived them.

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"The Web and the Rock" is again autobiography, full of the same raptures and incontinences, and pondering again those poetic truisms about time and love and death which are as close as Wolfe could come to thinking, and as much philosophy as the egocentric adolescent ever needs. True, Eugene Gant is here called George Webber, and grows up in some other North Carolina community, and salutes the great city with new apostrophes, and embarks with a woman older and mellower than himself on a stormy love affair. Few love affairs in fiction have been more minutely reported. Few, I should think, have been more self-consciously lived through. Scarcely any, while exposing so much, have analyzed so little. The whole business, with Wolfe, becomes a piece of violent self-dramatization.

Wolfe's real weakness was not that he dramatized his life, but that the writer dramatized it even more than the man. The man suffered; the writer merely exulted in the suffering. The man doubted and was afraid; the writer chose to celebrate himself on the grand scale. The result was not entirely hollow or cheaply operatic, but much of it might fairly be called Wagnerian. Wolfe would, to begin with, have acknowledged Wagner's dictum that all art is a way of remembering one's childhood. He had, too, Wagner's grandiosities: used *leitmotivs,* operated in tetralogies, succumbed to that mystical, mindless *Nachtkultur* which pervades "Tristan" and the "Ring." He had the Wagnerian tumidity and opulence, the love of size, the delight in effect; but though in Wagner too there are emptiness and show, Wagner knew how to work in large forms, and what Wagner created in the end—whatever we may think of it intellectually—was indeed a cosmos. Wolfe never created anything, even in disorder. He remembered, he recaptured, he elaborated on things known, and with himself for substructure threw up a great shapeless edifice. Even his prose is not really created; it is only superbly improvised. His best writing is doubtless magnificent, but even his best writing is not solid; and there is hardly one paragraph in all he wrote that is not self-indulgent. His worst prose (and there is a great deal of it) is unspeakable.

The whole body of Wolfe's work, marvelous as fragments of it are, betrays the amateur and the adolescent. One regrets the want of cerebration, the addled values, in much of Hemingway; but as a *writer,* Hemingway is altogether professional, always knows exactly what he is doing. Wolfe knew nothing of the sort, and would never have known. It was not for him to curb his excesses by learning his trade. What he was, what he achieved, resulted from a heady, untamable personality—with the bit in his mouth, he would have turned dumb. Real passion he did not have, for he was too ungovernable to be truly intense. His energies, like his perceptions and his attachments, were adolescent. For home and the home country and the family life he had outgrown, Wolfe was insistently nostalgic. City life and the great world fascinated him to the end, I should guess, because they had fascinated him when he was growing up. "A man spends his youth dreaming out," says a mountain character in a Lola Ridge play, "and the rest of his life dreaming back." Of no one is that truer than of Wolfe.

He never acquired, of course, any values—either intellectual or moral—that were worth consideration. He had enough experience of life, and enough sensibility, to recognize what was narrow, parochial, absurd in the life he quitted; he was so carried away by romanticism that in moments of recoil he could perceive its shams, and look with some suspicion on the individualist codes it produced. But of man's place in the hard, downright living world he knew little, for to a writer so inward-looking the world and himself were one. The great arcana—time and death and fate—fascinated him; but even these, from his incorrigible habit of words, he ended by exploiting and vulgarizing.

Wolfe belonged to the high-pitched, unreal 1920's; their injunction to live fully, to seize all experience, perfectly fitted his need. When he died, young as he was, he had lived too long. For the soberer life that came after the 20's, when the accent fell not on the individual but on society, was something Wolfe could not understand. The fruits that one after another he thirstily sucked in gave him their flavor but no nourishment. One can glibly lament the awful sense of waste about his career; yet one knows, really, that it could not have been otherwise—that his talents were wasteful by nature, that his energies were so wonderful just because they were so unharnessed. One more book of Wolfe's will be published next year. Meanwhile, what remain are the symphonic fragments of language; the tortured soul seen through the angry tumults; the brightly unrolling memory; and the vast wonder of a boy.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Dorothy Parker's Idle Rich

HERE LIES. By Dorothy Parker. Viking Press. $3.

"I THINK with all my heart," Mrs. Parker said last spring, at one of those dinner-table radio forums on which the public is permitted for half an hour to eavesdrop. What Mrs. Parker thought with all her heart was that workers have the right to picket, a hardly radical view, but one with which General Stotesbury of Philadelphia, with whom she was arguing, heartily disagreed. I am all for heart-thinking in any romantic field, but when it comes to social causes affecting the lives of millions of people, I feel that head-thinking is of more value. Were Mrs. Parker not so talented an artist in the realm of *le coeur humain,* had she not so recently and so frequently stated that she regarded all her pre-social consciousness work as dated as "The Green Hat," I should not in a brief review raise so controversial an issue.

In "Here Lies" there are at least three short stories—A Telephone Call, Here We Are, and Too Bad—that show perfectly and exhaustively certain situations common to the lives of millions of human beings of all classes, races, and nationalities. No one could read any of these stories without being torn by their vividness, their integrity, the clear and vivid perspective they project into a short space. In the expression of these fundamental aspects of the relationships between men and women in contemporary society, Mrs. Parker writes with penetration, finality, and compassion. But when she starts thinking with her heart about men and women in relation to social causes both her art and her logic desert her. Take Arrangement in Black and White and Clothe the Naked, two stories dealing with Negroes and white people.

Arrangement in Black and White is largely a conversation between a vulgar, stupid woman and the host of a party given for a distinguished Negro singer. Why the host, who by implication is depicted as a sympathetic character, should have invited such an obvious snob—"Oh, I get so furious when people are narrow-minded about colored people. . . . What shall I do when I'm introduced? Ought I to shake hands?"—to do honor to a distinguished artist is difficult to understand. But it is inexcusable to have subjected his guest to an introduction to so cheap and arrogant a person, irrelevant and wasteful to squander such brilliant satire on a fool. The lionizing host is far more worthy of Mrs. Parker's witty contempt.

In Clothe the Naked Mrs. Parker tells the story of a little blind colored boy whose playmates have always been kind and sympathetic until one day, suddenly, they laugh and jeer at him because he appears in some old evening clothes donated by his grandmother's white employer. Whether Mrs. Parker means to imply, as suggested by the title, that the white woman was wicked in giving her husband's discarded evening clothes to the old colored woman or whether she means that poor colored children are cruel and humorless snobs is difficult to determine. The confusion, the sentimentality arise from heart- rather than head-thinking, which defeats Mrs. Parker utterly when she writes about the idle rich.

In Horsie she describes, with all the loving overstatement of a catalogue writer, a rich, spoiled young woman who has recently had a baby. "Her friends gathered, adoring, about the apricot satin chaise-longue where Camilla lay and moved her hands as if they hung heavy from her wrists, they had been wont to gather and adore at the white satin sofa in the drawing-room where Camilla reclined, her hands like heavy lilies in a languid breeze. . . . Motherhood had not brought perfection to Camilla's loveliness. She had had that before."

But for Mrs. Lanier of The Custard Heart, who seems to the detached reader merely an older, childless version of Camilla, Mrs. Parker has only contempt. "She had gowns of velvet like poured country cream and satin with the lacquer of buttercups and chiffon that spiraled about her like golden smoke; . . . in her drawing-room, in the lovely blue of the late day Mrs. Lanier sat upon an opalescent sofa and was wistful." So apparently did Camilla, but she had a baby and Mrs. Lanier only wished for one and failed to notice the pregnancy of her maid. Mrs. Lanier, when she gave money to a beggar, refused the proffered pencils, "leaving him with mean wares intact, not a worker for his livelihood like millions of others, but signal and set apart, rare in the fragrance of charity." How Camilla changes the social system, except through her husband's giving the trained nurse gardenias at her departure, the reader is not informed.

When Mrs. Parker writes about simple, ordinary people in universal situations, her social consciousness comes out clear, powerful, and moving. But when she writes about the idle rich, whether she likes them or hates them, they remain only unimportant, boring people about whom she becomes either sentimental or virulent. Knowing that a writer feels like "a prize sow" when she sees the courage of common soldiers in a war, whether it be in Spain or anywhere

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MINA CURTISS

The Common Man in Britain

THE BRITISH COMMON PEOPLE: 1746-1938. By G. D. H. Cole and Raymond Postgate. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

HERE is a book which deserves a place on the shelves not far from the works of the Webbs and the Hammonds. Unlike those great partnerships, the authors have not opened up unexplored territory, but they have made a more thorough survey of the whole history of the British working classes than anyone else has hitherto attempted. Moreover, they have set their narrative squarely in its economic setting. Thus at each stage in the development of the labor movement we are given a picture of the contemporary state of industry and, more particularly, of just what that meant in terms of living conditions for the masses.

The period covered by the book is a scant two hundred years—a tiny fraction of historic time but how large a span of social time. It opens with an account of the Jacobite rebellion of 1745, the last unsuccessful kick of feudalism; it ends with the present crisis of British imperialism—a crisis almost as paralyzing to the British labor movement as it is to the British capitalist class.

In those distant days of the mid-eighteenth century the first signs of the industrial revolution were barely discernible in a predominantly agricultural landscape. Labor organization was equally rudimentary, existing only in the form of a few scattered trade clubs and friendly societies which contrived to dodge the rigorous laws against "combinations." Nor was there much room for growth in this direction until the development of power machinery and the factory system widened the gulf between the skilled artisan and his employer. Thus when the discontents of the common people first became articulate it was to the political field that they turned. That was then a monopoly of the landed interests, and save in a few ancient cities where happily the survival of traditional privileges resulted in a fairly wide franchise, even the middle classes had no vote. In the early struggles for political reform, such as that which centered around John Wilkes, the middle and working classes joined hands. It was often an uneasy alliance, but it continued until the passage of the great Reform Act in 1832. Then the workers, who had done so much to secure this triumph, found that they were still excluded from political rights while their bourgeois allies had captured the seats of power. Disgusted at the manner in which they had been tricked, the workers henceforth looked only to their own strength. As Messrs. Cole and Postgate point out, "The theory of the class struggle now for the first time appeared overtly in British history as a dominant belief."

The energies of the British working classes have always run in a number of distinct, though usually connected, channels—industrial, political, educational. When in one of these a serious obstacle was encountered, the flow has generally been diverted into another. Thus after 1832 there was a rapid and excited growth in trade unionism which culminated in an attempt to organize a "Grand National Consolidated Trades Union." This caused great alarm for a time among employers, but there was more enthusiasm than efficiency behind it, and after a series of disastrous strikes it quickly collapsed. Thereupon the workers began again to look for a political remedy for their grievances, and the Chartist movement was born.

American readers of this book will find it interesting to compare the development of the British Labor Party with that of our own. Nowadays the British Labor Party is almost ultra-respectable, and industrial disputes in England are normally conducted by both sides with a regard for the rules almost worthy of a cricket match. But it was not always so. In this book there are plenty of tales of violence, espionage, agents provocateurs, the ruthless use of the machinery of government to crush the aspirations of the workers. Throughout the first half of the nineteenth century class warfare was no figure of speech, and even in recent years there have been occasional incidents that have ruffled the suavity of the ruling class and suggested the bitterness with which it could fight to retain its privileges. In view of the current row between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. it is interesting to have an account of the struggle between the British craft unions and the industrial unions. The economic setting was not dissimilar. The craft unions rose to power during the long period of prosperity which set in around 1850, and after a hard fight with the employers to establish their position settled down to comfortable conservatism. The industrial unions were a creation of the slump which began in the seventies. The conflict between them was intense for a few years, but the trade-union movement was never split wide open. American union leaders might well study Messrs. Cole and Postgate's account of this period and ask themselves how and why this divergence of interests between two sections of the working class was not permitted to override the interests of the movement as a whole.

KEITH HUTCHISON

California Grotesque

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST. By Nathanael West. Random House. $2.

HOLLYWOOD-BAITING is a branch of literature that began brilliantly with "Once in a Lifetime" and is still drawing noteworthy contributions, some good-humored and some bitter. But here is a book that attempts to do a great deal more than just pillory the foibles and flimflammery of the movie industry. While its setting is Hollywood, and the miasma of the studio naturally permeates the lives of all the people concerned, Mr. West has sketched an acidulous melange of Southern California grotesques, including not only the usual figures of the disillusioned artist and the self-centered ham actress and the mother of the would-be child star, but some samples of the queer folk you don't read so much about: the Middle Westerners who have saved up a few thousand dollars and moved to California to end their days basking in its vaunted sun. These people, mostly middle-aged, often semi-invalid, invariably bored with their self-chosen life of idleness, inhabit an appalling

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spiritual wasteland in which the only plants that take firm root are the "crank" cults you will find advertised flamboyantly in cheap psychology magazines under names like "The Search for Truth," "The Quest for Life," "Power Through Mental Force," and, on a slightly different plane, the "Ham and Eggs" Utopias.

Around the central character of Tod Hackett, a young painter attached to one of the big studios, Mr. West has grouped such a galaxy of spongers, misfits, and eccentrics as will give a sensitive reader the crawling horrors. Even Tod himself, while generous and likable, suffers from lack of will-power; though he recognizes the cheapness and artificiality of blond Faye Greener, he has not the strength either to put her out of his mind or to demand from her the favors she withholds only from those who are considerate of her. The story ends on a particularly nightmarish note, when Tod, trying to help a poor lumbering dolt who has also been blighted by Faye's fascination, is injured by the star-worshipping, irresponsible mob outside a world première.

There is abundant material here for scathing satire or careful social study, and the principal objection to "The Day of the Locust" is apt to be that it merely scratches the surface. To make the picture less sketchy, less like the strongly highlighted scenes of a bad dream, it needs more thorough characterization, more documentation—most of all, perhaps, a few ordinary, everyday people (of whom there must be a few even in Hollywood), to lend perspective. Perhaps this very sketchiness was part of the author's plan, but by presenting only a two-dimensional picture it detracts from the impressiveness of what could well be a very striking arraignment of America's most unbelievable menagerie.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Ex-Convict Triumphs

TRAITOR'S WAY. By Bruce Hamilton. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

"HUSH, HERE comes the Fascist" is the theme song of up-to-date thriller fiction, and Mr. Hamilton has certainly provided us with an excellent story about an escaped convict who by hide-and-then-run methods saves himself, England, and democracy, and prevents the outbreak of a world war. And no hero has ever done fairer than that!

It is a first-person narrative. Noel Mason, a quiet young man of sedentary habits, is sentenced to serve a term at Dartmoor convict prison because he gets mixed up with the Opposition to a meeting of the English fascists addressed by their leader, Greatorex. He strikes a policeman who has brutally assaulted his friend, and by a couple of mischances is found to be in possession of seditious literature. Opportunity arises for an escape from the prison from which no convict has ever successfully escaped, and at the next moment throws into his keeping secret papers which reveal the existence of a gigantic plot to sell the country to the Nazis, incriminating the Prime Minister himself. From this point, it is, of course, not only the police but the Nazis who are on his track; and it is touch and go all the time as he plays hide-and-seek around the rural roads and towns of Devonshire. An endearing trait about Mr. Mason is that he is not too bright and good for human nature's daily food; he

DURING the past two months you have probably read and heard a great deal about **PURSLANE,** by Bernice Kelly Harris, and **THESE ARE OUR LIVES,** compiled by the Federal Writers' Project. But we should like also to call your attention to some other recent books from Chapel Hill—

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

finally walks into a very neat trap made for him by the Nazis; and ends up by bringing the papers not, as he imagines, to the most important Opposition leader, but to Greatorex himself. Obviously this makes the last few pages good reading: he stands a certain amount of torture but when it is proposed to lay a red-hot poker across his eyeballs, he cries "Hold! enough!" or words to that effect, and it is a good thing for the world that a rescue occurs in the nick of time. No wonder Mr. Mason feels proud and sleeps sweetly when later on the Home Secretary tells him: "Peace is safe, at least for the time being, and maybe for a generation; for there are signs that fascism here may not be able to survive this blow." That is what may be called a really happy ending! NORAH HOULT

Shorter Notices

THESE ARE OUR LIVES. By members of the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration. The University of North Carolina Press. $2.

This is a collection of thirty-five short, informal autobiographical sketches of people in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia, collected by workers on the WPA Writers' Project, and reported as nearly as possible in the words of the people themselves. The purpose of the project was "to get life histories which are readable and faithful representations of living persons, and which, taken together, will give a fair picture of the structure and working of society." The subjects include farm owners, tenant farmers, landlords, merchants, mill and factory workers, specialists from bootblack to dentist, and folk on relief. They are white and black, old and young, men and women—a few of them prosperous but most of them poor, hard-working, living on the ragged edge, driven on by habit and the will to live. No melodrama here, and no appeal for a specific solution to "the nation's number one economic problem"—some of the people in the book even resent being called a problem—but simply a factual cross-section, revealed through individuals, of the Southern scene as of 1938. The University of North Carolina Press has issued it in an exceptionally attractive format.

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SELECTED POEMS. By Sister M. Madeleva. The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

Sister Madeleva has been publishing skillful and pleasant lyrics for a number of years. Her themes are often but not always religious. She writes simply and effectively. Nothing in her form or her ideas is startlingly individual, but her taste is excellent, her poetry is never overwritten. This volume establishes her as one of our most graceful minor figures.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES: AN ENGLISH VERSION. By Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50.

In publishing three years ago their version of the "Alcestis" of Euripides, Mr. Fitts and Mr. Fitzgerald showed the way for our poets to render Greek drama in terms of contemporary poetic sensibility and with an eye to contemporary stagecraft. They have now succeeded with the more exacting "Antigone." The dramatic passages, such as the heroine's great scenes and the Tiresias episode, are done with eloquence and high seriousness; the choruses, including the Ode to Man and the Paean, are renewed as things of beauty:

> Numberless are the world's wonders, but none
> More wonderful than man; the storm-grey sea
> Yields to his prows, the huge crests bear him high;
> Earth, holy and inexhaustible, is graven
> With shining furrows where his plows have gone
> Year after year, the timeless labor of stallions.

The translators have worked freely, and their freedom has wisely exercised itself in pruning Sophocles's lush figures, which seem insufferably rhetorical when taken over literally into a modern language that lacks the syntactical compression of the Greek. In coming to this version from the original, one misses most, if inevitably, the strongly marked rhythms of the latter, especially in those passages that were written to be danced. Fitts and Fitzgerald usually write cadenced verse or loose iambics, with a closer approach to strict metrical or accentual forms in the choruses. When they tackle other Greek plays, it is to be hoped that they will strive for stronger and more regular rhythmic structures. Unless they did so, one fears, their treatment of the "Bacchae" or the "Eumenides" would be merely tantalizing.

Dance Note

The serious art of the modern dance has never, even in its more relaxed moments, really been fun. It has always tended to be top-heavy with Meaning. Tac, in its initial dance program, took the lid off the subject, used the gentle yeast of humor as leavening, and got more than one rise out of the audience. It proved that the modern dance can be a lively art, and that the formal gesture of rise and revolt, which achieved its classic ridicule in the inimitable hands, feet, and mouth of Fannie Brice, isn't necessary to bring dance to the masses. Agnes de Mille and Sybil Shearer led the laughter in a devastating take-off of the pain-loving school of the modern dance. Ballet took a sock, too, in the side-splitting rehearsal of Symphonic Ballet. "The Curse of the Silk Chemise" and "Picket-line Priscilla" were as close as the show got to social comment—though I had understood that that would be the tone of the evening. And the real virtues of these numbers were the personal virtues of Dorothy Bird.

Lotte Goslar's tragi-comic "Little Heap of Misery" was clowning of the highest order where pain and laughter are etched into identical grooves. Meta Krahn and Otto Ulbricht contributed two superlative dances in a style that combines preposterous acrobatic postures with impassive faces. Jack Cole's two slick numbers belong more to the revue than to the concert stage, and Esther Junger's dances had the kind of pretentious satire which was here yesterday and should be gone tomorrow. But with the exception of these two, the work presented was amazingly good. VIRGINIA MISHNUN

RECORDS

ERNEST BLOCH is not without honor in the musical world, and his music is not unperformed; but he receives neither the honor nor the performances that are his due; for the range, depth, power, and individuality of his emotion, and the richness and individuality of the idiom and forms in which the emotion achieves musical expression, make him the outstanding musical artist of our period. What the public knows best is the easily played Concerto Grosso, a work of minor significance in his total output; and once in a great while it may hear "Schelomo," Koussevitzky's performance last season being the first I had heard in New York in at least ten years. The superb "Voice in the Wilderness" has not been repeated in New York since Rodzinski introduced it with the Philharmonic two years ago, though no work of Bax or Vaughan Williams has been too dull, no early symphony of Schubert too inconsequential for Barbirolli to set before the Philharmonic's subscribers. And the Metropolitan has considered Hageman's "Caponsacchi" and Damrosch's "The Man Without a Country" worthy of production but not Bloch's "Macbeth," despite the impressive reports of its success in Italy a year ago.

On records too there was the Concerto Grosso long before there were major works like the Piano Quintet five years ago and the Violin Sonata last year. And now Victor issues a new set (three records, $5) of the Concerto Grosso in an excellent performance by the Curtis Chamber Music Ensemble under Louis Bailly. With this set Victor claims to demonstrate its "healthy interest in music by modern composers"; but it would demonstrate this more convincingly if it had Bailly record the Viola Suite which he played with the National Symphony in 1920, or if it secured the New York Philharmonic for Bloch himself to record "Voice in the Wilderness."

Mozart's fine Sonata K. 332, available until now in a performance by Ernst Victor Wolff that feminizes and sentimentalizes the music, is offered now by Victor in a performance by Iturbi (two records, $4.50) that is even worse—to the point where the last movement sounds as coy as though it were all about the three itty-bitty fishies. On the other hand, those for whom Brahms's 'Cello Sonata Opus 39 is a more convincing work than it is for me will find it excellently played by Piatigorsky and Artur Rubinstein (three records, $6.50).

Schubert's youthful Symphony No. 4 ("Tragic"), despite its pretentious title, or possibly because of it, is even less impressive than the No. 5 recently done by Beecham; and

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Barbirolli's performance with the New York Philharmonic (four records, $8) hasn't the qualities that made Beecham's enjoyable for itself. As for the duets of Schumann in the little two-record set ($3.50), they are, with one exception, mellifluously sentimental, and the worse in this respect for their orchestrated accompaniments. The exception is the vivacious "Unterm Fenster," which provides the one occasion for Lehmann and Melchior to do the imaginative singing they are capable of.

That leaves a single record ($2) with Stokowski's tabloid versions of Johann Strauss's "Blue Danube" and "Tales from the Vienna Woods," played with brilliance and verve; and another single (75 cents) with Paul Robeson's fine singing of "Lay Down Late" and Robeson's and Lawrence Brown's singing of "Goin' to Ride Up in de Chariot" and "Ev'ry Time I Feel de Spirit."

The idea and the words of "Strange Fruit," the song about lynching that Billie Holiday has been singing, are excellent; the music sounds quite poor to me. But on the reverse side of the Commodore record is "Fine and Mellow," a superb blues as Billie sings it with Frankie Newton playing along on trumpet. If we take this as defining authentic blues style then Mildred Bailey's singing of "St. Louis Blues" (Vocalion), though beautifully phrased, falls considerably short of authenticity. For one thing, the mood is not right because the pace is too swift. "You Don't Know My Mind Blues" and "Down Hearted Blues" are better because they are slower; but better still is the "Down Hearted Blues" that Mildred recorded for English Parlophone a few years ago; and the playing of Teddy Wilson, Bunny Berrigan, and Johnny Hodges in this older version is also superior to the work—good as this is—of the groups of players on the new Vocalion records. I would say that it is Billie Holiday who should sing blues, and Mildred Bailey who should sing songs like "And the Angels Sing" (Vocalion).

There is fine work on xylophone by Red Norvo in his "Rehearsin' for a Nervous Breakdown" (Vocalion); Jack Teagarden's trombone solo in his new de luxe band's "Sheik of Araby" (Brunswick) is enjoyable, though not up to the achievements of his less luxurious days; the Basie Orchestra's "If I Didn't Care" (Vocalion) would be good if the solo players were not constantly being interrupted by the band before they can develop an idea; and the rest I will have to postpone.

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

IN "LENIN in 1918" (Amkino) the following happens: Gorky pleads against the abuse of revolutionary power and Lenin demonstrates to him in a discussion à la Socrates with a simple worker that leniency with the plotting class enemy would be the doom of the revolution. The plotters approach the commander of the Kremlin Guards who pretends to join them. Dershinsky, the head of the Cheka, directs him to go to the meeting of the conspirators and has the place surrounded. There the Kremlin commander falls out of character when he hears that Lenin is to be murdered the same evening, and the plotters recognize him as a spy. He has a narrow escape, jumping through a third-story window, and informs the Cheka commander of the impending danger. The Chekist rushes away to warn Lenin. After that the Kremlin commander, who has been disabled by his jump, reveals to another Chekist who takes charge of him that "Trotsky, Kamenev, and Bukharin are traitors." For this important disclosure he is shot on the spot not because he has told an unbelievable lie, but because his subordinate is also a secret plotter, who does not want the truth revealed. Then we see Lenin leave the Kremlin to make a speech in a factory meeting. Bukharin stops him before he enters his car and tells him that he has given up all oppositionist activities. Lenin doubts his sincerity but is nevertheless relieved. Then Bukharin, in the mask and gesture of Judas, asks him where he is going. To some factory, is the answer. Not to the riding academy? No, the place for the speech has been changed. Lenin leaves and Bukharin waits with a grin for the Cheka commander to come. When he arrives breathless, Bukharin misleads him, telling him that Lenin has gone to the riding academy. Thus the occasion is manufactured for Fanny Kaplan to take a shot at Lenin. Had Bukharin told the truth, Lenin would have been warned in time. There follow long sequences of Lenin on his sick-bed. In his fever his thoughts turn to—whom? To the commander of the Red Army fighting on a dozen fronts? To his nearest collaborators? No! To an obscure and disobedient commissar with the Red Army near Tsaritsin. His name is Stalin. If only Stalin were near him, if only Stalin would come in time! We see Stalin in his train, busy organizing a victory, which is promptly achieved the next morning. The news brings Lenin back to life. And when Stalin arrives and tells Lenin what to do the revolution marches on. Nevertheless it takes Stalin exactly twenty years to discover the treachery of every old Bolshevik except himself and to have this film produced.

This thorough falsification of history is told with skill, acted excellently, and directed cleverly in documentary fashion. People who did not believe their ears at the time of the Moscow trials now may believe their eyes. People who do not know history may even regard this picture as "an honest and convincing re-creation of the past." This sentence, however, was written by Howard Barnes of the New York *Herald Tribune,* who is quoted here only as one example of the reviewers who covered themselves with shame in discussing as crude and unscrupulous a piece of propaganda as any dictator ever presented as "history."

"On Borrowed Time" (M-G-M) is a perfectly photographed reproduction of the successful stage play of the same name—which means it is a disappointment. The play itself merely toyed with a great theme: What would happen if Death were caught and nobody ever died? The play left the answer within the artificial limits of a little private story of which the writing lacked the power to present the important through the small. The film magnifies this shortcoming. What was unbelievable in the play—that no uproar occurs when people realize that no one can die—is absurd in the film. A great occasion for an exceptional movie has been missed. However, the picture fails only in what it does not do. Otherwise it is superb. Lionel Barrymore gives a more convincing performance than he has done in a long time, and a perfect cast and a beautiful production will yield you a very pleasant evening.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Letters to the Editor

London Life

Dear Sirs: London is an exciting place just now. While it would be humiliating to admit that we mostly live between Hitler's speeches, it is true that that supreme demagogue takes up a predominating place in our minds. Whereas news from Germany used to be at a discount, whereas German books were very little read here, both are now in the front rank. The libraries teem with German translations. The radio has brought Germany into every household.

In the meantime preparations are going on for the worst. Some of us, but by no means all, have got in the extra supply of provisions counseled by the authorities. To buy them now is praiseworthy; to buy them afterward would be hoarding. We rather half-heartedly buy a few tins of bully beef, biscuits, sardines, canned fruit, condensed milk, and so on. It all seems rather silly and unreal. We put them in the wardrobe or under the stairs, for there isn't really much room for extra things.

Some of us buy up extra clothes. If war comes, clothes will be harder to come by than last time, when things became so much more valuable than money. But the emptiness of the shops testifies that not many people are doing this. Precautions—you can't really take any precautions in a private house. A few people have stored a rope with which to get out of a burning house. We are under no illusions regarding high-powered bombs, the results of which we see every day at the cinema. And this is the main difference between this war and the last. Everybody is in the front line instead of bravely and nobly sending other people there.

There are so many services that it is difficult to choose between air-raid precautions, evacuation, canteen work, land work, nursing, first aid, lorry driving, air service. Most of us are doing one or another of them. None of us want to move until we see what is going to happen. In domestic life decisions are all the time being deferred.

People hesitate about traveling and then go. Cruises have diminished, but many have gone. Picture postcards still come from Italy, where British travelers continue to be astounded at the courtesy of the Italians toward us and their alleged wish to be friends.

It is perhaps a peculiarity of the British mind to dwell upon the prowess of the other nation, while forgetting to mention our own. Now and again we are shown a tank or an anti-air gun. Recruiting offices of every kind have become so familiar as almost to be invisible. The Budget of course hinted that money was being spent. But for all we see, for all the reassurance we receive, we might all be going to lie down in the street for Hitler's airmen to bomb us more conveniently. Nobody believes this exactly, but there is not much official reassurance to the contrary.

Conscription in even the present limited form feels real. The charwoman's son is twenty. So is the plumber's brother; so is a nephew, or will be in a few days. Twenty has suddenly become a sinister age, while on the Continent it is merely an age of military training.

MURIEL HARRIS

London, England, May

Manifesto and Appeal

Dear Sirs: Not in this country alone but everywhere culture is threatened by advancing reaction. In forcing the recrudescence of social forms which had seemed obsolete, German and Italian fascism have at the same time compelled the revival of obsolete modes in art and science. In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, where nationalism and personal dictatorship are replacing the revolutionary ideals of freedom and democracy, culture suffers regimentation and debasement no less severe.

Nor are signs lacking of deepening social reaction in the United States. Increasingly, experimentation is discouraged in the creative arts; a premium is put upon the conventional and the academic. The social sciences are witnessing the revival of various forms of obscurantism, the rise of an intolerant orthodoxy. Educators are being intimidated through loyalty oaths. Government censorship cripples WPA theater, art, and literary projects. Terrorism is exercised by the Catholic church over such cultural enterprises as the movies. Covert sabotage hinders the publication of work by independent and revolutionary writers. And in heresy-hunting bodies like the Dies committee, many of these tendencies find official and concentrated expression.

Such conditions are a challenge to independent intellectuals. Yet no existing cultural organization is ready fully to meet the challenge. If in the totalitarian states intellectual life is an affair for the police, in America it is preparing, under pressure of anti-fascist hysteria, for voluntary abdication. Cultural circles, formerly progressive, are now capitulating to the spirit of fascism while ostensibly combating its letter. They fight one falsehood with another. To the deification of Hitler and Mussolini they counterpose the deification of Stalin, the unqualified support of Roosevelt. The mysticism of "Aryan" supremacy they match with a national-democratic myth conjured out of America's historic infancy. To the war drive of the fascist powers they reply with a war drive of their own.

In consequence the intellectual gains of recent decades are being rapidly wiped out. The last war set moving in this country a profound current of skepticism in respect to bourgeois values in art and life. Responsible for the finest cultural achievements of the post-war period, this tendency culminated after 1929 in the radicalization of a significant part of the intelligentsia. But now, in the name of a spurious "anti-fascist" unity, numerous intellectuals are deserting their hard-won critical independence. They are giving up their opposition to capitalist exploitation and oppression, to imperialist domination of colonial lands. They no longer protest repression and frame-up in this country, in the Soviet Union, and in other "democracies." They have forsaken the struggle for the right of asylum. In the name of a "democratic front" against tyranny abroad they put up with increasing tyranny at home. In short, they have surrendered the right—and duty—to protest all injustice, to investigate all formulae, to challenge all dogmas, to think through all probems. And inspired by Stalinist and social-reformist propaganda they advocate a new war for "democracy." Yet this war must give birth to military dictatorship and to forms of intellectual repression far more violent than those evoked by the last war.

Among advanced intellectual circles in the United States the most active forces of reaction today are the so-called cultural organizations under control of

the Communist Party. Pretending to represent progressive opinion, these bodies are in effect but apologists for the Kremlin dictatorship. They outlaw all dissenting opinion from the Left. They poison the intellectual atmosphere with slander. And they have succeeded in imposing their views and methods on groups formerly independent of the Communist Party.

Against these forces we, the undersigned, believe that artists and writers must unite to defend their independence as craftsmen, indeed, their very right to work. It goes without saying that we do not subscribe to that currently fashionable catchword: "Neither communism nor fascism." On the contrary, we recognize that the liberation of culture is inseparable from the liberation of the working classes and of all humanity. Shall we abandon the ideals of revolutionary socialism because one political group, while clinging to its name, has so miserably betrayed its principles? Shall we revert to a program of middle-class democracy because the Kremlin government, in obedience to its own interests—which are no longer the interests of the Russian people or of the masses anywhere—directs us to do so? On the contrary, we reject all such commands. Democracy under industrial-capitalism can offer no permanent haven to the intellectual worker and artist. In its instability, it becomes the breeding ground of dictatorship, and the liberties it grants us today it will violently revoke tomorrow. The idea of democracy must come to flower in a socialist democracy. In the revolutionary reconstruction of society lies the hope of the world, the promise of a free humanity, a new art, an unrestricted science.

The defense of intellectual freedom requires, moreover, that we reject all theories and practices which tend to make culture the creature of politics, even revolutionary politics. We demand complete freedom for art and science, no dictation by party or government. Culture not only does not seek orders but by its very nature cannot tolerate them. Truly intellectual creation is incompatible with the spirit of conformity; and if art and science are to be true to the revolution, they must first be true to themselves.

We are not alone in these convictions. Our principles are in general agreement with those contained in a recent manifesto of André Breton, the French poet, and Diego Rivera, the Mexican painter. Movements inspired by their manifesto have already appeared in France, England, and elsewhere.

We appeal, therefore, to all writers and artists in the United States who are in substantial accord with our views to unite with us in forming a revolutionary league of writers and artists. The function of this organization will be to give publicity to our aims, to provide a forum for cultural discussion, and to campaign against all reactionary tendencies in intellectual life wherever they arise. (Please address all communications to Dwight Macdonald, Acting Secretary, 539 East Eighty-eighth Street, New York City.)

The League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism

JAMES BURNHAM, V. F. CALVERTON, ELEANOR CLARK, DAVID C. DEJONG, F. W. DUPEE, JAMES T. FARRELL, CLEMENT GREENBERG, WILLIAM GRUEN, MELVIN J. LASKY, JAMES LAUGHLIN IV, DWIGHT MACDONALD, CHARLES MALAMUTH, SHERRY MANGAN, CLARK MILLS, GEORGE L. K. MORRIS, GEORGE NOVACK, LYMAN PAINE, KENNETH PATCHEN, WILLIAM PHILLIPS, FAIRFIELD PORTER, PHILIP RAHV, JAMES RORTY, HAROLD ROSENBERG, PAUL ROSENFELD, MEYER SCHAPIRO, DELMORE SCHWARTZ, WINFIELD T. SCOTT, JOHN WHEELWRIGHT, BERTRAM D. WOLFE.

New York, June 15

Information, Please

Dear Sirs: In working (for a master's thesis at Cornell) on the life of Reuben E. Fenton—whose public career as governor and senator was the subject of frequent comment in *The Nation*, 1865-1875—I have come upon a reference to a special campaign supplement of the New York *Times* described in the regular edition of the same day, September 26, 1872, which purports to reprint the police-court record of a proceeding against Fenton. No original court record can be found.

I am very eager to see a photostat of this article. I have appealed to eighteen libraries having files of the *Times*, including the *Times's* own library, but they all lack this special supplement. I should welcome information from anyone knowing of a copy of this paper. My address is 526 Windsor Street, Jamestown.

HELEN G. MC MAHON

Jamestown, N. J., July 7

Dear Sirs: I am completing a biography of the artist Louis M. Eilshemius scheduled for fall publication, and would like to hear from those who have had personal associations or correspondence with him, especially in his younger or middle years. My address is 439 West 123d Street, New York City.

WILLIAM SCHADS

New York, July 6

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The Shape of Things

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THE STRIKE AGAINST THE DESTRUCTION OF the "prevailing wage" clause in the WPA program is apparently doomed to failure; the more general havoc wrought by the new relief bill is once more visible. It may be that an essential weakness of the walkout was its concentration on one special defect of an almost uniformly bad bill; to the thousands who are receiving pink slips because the general appropriation was inadequate the specific issue of a "prevailing wage" must have seemed rather remote. In any case the walkout never reached the scope of a protest against an insufferable relief program. It was riddled by the attacks of friends and enemies alike. The President echoed the dictum that "you can't strike against the government" after Frank Murphy laid it down, William Green took fright in the middle of the conflict, wholesale reprisals were launched, and the workers themselves were left bewildered and isolated. Beneath the rhetoric, which overnight made "you can't strike against the government" the eleventh commandment, the significant fact was the strength of the anti-WPA mobilization. Its impact on Congress, where the strikers' supporters beat an inglorious retreat, was plain. Will the same mobilization be powerful enough to stifle protest over the pink-slip deluge? In New York City alone 75,000 workers face dismissal because the new bill doesn't provide for them; their plight is duplicated throughout the country. There will be mass suffering and confusion as thousands clamor for relief. The issue itself is more dramatic and more clear-cut than the "prevailing wage" clause. Will the labor movement rise to the occasion? And will the three-meal-a-day public sense the inhumanity as well as the economic stupidity of this planned purge?

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HOPE OF REVISING THE NEUTRALITY ACT at this session of Congress has all but disappeared as a result of the 12 to 11 vote in favor of postponement by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Neither the President's urgent message nor Secretary Hull's carefully reasoned plea for revision has had any visible effect on the Republican and anti-New Deal coalition respon-

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sible for shelving the Administration's proposals. In the bitter struggle which has developed, little attention is being paid to the immediate threat of war inherent in American support to the aggressor nations. Forgotten also are the traditions of American policy in the Far East and Europe. American foreign policy in this crisis is being determined almost solely by domestic partisan considerations. Republican and Tory Democratic leaders have but one objective—to knife the President regardless of the effect on the country. We are already witnessing the effects of such exaggerated partisanship in the field of relief. But when carried over into foreign policy, it becomes vastly more serious. Even so popular a measure as the proposed embargo against Japan—which the Gallup poll shows to have the support of nearly three-fourths of the population—is in danger of falling victim to the same scourge. Although the Republican minority in the House issued a strong statement calling for action against Japan, the Pittman-Schwellenbach resolutions are being opposed by the same reactionary coalition which sidetracked the neutrality bill.

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THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN CAPITAL AND labor is not carried on with kid gloves on the Pacific Coast. Employer groups, the Industrial Association of San Francisco, the Associated Farmers, the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Oregon, have been gunning for Harry Bridges since the San Francisco strike of 1934. The Sacramento criminal-syndicalism trials of 1935 showed that some of their agents have not been above the use of stool pigeons, provocateurs, state's evidence, and the frame-up to get what they wanted. We suspect that this is the type of "evidence" now being dished up at the hearings before Special Examiner James M. Landis in San Francisco. For much of this evidence seems to be the same "evidence" on which the late Edward Cahill, United States Immigration Commissioner at San Francisco, had hitherto felt it impossible to begin deportation hearings. The important question, however, is not whether Bridges is or is not a Communist. Employers' organizations want him deported because he has proved himself one of America's ablest and most militant labor leaders. The longshoremen's power would be crippled and organizations of California's farm workers hamstrung if Bridges could be got out of the country. If Bridges is proved a member of the Communist Party, we hope the fight against his deportation will be taken to the Supreme Court, which has yet to decide that membership in the Communist Party is ground for deportation. If membership is disproved—and Bridges denies that he is a member—so much the better in this case. But we should like to see the broader question fought out in the courts. Our present deportation laws have too long been a millstone around the neck of labor.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT amendments by the Senate—by a vote of 56 to 8—assures the United States of a reasonably adequate protection, beginning next year, against the financial terrors of old age. With a few minor exceptions the provisions of the House bill on old-age insurance were accepted in full. These included a completely new scale of payments with special allowances for widows, orphans, dependent parents, elderly wives, and children. On the question of federal aid to the states, the Senate completely kicked over the traces and adopted two contradictory amendments. The first would have the effect of liberalizing the pension by providing that the federal government contribute two-thirds of the first $15 per month instead of half as has previously been the rule. It also provided for a federal contribution of as much as $10 a month additional to match similar contributions by the states. But the value of this amendment was largely nullified by a second, which would deprive the states of all assistance unless they contributed $10 a month for each person on the old-age rolls out of their own funds. At present only seventeen states pay that much, and many do not pay an average of even $5 a month of their own money. It is to be hoped that this last change together with several of the Senate's changes in the House recommendations on unemployment insurance will be eliminated in conference.

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WITH THE FORCED EXPULSION OF SOUTH Tyrolese to the Third Reich one of the most unjust and stupid provisions of the Versailles treaty takes a new turn. It is almost twenty years since Wilson, who realized his blunder too late, handed over 230,000 Germans in the South Tyrol to Italy. Of course, at the time, Italy made loud professions of its good intentions. Even Mussolini blew into the trumpet of peace: ". . . Italy has no designs of violence or denationalization . . . she will respect their language and customs and accord to them the necessary administrative economy." One and a half years later he had changed his mind: "If the Germans on both sides of the Brenner do not submit, the fascists will bring them to obedience. . . . If the Germans must be beaten and stamped on, in order to learn reason, very well, we are ready. Many Italians are trained for this business." A period of the most ruthless denationalization followed. It was during this period that the supernationalist Hitler, in "Mein Kampf," wrote pleasantly, for Italian consumption:

> The question of South Tyrol has been abused in the past by Marxist and Jewish propagandists anxious to embroil Germany with Italy and so prevent that natural alliance by which alone Germany can become strong. It would be a crime to jeopardize this aim for the sake of these 200,000 Germans, when millions elsewhere are

groaning under foreign rule. The restoration of German military power is the essential prerequisite for the recovery of lost territories.

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THIS STATEMENT, IN THE LIGHT OF PRESENT events, is full of implications. And so is the latest Hitler statement concerning South Tyrol. In his speech in Rome on May 7 of last year (after the restoration of German military power) he said: "It is my irrevocable will and my bequest to the German people that the frontier of the Alps, which nature has erected between us, shall be regarded forever as unchangeable." But the old frontier between pre-war Austria and Italy was also an Alpine frontier and an even more natural one because it was almost identical with the language frontier between the Germans and Italians. Does Mussolini wish now to protect himself from possible future Nazi interpretations of this pledge—which was his reward for remaining aloof at the time of the occupation of Austria? Is he trying to move the language frontier, once and for all, northward to the Brenner Pass? And has Hitler acquiesced in return for more important concessions at Trieste?

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NOW THAT THE INEVITABILITY OF WAR between the Western powers and the Axis seems to be generally accepted, the discussion of the issues involved turns to military aspects, especially to the problem of where the fight is likely to start. At the moment Danzig fades out as danger spot number one. Chamberlain is still prepared for appeasement in that quarter. Hitler would not risk a war over Danzig, if only because it might fail to arouse the lasting enthusiasm which, as Hitler himself has explained so convincingly, is necessary to fight a modern war. The encirclement cry does not work because the German people know too well that there will be no war as long as Hitler keeps marching on one spot. These sentiments could be changed overnight if the Western powers could be maneuvered into a situation in which they would be compelled to attack Germany as a consequence of a blow at their power in some remote but vital point, a blow which would not generate in the German people the sense of guilt they felt after the occupation of Prague. In connection with these speculations the news dispatches concerning Trieste and the constant transports of German troops and war materials passing through that port on the way to Lybia pose a new question. What would happen if Germany and Italy were to attack in Africa instead of in Europe? The chances of winning a quick partial success there would be far better; the strategy so successfully applied in Spain could be employed, to be acknowledged only if successful. If the "incident" involved Tunisia or Egypt, the Western powers would have to take the offensive; and Russia would be neutralized.

La Guardia's Police

ON ANOTHER page of this issue is the story of a policeman who tells his prisoner on the way to the station-house: "You people have gone too far and we are going to stop you. . . . When the time comes I'll resign from the force and we'll settle the question our way." The prisoner in the case is an active anti-fascist. The policeman is by his own avowal a would-be storm-trooper, eager and waiting for The Day. The time is not some ominous future; it is 1939. The city is New York. And the prisoner's offense is that he carried a sign quoting from Cardinal Mundelein's repudiation of the political doctrines of Father Coughlin.

The item about the Coughlinite policeman is not the most hair-raising incident recorded in Mr. Wechsler's article, but it effectively poses the problem in words which should be turned against the Coughlins, the Kuhns, and all that infamous crew that has the effrontery to call itself the Christian Front—"You people have gone too far."

A democracy, even one with a fever, can put up with a high quota of crackpots and there is no occasion to go into a dither every time a zany pops up with the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. The army can probably stand a disgruntled and senile general afraid of Jewish poison in the drinking water and we can tolerate in Congress, for one term at any rate, a malevolent clown like the Honorable Jake Thorkelson. But when a group sets out to cultivate a state of war in the streets of our cities and to inflame the police against a whole racial section of the population, the time has come to bring that group to its senses or strip it of every last vestige of power.

When we consider how this is to be done, we find ourselves in the deepest sympathy with Mayor La Guardia and the rest of the city administration. The road is choked with the skeletons of unsuccessful precedents and the shapes of dangerous possibilities. We must not allow the present trend to continue in the name of democracy, and yet democracy itself must not be undermined in its own defense. The dilemma is almost a classic one by this time. The Social Democratic governments of Europe chose to abide by the rules in dealing with forces that gloried in spitting on the rules, and the remains of those governments are now strewn from the Urals to the Alps, from the Baltic to Gibraltar. From this dismal record it would seem plain that in dealing with an unscrupulous opposition the let's-both-be-fair-and-may-the-best-man-win approach is fatal. But this kind of analysis can be dangerously oversimplified. European democracies did not crumble merely because they tried to play cricket with their assassins. Fundamentally they went under because they were economically and socially *in extremis;* but more immediately, they failed because they did not

have the will or the good sense to take even such strong measures against their enemies as were compatible with democratic procedure. We do not believe the time has come when American fascism must be fought in the streets or by autocratic suppression. That would be to play the enemy's game. But we know that such a time will come unless democratic government, acting through legal channels, removes the menace.

The legal apparatus for dealing with Coughlin hoodlums in New York is intact and can easily be put into operation. For the present no new law is needed, and there is always the danger that experimental legislation along these lines might result in suppressions which would open the way for the dictatorial state we most wish to avoid. The fact is that law, whatever its intentions and precise forms, takes its color and its effectiveness from the people who interpret and enforce it. It is the personnel and point of view of a government which determine the extent to which a fascist menace shall be allowed to grow. This is Mayor La Guardia's strength and his salvation. He has police power and he has a police force; let him invoke the power where it needs to be invoked and let him ruthlessly cleanse the force of men whose loyalty lies elsewhere.

The activities of Coughlin's followers in New York have already resulted in street riots, sluggings, stabbings, and intimidation. By the most elementary kind of interpretation, soap-box rantings which evoke cries of "Kill the Jews!" must be considered "inciting to riot." And yet these meetings have not been broken up by La Guardia's police. The mass sale of *Social Justice* to the accompaniment of anti-Semitic slogans and insults hurled at passers-by is likewise "inciting to riot." To some extent this kind of provocation has been toned down in recent weeks but the city officials have not yet concluded that a forcible end to such activity would be a legitimate exercise of police power. (It is not hard to imagine what would happen if the Communists lined 42nd Street with men at intervals of ten feet, all selling the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses* and shouting "Fascist bastard" or "Dirty Coughlinite" at every individual whose face they didn't like.) Policemen who not only have failed to prevent riots, but who flagrantly fraternize with those who provoke them, continue to walk their beats. Men sworn to uphold the peace brazenly boast of what they will do "when the time comes."

The state of affairs is clear: The Christian Front is engaged in daily battles with the unorganized foes of Coughlin; the police are sworn to the impartial enforcement of the law; simultaneous membership in the Front and on the force is therefore incongruous and intolerable. The Front is not a benevolent or religious fraternity. It is a faction of political violence, whose police members constitute an armed fascist nucleus. As such its members should be purged out of the police department to the last man. There is no need for us to tell Mayor La Guardia or Commissioner Valentine how to go about that job. They are past masters of the art of switching recreant patrolmen who live in the Bronx to lonely beats in Far Rockaway; demotions are a powerful argument; and there is always expulsion for cause. There is no doubt in the world that under reactionary administrations such procedures are utilized up to the hilt. They must be used now with cause by a liberal administration for the safety of the city.

Business Picks Up

WALL STREET and professional economic prognosticators were taken completely unaware by the improvement in business conditions which started in late June. With an uncanny capacity for guessing absolutely wrong, speculators pushed stock prices downward throughout the entire month. Even in the last week of the month, when favorable business reports began to dot the financial pages, stock prices receded to a new low. Anti-New Deal papers were panning the Administration for destroying confidence by its new program of self-liquidating capital expenditures.

Yet it cannot now be denied that business has improved. The upturn may not be sensational, but instead of the normal summer slump, noticeable gains have occurred. The index of the *Journal of Commerce* for the last week in June was the highest for the year, 27 per cent above the level of the corresponding period of 1938. Electric power production in the pre-holiday week was at its 1939 high. Freight-car loadings have shown a sharp rise. Copper sales and gasoline consumption are at new peaks. Department-store, mail-order, and chain-store sales are doing better than was expected and considerably better than a year ago. Building construction contracts for the past six months have been larger than in any year since 1930. Automobile sales and output took an unexpected spurt at the end of June. Sales for the month were 70 per cent above those of a year ago.

The reasons for the upturn are not difficult to find. Underlying business conditions have been favorable for the past year, but recovery has been retarded by repeated war scares. As contrasted with the first half of 1938, consumer buying power was held up this spring by WPA and other government expenditures. Wage rates have held despite a fairly sharp decline in living costs. Farm purchasing power has been maintained at a high level. Record crops are in prospect for corn and tobacco, while the wheat and cotton output is expected to be well above the average. Although farm prices are low, the bounties recently voted by Congress, against the will of the Administration, promise to boost farm incomes substantially above last year's level. The European armament race has

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increased our exports, and our own military expansion program is just beginning to show its effect on production. On top of all this the President's new spending program should have a stimulating effect.

The improvement may be of short duration. Little progress has been made toward eliminating any of the basic factors preventing American recovery. We still have nearly ten million unemployed among us. This past week the excess reserves of the member banks—an index of the amount of idle money—reached an all-time peak of $4,450,000,000. Little new capital construction is being undertaken. Yet it is encouraging to note that bank loans to industry have risen recently to a new high for the year. And several large, long-term industrial bond issues have been floated within the past few weeks. The principal obstacle to a sustained upturn, of course, is the probability of another major war scare in September. But the fact that improvement can take place despite the international situation is perhaps the most encouraging feature of the present recovery movement.

Chin Up, Mr. Hogan

TWO decisions, one by a Federal District Judge in Chicago, the other by the august New York Court of Appeals, should help—in certain circles—to restore faith in the courts. Frank J. Hogan devoted his address before the American Bar Association to criticizing the Supreme Court, voicing the black despair many of our corporation lawyers have felt ever since our highest tribunal began to disagree with John W. Davis. But if the United States Supreme Court can no longer be depended upon to find that the Founding Fathers were unalterably opposed to minimum wages or unemployment insurance, the fine old pettifogging spirit still lives in our lower and state courts.

Judge Charles E. Woodward's ruling sustaining the demurrers to Thurman Arnold's indictments against the milk trust in Chicago exhibits the traditional ingenuity with which our courts have passed one rich defendant after another through the needle's eye of the anti-trust laws. Forces more tangible than "folklore" block the government's attempt to break up the combination that dominates the milk market in Chicago, as in most of our cities. A demurrer—for the benefit of readers who may not be lawyers—is a plea of "So what?" The defendant argues that even if the acts alleged against him were committed, they did not constitute a breach of the law. Judge Woodward agreed and threw out the indictments. The judicial hand is usually faster than the layman's eye, and it is necessary to watch closely. Judge Woodward ruled that since the Agricultural Marketing Act gave Secretary of Agriculture Wallace power to regulate milk in interstate commerce, the anti-trust laws no longer apply to milk. We have yet to see a finer specimen of the non-sequitur. For in Chicago milk was being "regulated" by the big milk companies.

There was less sleight-of-hand, more plain old-fashioned judicial disobedience, in the Court of Appeals decision. It involved an anti-injunction law passed in 1935, declared constitutional in 1937, and now—in 1939—"interpreted" into its grave. Though the law explicitly forbids any court to enjoin peaceful picketing, the Court of Appeals upheld an injunction forbidding all picketing in the Busch Jewelry Company strike. The injunction was issued by Salvatore Cotillo, one of New York City's most reactionary anti-labor judges, against a retail clerks' union. The union's pickets were on occasion disorderly and its counsel did not contest Judge Cotillo's power to enjoin and punish for misconduct or abusive statement. The appeal asked that the injunction be modified to allow peaceful picketing. But the Court of Appeals held that where breaches of the peace have occurred or, in the opinion of the judge, *may* occur, all picketing can be enjoined, *in spite of the law*. Here again the law is what the judges say it is, and what the judges are saying is what the American Bar Association would like to hear.

Parade of Dictators

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

IN THE course of brief visits to Chile, the Argentine, and Brazil last winter I did not meet anyone who mistrusted the good intentions of President Roosevelt or Secretary Hull. The good-neighbor policy was welcomed even by the cynical few who saw in it chiefly a means to important commercial ends; most people accepted it as an honest effort to undo the evil results of generations of domineering and bullyragging. But liberals in each country expressed only bewilderment or bitterness at the promiscuous favors bestowed by a democratic Administration upon the enemies of democracy in our own hemisphere.

The parade of dictators and dictators' representatives to Washington began in a grand way with the visit last winter of Oswaldo Aranha, Foreign Minister of Brazil, who was feted and honored and went off finally with some $120,000,000 in his pocket. The money is supposed to be used for various praiseworthy ends, such as bailing out American investors who got stuck with bad Brazilian bonds and buying goods from the United States instead of from Germany. What it is actually being used for will, or may, appear at the end of the year. But Mr. Aranha, after his return to Rio, strongly and significantly stressed the fact that no strings were attached.

Next, General Anastasio Somoza, President Dictator of Nicaragua. In direct cash benefits, Aranha came out miles ahead, but Somoza, as the head of a state, won on honors. You remember the General, don't you, from the

good, old pre-Roosevelt days? He fought against Sandino and later, it is generally believed, plotted the cowardly assassination of the radical leader. In 1936, as chief of the National Guard, he engineered a bloody revolt, overthrew his relative, President Sacasa, and himself seized power. He is a true child of dollar-diplomacy; his power rests on his Marine-trained troops; the services of the Nicaraguan bond issues are supervised by the American customs collector. The dictator himself is shrewd, ruthless, and crooked.

When Somoza paid a state visit to Washington in May the parades and receptions were so ostentatious that newspapermen suggested they might be intended as a dress-rehearsal for the reception of the British King and Queen. But Latin America took them at their face value —which was stupendously high. Somoza departed with promises of loans amounting to $2,500,000.

And now, General Rafael Trujillo, ex-President of the Dominican Republic and still its dictator. Although he is not the official head of the state, his honors have been almost equally lavish. So far no mention of money has appeared in the press. He was received at the State Department and was the President's guest at tea at the White House. A military review was held in his honor. He received a twenty-one gun salute at the World's Fair. He toured West Point, was received by Mayor La Guardia, and attended a dinner in his honor at which Representative Hamilton Fish hailed him as a "builder greater than all the Spanish Conquistadores together."

Unfortunately few people in Latin America know much about Representative Fish but they all know all about General Trujillo. They know that he, too, is a product of pre-Roosevelt diplomacy; and that the rule he established on his part of the island of Hispaniola, supported by another Marine-trained army, became as bloody and oppressive a dictatorship as any in the world, Hitler's included. The crowning feature of his rule was the slaughter in the fall of 1937 of uncounted thousands of helpless Haitian peasants in the border districts of the Dominican republic. It was charged by newspaper correspondents on the spot and by Haitian officials that Trujillo himself ordered, if he did not personally supervise, the orgy of killing.

The General was nettled when reporters during his present visit questioned him about the affair. "Why bring that up?" he asked. "Everything has been settled amicably." And so it has. The Haitian government accepted $750,000 in full payment for its thousands of dead citizens, and one of the worst massacres in history has become an incident too trifling to be mentioned to the visiting dictator. But during his stay in the United States Trujillo is being closely guarded against assassination.

The good-neighbor policy was one of the finest creations of the Roosevelt Administration. To honor the butchers and tyrants of this hemisphere in its name is to pervert and destroy it. No end can justify such tactics and no good end can be served by them. If the Administration really cares for the freedom of the Americas it will turn its attention to the few countries in which freedom survives. These are the countries that really need our friendship and financial support. They face attack from within, and they cannot use the methods of tyrants to hold themselves in power. Chile, in particular, is struggling through a difficult period of reconstruction in the face of constant threats of violent political overturn and the sabotage of the business elements, foreign and domestic. A government like Chile's is a better defense against fascism than many millions of dollars poured into the leaky coffers of crooked dictators. A loan to Chile has been under consideration for many months. Why is it not concluded? Why should Brazil and Nicaragua get loans while Chile has to wait? Above all, what influence in our State Department is responsible for the fantastic idea of granting credits worth $15,000,000 to the Spanish dictatorship of Franco while struggling democracies in this hemisphere are left to the untender mercies of their own reactionaries?

Correction

IN OUR issue of September 25, 1937, we printed a story by Robert S. Allen commenting on the series of articles then recently published by the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* under the name of Ray Sprigle, a member of the staff of that newspaper, exposing the membership of Justice Hugo L. Black in the Ku Klux Klan.

Mr. Allen's article charged that the real author of the *Post-Gazette* series was not Ray Sprigle but "Frank Prince, one-time Hearst reporter and now operator of a private detective agency," and also that "it was Prince who dug up the material on which the Black-Klan articles were based."

Paul Block, publisher of the *Post-Gazette*, and Mr. Sprigle have convinced Mr. Allen of the inaccuracy and injustice of these charges. Mr. Allen, although he believed he had secured his information from accurate sources, now appreciates that they were in error and regrets them. *The Nation* likewise regrets the publication of the erroneous information.

Our article seems also to have given the impression that Mr. Block and the *Post-Gazette* were engaged in a "gum-shoe" job on John L. Lewis. We wish to make it clear that no such implication was intended by us or by Mr. Allen and that this statement had no reference to the newspaper or its publisher, and that there is no evidence whatever that either of them was in any way engaged in any such efforts.

With the publication of this statement, all misunderstandings have been corrected and all litigation between the parties has been terminated.

Rescuing the Sweatshop

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, July 15

WHEN the Administration finally put over the Fair Labor Standards (Wage-Hour) Act of 1938 after a heartbreaking two-year fight against the Tory obstructionists of the House Rules Committee, its accomplishment was hailed by liberals as one of the finest monuments to social justice the New Deal had erected. With the minimum hourly wage for industrial workers fixed at 25 cents and the maximum work week at 44 hours, it seemed reasonable to believe that the sweatshop was gone forever, even though the millennium was not yet at hand. But the sweatshop still flourishes and the modest objectives of the law have not been achieved. The monument, in fact, has begun to crumble.

And now Congress takes sledge hammer in hand to complete the job. With a joyous whoop, the Cox-Smith cabal in the Rules Committee has brushed aside the liberal Labor Committee and is preparing a bill to deprive 1,500,000 workers of the law's protection, such as it is. By the time this report appears in print the House may have passed the destructive amendments sponsored by Representative Graham A. Barden of North Carolina. The Senate will have neither the time nor the inclination to concur at this session, but by next January, at the rate the reaction is running, it may be ready to do so.

The Administration's experience with wage-hour enforcement should put an end to the cherished fiction, invented by Hugh Johnson and given circulation by President Roosevelt, that there is only a negligible fringe of chiselers in business. Elmer Andrews, the Wage-Hour Administrator, also insisted until last week that practically every employer was a good boy. Now the desperate situation in Congress forces him to reveal that he has received some 20,000 complaints of non-compliance and that a cursory examination has shown more than 10,000 of them to be valid on their face.

What Andrews might have added, but didn't, was that the sweatshop industries are paying no attention to the law; that records have been clumsily falsified in scores of factories to cover up substandard wage payments; that workers who dared protest underpayment have been fired and in some cases jailed; that one of the most prominent of the Southern trade associations has advised its members to disregard the law. The tiny force now in the field cannot possibly cope with the tidal wave of non-compliance. So far the inspectors have been no more than an annoyance to the sweatshoppers.

The true state of affairs below the Mason-Dixon line has been known to Southern Congressmen for months even though Andrews has shielded the general public from disillusionment. But the Dixie statesmen were not satisfied. They wanted to whittle down the law itself. The South, standing alone, never can win a Congressional fight. What the hookworm thinkers finally hit upon was an alliance with the chiselers of the North, who have been fully supported by the Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers. Lobbyists for the canners, packers, truckers, and processors of farm commodities proved willing allies. They, in turn, brought in the farm organizations. Ivan G. McDaniel, counsel to the Agricultural Producers' labor committee, a lobbying affiliate of the Associated Farmers, came to Washington to help form the entente.

Andrews played into the hands of the gang early in the session by recommending certain changes in the law—exemption of country telephone operators and workers getting $200 a month or more. Chairman Mary Norton's Labor Committee reported the recommended bill and then, realizing that it would become a vehicle for the Associated Farmers' amendments once it got to the floor, tried unsuccessfully to snatch it back. This left the Rules Committee in command of the legislative situation and it is ready to clear the way for consideration of the Barden bill as a substitute for the Norton bill. The Barden amendment, so-called, is an omnibus carrying exemptions for all the interests represented by the allied lobbyists. In addition, it proposes to bring the wage-exemption figure down to $150 a month. It removes all limitation on hours for about 400,000 office workers, 128,000 packing employees, 120,000 vegetable packers, 160,000 cannery workers, and hundreds of thousands of others engaged in transporting and processing farm commodities. Finally it provides a six-month statute of limitations on workers' complaints—a joker which would make enforcement utterly impossible.

Honors for the wrecking job must be divided. McDaniel deserves some of them. But the boys who did most of the inside work were Barden, Harry B. Coffee, Nebraska Democrat; August H. Andresen, Minnesota Republican, and, of course, those stalwarts, Edward E. Cox of Georgia and Howard W. Smith of Virginia, rulers of the Rules Committee. Speaker William B. Bankhead and Democratic Leader Sam Rayburn, who cooperated with the lobby from the start, deserve buttonhole ribbons at least. Unless Congress goes home soon, the New Deal may well be "compromised" away.

The Coughlin Terror

BY JAMES WECHSLER

FOR six months New York has been somewhat incredulously watching the evolution of an anti-Semitic movement. It is not the polite kind to which most cities are accustomed; its manifestations are angry and violent, it uses the streets as a battleground and it employs all the familiar devices of an ancient crusade. Its spiritual leader is Charles E. Coughlin and its book of revelation is his magazine *Social Justice*.

The disciples make up a grim and humorless array: parochial school students who have suddenly become missionaries, middle-aged men and women who have obviously had very little fun in life, neighborhood toughs who now have lofty motives for rowdyism, elderly women who get hysterical at the drop of an anti-Coughlin phrase, children whose services have been donated by zealous parents. But they are more than stock types of fanaticism. In large measure they are creatures of poverty and disappointment: you can see the frayed white collar, you can sense the unfulfilled dreams and the perennial inadequacy of lower middle-class life. They are clerks who wrap bundles all week, unsuccessful little merchants with large and resentful wives, unemployed workers clutching for some tangible enemy.

Most of them are Catholics; but there is a perceptible, animated sprinkling of German-American Bund members, professional anti-Semites, followers of assorted "patriotic" groups, and unaffiliated crackpots. To the devout the movement offers primarily emotional dividends. To the professionals it is a business with a future. Their list of accomplishments is long if not varied: several stabbings, a multitude of street fights, deepening tension in mixed neighborhoods where clashes have become commonplace. Their numerical strength is almost certainly unimpressive. But by toiling overtime they manage to get around.

Each week the Christian Front, which is Coughlin's chief agency, holds close to thirty open-air meetings in outlying districts and in the heart of Manhattan, attracting crowds as large as 2,000. For thirty consecutive Sundays pickets have trudged up and down in front of Station WMCA because it refused to let Coughlin on the air without seeing his script in advance. On Saturday afternoon *Social Justice* salesmen cluster around Jewish-owned department stores; in the evening pickets parade in front of stores which sponsor WMCA programs. Throughout the week the salesmen are located at strategic, crowded points throughout the city, screaming anti-Semitic slogans when the police don't tone them down and merely denouncing communism when they are restrained. Intermittently they picket Congressman Sol Bloom's home because his name is linked with the Administration's neutrality bill, Hearst's station WINS because it also refuses to broadcast Coughlin, and anybody else who has momentarily offended the leader. On Sunday afternoon in Times Square police line the sidewalk fifteen feet apart, direct pedestrian traffic, and try to prevent outbreaks while Coughlin (and now anti-Coughlin) salesmen fill the streets. So acute is the tension in the area around Mosholu Parkway that police even patrol the rooftops at night while others encircle the meetings that are in progress below. In midtown Manhattan a "Christian index" of storekeepers had been circulated.

As a direct product of these diverse activities, "incidents"—brawls, beatings, brief but savage fist-fights—have inevitably multiplied. They have been almost uniformly ignored by the press, partly because it fears to tread on Catholic toes and partly because it still believes in the silent treatment for anti-Semitism. It is an open secret that New York *Times* reporters cover clashes of this sort and prepare detailed memoranda. These reports go up to the executive offices, not to the composing room. The *Herald Tribune* and the other metropolitan dailies have been no more generous in their coverage. If you live in an area which hasn't been penetrated yet by Coughlin emissaries, you may know nothing at all of these skirmishes. But some phase of the Coughlin crusade is carried on nearly every day.

From scores of eyewitness reports, affidavits, and direct observation it is possible to reconstruct the pattern of this activity. A picture of sustained terrorism blanketing the city would be a false one. The Coughlin movement is still a "fringe" affair; whatever mass sympathy it has evoked is of a passive sort, largely confined to the Catholic Church. It permeates the rest of the community much more slowly, and its significance at this moment is more potential than actual. But six months of increasing effort have crystallized the major problems which New York has to face. The first is the inescapably violent emotion aroused by Coughlinite propaganda and the succession of violent incidents which have flowed from it. The second is the gradual division of some densely populated neighborhoods into warring camps, creating an atmosphere which will soon be explosive. The third is the uncertain role of a police force overwhelmingly Catholic in membership.

When George Britt, writing in *The Nation* last April, reported the emergence of "poison in the melting pot," the dangers of the concoction were still latent. There had been two stabbings of Jews, but their origins in organized Coughlin activity could be only inferentially traced. There is no longer any ambiguity about the link between anti-Semitic violence and Coughlin propaganda.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

This is a street scene on the evening of June 12 at 163rd Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Several hundred spectators jam the sidewalk, most of them wearing Christian Front buttons. A speaker is telling the crowd that "Christians" built America and now "non-Christians" are trying to steal it. He doesn't identify the bogy-men any more plainly; it is always just "non-Christians" or "they"—and "they" never wielded an axe or guided a plow. The subtlety is somewhat labored, but the crowd enjoys it; they've heard it all before. Suddenly there is a melee near the platform. A young girl is asking who "they" are. She doesn't ask for very long, because in a second she is surrounded and she finds herself running a gantlet of a hundred pushing, kicking people, As she gets near the edge of the crowd, two men grab her, throw her down, and pummel her some more. Finally two policemen get through and lead her away. No arrests are made, the speaker resumes his fable, the crowd gets more and more aroused, and there are intermittent cries of "Kill the Jews!" A bystander goes to police headquarters to complain, but the girl, overcome with fright, begs to be left alone.

Two days earlier, Samuel Applebaum, who teaches French at New Utrecht High School, was walking through Union Square on his way to a movie. He was attracted by a restive crowd in front of the Ohrbach store. A little girl was selling *Social Justice;* a man was selling "The Real Father Coughlin," written by an editor of the *New Masses*. A big, conspicuously Irish bystander was taunting the anti-Coughlin salesman: "You don't mean democracy, you mean Jewocracy," he yelled. "We fought in the World War for you Jews. What for?" After that things happened fast. Applebaum reported:

> I spoke up and said: "We Jews also fought in the World War." He turned and came toward me menacingly. He started to attack me. We grappled for a while and he threw me to the ground. The crowd stood by while we struggled for a minute. There was no policeman present. I finally managed to get up and started to walk away. Another fellow, also a large Irishman, came up to me and asked if I wanted to fight. I gave him the impression that I didn't want any further disturbance and walked away. Suddenly I noticed that my hand was covered with blood and then for the first time I realized I had been stabbed, evidently some time during the struggle on the sidewalk. The wound was not serious.
>
> An Italian was held on a charge of flourishing a knife and yelling "Down with the Jews!" However, I do not think that he is the man who stabbed me, and I told the police that I couldn't identify the man who was arrested with any degree of certainty. . . .

In each of these cases the victim had been inadvertently drawn into the conflict. The Coughlinites are more systematic in dealing with the organized opposition that has emerged. When an anti-Coughlin monthly called *Equality* appeared, it became in a sense the symbol of the forces with which Coughlinism has to contend. Thousands of copies were quickly sold. Its issuance was followed by publication of special issues of the *Churchman* carrying effective anti-Coughlin material, by distribution of reprints from the New York *Post* and *The Nation,* and the sale of left-wing anti-Coughlin pamphlets. In hounding these salesmen Coughlinites do not distinguish between Jews and Christians; they operate on the more simple hypothesis that anyone who challenges Coughlin is a Jew. On Sunday, May 21, Lawrence Maynard was handing out reprints from the *Post* which revealed deadly parallels between the words of Coughlin and Goebbels. He was standing just a block from WMCA where the weekly picketing was in progress. Suddenly a man named John Dugan walked over to him. Dugan didn't say anything; he just let loose, smashed Maynard in the mouth, and Maynard fell, bleeding and unconscious. Dugan was arrested on a charge of assault. Although unprovoked attacks had occurred before, the circumstances were seldom as clear-cut. The case aroused a good deal of attention because it was hoped that a fairly severe sentence would do much to prevent future brawls. The trial was in Special Sessions. One of the judges cautioned a witness to refer to Coughlin as "Father." Dugan, offering no defense, was praised for his frankness in admitting the attack. He was urged to count thirty before committing a similar offense. Sentence was suspended.

Where the population is sharply divided between Jews and Catholics, recognized trouble zones have developed. The intersection of the Grand Concourse and Fordham Road in the Bronx is an example. It was there that a priest from Fordham University some months ago loudly denounced anti-Coughlin salesmen as "dirty kikes." An observer* who surveyed the area on the evening of May 22 testifies as follows:

> At each of the four corners there were venders of *Social Justice,* calling attention to their papers in provocative terms. Passers-by, who seemed to be annoyed by the salesmen's remarks, made counter-comments. These people found themselves embroiled in arguments with individuals other than the salesmen, individuals who seemed to be loitering about for just that purpose. A

* Where affidavits of unnamed observers are used in this article the identity of the witnesses is known to us and held in confidence. —EDITORS THE NATION.

crowd would form around the arguing crowd. Police would then disperse the crowd. Most people then moved on, but there seemed to be a residual nucleus who continued to loiter and were prominent in a succession of such events. Between eight and nine-fifteen that evening we witnessed six such demonstrations on Fordham Road. Police were present in large numbers but the disturbances continued.

A week later, on the same site, representatives of the American Jewish Congress started the sale of an anti-Coughlin pamphlet. As soon as they arrived *Social Justice* venders took up such chants as "Rabbi Wise is a charter member of the Communist Party." In the words of one anti-Coughlin salesman:

Repeatedly someone posing as a passer-by would stop and make provocative remarks in an obvious attempt to draw our men into a fight. Several times big, burly men approached me and used filthy language concerning Jews, in an undertone, in an apparent effort to say something which would constitute a reason for starting a fight. . . .

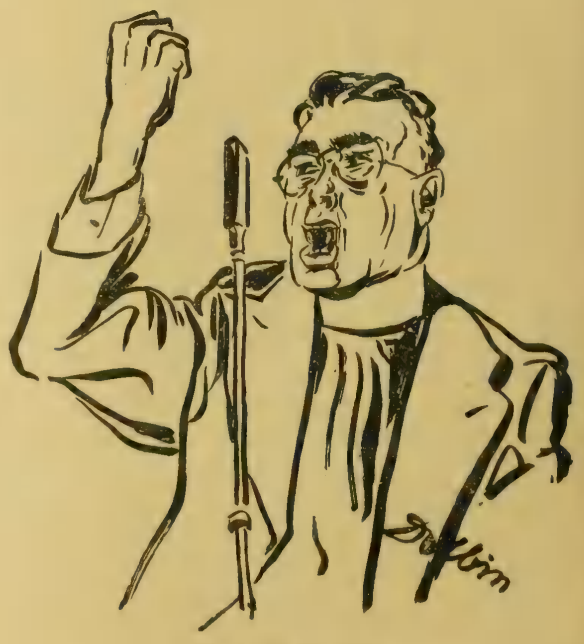
RABBLE-ROUSING

The Transport Workers Union called an open-air meeting for June 16 at 138th Street and Willis Avenue in the Bronx, a Coughlin stronghold. The union, with a large Catholic membership, is led by Michael Quill, a Catholic who is avowedly anti-Coughlin. The advance notices said that the meeting would discuss labor legislation. As the crowd gathered, Christian Front buttons began to appear. When Quill arose there was a restless surge, booing, hissing, heckling. Suddenly two broken milk bottles flew out of the crowd of 1,500. They missed Quill's head but precipitated a stampede. People tried to rush from the block, the police were powerless to restore order, and a large-scale conflict was barely averted. Somehow Quill managed to restore a semblance of order and keep the meeting going. The outbursts continued for a while, then slowly subsided. As if at another signal, a large section of the crowd filed to another corner and a Christian Front meeting was launched. There an anonymous speaker offered at five-minute intervals to die for Hitler, Franco, and Mussolini, denounced the Jews, Michael Quill, and the "little red boy" at City Hall, and concluded with the promise that there would be no "hooked noses" allowed at future meetings.

Christian Front meetings are generally unsafe for any person who looks Jewish. A well-known Jewish attorney who has handled numerous cases involving anti-Coughlin salesmen, attended a Christian Front meeting as an observer on the night of June 17. This one was at 153rd Street and Third Avenue, another favorite Coughlin meeting-place, and the crowd was predominantly Irish. The speaker said that the Front couldn't be against Communists alone, because there aren't enough of them; it is against "all Jews and internationalists." His epithets were pretty picturesque and he got a rousing hand. When someone in the crowd discovered the attorney, accompanied by his wife, the spotlight shifted quickly. He reports:

A group of Coughlinites surrounded me and started using abusive language. They wanted to know what the hell the Jews were doing at that meeting and decided it would be a good idea to beat them up. They were also saying they would beat up Rabbi Wise if he were there. The situation became dangerous and I walked away with my wife from the meeting. A few of the Coughlinites followed me for several blocks. I therefore boarded a trolley and lost them. . . .

Just a week later there was another flare-up at the same place. As the Christian Front meeting progressed, two men carrying placards which advertised the film



Charles E. Coughlin

"Confessions of a Nazi Spy" appeared on the block. The crowd, invariably resenting an affront to Hitler almost as much as to Coughlin, responded promptly. The men were surrounded and a melee seemed inevitable, but the police intervened and led the two men away before any blows were struck. It was at the same meeting that a speaker, introduced somewhat ambiguously as "the guy from Long Island," boasted to the crowd:

Out in Queens we are organizing an army of 10,000 men and my only purpose in coming here tonight is to recruit fighting Christians for that army. . . .

He claimed that he had recruited 82 men at the previous meeting and 150 at the one before, and announced that his agents would circulate among the audience enlisting volunteers, who would later be visited privately to ascer-

tain their reliability. This projected "army" is reported to be under investigation now. Like many of the most fiery Coughlin threats, the "army" may consist of ten men without a horse.

ANCIENT STRATAGEMS

It is a fascist axiom that old women and little children can be as useful as political Al Capones. The Coughlinites use them because they can create a maximum of disorder with a minimum danger of reprisal. An observer who watched the WMCA picket line on Sunday, May 21, reported that

> the line broke up at about 3:40 and most of the group began making its way slowly down Broadway in the direction of Times Square. I noticed a man and a woman with a young child walking north on the curb side of the picketing group. Just before they arrived abreast of me an elderly woman broke away from the crowd and threw herself upon the man, yelling "dirty Jew." In the scuffle the man lost his glasses and was clawed in the face by the woman's finger nails. Upon being shaken off by the man the female picketer assaulted the woman of the couple, tearing off her hat, saying something about "filthy Jewish prostitutes." A number of patrolmen arrived at this point and separated them. Before I could learn what had been done with the assailant, an inspector pulled me out of the crowd surrounding the couple and pushed me against the building line. By the time I was able to make my way back to the man and woman, the assailant had disappeared. . . . It was quite clear that the assailant was not arrested (although she had been pulled out of the crowd) because I identified her, less than twenty minutes later, selling *Social Justice* on 42nd Street.

Coughlin's female contingent has recently developed a new device. On several occasions a salesman of *Equality* has been suddenly surrounded by two or three women, one of whom yells "The Jew spit on her!" Another plays the injured victim, whose companions sympathize with her and continue to abuse the salesman. While a crowd gathers to watch the act, the salesman vainly protests his innocence. When a policeman approaches, the women abruptly finish their routine and disappear.

A slight variation is worked with children. In midtown New York a little boy selling *Social Justice* starts to weep pitiably. Bystanders come up to him and ask him what's wrong. "A big Jew hit me," he cries. A crowd collects and women try to soothe the child. An observer who once watched this performance decided to remain on the scene for a while. Nearly an hour later the same boy reappeared and proceeded to cry loudly. Again a crowd gathered. "A big Jew hit me," sobbed the little boy. Like confidence-game devices which are handed down from one generation to another, these Coughlin techniques are old. They have been tried in other countries with impressive results, and only the embellishments are peculiar to this time and city.

Before *Equality* and other anti-Coughlin literature appeared on the streets, clashes followed a simple formula. *Social Justice* salesmen poured out a stream of anti-Semitic slogans: "Read the Truth About the Jews," "This is a Christian Country," etc., the language frequently being a good deal more provocative. It became evident at once to any observer that they were more interested in shouting their slogans than in selling their papers. While few copies were purchased, the sheer repetition of "big lies" was expected to leave its mark. It was also intended to provoke the kind of recurrent disorders which project the "Jewish question" into popular consciousness. And it worked. Passers-by became aroused, got into altercations with the salesmen, and, as frequently as not, a group of Coughlinites standing by would pitch in. On April 20 a man named Thomas Maloney, who was dismissed from his job a year ago for distributing anti-Semitic leaflets to fellow-employees, called a girl, who happened to be passing by, a "Jew bastard." Nathan Smulin, also a passer-by, seized one of Maloney's papers and slapped him with it. Maloney grabbed Smulin, tore his coat, and yelled for a policeman. Smulin was taken before Magistrate Burke, who added malicious mischief to the charge of simple assault and held Smulin in $2,000 bail. On May 6 *Social Justice* was being sold in front of Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. A public school teacher, Mrs. Frances Cohen, lost her temper and started to argue with the salesman. "Here's a Communist, send her back to Russia, she's only a worm!" the Coughlinites shouted. A crowd began to jostle her, fighting broke out, and the proprietor of a near-by store ran to her aid. The Coughlinites shifted their attention to him with cries of "Lynch the Jew!" and persuaded the police to arrest him. No attempt was made to arrest a Coughlinite until Mrs. Cohen insisted.

When anti-Coughlin material came out, the situation grew more complex. For one thing, the possibility of direct conflict was enhanced. Further, the impartiality of the police—in assigning places, in keeping order, and in making arrests—was put to a stern test, and the results have not always been reassuring. Not that discrimination is in any sense universal. Some policemen have handled tense and difficult situations with amazing skill. But discrimination has taken place; often it is more subtle than overt and in large measure it stems from the character of the force. For there are 12,000 Irish Catholic policemen in New York. The speeches delivered at their communion breakfasts often differ in intensity rather than in kind from Coughlin propaganda. The *Tablet*, organ of the Brooklyn Diocese, is frequently anti-Semitic in tone and prints the full text of Coughlin's addresses each week. It is sometimes sold by the same men who sell *Social Justice*. No important spokesman of the church in this area has yet challenged Coughlin.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POLICE

The police discrimination which occurs assumes diverse forms. The most commonplace is probably the least spectacular: the fraternal attitude manifested by the police toward the Coughlinites. On several occasions observers have seen policemen preserve the posts of *Social Justice* salesmen until they returned from lunch, barring anti-Coughlin venders who try to step in. In some cases police have even held magazine bundles for the Coughlin salesmen. Traditionally, New York police have displayed an occupational allergy to pickets and picket lines, but Coughlin pickets are different. The more sympathetic police frequently converse with them behind their hands, joke in subdued tones, and display an authentically fraternal interest in their activities. This familiarity must be contrasted with the fact that there are some areas which *Equality* salesmen refuse to enter because they fear violence and are uncertain whether the police will protect them.

On May 17 Adeline Schecter was arrested at 42nd Street and 7th Avenue because she carried a sign quoting Cardinal Mundelein's repudiation of Coughlin; on the same day Eugene McCloskey was arrested in front of Namm's department store for carrying signs which quoted the Pope's attack on racism. In the immediate vicinity of both arrests Coughlinites shouting anti-Semitic slogans were unmolested by the police. Ten days later David Grant was arrested in Brooklyn, also for carrying a sign which quoted Mundelein on Coughlin. Grant testifies that, on the way to the police station, a policeman* told him: "Do you know that if someone from Father Coughlin's saw that sign they would have you arrested for criminal libel? Cardinal Mundelein never said anything like that. You people have gone too far and we are going to stop you. We have 30,000 men, and when the time comes I'll resign from the force and we'll settle the question our way." Another observer testifies that on the same day he walked over to a policeman,* pointed to the placards of the Coughlin pickets, and asked what the policeman thought of them. Assured that his questioner was not Jewish, the patrolman replied: "It's lucky you're not; the Jews are taking over everything." He then boasted that there are 6,000 police enrolled in the Christian Front. This figure, which would be staggering if confirmed, may well represent fantasy rather than fact. The policeman complained that "only Jews are getting promotions on the police force" (although the Police Commissioner is a Catholic). In the same month an American Jewish Congress official telephoned a lieutenant at a Bronx station to inform him that the Congress was planning a leaflet distribution that night. "Oh, you're going to make trouble; well, we know how to take care of you," the lieutenant retorted.

*The shield number of this policeman was noted by observers and is available.—EDITORS THE NATION.

In March a man named J. Edward Silver was arrested on the complaint of a throng of Coughlinites; he had been in a fight with boys selling *Social Justice* in the subway. At police headquarters, he asserts, he tried to tell his story but the lieutenant said: "They ought to send you all back to Russia." When Magistrate Brill heard the case, she rebuked the police for not arresting the Coughlinite youths and herself had the boys remanded to children's court. Shortly afterward, Silver received several vituperative anti-Semitic letters and subsequently several men visited the switchboard operator at his home, ostensibly to "get some facts about him because he's trying to take out insurance."

Perhaps the most flagrant instance of police misbehavior occurred on July 6 at 116th Street and Rockaway Boulevard in Rockaway Park. *Social Justice* has been sold for months in that area, which is relatively strong Christian Front territory. On that night Solbert Bodener started to sell *Equality* for the first time in this neighborhood. As the evening wore on youthful Coughlinites assembled around him. There were two policemen standing near by. One of the Coughlinites grabbed Bodener's magazines and threw them to the ground. As he stooped to pick them up he was kicked in the head. An eyewitness tried to get one of the policemen to intervene, but without success. Other observers testify that while Bodener lay sprawled on the ground, one of the policemen struck him on the head with his club. Bodener suffered a fractured skull. On the basis of eyewitness affidavits efforts are under way to bring action against the policeman who took part in the attack and the other two who stood by. Less than two weeks before this incident occurred, Police Commissioner Valentine had warned the police force against discriminatory practices in handling street sales.

Undoubtedly these instances of police discrimination, whether manifested in fraternization with Coughlinites or assaults on their foes, must be contrasted with numerous illustrations of effective police work, by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. There is no evidence at hand for a blanket indictment. But police camaraderie with the Coughlinites is common enough to give promise of large-scale trouble if the Coughlin technique progresses to a more advanced stage.

This report has dealt almost exclusively with the spread of what can be legitimately identified as the Coughlin movement. It is Coughlin's personality, Coughlin's speeches, and Coughlin's propaganda which have unified anti-Semitism in New York. But the Coughlin camp following, centered as it is in the Catholic population, extends beyond church parishes. The German-American Bund provides its most talented organizational minds; the Protestant War Veterans, the American Nationalists, the Crusaders for Americanism, and the Christian Labor Front (with its base among Irish Catholic

transport workers) are all sources, in varying degree, of man power for the street-fighting patrols. All of these, in turn, are loosely united in the Christian Front, which is both the "united front" and the dynamic core of the movement. It calls the mass meetings, floods the city with leaflets, and rallies the crowds under its own signature. While the constituent (and independent) bodies try to assert their individuality, the Front has become popularly identified with Coughlin. Some months ago Allen Zoll, who conceived the WMCA picket line (and was recently arrested for trying to extort $7,500 for calling it off), wrote a letter to the New York Bund paper thanking Kuhn for his help in organizing the pickets. At Bund meetings *Social Justice* is widely sold and Coughlin's name ecstatically cheered, and some street-corner salesmen complement their stocks of *Social Justice* with copies of Pelley's *Liberation*, the *Tablet*, and the *Deutsche Weckruf*.

Beyond these street squads there is a "respectable" wing of the movement whose members remain hidden in Wall Street offices and Park Avenue homes. To these followers organizations like the Women's Association Against Communism, the American Patriots, Inc., and the American Defense League offer the emotional equivalent of street riots. On the streets Coughlinism promises to liberate the masses from Wall Street domination; to Wall Street brokers it promises freedom from "Jew taxation." The continuity is preserved through leaders like Zoll who skip back and forth between picket line and parlor.

New York's experience with Coughlinism has visible national significance. The city has become a laboratory for carefully developed fascist experimentation, nourished by the heterogeneous character of its population and by the timidity of press and public officials. Ultimately, however, the problem is national. What the rest of the country can learn from contemporary New York is the failure of the silent treatment. For silence has merely encouraged rumors, half-truths, and bizarre reports which create a panic among Coughlin's foes almost as deadly as the hysteria which obsesses his followers. What is needed is swift official attention.

America and Europe

BY LOUIS FISCHER

IN BOTH Germany and Italy fascism began as an attempt to cure the ills of those countries by internal change, not by foreign expansion. Hitler and Mussolini set out to attain autarchy or national self-sufficiency by means of the highest possible economic development at home. In "Mein Kampf" Hitler scoffed at the value of colonies to Germany. A strong Germany, of course, would want more territory, and Hitler named Austria and the Ukraine as desirable acquisitions. But fascism was to be an alternative to communist economy and a vast improvement on orthodox capitalism. It boasted that it would do things better than America, England, France, and Russia. Has it? Stealing territories is no innovation in modern civilization, but even the stolen territories have solved no material problems, perhaps instead created some. The Nazis and Fascists now assert that they must further expand in order to live, but their cries that they are "have-not" nations are as specious and insincere as their earlier advocacy of self-determination.

The fascists' insistence on foreign aggrandizement as their only escape is an avowal of domestic failure. Fascism has no claim at all to being a successful rival economic system. The *Volkswirt* writes: "Large sections of the so-called middle class are living from hand to mouth, in a manner which is almost critical." Germany's food problem is further than ever from solution. According to the official Nazi Institute of Business Research, the shortage of butter and other fats is now 50 per cent of total requirements, and of fodder, which is essential to the production of fats, 26 per cent. The area under cultivation has decreased since Hitler came into power. There is no unemployment in Germany today, and in Italy, because millions of men are unproductively employed in the army and in government bureaus, and because more millions are wastefully employed making bombers, guns, gas, tanks, rifles, etc. At the same time, both countries are exhausting their national capital by converting useful metals and other materials, plant equipment, frequently unrenewed, and man power (ground under a sixty-hour week) into armaments which are economically a dead loss. Fascism has not fundamentally or permanently solved a single German or Italian economic difficulty. Both countries have really been at war since 1935. Their economies are war economies and as such are as socialistic in intent as most of the measures which the United States adopted in 1917-18. That was not much. The only socialism in fascist states is anti-Semitism. Karl Marx once said that "anti-Semitism is the socialism of fools." By that criterion Germany is very socialistic, but by no other. If fascism faced us merely as a new economic system it would warrant little interest or concern. Its challenge is as a brutal force which wages war and suppresses small nations.

By comparison, the Soviet regime is a far more arrest-

ing development. The Soviet Union has demonstrated that an economy from which private capitalism has been eliminated can build up a country and produce on a large scale. The collectivization of agriculture, moreover, is the first change in the form of land tenure and of farm cultivation since the French Revolution transformed the serf into a peasant or farmer, and the Russian collective farm, perhaps Stalin's greatest contribution to the Bolshevik revolution, constitutes a tremendous challenge to the impoverished village economies of eastern and central Europe. These things are of epochal importance.



Drawing by Georges Schreiber
Prime Minister Chamberlain

On the other hand, Soviet production for the daily use of the population is woefully inadequate. The flow of consumers' goods is irregular, and has shown no tendency to satisfy the nation's requirements. Above all, the Soviet government's significant economic and social progress and the successful defense of its territories in a hostile environment have been accompanied by great restrictions on the liberties of man and on intellectual and artistic freedom. These restrictions, far from being relaxed in accordance with the promise of the 1936 Constitution and as domestic stability and invulnerability against foreign attack grew, have actually been tightened.

These aspects of the world situation, and especially the emergence of militant fascism, have radically altered our sense of values and shifted the emphasis on political objectives. Those who once said: "Yes, there is freedom of the press but . . .," those who daily argued the weaknesses of democratic regimes, have been educated by bitter events. The operations of dictatorships have taught anti-capitalists and leftists to treasure freedom above everything. Without civil rights there is no economic security even when unemployment has disappeared. The dictatorships have made us love democracy more.

In like manner, no anti-capitalist party or group of any influence today has a realistic program which goes beyond an attempt to mitigate some of the evils of capitalism. The left has accepted reformism.

Fascist aggression has also rallied the left to the ignoble territorial status quo throughout the world. Fascism has reconciled anti-fascists to the bourgeois imperialism which they abhor. For if the British and French empires, whose methods no decent person can condone, were broken up, the pieces would be attached to the three fascist aggressors, who could then defy and dominate the earth. Medieval barbarism would reign supreme.

The left is on the defensive and is ready to ally itself with orthodox capitalism and the old imperialism against the far more vicious forms of fascist capitalism and fascist imperialism. The fact that at just such a time the economic royalists and rightists here and elsewhere should display an accession of class consciousness and attack all reformers left of center as "communist," "Jews," and "radicals" proves that their red-baiting is dishonest. It is really designed to justify a sinister advance toward reaction, religious intolerance, and racial hates. Reactionary red-baiting is the false face of fascism. The capitalists will not save themselves, they will ruin themselves by such folly.

Mark Sullivan and others of the same sort think that by repetition they prove the thesis that fascism arises as a reply to the threat of communism. This is nonsense. In Italy, the communist effort to dominate the factories had been suppressed long before Mussolini made his bid for power. In Germany, the Communists were hopelessly in the minority and always lacked the force to seize the government or enough influence to penetrate it by acquiescence. What better evidence of the weakness of the Socialists and Communists in Germany and Italy can one ask than the known fact that they offered not the slightest resistance to Hitler's and Mussolini's introduction into office? Hitler did not "seize" power, and there was never a "march on Rome." The reactionaries peacefully presented the fascists with the reins of government.

Europe's experience must be a warning to the United States. Dictatorships came to Italy and Germany not when strong executives were in office, but rather when hopelessly divided parliaments hampered lamentably weak executives and crushed all popular faith in the effectiveness of democracy. These executives, hiding behind a communist smoke screen, then made a deal with the fascists. World capitalism apparently has reached a stage of development where it requires state intercession. Many features of the New Deal would be retained even if the worst anti-New Dealers came into office. Those who criticize the New Deal for intervention in business should beware of the alternative, which is more intervention. The New Deal faces enormous problems and obstacles, but it has had one brilliant success: it has achieved considerable federal control of and participation in economic activities without any setback to civil liberties. If the present degree of government aid to recovery can be maintained or even increased without any greater infringement of the rights of man, then America will not be menaced by fascism. Better labor organization and a fuller realization of the noxious character of fascism can offset the tendency of an economically more active state to encroach on the prerogatives of the individual.

Fascism has nothing to offer economically or socially or politically. It would also have been a complete fail-

ure in its foreign policy but for the indecision, the cowardice, and, what is most reprehensible, the sympathy of the non-aggressors. From September, 1931, when the Japanese marched into Manchuria, to 1935, when the Italians seized Ethiopia, to the remilitarization of the Rhineland in March, 1936, to the tragic destruction of the Spanish republic beginning July, 1936, to the loss of Sudetenland in September, 1938—in each of these instances of fascist aggression the democracies, including in some cases our own, helped the aggressors. And in no single instance did the democracies help the victim of aggression. If there is another world war—fortunately it is still "if"—the fascist governments of Germany, Italy, and Japan will launch it. But the war guilt will be more evenly distributed. It will be shared by the democratic governments, by the dominant British and French political parties and the forces behind them, by parliaments and by free newspapers. Every friend of appeasement, every partisan of Chamberlain and Daladier, every advocate of Franco in Europe, Latin America, and the United States has contributed to the circumstances which conduce to world war today.

It was not necessary to yield to the aggressors. The fascist nations are weak. In Abyssinia and Albania the Italians conquered poorly armed, backward peoples. The Spanish republic, badly organized, unarmed, caught unaware by the revolt of the disloyal generals, was able to hold out for almost three years against the efforts of the Spanish, German, and Italian fascists. Japan has not subdued the Chinese. The so-called anti-Comintern triangle —Germany, Italy, and Japan, and its satellites (Hungary and Spain, with perhaps Jugoslavia lagging behind)— could not win a world war if the non-aggressor states were united. The strength of Germany, Italy, and Japan has been sapped by fascist industrial methods, by years of arming, by wars and unprofitable conquests. The fascists accordingly have sought to avoid war with major powers. Appeasement was their fool-sent opportunity. It encouraged them to fight battles by blackmail, arrogance, and propaganda.

When serious observers encounter a new political or social phenomenon they seek to ascertain its deeper economic causes. I would be the last person to neglect economic determinism and social analysis, but I think it is necessary to make a plea for more attention to superficial factors artificially introduced by outside forces. The upsurge of anti-Semitism in the United States, for instance, is being attributed to the depression. Yet we have had slumps before, and the Jews were not made the scapegoats. As recently as 1933 the bankers were blamed for our woes, and nothing was so popular in lectures or articles as to gibe at Charley Mitchell and J. P. Morgan. Now Father Coughlin has performed a service to the bankers by just making a little twist and saying, "Jewish international bankers." This country and many others are being flooded with German, Italian, and Japanese propaganda money and by spies whose least crime is the collection of secret information. Attorney General Murphy the other day spoke about the vast increase of sabotage in American military establishments. The German Bund and several American fascist organizations receive their direct inspiration and probably their funds from Germany, others from Italy. They would, perhaps, be worthy only of our contempt but for the fact that certain highly influential elements of the Roman Catholic Church have joined their cause to what will be their own detriment in the end, for when you release religious intolerance in a country so temperamental as the United States, it does not stop short at one religious minority. In France, the Catholic Church, under the liberal influence of the Benedictines, has had the good sense to urge legislation, now enacted, penalizing agitation which nurtures racial and religious hates.

Foreign pressure has recently created several situations which had no roots and no justification in national conditions. Italy never had had a Jewish problem; Mussolini boasted of it publicly. But under Hitler's dictation, Italy made anti-Semitism its official policy. Spain in 1936 was plodding along slowly toward mild reforms under a temperate, lethargic government. There was no compelling internal reason for violent revolt. But Germany and Italy coveted Spain's minerals and, more, her strategic positions. Documents seized in Barcelona after the civil war commenced, and published under the title "Nazi Conspiracy in Spain," prove that the Fritz Kuhns, aided by German officials, were feverishly active in Spain long before Franco rose, stirring up social discontent, provoking brawls and murders, and sowing the bitterness which burst into full bloom in the bloody war that followed.

But the most astounding illustration of the efficacy of foreign propaganda and foreign blackmail is Czechoslovakia. For there the life of a delightful and progressive nation was snuffed out by lies and speeches and Nazi insolence, not by German military might nor by the threat of 10,000 airplanes bombing London and Paris. Today we know that the 10,000 planes were an invention. The fascist press revealed it—after the Munich crisis—with malicious delight in having deceived the democracies. An Italian aviation expert, Signor Mario Muratori, wrote in the official



Drawing by Bert Hayden
Josef Stalin

Roman *L'Ala d'Italia* that the front-line strength of the German air force was 3,000 and would be 6,000 in 1940-41. This was republished on October 25, 1938, in the Essen *National Zeitung*, the organ of Field Marshal Göring. Leading Nazis have admitted that Germany was in a quandary. As late as June 14, 1939, Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels referred again, as he had in October, 1938, to the pacifist sentiments of the German public. Last summer, he said, German intellectuals "constantly nagged and criticized" the Nazi course of action in dealing with Czechoslovakia. "What would have happened," Goebbels quoted the intellectuals as saying, "if Chamberlain had not come to Munich?" What is the implication of this question? That if Chamberlain had not come to Germany it would have been in a fix, for it could not have gone to war. How did Goebbels answer? Not that Germany would have fought and won. No. Goebbels asserted that "Chamberlain came because he had to come. He came because we had him cornered. He was—to use a chess term—in check." The blackmail, the arrogance, the lying propaganda about 10,000 planes had worked. Much later Goebbels boasted that "we made the Reich by propaganda." Czechoslovakia did not have to die. Nor did the Spanish republic have to die.

We are today approaching another major international crisis reminiscent of September, 1938. The Japanese-British tension in China and events in Poland and Slovakia and Hungary are ominous. We may witness a new example of the technique of the anti-Comintern nations which consists in smoothing the path to one another's aggressions. If Spain had been saved in 1937, Czechoslovakia would have been in little danger, and contrariwise, the fate of Spain was sealed when Czechoslovakia's throat was cut at Munich. While the non-aggressors are occupied with a threatened drive by one of the fascist powers, a second will stir up trouble in another quarter of the globe, and thus prevent the concentration of restraining influence against any single offender. The combination of a German push into Hungary or Poland, or both, and of violent Japanese action against the foreign powers in China might conceivably paralyze democratic resistance and give the totalitarians another bloodless victory. Salvation lies in unity and firmness.

Since the complete disappearance of Czechoslovakia as an organized state, the British and French governments have taken to heart one truth which they should have known long ago—that the anti-Comintern bloc was not aimed against the Comintern, nor even against the Soviet Union, but against them, against England and France. In consequence, a tremendous change has taken place in those countries both in respect to military preparedness and psychological readiness to defend their national interests. The British guaranties to protect Poland, Rumania, and Greece from attack are unprecedented, and break every British tradition. Now they must take another step —the alliance with Russia—for without that the other guaranties are worth much less. In all these ugly years of unnecessary surrender to the rapacious fascists, the U. S. S. R. has been the most effective—perhaps the only effective—anti-fascist great power.

There is a strong current of isolationism in the Soviet Union. Domestic changes, the alteration in the map of Europe following the Nazi absorption of Czechoslovakia, and disgust with the Anglo-French surrender in Spain and Czechoslovakia, have reinforced the Soviet trend toward isolation. If England and France, after they themselves undermined their own position by seven years of appeasement, now want Soviet help—they yelled when it went to the Loyalists—they will have to pay for it dearly. Moscow would like to enter the next major war in the "1917" stage and determine the outcome of the conflict. Russia in this sense is the United States of Europe. Should France and England want it in earlier, they will be asked to commit themselves more than they have to a policy of checking aggression wherever it lifts its head. Moreover, the Bolsheviks are firmly resolved to remain aloof until the Western powers are actually at war, for their greatest dread is to be maneuvered into a war with Germany or Japan while England and France watch in "benevolent neutrality." At the same time, however, Stalin knows that he must safeguard the British and French empires lest fascism become too strong to cope with. He tried to do it in Spain, but those very British and French governments, lacking his foresight, did not let him. The Russians are torn between the wisdom of isolation and the necessity of cooperation. The British government is torn between its passionate dislike of the Bolsheviks and the imperative need of another mighty ally. Hence the protracted and opaque course of the pact negotiations.

If Russia stays out, the responsibilities of the United States will be greater. The United States is in the same position as Russia. We have to save the British and French empires from defeat. That is why we went in in 1917—we would have gone in even if Morgan had given no loans to the Allies—and we will be in again for the same selfish reason. The later the Russians join, the sooner we shall be forced to hold up the hands of the British and French. If we and the Russians and the British took a common line in the Far East, Japan would be less dangerous and less arrogant. The aggressors fear a union of non-aggressors more than anything else.

Every time the non-aggressors have showed determination to resist, the aggressors have recoiled. At the Nyon conference in September, 1937, England, France, Russia, and the smaller powers succeeded in stopping the sinking of ships in the Mediterranean by "unknown" Italian submarines. On May 20, 1938, the Germans were poised to

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march into Czechoslovakia. The British embassy in Berlin had sent away its women and children and packed its bags. The Czechs thereupon mobilized overnight, and the Nazis did not move until months later, when they were sure of Anglo-French sabotage of the Czechoslovak cause. More recently, Polish mobilization and stubbornness have kept Hitler still—for the moment—even though the killing of several Germans in Danzig could easily have been used as an excuse for an attack. The bully is often a coward.

War is not inevitable. It can be avoided by economic action, and by diplomacy based on power. There is, in the present situation, a pitfall for our own diplomacy. Whenever a war threatens, it is the natural and altogether understandable tendency of the United States government to intervene with a suggestion for a conference to adjudicate differences. We did it in September, 1938, and thereby became an unwitting party to the vivisection of Czechoslovakia at the Munich conference. The President's message to Hitler in May was more adroit, for although cabled to Berlin and urging an international conference for peaceful adjustment, it was so worded as to invite the refusal it fortunately got. In truth, it was addressed to Chamberlain and Daladier to stiffen their weak spines, and it did that. In the impending international crisis, Washington must refrain from appealing for a conference. Any conference will give something to the side that has made a demand. The demand may be whittled down, but the fascists will get something out of it, and that is what they want. They will take it and ask for more. The call for a conference will convince them that appeasement is not dead, that they can still squeeze concessions out of the peaceful nations. Their pressure, their propaganda, their blackmail, will then be repeated. Hitler does not believe that Chamberlain has dropped appeasement. He does not believe that the British will fight for Danzig or Poland. He is sure he can re-create the tense atmosphere of August-September, 1938, and frighten the enemy into another surrender.

Conditions abroad are harrowing. Europe lives under terrific mental tension and nervous fear. It is no fun for mothers to fit their babies for gas masks, and for families to spread sand on their roofs against the incendiary bomb which may come in the night. Why should youth prepare seriously for a professional career or get married or have children in such circumstances? Why invest in normal business?

It is later than many of us would like to believe. And yet, peace and democracy are not lost. Fascism in Europe faces a dilemma. If the fascist powers go to war they will be defeated. If they abstain from war they will enter a debilitating period of internal adjustment and unrest. Meanwhile, economic difficulties are reducing their fighting strength, and, ominously, their ability to wait in uncertainty.

In the Wind

AS DIPLOMATIC tension rises, London air is thick with unverified stories. The most significant, reported by *Time and Tide,* is that Sir Nevile Henderson, ambassador to Berlin, is deluging Chamberlain with tales of internal unrest in Germany and warnings that Hitler "will go under"—and bolshevism triumph—unless "something is done by Britain" to save him.

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., a publishing house, is circularizing employers with a detailed blurb for a book called "Music in Business." According to the publishers, the book tells employers how to use music in their plants or offices, describes the wonders it will work on listless employees, and the varied reactions to different records. The device is said to be in wide use already and to have a notable record of achievement. The publisher boasts that one "strike was broken before it started" through the use of just the right music.

THERE ARE a lot of red faces among Los Angeles policemen as the result of a belated disclosure about the 1934 civil service promotion exam. It was a true-false test, and certain "pet" policemen were secretly given the "key" to the answers. They were told that all questions whose number ended in 1, 4, 5, or 7 were to be marked false. But the printer made an error on question 147, which should have run this way: "A handwriting expert is not useful in cases of forgery." The "not" was omitted. About twenty policemen who had the "key" marked it false anyway.

GRAPES OF WRATH: "Pima County supervisors today heard officials of the two largest cotton plantations in the county asking for police protection in their cotton pickers' camps. . . . Each described the transient worker he is forced to employ to harvest cotton as the type, on the average, of person over which law enforcement scrutiny is necessary." From the Tucson (Arizona) *Daily Citizen,* June 28.

WITH 1940 talk filling the air, a Western editor has thrown cold water on a lot of candidacies. He's come up with the reminder that every President since 1840 who was elected in a year ending in zero has died in office: Harrison, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Harding.

RELIEF CLIENTS in South Pasadena, California, have received a grim set of suggestions from the local relief office. The document is a detailed explanation of how to transform the pickings from garbage cans into "nourishing" food.

THE CURRENT volume of the *Statistisches Jahrbuch für das Deutsche Reich* lists the former German colonies as "German Protectorates Under Mandate Administration." Previous volumes listed these territories as mandates of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Japan.

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the battle in Congress over the neutrality question, it seems as if we might all rejoice in the independence displayed by Congress in dealing with this issue. I know that here I am touching on a difficult subject. On the one hand there is the belief that if a President and his party are to accomplish anything there must be party acceptance of the President's program and policies; on the other hand is the demand that the legislator shall not subordinate his conscience and his own beliefs to the will of the party leader. Where the happy medium lies is always a parliamentary problem.

To my mind the battle that we are witnessing redounds to the credit and honor of democracy and not to its discredit, as so many of my friends seem to believe. That Republican and Democratic Senators alike are thinking for themselves on this issue and voting without regard to party positions seems to me to constitute one of the triumphs of democracy, particularly welcome at this hour as a complete demonstration that we *are* a democracy and that our government is not dominated by one man, and I shall hold to this belief whether my side wins or loses. The only regrettable feature about the fight thus far is the assertion by the Administration that what it regards as the unfavorable vote in the House of Representatives has given aid and encouragement to Hitler and Mussolini; that the Administration has heard from abroad that Hitler and Mussolini are radiantly happy that complete power has not been given to the President to decide who shall buy munitions and military equipment from us if war comes abroad. That statement seems to me an unworthy one. When an Executive has to try to dragoon legislators into his way of thinking by assuring them that they are playing into the hands of foreign foes, he is very hard up. It reminds me too much of the way McKinley insisted that those of us who opposed our Philippine aggression were encouraging the Filipinos in their resistance to us and therefore we, and not he, were responsible for the loss of a good many valuable American lives.

Similarly, in the propaganda years before we were misled into the World War, we were constantly being told that we must not do this or we must not do that because if we did it would play into the hands of the Kaiser. In the former case we anti-imperialists refused to allow ourselves to be kept from telling the truth about what was going on in the Philippines, and our opposition to it, by the obviously biased statements which came from military men that they had found documents on Filipino dead citing anti-imperialist statements in the United States. So today the duty of a Senator or a Congressman on this question of neutrality is, in my judgment, to vote what he thinks will keep this country out of war without stopping to consider how Hitler or Mussolini may view his action. He has taken an oath to vote according to his conscience and his best beliefs. He did not swear to take the position he deemed right *unless* it might lead some foreign statesman to form a certain opinion. There is no such proviso in the oath.

As for the actual effect of our neutrality legislation upon the European dictators, I beg leave to doubt whether they are really concerned with what our Congress is doing. Common sense tells me that they are wrapped up in their own game and the threats to them of the so-called democracies. They are vastly more excited about the British efforts to form a close military alliance with Soviet Russia than they are with what our policy will be toward the belligerents if another war should come. Germany and Italy are staking everything they have on a quick and successful war, a sudden destruction of London and Paris. They know perfectly well that if it is a long war Britain and France will get supplies enough from somewhere to beat them; indeed, it may be that the Allies will defeat the dictators merely by staying on the defensive and just starving them out, as was done during the last struggle.

Speaking of the hopeful workings of democracy, as illustrated by what is happening in Washington as I write, let me call attention here to Arthur Garfield Hays's excellent book "Democracy Works." It has already been favorably reviewed in *The Nation,* but I want to stress its value because I meet so many people who are beginning to wobble about our democracy in their fear of Hitler and Mussolini, without realizing that in yielding to that fear they are giving victory to the dictators. I like Art Hays's clear, frank statements, his summary of what we have accomplished, his frank admissions of our faults and weakness, and his confession that he has no panaceas to set us right overnight. I welcome particularly his statement that our democracy is capable of working out new policies to fit new situations, and that is precisely what I think that our Congress is doing in regard to neutrality. The present neutrality law was epoch-making, for no other country ever undertook such a policy. I believe that it will stay—and go far toward keeping us out of war.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

HAVELOCK ELLIS—1859-1939

BY KARL MENNINGER

HAVELOCK ELLIS died in England on July 10 at the age of eighty. He was described by the New York *Herald Tribune* as a psychologist and sociologist, by the *Times* as an essayist and philosopher, and by *Time* as an editor and sexologist. Perhaps in other journals it will be recorded that he was a poet, an artist, a physician, a psychi atrist. Such designations are correct but even taken all together they are inadequate, for Havelock Ellis had the versatility that is the blessing of genius.

Most of those to whom his name is familiar know only about one or two aspects of his life. Some think of him correctly as a pioneer in the study of sex, others esteem him for his literary grace and his gift as a critic; few remember that he was a successful editor and still fewer that he was a physician and a psychiatrist; only his intimates knew that he was an excellent cook as well as a charming host. He himself might have put first among his attainments that he led a full, a rich, and a happy life. He believed, in the words of the Numidian Bishop of Hippo, that one should "love and do what you like," and he practiced this.

As a thoughtful boy of sixteen Ellis dedicated himself to the study of sex at the period in life when other youths are solving their adolescent struggles by indulgence in political and religious fervor or by ostentatious rebellions against custom and social orthodoxy. He pursued this idea with scientific detachment and with unfaltering courage in the face of bitter and slanderous opposition, indifferent alike to applause and praise on the one hand and abuse and criticism on the other. Substantially, Ellis did three things. In the first place, he made a careful, thorough, and honest collection of data relating to a phase of biology which the hypocrisy and prudery of medical science had, until Ellis, caused to be ignored for the most part. In the second place, he evolved and advocated a hedonistic philosophy of life tempered if not determined by the sane, scientific attitude toward sex which his studies engendered. In the third place, he presented his scientific findings and philosophical beliefs to the world with that artistic combination of directness and delicacy which made them acceptable to non-scientific readers.

It is inevitable that Havelock Ellis should be compared with Freud. Like Freud, Ellis was scientist, physician, psychiatrist, psychologist, philosopher, and essayist. Like Freud, he bravely but modestly stuck to his principles in the face of persecution. Like Freud, he was vastly and widely misunderstood. Like Freud, he recognized the importance of sex. While Ellis was saying that sex was the center of life, Freud was saying that the sex instinct should be called the life instinct. Freud has acknowledged his indebtedness to Ellis for several ideas and terms. But their ways parted, for Freud is primarily a clinician, and this Ellis never was. While Freud worked with patients, Ellis worked with ideas. Both had the ideal scientific attitude, but of the two only Freud used the traditional scientific method. Even Ellis's celebrated "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" was chiefly a collection of data. They had no practical applications, no therapeutic usefulness. Freud looked at the same data not in large collections but in individual instances, and asked, "Why should these things exist in this person? Why does he feel or act as he does?" And then he proceeded to find out. What Freud did was to explain the why and the how of the facts which Ellis tabulated. On the other hand, while the work of Ellis supplied no means for understanding or relieving the individual, it formed the basis for a philosophy of life which benefited and enlightened the entire world, and thus prepared the way for Freud's work with individuals.

It seems extraordinary today that the leading British medical journal, the *Lancet,* refused to review a scientific study of homosexuality by a medical man (Ellis) and explained this in an editorial entitled The Question of Indecent Literature, claiming that it had not been published under the proper auspices. To this Ellis made reply that none of the medical publishers whom he had approached were interested in the publication of such a book. By others than the medical press the first volume was called "a wicked, bawdy, scandalous, and obscene book." Even *The Nation* of those days commented rather haughtily if not contemptuously that frequently in the volume "one comes upon remarks that suggest a paean upon sex, scientifically, philosophically, and poetically."

How does it come about that some individuals, such as Ellis and Freud, can have so completely escaped those psychological fetters which bind all of us? The answer is not easy to give. This much one can say, however, that there certainly was in Ellis a highly developed sensitiveness to the principles of dialectics, to the recognition of truth in the opposite Early in his life he wrote that there were few questions about which, after a study of both sides, he did not come to a conclusion "totally opposite to the orthodox one which I have always been taught to believe true." Discussing this further, Ellis said that he felt sure that he was not actuated by any spirit of perversity, but on the contrary was frequently "convicted" in spite of himself and "made miserable." To one psychoanalytically oriented this accidental substitution of the word "convicted" when he obviously meant to write "convinced" suggests how strongly determined this attitude was by emotional factors. It is significant that Ellis, who led a most idealistic sexual life, should have written the world's greatest treatise on the abnormalities of sex. Olive Schreiner once wrote that Ellis was like a cross between a Christ and a faun. But all this does not explain him; it only indicates

that it was out of vast internal contradictions that there grew an outer life characterized by a magnificent unity of purpose and spirit.

Current History

REVOLUTIONS AND DICTATORSHIPS. By Hans Kohn. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

AFTER the victory of the French army in the Battle of Valmy, Goethe said to his nephew: "Today a new chapter of world history has begun, and you may boast of having been in attendance." Although history has no "chapters" and only the scholastic inclination of the human mind justifies this metaphor, the impulsive genius of the poet in this case was duly appreciating the fateful event. Those, however, who, terrified by post-war happenings, seem to believe that a new period has commenced and that henceforward self-appointed nationalistic megalomaniacs will run the world are no poets imbued with superhuman divination, and their view carries but little weight.

Professor Hans Kohn, setting the current revolutions against their historical background, certainly does not rank with these prophets of evil. He is no doubt right in emphasizing that the "new philosophy" is a revolution of anarchy and egotism against the "established order of moral and intellectual values." But so far all philosophies, since Socrates and Jesus Christ, have been revolutions against an established order. There are, however, revolutions and revolutions. Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, and other harbingers of 1789 preceded the *marcia su Versailles;* their theory of liberty was not made to order as the philosophy of fascism after the *marcia su Roma* certainly was. And so far as we know, the "Encyclopedia," the Bible of the French Revolution, was not a compulsory wedding present to increase at the taxpayer's expense the royalties of Diderot and D'Alembert, nor did Mirabeau, Marat, or even Robespierre select masterpieces from the Louvre for the decoration of their private homes.

Fully appreciating Professor Kohn's argument that "what is going on in the world today is a spiritual conflict, an ideological war," I cannot help perceiving that this "struggle of ideas" is unfortunately connected with a very temporal *Machtpolitik* and a most realistic war, or blackmail, as the case may be, to attain the aims and ends of German or Italian imperialism. In the author's view it is "a most disastrous mistake to identify Fascist imperialism with the prewar imperialism of militaristic and conservative empires like Germany." However, Elizabeth Wiskemann, in the April issue of the *Nineteenth Century,* most convincingly proved that the ideological foundation of Nazism reaches back as far as Ritter von Schönerer's movement, and the author himself quotes a Prussian weekly of 1871: "Germany can never hope to be understood by other peoples than those of German blood."

Without identifying the imperialism of the Second and the Third Reich Professor Kohn nevertheless points to the "Titanic romanticism of the first half of the nineteenth century," which "expressed itself in the primacy and the divine mission of the German nation." Although, in nationalistic ideology, "the whole nation as Messiah" replaced the personal Messiah, the unification of both Germany and Italy was the result not of nationalism but "of unprincipled *Macht und Realpolitik,*" eventually defeating liberal nationalism itself. Does not Nazism, coming down to brass tacks, follow the same unprincipled principle?

On the other hand, the author's view that fascism, "a new effort to stem the progress of liberalism, is similar to the effort made a hundred years ago by the Holy Alliance" stretches historical parallelism. The Holy Alliance, unlike the present unholy one, made an attempt also to curb the rising tide not only of liberalism but of nationalism, which "in its triumphant, most exaggerated stage," as Professor Kohn correctly puts it, "looms as the greatest danger, for it hinders the necessary organization of a world society."

In addition to his masterful and brilliant analysis of the Russian, Turkish, and Arab revolutions and of the Zionist movement, Professor Kohn's object is to give a clear explanation of recent dictatorships and of what he calls "the totalitarian crisis."

No one could doubt his statement that the power of contemporary dictators is less limited than that of their forerunners, that their propaganda technique is irresistible, that they are men who do not belong to the "ruling class" and are "democratic" in so far as they cannot afford to disregard mass feelings created by themselves. It matters little that Spengler inserted a protest against this democratic character of Nazism. It is true that fascist dictatorships—in various respects an antithesis to the ideas of 1789—"carry further three of the most important elements of the French Revolution—its secularism, its nationalism, and its mass democracy." Even in Russia, where communism claims to be supranational and cosmopolitan, and in spite of the fact that the Soviet government is most tolerant in the treatment of national minorities, the national spirit, as Professor Kohn too has to recognize, has made an undeniable progress in the last decade.

There remains, however, no doubt that nationalism is the villain in the play of dictatorships. In the author's view, "to a thoughtful observer its day seems nearing its end." It may be that "the permanence of war clouds" marks a violent after-glow in the same way as the war clouds of the seventeenth century marked the after-glow of "totalitarian" religion, but so far we see only the clouds without the silver lining. Maybe it is "a disastrous mistake" to see in the actual crisis "nothing but a fight between two imperialisms, a young buccaneer and a retired pirate," admitting even that one of the conflicting ideologies (fascism) is but "a symptom of the disease of our nationalist world," but the remedy the author offers is scarcely adequate to the progress of the disease: "The old prejudices of nineteenth century nationalism would slowly have to die, so that at the end . . . instead of a free assembly of sovereign nations a sovereign assembly of free nations would emerge." Even if democracies, as the author hopes, would cooperate to this effect it might take some time to bring about such radical change. No one realizing the deadly dangers of the crisis would hesitate, unless he were a Nazi, to espouse the wishful thought quoted above. But though there have been wars and revolutions that shattered the foundation of absolutistic

monarchy, there is hardly any hope that reason alone could work the miracle of getting rid of an ideology on which power relies.

It may be none of the historian's business to suggest political remedies for a historical disease, but Professor Kohn, being a conscientious scholar, felt it not possible "to withdraw like Candide and to cultivate his own garden." Regardless of his hopes, his most readable book convincingly elucidates the current events seething in the witches' caldron of history. Professor Kohn certainly does not deserve the self-reproach that a collection of essays "can never attain the unity of a book." The unity of his book was, perhaps, not deliberate; but it is all the more conspicuous as it finds an undeniable expression in the harmonious scientific personality of the author.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

The End of an Epopee

WOODROW WILSON, LIFE AND LETTERS. ARMISTICE. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

THIS EIGHTH volume concludes the monumental biography of Woodrow Wilson. It does not go further than the armistice of November 11, 1918, because the author has already treated the events of the Peace Conference and of its sequel in his three volumes on "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement," which he published sixteen years ago. His last twelve years have been devoted to the biography which unfolds to us the whole panorama of Wilson's life and intellectual activity from his youth till the day which seemed to witness the supreme consummation of his hopes and efforts. The eighth volume, like the seventh volume, is cast in the form of a day-by-day record of the President's doings during the troubled time of the World War, with the events of the World War and of the American scene as the background as far as they concerned the activities of the President on that day. A great number of documents and letters, or entries in diaries, and of notes on conversations are quoted and thus give to these volumes their value as a documentary source of recent history.

The biography ends at a time which, against some outward appearance, in reality marked the setting of Wilson's star both in the domestic and in the international field. The November elections in 1918 had gone against him. His appeal to the voters for a Democratic victory was regarded by Dr. Charles W. Eliot as "an unnecessary and inexpedient departure from the position you have previously held, namely, that you are the President of the United States, claiming and having the support of the entire people." The Republican leaders, as Senator Key Pittman remarked in a letter to the President, had carried on a powerful propaganda, "teaching the people to believe that you were endeavoring through negotiations to reach a compromise peace with Germany." In spite of the fact that the President's appeal may have been a mistake he took his defeat wisely and magnanimously. Some of his remarks at the beginning of 1919 to members of the Democratic National Committee could be repeated:

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—**John Temple Graves, II, *Birmingham Age-Herald***

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—**Margaret Marshall, *The Nation***

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—***Senator J. W. Bailey,***
U. S. Senate Committee on Commerce

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The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

> Personally, I am not in the least discouraged by the results of the election. Any party which carries out through a long series of years a great progressive and constructive program is sure to bring about a reaction, because while in the main the reforms that we have accomplished have been sound reforms, they have necessarily touched a great many definite interests in a way that distressed them. . . . There is nothing apparently to which the human mind is less hospitable than change, and in the business world that is particularly true because if you get in the habit of doing your business a particular way and are compelled to do it in a different way, you think that somebody in Washington does not understand business. . . . And then I do not think that we ought to conceal from ourselves the fact that not the whole body of our partisans are as cordial in the support of some of the things that we have done as they ought to be.

In the international field the President was, on questions of principle, as far-sighted. To Colonel House he cabled on October 30:

> I cannot consent to take part in the negotiations of a peace which does not include freedom of the seas because we are pledged to fight not only to do away with Prussian militarism but with militarism everywhere. Neither could I participate in a settlement which did not include league of nations because peace would be without any guarantee except universal armament which would be intolerable.

Until the end Wilson remained convinced that America is the leader of the liberal thought of the world. From this conclusion he recognized the obligation which this position placed upon the United States, both at home and abroad. A perusal of the present volume will show that, in spite of his many shortcomings as a tactician and political strategist and in his relations with politicians and political adversaries, President Wilson served his conviction about America's destiny and role in the world with great earnestness, sincere devotion, and untiring effort.

HANS KOHN

Liberty and the Baby's Bottle

IN BLOOD AND INK. By Maury Maverick. Modern Age Books. 75 cents.

"SELFISH INTERESTS have thoroughly implanted the belief that all politicians are crooked. Using this smoke screen of persistent propaganda against representative government, these same selfish interests have been able to get a lot of crooks in office, making politics for the great majority of men in public office a hard and cruel game."

When selfish interests temporarily discontinued the political activities of the writer of the above, hundreds of thousands of Americans who had never seen Maury Maverick got good and sore. The stocky gentleman from Texas was their answer to the "all-politicians-are-crooked" gag, and when Maury came bouncing back into the City Hall at San Antonio, decent people everywhere gave thanks. A man of the breed of Norris, Hoan, and the La Follettes had shown again that courage, intelligence, and honesty are not necessarily political liabilities, even in Garnerland.

In this fat little Modern Age book Maverick is pamphleteering for his notions of what democracy is all about. He writes about the Constitution and the peoples' declarations

of faith in themselves clear back to Runnymede, and clear on to Roosevelt. He gives us 274 pages of ammunition, including the little-read documents themselves, for shooting holes into the self-appointed keepers of the Holy Writ who don't want tough-minded democrats rummaging round their precious papers. (Maverick gives us a gorgeous example of this in the case of a Mr. Wymberley De Renne, of Wormsloe, Isle of Hope, Savannah, who has somehow come into possession of the original Confederate Constitution and who won't answer Maverick's letters about it.)

Stoutly insisting that the Constitution is for grocery men and "taxi-truck-mule drivers," as well as for lawyers to play around with, the author looks Al Smith-like at the record and bids us never to forget the butter and eggs and roads and land and dams and houses implications in the document which nobody—well, hardly anybody—reads.

Along the trail blazed by Charles Beard in his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," Maverick marches cheerily, stopping now and then to swap lusty punches with the authoritarians or to holler out his slogan, "He is the greatest patriot who stops the most gullies."

To many leftist youngsters this sort of thinking, full of some pretty corny humor, pretty obvious debunking, pretty patent remedies, will come as a novelty. I can see dialectic eyebrows lifting over such a definition as this: "Democracy, to me, is liberty *plus* economic security. To put it in plain language, we Americans want to talk, pray, think as we please—and eat regular. I say this because there is a lot of nonsense in talk about liberty. You cannot fill the baby's bottle with liberty." Old-timers will understand that Maverick is in the fine pamphleteering tradition of Tom Paine, a tradition carried on in our own times by Oscar Ameringer, Upton Sinclair, and a handful of writing rebels west of the Hudson.

Apparently the editors of the Mayor's manuscript were also flustered by the informality of the Mayor's style. At all events they did a sloppy job in their attempt to make the appearance of the text as lively as the contents. For they so sprinkled the book with brisbanish italics, subheads, and bold-faced hoopla as irritatingly to check the full surge of the Maverick march. If their answer is that they did this on orders from San Antonio, someone should be sitting in the Mayor's corner before the next round saying, "Maury, don't signal your punches. Your left is okay as is. Let it ride without benefit of Upper Case."

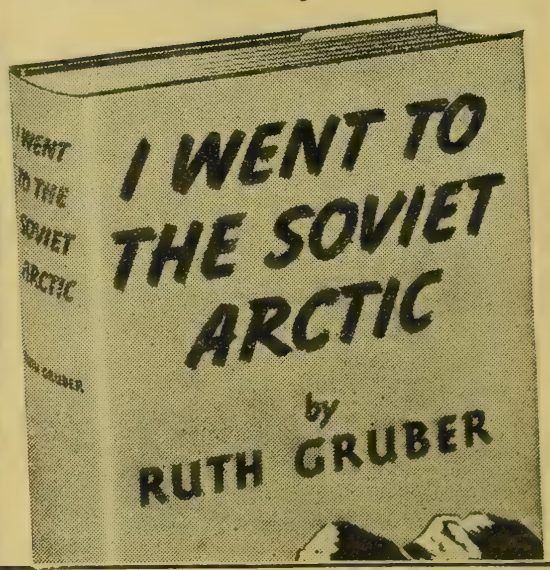
MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Brownson Restored

ORESTES A. BROWNSON. A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

"HIS predominant passion," a friend once wrote of Brownson, "was love of truth. This was all his glory and all his trouble. . . ." Popularity, friendship, private happiness, and worldly success—all these he was willing to sacrifice, and actually did, in truth's behalf. Though he might have achieved fame and power as a writer on economic problems, as a Transcendentalist philosopher, as a democratic theorist, or as a Catholic publicist, yet "he always left the traveled road to bruise himself in the thickets." He was

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amazingly inconsistent, rushing from one set of beliefs to another, yet always convinced that at last he was on the right road and each time publishing his new ideas and defying his critics. It was no wonder, therefore, that he achieved among his contemporaries that reputation for instability and contentiousness which has obscured his real contributions to American thought.

Orestes A. Brownson was, in reality, an important figure in the intellectual movement celebrated by Van Wyck Brooks in "The Flowering of New England." A member of the group of philosophers and thinkers of the Emerson period, he symbolized, as Mr. Schlesinger shows so well, "the intellectual restlessness and vitality" of his time and typified the generation by his widespread interests. During the years from 1830 to 1870, there was hardly an issue which Brownson failed to discuss; and to some of these questions he contributed a great deal. In fact, Mr. Schlesinger goes so far as to say that "his observations on society had a profundity no other American of his time approached." Religion played a vital part in his life. He became, soon after leaving the Presbyterian Church, first a Universalist preacher, then for a short time an agnostic, next a Unitarian minister, and finally a member of the Catholic Church. Never trained in economics or politics, still he perceived, almost alone among his contemporaries, the uselessness of political rights unless confirmed by economic equality. He also recognized very early the significance of the frontier to American history. "Our industrial system," he wrote in 1844, "is working gradually, but surely, the subjection of the great mass of the operative classes, and when our new lands shall have been exhausted, and the price of land become so high that the laboring man can no longer hope to become a proprietor . . . we shall find established all over the country an industrial feudalism, of which the military feudalism of the Middle Ages was but a faint prelude."

Until recently, however, Brownson, despite his extraordinary intellect and honesty, was almost forgotten. In 1937, for example, when a group of New York boys knocked a bronze head off its pedestal in Riverside Park, it was only with some difficulty that it was identified as that of Orestes A. Brownson. In this extremely well-written and scholarly biography, Mr. Schlesinger, son of the prominent Harvard historian, has attempted to revive public interest in this lonely figure. Believing that Brownson deserves kinder treatment than he has obtained in the past, Mr. Schlesinger now wishes to restore him to all Americans as "a part of the national heritage."

SYDNEY ZEBEL

Pepys and the Navy

SAMUEL PEPYS, THE SAVIOUR OF THE NAVY. By Arthur Bryant. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

THE third volume of Mr. Bryant's painstaking and warmly appreciative biography of Pepys depicts the busiest and most significant years of the great Secretary's career. In the brief interval between 1683, when he journeyed to Africa in order to supervise the evacuation of the British station at Tangier, and 1689, when, with William and Mary on the throne and James II in exile, he sadly but courageously left the service of the navy for the second and last time, he rose to the full stature of his greatness of character and achievement. Bursting with indignation at the laxity of discipline among the officers at sea and on foreign station he returned from Tangier and Spain to pour into the receptive ear of James his bitter observations and his passionate desire for the opportunity to build a fleet and create a discipline that would make the navy an effective instrument for national defense. Given almost plenary power, he set himself to the task.

In the heavily documented but vivid pages of this volume, he is a man possessed. No obstacle of inertia or of malice was so great, no privilege was so firmly rooted, no rank or power so awful that it could daunt his burning purpose or defeat his herculean labor. He had no time for furtive flirtations, little time even for the virtuosi of his beloved Royal Society; he must discipline unruly captains and admirals, drive mulish ship's carpenters and riggers, harry parsimonious treasury officials, write innumerable letters, compile voluminous reports; he must create a navy fit for his king's greatness and England's protection.

Pepys created a navy, indeed he established the foundations of what has been, take it all in all, the greatest navy of recorded history. The fleet he built, wind-bound in the Channel and commanded by the brave but perplexed Dartmouth, failed to save James in his hour of need; but the seamanship and the naval discipline he developed against overwhelming odds survived to save his islands from conquerors less benign than William of Orange.

If no other part of this factual and vital book remained in memory, it would be memorable in this taut day of fleets at sea for one quiet passage of Pepsian shrewdness. On his way home from Spain he made a note to remind himself that on his return to England he should immediately advise the King to acquire Gibraltar.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Life of Bizet

GEORGES BIZET. By Martin Cooper. Oxford University Press. $2.75.

MARTIN COOPER has written an excellent little book on Bizet containing all the information that one could desire about the man, the artist, and the musician. The work is critical without pedantry or sarcasm, and it is sympathetic without sentimentality or hero-worship. In the short compass of 140 pages, Mr. Cooper is able at the same time to make some very useful observations for the intending biographer or musicologist. He shows by his own practice that the art of setting down the life of an artist involves the ability of seeing life as the subject himself saw it. Bizet, for example, was not a "disinterested," "uncommercial" composer: he wanted to write operatic successes and make money. He was even willing to strive after a kind of "catchiness" in order to succeed. The doctrinaire biographer is apt to infer from these plain facts that Bizet's best—"L'Arlésienne" or "Carmen"—is tainted music, entertaining but not high art. Mr. Cooper makes no such mistake, and we are all the gainers in consequence.

It is a pity to have to add that Mr. Cooper is guilty of the

North-and-South fallacy. He explains much of Bizet's music by the fascination which the Southern soul exerts on the Northern Temperament. In "Carmen" it is "southern brutality and fatalism." How ineffectual this kind of artistic geography really is appears from the equal and opposite commonplace, namely, that what fascinates us in, say, Sibelius, is the cold brutality and fatalism of the North. And what about Bizet's unfinished "Don Rodrigue" (of which Mr. Cooper says nothing)—a Spanish subject, to be sure, but patterned after the medieval romances which had counterparts and currency from Scotland to Sicily? A critic who can discern true human qualities as Mr. Cooper can has no need of adjectival astrolabes to measure Latitude north and south.

JACQUES BARZUN

DRAMA

THE musical revue "From Vienna" presented by the Refugee Artists Group at the Music Box is an important Broadway event for more reasons than one. The show itself is light and gay with just enough significance to deepen your laughter. The legendary Viennese spirit, which is more often than not a boring musical-comedy device, comes through here at its best. The actors play with gusto and precision, however small the part. There is not a dull or tasteless moment, and scenes which may seem strange to an American audience add freshness to the experience. Those who go to the performance with the idea that they are patronizing some worthy refugees will find themselves rewarded by professional entertainment.

There are excellent scenes in this revue which have been duly praised by all the critics; and there is no propaganda as such. But aside from its purely theatrical virtues, "From Vienna" marks the first successful appearance of a refugee theater on Broadway. The actors who take part in it worked in Vienna as a group, playing with great success at the time of the Dollfuss dictatorship, which they attacked with subtle irony. When the German armies marched into Austria their stage was closed, of course; their scenery and costumes burned. The members of the group fled in all directions. Not all of them escaped. One of the members of the group, Jura Soyfor, whose sketch Journey to Paradise the group presents now in memoriam, was caught while attempting to cross the frontier into Switzerland on skis. He died, at the age of 26, after a year in a German concentration camp. It is not a year since the first member of the group arrived in New York. One by one the others followed. Soon they were on the job again, making a living by day as good Viennese nurses and cooks and bad handymen, working at night—learning English, rewriting their material, rehearsing for months, finally giving auditions to attract Broadway. That they succeeded in so short a time is an achievement which honors both their abilities and the spirit of the helpers they found, Beatrice Kaufman in the first place, Charles Friedman, Harry Levant, Donald Oenslager, Hassard Short, Irene Sharaff, Victor Wolfson, and Sam H. Harris.

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important. If the Refugee Artists Group becomes a crystallizing point for the great talents of the German, Czech, and Austrian theaters now exiled in this country, it will have made a genuine and lasting contribution to the American stage.

FRANZ HOELLERING

The "Streets of Paris" (Broadhurst) are largely populated by the better class of American vaudeville actors, which may be a drawback for the more sophisticated; but several high spots in the bill make it well worth while for anyone. Carmen Miranda, lately from the casinos of Rio de Janeiro and other points south, accompanied by some romantically strumming Brazilian young men, appears only once but is recalled, as she should be, again and again. The sly and humorous qualities of her singing, and its precision, give it a fine edge. Jean Sablon, well known to the more discriminating collectors of popular song records, along with Yvonne Bouvier, gives the show—apart from the set—almost its only Parisian touch. An engaging young couple, Gower and Jeanne, who have charmed the customers at the Rainbow Room, and the eighteen-year-old Readinger twin sisters do some particularly fresh and lively steps. "Think-a-Drink" Hoffman furnishes the audience—a favored few of them—with all kinds of real drinks seemingly drawn from the air, and Ben Dova [*sic*] does a marvelous drunk act that starts in an upper box and tumbles to the stage where it ends on the top of a swaying lamppost. Bobby Clark, Luella Gear, with Abbott and Costello and Ward and Van, vaudeville veterans, furnish the humor—mostly routine and a bit dull in spots. The show is a revue and pleasantly free of any plot.

E. C.

RECORDS

MY RECENT statement that "scored [i. e., written out] jazz does not equal, in quality of musical invention, jazz improvisation" has brought me a letter of dissent concerning the performances of Ellington's Orchestra. I made my statement about the normal type of scored jazz in which the ensemble passages of the performance, and sometimes even the solos, are written out in advance for the orchestra by the man who composes this particular "arrangement" of the song. Ellington's performances, on the other hand, are jointly composed by Ellington and his players—Ellington first supplying a theme and ideas for its treatment, the players then creating the actual solo and ensemble material along the lines he has suggested, modified by their own imaginations and tastes, and this material being noted down in a score which, however, is constantly modified in living performance. In this process the players exercise their own creative talent—with the difference, as my correspondent points out, that in constructing their solos they depend not wholly on inspiration but partly on their musical intelligence, which he considers far above the average; and he contends that the group is "capable of writing and playing orchestrations that are as interesting as the work of the good soloists"—by which I take it he means the improvised work of these soloists. I agree that the Ellington group produces highly interesting performances in this way, but I don't think their best reaches the level attained occasionally by improvisation at white heat.

My correspondent goes even further: "If a Clayton or Stacy solo is merely an occasional high spot in an art which usually yields performances of little value, the solo by Clayton is relatively unimportant. But if Duke Ellington or anyone else can show us that a jazz performance, consisting for the more important part of improvisations, can be controlled and can give us different emotions and experiences, then the Clayton solos of today are the first of more beautiful things to come. I feel that the Ellington Orchestra is the only one which gives that hope for the future." This is not precisely written, and I am not sure that I understand it. Does the statement about different emotions and experiences, for example, mean that the Ellington performance, because of its organization of material, gives us emotions and experiences different in kind from those given us by the improvised performance? If so, I contend that its organization does not cause its emotional implications to be any but the emotional implications of its jazz material.

The meaning I derive from the entire passage is that whereas the method of improvisation can produce an outstanding solo only rarely, Ellington's method brings this under control, producing solos that are consistently good and promising to make plentiful what is rare today. But I don't agree that the outstanding improvised solo is as rare as my correspondent says, or that if it were it would be unimportant; and I contend that outstanding Ellington performances occur no more frequently than outstanding improvised ones. There are more performances, that is, which testify to his skill in combining and spacing instrumental colors, his ear for sophisticated harmonies, than performances which offer interesting musical ideas. In such ideas the recent and simply scored "Mississippi Dreamboat" (played under the nominal leadership of Johnny Hodges on Vocalion) offers more than the trickily composed and orchestrated "Portrait of the Lion" (Brunswick); and in "Something to Live For," on the reverse side of the Brunswick record, Ellington's sophistication spoils what begins as a superb song.

Maxine Sullivan's singing of "I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" (Victor) is quite the most charming I have heard her do, but she murders "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" on the reverse side. In the same way Mildred Bailey's amusing "Tit-Willow" from "The Hot Mikado" is backed by something dreadful called "The Lamp Is Low" (Vocalion). But both "Gimme a Pigfoot" and "Take Me for a Buggy Ride," sung by Bessie Smith on a Commodore reissue, are superb. Count Basie's record of two piano solos, "When the Sun Goes Down" and "The Dirty Dozens" (Decca), is good; and on Coleman Hawkins's French record of "Crazy Rhythm" (Victor) two undistinguished saxophone solos by Ekyan and Combelle lead to a good one by Benny Carter and superlative ones by Hawkins, who does equally fine work in "Honeysuckle Rose" on the reverse side.

B. H. HAGGIN

Next Week in the Nation:—

Vincent Sheean's "Not Peace but a Sword" reviewed by Franz Hoellering

Carey McWilliams's "Factories in the Fields" reviewed by I. F. Stone

RESORTS

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Letters to the Editors

Art at the Fair

Dear Sirs: American Art at the Fair, an article by Christopher Lazare which appeared in your issue of July 1, bears no relation to the facts. As an active participant in all the activities connected with the exhibition, American Art Today, at the New York World's Fair, I believe I am qualified to give your readers some further comment more nearly in accord with reality.

Mr. Lazare states that the exhibit "violates all the boundaries of judgment and taste," and he says: "The reason for this failure is not to be ascribed to the artists but to the judges—and their shockingly chauvinistic emphasis on specific national characteristics." He puts the word democratic in quotation marks when he refers to the exhibit, and speaks of the successful esthetic coherence of the Fair itself in contrast to the "inglorious geographic compendium," as he terms the work of more than 1,000 American artists in this show. He calls their work "canceled tidbits of esthetic slang," complains that they do not speak a universal idiom, and finds the judges of the exhibit responsible for these shortcomings because they have followed criteria the emphasis on which "is the next best thing to fascist censorship of art." He closes by saying that Mr. Whalen was correct in the first place in holding that there was no need for an exhibition of fine arts at the Fair.

The exhibit at the Fair exists because the artists of America asked for it, fought to get it, and won it. It is the most *representative* show of contemporary American art ever held, and it has exerted a powerful unifying force in artists' organizations. It was democratically organized and selected and it stands in the field of art as an historical monument to democratic principles.

When the Artists Coordination Committee, under the chairmanship of Hugo Gellert, first asked for an exhibition of art at the Fair two years ago, their request was flatly refused. But after repeated efforts meetings were arranged with representatives of the Fair's Board of Design. The Board held out against the show, but the artists were determined, and at last the press took up the fight. Mayor La Guardia added his support to them and the fight was won. Conger Goodyear, then president of the Museum of Modern Art, was appointed by Mr. Whalen to form a committee to organize the show, and the people he chose represented all the elements which had carried on the struggle for the exhibition. Holger Cahill, national director of the Federal Arts Project, was retained as director of the exhibit, and he brought to his job an unequalled firsthand knowledge of the work of living American artists.

The committee decided to hold a national exhibition of work by living American artists, which would be entirely selected by the artists themselves. There were no exceptions to this rule, and all non-artists involved in the organization acted in an advisory capacity only and had no vote. Over eighty juries of artists were set up covering every section of the United States, and every artist in the country was eligible to submit work to these juries. Every jury was balanced by the inclusion of conservative, middle-of-the-road, and modern representatives. Quotas for work were established relative to the artist population of the various regions, and the date of meeting of the juries was widely publicized.

Mr. Lazare knows all this because he refers to the foreword in the catalogue in which these facts are cited, but he nevertheless terms the organizational set-up "chauvinistic" and compares it to "fascist censorship of art." As this comparison doesn't make sense I think it entirely proper to call Mr. Lazare's article nonsense, and since it was done with knowledge of the facts at hand I should say it was vicious nonsense.

When this strangely democratic "fascist" organization went into action it functioned smoothly. The juries selected work, not reputations. No school or tendency in art was discriminated against, and the quality of the accepted work represents the best of the thousands of works submitted to the juries. I am certain that no other country in the world today can put on a comparable show. It proves that we have a strong and healthy art in the United States today with roots in all parts of the country.

Mr. Lazare's approval of the original stand of the Fair against any art exhibition at all is not "the next best thing to fascist censorship of art," but rather the next thing beyond fascist censorship of art, since it involves complete eradication of art expression.

STUART DAVIS

New York, July 10

[*Mr. Lazare is preparing a reply to Mr. Davis which will appear in next week's issue.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Dear Sirs: I got back to the city several days ago, after a month's absence, and wading through the accumulated copies of *The Nation* I came across Christopher Lazare's article about the art exhibit at the Fair. I read it with relish. It expressed graphically the more or less inarticulate thoughts that passed through my mind when I saw the exhibition. I think the article a profound diagnosis of the show, and a just criticism of the manner in which it was brought together.

HARRY I. WILDENBERG

New York, July 13

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The Shape of Things

✶

THE EUROPEAN AIR WAS THICK WITH NEW appeasement rumors last week. Some of these were obviously hatched in Berlin where they are regarded as uncommonly useful weapons for a war of nerves. Nazi confidence in a "peaceful" solution of the Danzig question which would give them the city unconditionally was coupled with hints of British pressure on Poland designed, no doubt, to sow dissension between Warsaw and London. That such tactics are attempted at all is a measure of the general disbelief throughout Europe in Mr. Chamberlain's change of heart. The interminable delays in the Moscow negotiations, the haggling over the terms of the proposed loan to Poland, have given support to these fears. Nor were all the rumors pure fabrications. The most astonishing of all—the report that Britain was considering buying off Hitler with a huge loan—proved to have a substantial foundation.

Helmuth Wohlthat, chief economic adviser to Field Marshal Göring, went to London ostensibly to attend a whaling convention and harpooned a very leviathan of appeasement. In the course of unofficial conversations with R. S. Hudson, head of the Department of Overseas Trade, he was given an outline of a scheme for an Anglo-German convention. Its outstanding feature was a suggestion of a five-billion-dollar loan to enable Germany to change over from a war to a peace economy in return for steps toward disarmament, withdrawal from Czechoslovakia, and general willingness to follow the ways of peaceful negotiation. When news of these talks leaked out—very prematurely, as Mr. Hudson ruefully explained—the British government was forced to admit that such plans had been discussed and to declare that they in no way represented Cabinet views. Mr. Chamberlain has declared in fact that he knew nothing about the conversations, but it is difficult to believe that such a brainchild could have been the immaculate conception of Mr. Hudson. Nor is the fact that it was stillborn any guaranty that there may not be a successor at an indecently short interval. The adjournment of Parliament on August 4 will leave Mr. Chamberlain with more freedom of action than he has enjoyed for many months.

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THE SAKHALIN ISLAND DISPUTE GIVES SOME evidence of being the most serious of the many which have broken out between Japan and the Soviet Union in recent years. Sakhalin oil is particularly important to Japan; it is the only petroleum available in the Far East which can be converted into high-test gasoline for airplanes. Should the United States impose an embargo on the export of war supplies to Japan, Tokyo's hope of maintaining its position in China would rest on the possibility of regaining full control of the Sakhalin production. Since the Soviets have stopped all exports of war materials to Japan in recent months, the penalties imposed on the Japanese-owned Sakhalin wells may be part of a carefully planned move to deprive Tokyo of this oil. The Soviet Union may have supposed that the United States would do its share in checking the flow from this country. But any such action seems now indefinitely postponed along with efforts to amend the Neutrality Act. Senator Pittman's resolution to embargo the export of raw materials to Japan and that of Senator Vandenberg suggesting the denunciation of the 1911 treaty with Japan are now regarded as buried, at any rate until the next session of Congress.

✶

JAPAN HAS ALSO FOUND COMPENSATION for its military and economic difficulties in what appears to be a diplomatic triumph over Britain. The first fruit of the negotiations in Tokyo occasioned by the Tientsin dispute is an agreed formula which must be regarded as going a long way toward meeting the Japanese claims for a dominant position in China. By this instrument the British government recognizes "the actual situation in China where hostilities on a large scale are in progress" and notes that as a consequence the Japanese forces "have special requirements for the purpose of safeguarding their own security and maintaining public order in the regions under their control." There follows a disclaimer of any intention on the part of Britain to take measures prejudicial to these objectives. A supplementary agreement states that Britain still has the right to make representations and declares that the formula in no way affects the position of other powers. Note is also taken of the representations made by the British Ambassador on the subject of press recriminations and anti-British agitation. The most striking point about these agreements is the fact that Britain has given *de facto* recognition to the Japanese occupation of a large section of China without obtaining in return even a promise of respect for its rights. The extremely vague wording leaves a wide field for interpretation—a science in which the Japanese are peculiarly gifted. In particular there is no definition of "the regions under their control," and it is significant that Mr. Chamberlain, when questioned in the Commons, evaded this very vital issue.

IN COMMENTING ON *THE NATION'S* REPORT and editorial analysis of The Coughlin Terror, Mayor La Guardia bowed to an old City Hall custom. He vigorously defended his police force, in the face of documented evidence of police partiality toward the Coughlinites. On the surface his defense may have suggested alarming apathy to a deepening problem, but fortunately a mayor's public utterances do not always jibe with his official acts. We have reason to hope that this is such an occasion. The Mayor has in fact ordered two of his aides to investigate the disorders created by Coughlinites throughout New York, and such an inquiry can scarcely overlook the central issue of police behavior. Until that inquiry is made the Mayor may be expected to assume the innocence of his police. We are convinced that no thorough inquiry will justify the assumption. We will gladly submit shield-numbers, moreover, of officers whose behavior was definitely partisan in some of the incidents reported last week, along with new evidence which has subsequently been received. But perhaps the most important and promising item in the Mayor's statement was his emphatic declaration that "inciting to riot does not come within the guaranties of free speech." This was the basis of our demand for his intervention. Coughlin's Christian Front is deliberately fomenting disorder and violence. It has been periodically aided in this task by sympathetic police. It is the Mayor's difficult but urgent responsibility to curb these elements, inside and outside the police force. Meanwhile, we intend to follow and expose every phase of the Coughlin terror. It is noteworthy that only the New York *Times* summarized *The Nation's* charges and the Mayor's reply; the other dailies continued to pretend that they hadn't heard or seen anything of Coughlinite activity.

✶

A MAN CAN STARVE TO DEATH IN A MONTH. We hope the sober warning of the United States Conference of Mayors will succeed, where WPA strikes seem to have failed, in impressing upon Congress the need to revise the new Federal Relief Act, particularly its inhuman provision for thirty-day "furloughs." This is the first time we have heard furlough used as a synonym for fast. The furlough itself will in many cases become permanent, the Mayors point out, since 650,000 must be dropped from the WPA rolls in the next two months because of reduced appropriations, and that is exactly the number now being given their month's "leave of absence" from three meals a day. The Mayors complain that the federal government has never yet kept its 1935 promise to provide a WPA job for every "employable"; there were 1,000,000 jobless employables eligible for WPA before the cuts began. There will be many millions more if the Relief Act is not amended. The reduced appropriation will bring the number on the rolls down to 1,800,000 by September, as compared with 3,100,000

last October. It will be impossible to maintain even these shrunken totals under the new provision requiring municipalities to pay 25 per cent of the cost of work projects. This is the major difficulty, but the statement issued by the Mayors through La Guardia in New York details a long list of ingenious minor provisions in the act, all cruelly calculated to provide as little relief as possible. It is hard to believe that Congress could have realized the full effect of what it was doing when it passed this act. Those who wrote it seem to have worked in the spirit of a small boy, slowly and absent-mindedly dismembering a fly.

*

AFTER WRECKING THE COUNTRY'S RELIEF system, making impossible a coherent foreign policy, undermining the wage-hour law, and preparing the destruction of the Wagner Act, Congress, ironically, has passed a bill "To Prevent Pernicious Political Activities." But if you think that means it has decided to adjourn you will be disappointed. It means that if you work for the federal government—and for the purposes of this bill WPA jobs are work, not relief—you may not take part in any kind of organized political activity. Nor may anyone solicit from you or even receive from you any part of your income "for any political purpose whatever." Ostensibly the bill is intended to prevent the party in power from converting the federal payroll into a huge slush fund, and with that objective there can be no quarrel. Federal employees who have "authority or influence," unless they are Cabinet members or major administrators, are prohibited under the bill from using their offices to affect election results, and, whatever the motives of this particular Congress, that is a laudable prohibition. But why should workers who have no jobs to promise and no plums to bestow be deprived of the ordinary rights of a citizen to thump the tub for any political candidate that takes his fancy? It would not have been hard to draw the line. The distinction could have been made between those who have the right to hire and fire and those who don't. The failure of the Hatch bill to make that little distinction not only works a discriminating hardship on the party in office, which presumably has its campaign talent concentrated in the service, but makes it impossible for government workers to lend their support to any minority party.

*

GERMANY HAS NOW OFFICIALLY ADMITTED an increasing shortage of both labor and raw materials in a report which strikingly confirms the two articles on the labor and food situation in the Reich that appeared in *The Nation* of three weeks ago. (That this confession is made just at the time of Mr. Hudson's new move for appeasement indicates that it may be both a demand and a threat.) But Germany's need for labor may wear another aspect to our own unemployed who are counted by the millions while great quantities of raw materials, and finished ones as well, lie unused. In poverty-stricken Germany the Nazis have hung up a record figure for employed workers—21,840,000 for the old Reich alone—which causes Nazi officials to deplore Germany's low post-war birth rate. Germany will have five million fewer workers for the next twenty years than in the past two decades. The American unemployed and the dismissed WPA workers must get as dizzy reading the news of "Men Wanted" in Germany as the starving Sudeten worker who a year ago saw everybody at work across the frontier. It is all very well to argue that it is not fascism that works the miracle of complete employment—however meager it may be in real wages—but a totalitarian war economy in the peculiar peace of these post-Munich days; that the same miracle worked in the democracies during the war, and that we could achieve the same unnatural boom immediately if we should build a bridge to China or simply throw immense amounts of material and work into the Pacific. The hungry man who wants work takes a shorter view, the view from meal to meal—until at last he is ready to follow any demagogue who promises three a day.

*

IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT SIN SHOULD SEEM more exciting to good men like Governor Dickinson of Michigan than to the rest of us who can't see the forest for the trees. And when he reproduces that old print of the "brink of ruin" with beautiful girls plunging over it while villains smile their gloating smiles, we can only gaze with admiration touched with nostalgia. But the summer news is rich in items that rival Dickinson. We've been trying to work out a moral for the Governor in the revelation of Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars that the cheese which mice from time immemorial have risked their lives to get gives them indigestion. On the other hand we were depressed by the announcement of a Harvard astronomer that there are stars in the sky which have been trying for ages, poor devils, to "sneeze." Our favorite news item, however, came as usual from Germany where overeating has now been decreed an act of treason. The intemperance of the German people in consumption of meat and fats, said Professor G. M. Wirz of the National Socialist Bureau for Public Health, is "as bad a vice as immoderate smoking and drinking." It is also treason because it weakens Germany, and "without independence in food, there cannot be political independence." We are getting a little dizzy now. We feel like a mouse that wants to sneeze or a star that's eaten too much cheese. . . . One man's second helping is another man's sabotage. . . . We think we'll knock off, find that "brink of ruin," and throw ourselves after those beautiful girls. If this be treason. . . .

Two Foreign Policies

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE defeat of the Administration's effort to change the Neutrality Act will have consequences that cannot yet be measured. It will affect the calculations of every power in Europe and Asia. It will modify the course of American business. It will dominate the activities of the next session of Congress. But the most serious result of the Senate's refusal to act is an immediate one: We have now two foreign policies, an Executive policy and a Congressional policy. Both are in full effect, one with the weight of law—the Neutrality Act—behind it, one supported by the power over foreign affairs of the President and the State Department. The two policies are in sharp conflict. One is based on the assumption that the United States can best protect its interests by withdrawing as completely as possible from foreign commitments in case of war. The other is based on the assumption that a general war may easily involve the United States and that the best hope of peace lies in strengthening the anti-aggression forces in Europe with the promise of arms and other war materials. The Senate has announced to the world that American policy will be isolationist. The President has promised that if war should start, Congress will be called into special session to reconsider the question.

Of the two policies, the one established by the Senate is for the time being the dominant one. For as long as the embargo provisions of the present bill stand unchanged, the efforts of the Administration to throw our decisive economic weight on the anti-fascist side of the balance will be blocked. To take such action after war starts would be to take sides with a vengeance; to do it now might preserve the peace. As the London *News Chronicle* said last week, "President Roosevelt is deprived of a great deal of his power to prevent war from breaking out this summer—and it is a great deal more important to prevent war from breaking out than to win it once it has broken out." The Administration will do what it can to pursue its own policy even in the face of the Senate's verdict, and it should do so. Above all, it should make certain that the facts behind its defeat on this issue are clearly understood—here and in Europe. Only by a sharp, and public, analysis of those facts can the misapprehensions of foreign governments, already reported in the press, be partly cleared up.

For the fact is that the Administration's neutrality proposals were not defeated on their merits. Partisan calculations were so inextricably mixed with isolationist conviction that they can never be separated or accurately weighed; that they were a major element in the Senate's final decision is not disputed by any informed political observer on either side of the fence. The negative decision in the Senate committee was reached by a single vote and the line-up was overwhelmingly partisan, with five disgruntled conservative Democrats joining the Republican minority to defeat the proposed amendment. It may be difficult to persuade Adolf Hitler of these political realities; but it is worth trying. For it is a bitter fact that America's relationship to the struggle in Europe has become a merely incidental factor in the fight between the President and the conservative coalition in Congress. Fear of increasing the power of the Executive, general opposition to the New Deal, above all, the imminence of the 1940 election: these were decisive weights in the small balance recorded against the President's foreign policy.

In any analysis of the factors in the Administration's defeat, it would be foolish to minimize the strength of isolationist sentiment. It exists—in Congress and in the country. And no small share of responsibility for its continued importance rests on Chamberlain and Daladier and the other European statesmen who, ever since 1931, have proved their readiness to compromise with or yield to the demands of the dictators. An almost unbreakable circle of inaction has thus been created: American isolationists urge that to support Britain and France is to support the allies of fascist aggression; while the "appeasers" in those countries find excuses for their policy in the refusal of the United States to promise aid in case of war. Hitler would long ago have wiped out this country's isolationism if Chamberlain had not so persistently and faithfully reinforced it.

But isolationist opinion in the Senate would not, by itself, have killed the effort to modify the Neutrality Act. The feeling of the country has by every test moved swiftly to the support of the Administration's foreign policy wherever that policy favored resistance to fascism. When the Administration itself pursued Chamberlain tactics in Spain, popular feeling went against it. The last few Gallup polls have registered an almost startling growth in anti-isolationist opinion. The Congress might not under any circumstances have reflected this sentiment numerically; but if party politics and the imminence of 1940 were eliminated from their minds, our legislators would certainly not have ignored it.

In the war of maneuver now in progress, a failure to act may be as decisive as a positive move. The refusal to change the neutrality law, whatever the intentions of the Senators may have been, was in effect a strategic move favoring the fascist powers. Hitler has been informed that it represented the overwhelming opinion of the American people in opposition to its "war-mongering" President. In 1914 Germany declared war under a misapprehension; the Kaiser really believed that Great Britain would remain neutral. Britain's policy of avoiding open commitments, its equivocal diplomacy at a time

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when great clarity was demanded, helped to precipitate the conflict. Britain also had two foreign policies. It is important today that Hitler be made to understand what lies behind the dual foreign policy of the United States: a domestic political struggle which has temporarily submerged both the issue itself and the actual division of opinion on that issue. As a result of the Senate's deceptive maneuver he apparently believes that the United States, in case of war, will continue to refuse arms to those who resist him. If so he may go as tragically astray as did the Kaiser in 1914—and Senator Borah may emerge as the spiritual heir of Lord Grey.

Who's Tampering with the Court Now?

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON LABOR has been holding hearings since May 4. The printed record of the testimony will soon run into a dozen volumes. No one has charged that the committee has failed to give every one who wanted to be heard a chance to say his piece. On the contrary the committee has become a sounding-board for the opponents of the Wagner Act. Yet, although the hearings are not yet completed and the committee is not ready to make its report, a coalition of Tory Democrats and Tory Republicans by a vote of 254 to 134 has taken an extraordinary step. It has shunted the committee aside and voted for another House investigation of the Labor Board by a new five-man committee to be named by the Speaker. "If this is reasonable," Congressman Flannery of Pennsylvania protested during the debate, "one can, with propriety, then ask for an investigation to investigate the investigators who are investigating the original investigation."

The lobby against the Wagner Act, made up of trusts disguised as small business men and giant canning corporations overalled as "farmers," would prefer to repeal the act altogether. Their second choice is to amend it out of all recognition. The first is politically impossible; the second has been blocked by the political footwork of the New Deal's Congressional leaders. But if they cannot repeal or "amend" the act, they can at least bedevil the board set up to administer it. The paper work necessitated by these investigations is enormous; *The Nation* has more than ten volumes prepared by the NLRB specifically to answer the charges made against it before the House Labor Committee. Most of the "witnesses" have represented the same interests. Congressman Hook of Michigan pointed out that of thirteen employer organizations which provided witnesses against the board, eleven are either in or affiliated with the National Association of Manufacturers. Of the twenty-eight independent unions appearing, twenty-seven were from N. A. M. companies. Of the thirty-six employer witnesses who appeared, twenty-three were from companies affiliated with the N. A. M. It is well to remember that the N. A. M. is not as representative as its name sounds. It has but 7,500 members out of more than 200,000 manufacturing companies in the country, or less than 4 per cent.

The new investigation, of course, is an attempt not to investigate the board but to hamper it. The terms of the inquiry also conceal a more daring ambition—to overrule the Supreme Court. The resolution directs the new committee to inquire, among other things, "Whether the NLRB has been fair in its interpretation of the law (particularly with respect to the definition of the term 'interstate commerce') . . ." But what constitutes interstate commerce is not a question of "fairness" but a question of constitutional law, and on this question the Supreme Court, which the right has assured us is the final tribunal for such questions, has already passed, not once but half a dozen times. Is the Tory coalition as high-handed with the judiciary as it accused the New Dealers of being two years ago? Congressman Smith of Virginia, sponsor of the resolution, confessed his dissatisfaction with the court when he said, "I voted against the National Labor Relations Board, and I did so on the ground that it was unconstitutional. I think it was palpably unconstitutional at that time, but time has changed the Supreme Court, and the Supreme Court has changed the Constitution."

We agree with Congressman Smith that the Constitution is what the judges say it is, and that the Constitution changes with the court. But when Mr. Roosevelt appealed to Congress and the country in these terms two years ago, the men and forces behind the Smith resolution accused him of undermining the republic. Mr. Roosevelt at least proposed to change the Constitution by appealing to Congress to transform the court. But Mr. Smith and his supporters seem to have so poor an opinion of our highest court that they think a special committee of one house enough to overrule it. For the question of what constitutes interstate commerce was the heart of the constitutional controversy settled by the Supreme Court. The right of the federal government to foster collective bargaining in interstate commerce was established long before the NLRB, in cases involving railway labor legislation. The Supreme Court was called upon to decide not whether federal law could protect the right of Jones & Laughlin steel workers to organize, but whether the manufacture of steel was part of "interstate commerce." The Supreme Court decided that it was. By the Smith resolution, our friends on the right—to whom the court two years ago was holy and untouchable—now propose to investigate not only the Labor Board but in effect the Supreme Court itself. Not without glee we ask: "Who's tampering with the Supreme Court now?"

Britain Wins Back the Mediterranean

BY ALBERT VITON

"A NEW spirit of resolution now reigns in the Middle Sea," says the unofficial organ of the British Colonial Office; and judged by all recent developments in the Mediterranean, the Ethiopia-Munich era is over. In this area at least Britain is acting as if it meant business. Confidential information from various Mediterranean capitals shows that statesmen and publicists are convinced that the occupation of Albania will turn out to be even more costly to Mussolini than the occupation of Czechoslovakia has been to his opposite number in Germany.

During the Ethiopian crisis in 1935 the British fleet scuttled out of Malta without waiting to count ten. Had war broken out, it would likewise have had to abandon Alexandria, where it had taken shelter. All Egyptian bases including the Suez Canal were then undefended; Italian submarines and bombers would have met very little resistance. Indeed, British naval officers made no secret of their intention to clear out of the Mediterranean in case of hostilities and take up a position west of Gibraltar. Hasty efforts were made to develop the African route to the Far East. Even during the crisis in 1938, the British fleet hastily abandoned all positions east of Alexandria. But all this is now ancient history. Although aided by Germany to a greater extent than ever, Italy has been steadily losing ground, while Britain and, to a lesser extent, France have regained old positions.

Until recently Italian strategy was calculated on the basis of swift, decisive strokes delivered at disjointed points in a *Blitzkrieg*. For this purpose, close to half a million men have been kept permanently under arms in various Mediterranean and African posts outside of Italy, ready for instant action: 120,000 Italian soldiers have been stationed in Libya, 150,000 in Africa, 40,000 in Albania, 80,000 in Rhodes and the Dodecanese. Last but not least, according to *Giustizia e Libertà*, there are about 100,000 Italian soldiers still in Spain. The intention was to hurl the Libyan forces, undoubtedly the best equipped, against Tunis, while the African troops, aided by aircraft and submarines, would stage a rapid descent into the Sudan and Egypt. The French garrison at Djibuti would be in no position to offer any resistance, and the Suez Canal, practically demilitarized, would hardly be a serious obstacle. At the same time, rebellions in the Arab countries, which had been carefully prepared by Axis propaganda, would engage the isolated British garrisons. Naval and air forces from the mainland and from the various fortified islands would be more than sufficient to deal with British and French shipping.

The first blow to this ambitious plan was delivered by German experts who went down to Libya early this year. The Germans saw that Italy would be in no position to attack Tunis and Egypt simultaneously. Marshal Badoglio, too, opposed Mussolini's optimistic plan. In a secret memorandum, the contents of which have since been published in France, Badoglio insisted that no less than 250,000 soldiers would be necessary for an assault on Tunis; and those troops would have to be far better equipped than is the present Libyan army. A new plan was consequently evolved which provided for a rapid pincer attack on Egypt from Libya and Ethiopia, while the air force, stiffened by German machines and personnel, would engage British forces around Suez. As to Tunis, the best Italy hopes to accomplish is to hold back a French attack until the main army is relieved after taking control of Egypt.

But even this limited plan is no longer as foolproof as it appeared when first evolved. The last four months have witnessed profound changes in the balance of forces in this part of the world. From Gibraltar to Istanbul and from Greece to the Indian Ocean the British have been repairing Empire fences at breakneck speed. Nothing is being overlooked. Large dumps of military supplies have been established in all strategic centers; food for civil populations is being stored under the direction of experts from London; aircraft precautions have undergone a complete reorganization. Blackouts have been held in Near Eastern cities which had considered themselves as safe as the desert. The distribution of gas-masks to the civil population has been taken in hand. Above all, local forces are being raised everywhere to cope with sudden attacks. The number of British battalions overseas, excluding those in India and Burma, has been increased to 28; the Middle East Command of the Royal Air Force, already counting nine squadrons, is being rapidly augmented, and impressive changes have been made in the commanding personnel.

I can do no more than indicate the military measures which have been pushed through during the last few months. The Governor of Malta, General Sir Charles Bonham-Carter, revealed in a speech on Empire Day that the garrison has been increased from two regiments of artillery to five, and there will soon be a sixth. There used to be two battalions of infantry; now there are four, and they are always at war strength. "The coast defenses," the Governor continued, "are steadily increasing in power. The strength of the air defenses has been more than doubled since last September. . . ."

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Coming over to the mainland, we find the same feverish activity. Britain now has 20,000 troops in Palestine; in addition, there are close to 10,000 armed Jews who have been receiving training during the past three years. No doubt they will constitute an invaluable adjunct to the British army, especially if there should be a change in England's Palestine policy. The British also count on the 30,000 to 50,000 fully trained young Jews who are outside the official defense forces, and they are now trying to win over the Arabs. Even little Trans-Jordan is doing its bit for the imperial defense. New rifles have been sent, along with machine guns and even artillery. London has approved the forming of a War Department for Trans-Jordan, and the Arab Legion, created and commanded by Englishmen, has launched a widespread mobilization campaign.

Journalists—or even travelers for that matter—are not very welcome along the shores of the Red Sea or in Aden; but the few reports that come out of those godforsaken areas bear evidence of tremendous military activity. The importance of the Red Sea to Italy need hardly be emphasized. Until a few months ago the Italians thought they had Yemen in their pocket; but of late Saif al-Islam, the Yemeni Crown Prince, has spent much time in London and Paris, where he apparently carried on important negotiations. The garrison at Aden was strengthened at the end of April, and new barracks are being built with the greatest speed. Even subterranean shelters for the civil population are being constructed. New equipment has been sent to Ibn Saud, the Wahabi war lord of Arabia, who is rapidly increasing his standing army. Of the greatest importance is the new network of roads which are now being pushed forward to criss-cross the Near East, since mobility is a supreme factor for the highly mechanized units of the British army.

The Axis has banked heavily on the weakness of Egypt and Cyprus, which remain the most vulnerable links in Britain's chain of defenses. Cyprus is still without a harbor. The British press has begun to agitate for an appropriation of $2,500,000 to build one; but a harbor cannot be built in a day, and until work is completed at Famagusta no air base is feasible. In Egypt gigantic efforts are being made to build a war machine in record time. The infantry has grown from 12,000 to 29,000 during the past four months; a motorized division of 6,500 men has been formed; the air force has been strengthened by about 200 new planes; and huge quantities of armaments have been purchased in England. Lawrence's guerrilla experience during the World War has prompted the government to start forming Bedouin battalions to harass the invading army from Libya, and Britain has completed arrangements with the Egyptians for quartering Indian troops. But these forces are certainly inadequate to protect the long borders against a double attack. Britain is now paying for her policy of refusing to allow the Egyptians a trained army during the past fifty years. The native officers are admittedly bad and the army is inexperienced. It will take five years to execute the plan drawn up about two months ago to build 23 ships costing $40,000,000 and to raise the army to 120,000 men.

But the entrance of Turkey, and the potential entrance of Greece, on the side of the democracies has introduced changes which the Axis did not foresee. It is possible that Turkey with her trained army of 1,500,000 will be given the task of defending the Syro-Palestinian coast and the Suez Canal. Important staff conversations have been held in London and Ankara, and it seems that arrangements have been completed for dispatching 100,000 soldiers to Egypt as soon as hostilities begin. The excellently equipped British and Indian forces would thus be released for meeting the Italian forces from Ethiopia. And access to the innumerable Grecian and Turkish ports will mean that the British fleet will no longer have to scuttle out of the Eastern Mediterranean. The Italian naval expert Fioravanza wrote in 1937 in "World Naval Bases": ". . . any grouping of powers which gave Britain and France the use of the Grecian bases would mean the complete strangulation of Italy." It is more than doubtful whether Albania is a sufficient compensation for the loss of Greece.

I do not for a moment take seriously the charge of the German press that Britain is trying to provoke a war to prop up the shaky foundations of the Empire. But had this been Britain's aim, she could not have selected better opponents than the Fascist powers. For one of the chief factors in the present situation is fear on the part of the Mediterranean peoples of Italian and German plans and hatred of Axis policies. All England's technical military preparations would have been totally impossible had not the Fascist powers done their best to make it easy for Britain to identify her own imperial interests with those of the natives.

Albania was only the final straw that broke the camel's back. News of the invasion spread throughout the Near East with the speed of lightning, and everywhere produced startling effects. Anti-fascist demonstrations were staged from Syria to Tunis; the Arabic press everywhere was furious. "If this be the fate of a country long on terms of close friendship with Italy, what are we to expect?" asked the Arabic papers. Stories of Italian barbarism in Libya and Abyssinia were again to the fore. The arrogant behavior of Italians and Germans and their efforts everywhere to stir up internal trouble did little enough to win them popular sympathy, but the crowning touch came with the report, apparently well founded, that the Axis partners had proposed to Turkey a three-way partition of the Near East.

As a result, Axis propaganda, now thicker and more abundant than ever, has ceased to have any effect, or

has effects diametrically the opposite of those intended. Near Eastern papers publish humorous comments on the "news" coming out of Berlin and Bari; an Association for the Defense of Moslem Albania has been started. An interesting pamphlet, signed by "A Moslem," urges "Moslems and Arabs" to wake up to the situation and not to heed the dictator who "is ready to walk over your bodies and those of your wives and children in order to reach his goal." The *Ulema* (learned sheikhs) and nationalist leaders of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco recently met in conference and in a secret session adopted a resolution to the effect that "the inhabitants of Northern Africa are united with France and hang their hopes on her." Incidents take place daily which show the depth of anti-fascist feeling among the masses. A brawl, for example, was started recently in an Istanbul cafe when a crowd of German tourists objected to the presence of two Jews. The proprietor, a foreigner, was willing to put them out but a crowd of Turks intervened, claiming that "Turkey had not imposed anti-Semitic laws, and the Jews had a perfect right to remain." Ankara students forced a German bookstore to remove from its window a map of Greater Germany and a picture of Hitler.

More indicative than anything else, perhaps, of the changed atmosphere is the fact that even the British have ceased treating Nazi and Italian propagandists with kid gloves. Even as late as six months ago the British Official Wireless Press would not have had the courage to issue a report like the one flashed out on June 13 connecting the murder of G. Monck-Mason, the British consul at Mosul, with Berlin. The *Völkischer Beobachter* correspondent at Cairo, who was at the same time head of the Nazi propaganda organization, was forced to leave on short notice. In Jerusalem, the Nazi news bulletin (DNB) was suppressed on June 9; a few days later, its editors, Doctors Reichert and Vollhard, had to leave the country in spite of Berlin's protest. In Iraq, too, the British are now cooperating with the native government to make a clean sweep of fascist propagandists.

Rome and Berlin still have with them the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al-Husseini, and his confederates. They also have a few minor Syrian leaders and some Arab papers which they subsidize heavily. But that is about all they can show after three or four years of hard work and after investing millions of dollars in propaganda. They never had much mass support; now they have lost even the intellectuals and nationalists on whom they relied to make trouble for the democracies. The enthusiasm with which all Mediterranean peoples are working to bolster up the democratic peace front has surprised even seasoned British observers. That there is more than one fly in the British ointment is freely admitted. Everyone is aware that Britain will fight not for democracy nor for the rights of free nations but to preserve its own empire. But everyone is also aware that British imperialism has become a lesser evil.

Huey Long's Heritage

BY ALLAN A. MICHIE

THE state, county, and city employees of Louisiana, who since the days of Huey Long have been paying 5 per cent of their salaries, a total of $1,000,000 a year, for the upkeep of a political machine, have a favorite expression when the squeeze is put upon them for additional "contributions." "The ducks are flying," they say to each other, and buy a couple of tickets to the machine-controlled baseball park or take a few more subscriptions to the unreadable machine-owned newspaper. But now, with the former president of Louisiana State University under indictment for embezzling university funds and half a dozen inquiries simmering over misuse of PWA and WPA funds, income tax evasions, and election frauds, the squeeze is on the machine itself, and the employees are getting an understandable kick out of watching the ducks fly in another direction.

Since the assassination of Huey Long, Louisiana's politics have flourished without much attention from the rest of the nation. As far as most people were concerned, the death of the dictator ended the dictatorship. Observers predicted that his powerful vote-getting organization would fall apart in a few months, that his followers were so jealous of each other that they would set to fighting among themselves. Unfortunately, that didn't happen. Almost as soon as the Kingfish was laid away in the shadow of his towering Capitol, the factional fight did split his lieutenants into two camps. But before the machine had time to totter, it was firmly in the hands of the three Long henchmen who had no reason to be jealous of each other: squat and swarthy Robert S. Maestri, mayor of New Orleans; Seymour Weiss, part owner of a chain of Louisiana hotels, and easy-going, 250-pound Richard W. Leche, who resigned as governor a few weeks ago. Under their tutelage the machine that Huey had built up attained its full power and for four years has ruled Louisiana with an iron hand.

There had always been two factions in the Long organization, and it was only the Kingfish's genius that

brought them together and held them in line. On the one side were the zealous "Share Our Wealthers," men like the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith and James A. Noe, Huey's legislative assistant in Baton Rouge. As vote-getters who could captivate the rag-tag of rural Louisiana with visions of a land where every man was king, they were topped only by Huey himself. But to the faction headed by Maestri, Weiss, and Leche, "Share Our Wealth" had, naturally enough, never sounded too inviting. Maestri, who has been dubbed "Red Light Bob" because his father started a family fortune by selling furniture to New Orleans sisters of sin, ran his personal wealth to an estimated million dollars by speculating in Louisiana oil lands while he was Conservation Commissioner. Weiss, who kept the Long campaign funds in the till of the Roosevelt Hotel, was also absorbed in various business ventures. Leche, who had been secretary to Huey's rubber-stamp governor, the late O. K. Allen, came into office a man of moderate means, but when he retired recently he had accumulated a sum thought to be in the millions, also from oil land investments—all outside Louisiana, he insists. These gentlemen were interested in getting wealth, not sharing it.

Consequently, as soon as the patronage and election machinery was under control, the "Share Our Wealth" advocates were dropped. Smith graduated to sharing the wealth on a national scale, first with Father Coughlin, then as a Townsend Planner. Disgruntled, James A. Noe continued to sit in the state Senate as a one-man opposition. If the new machine bosses had any qualms of conscience about dropping the "Share Our Wealth" contingent, they told themselves that Huey had never taken his panacea too seriously, that he regarded it as a device to get the votes of Louisiana's poverty-stricken electorate and as a foundation for a nation-wide appeal which he hoped would sweep him into the White House. Nevertheless the Maestri-Weiss-Leche combination still needed the rural vote, and to retain it they fell back on a campaign appeal which only the death of the Kingfish could have given them—the sacred memory of Huey Long.

In the 1936 elections, they got their first chance to try it out when Leche, the front man for the machine, was put up for governor. The Leche platform offered three pledges: to make a full investigation of the death of Long; to bar recourse to a sales tax, which Huey had sworn would never come to Louisiana; and to perpetuate all the laws Huey had passed "in the interests of the people." Leche was elected by an overwhelming majority.

But almost before the new governor had been sworn in, the mass of Long followers had reason to howl that they had been tricked. First a bill to probe Huey's death was mysteriously buried in committee, and Leche went on the air to explain that since Mrs. Huey P. Long, who had been appointed to fill her husband's term in the United States Senate, had not demanded a federal investigation, he wasn't going to allow a state inquiry. Then a sales tax was enacted—the machine called it a "luxury tax" although it put a two per cent assessment on virtually everything but overalls and hand tools. Finally a number of Huey's laws reducing the power of the corporate interests of the state were repealed. Worst of all from the standpoint of those who were devout disciples of the Kingfish, the machine promptly proceeded to make its peace with the federal Administration, which Huey, for his own political reasons, had fought so bitterly. Federal money poured into the state, federal income tax indictments against machine leaders were nolle prossed, and the machine, in turn, delivered Louisiana's twenty votes to Roosevelt at the 1936 Democratic convention in Philadelphia. Quite appropriately, the deal came to be known as "The Second Louisiana Purchase."

This bought peace gave the machine a chance to consolidate a power which it had never known in the days when Huey ruled the state. Maestri became mayor of New Orleans under one of Huey's ingenious laws enabling the governor to certify the election of a mayor without the formality of balloting in cases where an election was obviously "unnecessary" and a useless expense. By another law he had his term extended to 1942, and he rules without effective opposition. When the C. I. O. started to organize the longshoremen, truckers, and taxi-drivers in 1938, the state and city police brutally broke up strikes and aided the strike-breakers. Maestri, because of his family background, has never been accepted by New Orleans society, but his tactics against the C. I. O. have endeared him to the business interests of the city. Gradually, all Louisiana has come to accept him as the undisputed boss.

As governor, Leche let it be known almost from the start that his new job was not all he thought it would be. An affable, glad-handing chap, he much preferred roaming the canebrakes with his dog and gun to running the government in Baton Rouge the way the machine in New Orleans wanted it run. Several times he sounded out Washington on the prospect of a safe federal judgeship for himself. A social conscience never rested heavily on him, but apparently the high-handed tactics which have given New Orleans the reputation of a city whose civil liberties rating is one of the lowest in the nation did not suit him either. Once he came to Washington to ask for additional PWA grants, and an official told him that the Administration would like to see him display a more liberal attitude on labor problems. Leche agreed. Back in his home town of Hammond he decided to show Washington his changed attitude. The workers of a small strawberry-box plant in the town were suddenly informed that they were on strike. Confused and bewildered, they stood around the plant gates for hours. Then,

with great ado, trucks rolled up and unloaded state troopers and a fancy soup-kitchen. Then came the Governor himself. As forewarned photographers snapped away, the troopers picked up convenient strike placards and began walking a picket line, and the Governor proceeded to dole out free soup. A few days later, word was sent to Washington that the plant wished the National Labor Relations Board to hold an election so its workers could choose between a C. I. O. and an A. F. of L. union. Much to the Governor's surprise, when the vote was taken it was found that the workers didn't want any union!

It did not take Maestri long to realize that, even if Leche were constitutionally able and personally willing to succeed himself in 1940, the mass of voters, who were still devoted to the Kingfish, would never accept him after his record of broken pledges. Maestri began to look around for another candidate whom he could sell to the voters in January, 1940. He did not have to look far. Ready and willing for the office was Huey's younger brother, Earl, who had served inconspicuously under Leche as lieutenant-governor. Earl, who had pestered Brother Huey to the quarreling point for an important place in the state administration, had been placed on the ticket with 1940 in mind. With Earl Long wearing Huey's mantle in 1940, the machine would have an unbeatable appeal. Early in 1939, Maestri took the public pulse and announced that his organization would back Earl for governor. The reaction was favorable. The understanding was that Leche, chafing more and more in his role of front man, would remain in office until the end of his term. But either he realized in time that the machine scandals were about to burst, or else his arthritis really did become troublesome. At any rate, on June 26 Leche resigned and Earl Long was moved up into his job, six months ahead of schedule.

The series of scandals precipitated by the arrest of Dr. James Monroe Smith, president of Louisiana State University, are clearly linked to the machine. Indictments have already been returned charging machine politicians with responsibility for irregularities in the use of WPA funds and materials. Such practices have existed for some time, however, and the federal government, had it wished, could have investigated them at least a year ago. Investigators would not have had to look far for New Orleans workers to testify that whenever the machine needed electricians or plumbers, for example, to work on private homes or public buildings, police would pick up the necessary workmen on fake charges. Often enough the men were paid for their impressed labor with WPA checks.

Another federal indictment, this one charging use of the mails to defraud, links Seymour Weiss with Dr. Smith and other machine figures in a swindling scheme whereby the furnishings of a hotel belonging to the Weiss interests were twice sold to the University. That leading politicians would sooner or later be dragged into the Smith scandal was confidently expected by most Louisianians, for the machine is known to have far-flung business interests. It is generally believed to own or control the New Orleans baseball park, the race track, a dairy, a candy concern, a prominent taxi company, the city's parking lots, and a newspaper, the Hammond *Progress*, supported by advertisements of state boards and subscriptions from state employees.

The scandals broke at a particularly unfortunate time, for they obscured the more significant event of Earl Long's succession to the throne. Unfortunately for the machine's plans, Earl now has to spend six months in office before the campaign, and in that time he must prove that he will carry on for Huey. As a sop to the public disgust over the way the machine has run things since Huey's death, Earl has begun a "reform" program, partly to take the wind out of his 1940 opponents' sails, partly in the hope that he will win Huey's followers to his side. But his "reforms" so far have been practically meaningless. He has admitted that the consumers' sales tax is obnoxious, but instead of repealing it and incurring the displeasure of the business interests, he hopes to remove popular objection to it by withdrawing the metal tokens and substituting another means of collection. He has announced that public officials must no longer use their offices for private profit—but that condition is as deep-rooted in Louisiana politics as the red light district in New Orleans, and no mere governor's decree will stop it. He has assured the voters that he will keep an eye on the Conservation Department, which has charge of the state's $100,000,000-a-year oil industry, but it is certain that Earl won't reform so much that he will injure the machine that will elect him six months hence.

Even if his "reforms" please Huey's old followers, Earl will still have to do a great deal of explaining when he takes the stump next year. As far as the faithful know, Huey went to his grave a bitter enemy of his brother. Their quarrel dated from the day Huey refused to give Earl the lieutenant-governorship on the Long ticket, because he had already promised it to a more deserving ally. Earl went out and ran as an independent. He lost, but Huey never forgave him. Earl joined Huey's elder brother, Julius, in bitter attacks on the Kingfish, climaxed when he testified against Huey before a Congressional investigating committee.

Knowing only these facts, Huey's followers have reason to conclude that if the Kingfish were still alive, he would be the last one to back his brother for the governorship. But Boss Maestri has already thought of the way out. Whenever Huey appeared in the Senate in Washington, a raw-boned, lanky Louisianian by the name of Colonel Robert Brothers usually kept a watchful eye

from the visitors' gallery. Since the death of his boss, Brothers has been obsessed with the idea that persons high in the Roosevelt Administration ordered the death of the Kingfish and has spent most of his time in Washington gathering "proof." Now he has become of great importance to the Maestri-Earl Long cause. By his own story, Brothers succeeded in getting Huey to effect a complete reconciliation with Earl only a few weeks before the assassination. When the campaign begins, Brothers, still highly respected among the "Share Our Wealthers" of Northern Louisiana, is slated to assure the voters that Huey died on the best of terms with Earl. The story will no doubt improve with retelling, until Earl becomes the Kingfish's death-bed choice for governor. What Brothers stands to win by helping the machine is not yet apparent. A good job is one possible reward. An even more potent lure to the Colonel would be a renewal of the machine's opposition to the federal Administration.

Looking toward 1940, the Roosevelt forces now find themselves facing a painful dilemma in dealing with Huey's heirs. On the one hand, while they would like to crack down on a machine that is more scandal-ridden and reactionary than any in the nation, they realize that Maestri, Weiss, Long, and Leche (who is still a Democratic National Committeeman) can deliver Louisiana's twenty votes to Roosevelt or to the Roosevelt man. On the other hand, with Tom Dewey emerging as the Republican possibility solely because of his racket-busting reputation, the Administration can hardly afford to pass up the chance to show that it, too, can bust a few rackets.

Those who favor a federal attack on the New Orleans machine argue that the Administration successfully did away with Boss Pendergast in Kansas City and probably lost no state delegates in the process. But they are reminded that Pendergast was let alone until the opposition led by Lloyd Stark was strong enough to take control. There is no such opposition in Louisiana. Smart money in Washington says that the many federal investigators now swarming over the state will keep up their scattered fire until public opinion calms down, that Dr. Smith will not be brought to trial for many months, probably not until after the 1940 Democratic convention.

This Is America

V. THE MAVERICK FAR WEST

BY HOWARD G. COSTIGAN

IN CLOSE Presidential elections it is the eleven states of the Far West that more often than not have decided the verdict. In 1940, with the stakes high and the battle likely to be bitter, those 65 Western electoral votes loom larger than ever.

In this tremendous area, the size of 25 Eastern states, there are fewer people than in New York State alone—a free electorate, never corralled, never branded by any political party. Judged by regular party standards these people are political mavericks, almost unpredictable. In Montana, for example, Jerry O'Connell, winner of liberal accolades and challenger of Mayor Hague, was displaced in Congress last year by Jacob Thorkelson, a Republican who was backed by Anaconda's bankroll and who is now adviser to General Moseley. The State of Washington boasts at the same time one of the most progressive delegations in Congress and Governor Martin, who has been called "the nation's most reactionary governor, bar not even Republicans." Oregon's Klan-supported Governor Pierce in 1931 gave way to Julius L. Meier, a Jewish merchant of Portland. Governor Merriam of California, who defeated Upton Sinclair in 1934, was defeated four years later by Culbert Olson, Sinclair's lieutenant. Examples of this mercurial quality are numberless.

In character and spirit the West still is a frontier community. Covered wagons no longer rumble over Western plains to the Pacific slope but thousands of men, women, and children within the past few years have migrated westward seeking a new chance, hoping for the security the Dust Bowl denied them. They have joined thousands of others, young and old, who preceded them and who are still trying to make "our promised land" deliver. Foreclosures and sheriff's sales forced the pioneers west in the first place and gave them a strong hatred for Eastern bankers and their political machines. The absentee ownership of their "promised land" by the railroad magnates, metal kings, and timber barons, intensified the feeling. A cartoon depicting a cow stretched across the nation, feeding on the Western states but being milked by a banker on Wall Street, has often been used to illustrate Western sentiment. It is not surprising, then, that the typical Westerner goes to the polls not to express any party loyalty but to express his traditional protest against the status quo.

From this hatred for Eastern financial control sprang the widespread Populist movement, which in several instances captured state governments and which still flavors much Western thinking. It is in the desire to free credits from the control of private bankers and in a faith in the curative powers of easy money that the

"scrip-tease" of the Ham-and-Eggers of California and the velocity dollars of the Townsend Plan originate. They are today's version of such earlier phenomena as A. C. Townley's Non-Partisan League, Sockless Jerry Simpson's movement with its slogan: "Don't raise so much wheat and raise more hell!"; Coin Harvey's Liberty Party, the ready response to Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose party, the strength of the Wobblies, who boasted in their heyday that no man could ride the rods in the West who did not carry the red card of the I. W. W., and, more recently, Upton Sinclair's "Epic" scheme.

Today the Far West still favors the New Deal because Roosevelt's policies are in line with Western thinking. Western corporate interests are laying careful plans for the New Deal's assassination, but the man in the street, the small businessman, the truck driver, the housewife, the clerk, the lesser paid professional man, the unemployed, and the majority of the farmers are against any return to Hooverism.

BUSINESS, FARMS, AND PENSIONS

Despite heavy unemployment and the desperate relief situation, business in the Far West manages to be relatively good. Retail sales statistics show that the section has recovered from the recession of last year. Building in the three Pacific Coast states, as revealed in this spring's building permits, is 38 per cent ahead of a year ago. National building, largely as a result of the Federal Housing Authority, has hit a ten-year high, according to F. W. Dodge figures, and is keeping the lumber and shingle mills and the plywood factories humming with activity. Tourist business, an important part of Western income, is expected to break records this summer what with the San Francisco Fair as a lure and the war scare cutting down foreign travel. On the whole there is not the basis in general business conditions that there was a year ago for a reaction against the New Deal. Crocodile tears continue to course down the cheeks of Western Tory editors over "disastrous conditions occasioned by the Wagner Act," the "regimentation of business," and "ruinous business taxes," but the average man sees the banks open, business at least no worse than it has been in the past decade, the federal government working on the all-important problems of unemployment, relief, and social security.

The one aspect of the New Deal which Westerners almost unanimously applaud is the great public works program, particularly the Bonneville and Grand Coulee Dams. Not only have these projects provided much work but they make possible cheap power, bringing electricity to thousands of farm homes and making fertile vast tracts of once arid land. The government projects at Fort Peck, Montana, the Shasta Dam in California, and similar works throughout the West have forcefully impressed voters with the efforts of the New Deal to solve their problems. And although Western critics of the Administration, like critics elsewhere, have been loud in assailing the "spending program," none has ever been known to object to a project in his particular community.

On the farms of the West New Deal sentiment is not so strong, chiefly because of the Administration's difficulties in solving marketing problems. Farmers want at least cost of production, and they tend to support the party that promises it. Secretary Wallace's orange-and-blue-stamp plan, now being tried in Seattle, is being watched with as much interest by farmers seeking a market for surplus crops as by urban retailers. How far the New Deal is from having the Western farm vote sewed up was shown dramatically in Congressman Knute Hill's last-minute victory last year. Hill was saved only because his district in the Eastern Washington wheat and fruit belt includes Coulee Dam. Early press releases carried the story of his defeat—but they were written before the almost unanimous vote from the Coulee Dam construction camps rolled in. Republicans who later planned to challenge Hill's victory visited the camps and found pictures of President Roosevelt in every bunkhouse. The thousands of Dust Bowl refugees trying to eke out paltry livings by following the harvests up and down the Pacific Coast are grateful for the camps set up by the Farm Security Administration, which provide at least typhoid-free water, community kitchens, and laundries. But while these migrant agricultural workers are generally for the New Deal, few are registered voters.

Western farm support of the New Deal may hang in the balance, but when it comes to old-age pensions the Administration is more favorably looked upon than its opponents. In its public opinion survey of April, 1939, *Fortune* found that "the increase of old-age pensions in the public mind is closely identified with the New Deal," and also that "more liberal pensions would not only be popular but politically expedient for the Administration." A Gallup poll taken two months earlier revealed that Westerners are more addicted to higher pensions than any other section—sixty to two hundred dollars being generally approved, against a national average of thirty dollars a month. The exodus of elderly people from the East and Middle West to the milder climates of the Coast during the past few decades has made the pension problem a particularly vital one in this section, and Westerners are keenly alive to the fact that New Deal funds, matched by contributions, have proved a godsend in preventing widespread and extreme destitution.

FASCISM, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Although traditionally isolationist, the Far West finds it impossible to remain emotionally neutral in the war raging across the Pacific. Public opinion overwhelmingly favors China and would support an embargo on war materials to Japan. This is as true of Republicans as it

is of New Dealers. Moreover, the suspicion that Japan's policies in China are influenced by Berlin and Rome has tended to cause an extension of anti-Japanese feeling to the Axis partners.

Much of Hollywood's best talent—stars as well as directors, technicians, writers, and extras—is organized in the Motion Picture Democratic Committee, which in the last election campaigned militantly not only for the liberal Olson-Patterson-Downey ticket but also for non-cooperation with fascist nations. Less colorful but equally significant were the picket-lines that formed in every Pacific Coast port to protest and stop the shipment of scrap iron to Japan, and the many mass meetings held to denounce the so-called neutrality act. Sworn pacifists and staunch Republicans participated in the successful campaign for 500,000 signatures calling for a change in the act which would permit discrimination against aggressor nations. Many West Coast Republicans who denounce Roosevelt's "interference with private business" whole-heartedly support his foreign policy. An embargo against Japan would materially enhance the New Deal's 1940 political appeal on the West Coast and probably crystallize the growing Western desire to quarantine all aggressors.

While a strong and growing united front against the fascist aggressor nations has taken shape, domestic and disguised fascist and semi-fascist groups are not so easily discerned. In some ways the West provides a fertile field for home-grown fascist ideas. The old Populist hatred of bankers and the myth that all international bankers are Jews is not a far step from active Jew-baiting. Japan and Germany are making full use of this prejudice—Japan with a million-yen appropriation for West Coast propaganda, Germany through Captain Fritz Weidemann, acting ostensibly as consul in San Francisco.

Fascist allies and fascist dupes pop up all over the landscape. In lumber company towns the Ku Klux Klan flourishes. The Silver Shirts launched their Christian Party in Washington—the only state in which William Dudley Pelley was on the 1936 Presidential ballot with his "Christ or Chaos." The Associated Farmers, "bankers in overalls," work hand in glove with the Women of Washington, Inc., in fighting unions, trying to prevent liberals or radicals from appearing before students in state-supported universities, and denouncing as Communists and aliens all who speak against the Hoover brand of Americanism. Of all of these, the Associated Farmers is easily the most vicious and the most effective. This is no organization of malcontents who don't know what they want. It is plainly and simply a front for big capital, which knows exactly what it wants. It wants no united front for labor, wants no "nonsense" taught in its universities, no "alien theories," no communism, socialism, or New Deal. It wants profits at any cost, and it will use any tool at hand to insure or increase them. Anti-labor and anti-strike initiatives were introduced and heatedly supported by these corporation farmers in California, Oregon, and Washington. Their vigilante terrorism in the California valleys has been spread before the public in John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath"—and their power is attested by the ban on Steinbeck's book in many California communities. The terrorism of the Salinas Valley has had its counterpart, although in milder form, in Hood River, Yakima, and Wenatchee.

Alongside this powerful central column the reactionary snipers bob up where one least expects them. A strictly "Aryan" political science fraternity has been founded with chapters at the Universities of Washington, Stanford, and Southern California. In Aberdeen, Washington, the "Better Business Builders" blame business stagnation on "radical" labor, woo conservative labor leaders, and demand the deportation of Bridges and Pritchett. The Women of Washington turn out laborious and rather pathetically illiterate pamphlets demanding that our universities teach only "100 per cent Americanism"; and in Bellingham the Ku Klux Klan has put pressure on the not too unwilling Governor Martin to remove Dr. Charles H. Fisher, able and scholarly president of the Western Washington College of Education.

Progressive forces are vigilantly combating these fascist and reactionary tendencies, whether shrewdly organized and powerful or sporadic and crackpot. The Oregon Commonwealth Federation, the California Non-Partisan League, the new Utah Commonwealth Federation, Montana's militant Farmers Union, the Washington Commonwealth Federation, the Farmer-Labor Party, Non-Partisan League, and independent political groups in Arizona and Idaho, and New Deal Democratic precinct organizations throughout the Far West make up a compact, powerful, and vocal force, with intelligent and courageous leadership.

DIVIDED FORCES

Western labor has had a militant history, and it is militant today, but its effectiveness here, as elsewhere, is woefully weakened by the fratricidal warfare in the labor movement. The Tory press, the Associated Farmers, and other forces of reaction work feverishly to widen the gap. But split as they are, the common interests of the rank and file of the C. I. O. and A. F. of L. tend to throw them together, despite efforts to keep them apart—efforts which have at times been furthered by A. F. of L. headquarters. Both organizations worked shoulder to shoulder in the fight against the anti-labor initiatives, both are beginning to recognize in the Associated Farmers a common enemy; and in the attempt to organize the Standard Oil Company the realization dawned on both the powerful A. F. of L. teamsters and the equally powerful C. I. O. marine workers that the job was one that they would have to do together.

It is not alone in labor's ranks that friends of the New Deal fear the weakening effect of divided forces. There has been a long succession of anti-New Deal appointments to important New Deal jobs, and sincere liberals fear that federal patronage in reactionary hands may lead to demoralization. Republicans naturally hail the trend as a "conservative drift" and as another potential split in the liberal ranks. Similarly they are gleeful about the defeat of the Townsend bill in Congress. This development may have two important effects in the West: the pension seekers may be induced to repudiate the Democratic Party, or there may arise an independent pension party. Either move would be a boon to the Republicans.

Obviously the situation in the West is complex, but not so complex that tentative estimates can't be made. With all its conflicting currents, the major stream flows toward progressivism. Although the West may be confused, it is liberal—liberal but unlabeled. Faced with the choice between a Democrat of the Garner stripe and a "liberal" Republican like Dewey, the West would very likely go Republican. In fact, out here most observers would give the Democrats only one cinch bet—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Republicans will hammer the third-term tom-tom, but their thumping will fall for the most part on deaf ears. Westerners are less easily influenced by such traditions than their Eastern brothers. If they believe in a man and in his principles they are likely to string along with him all the way, as Idaho has with Borah.

There is every chance that a Western conference of progressives may be called by Administration liberals and Western New Deal leaders for pre-primary action. If such a conference is called soon, New Deal slates will have a better chance, through caucuses and primaries controlled by the progressives who have made the Democratic Party a majority party in the West. If some such action is not taken the outcome is unpredictable. Should a conservative get the Democratic endorsement, the West will probably split three ways. The conservatives, along with some liberals, will go Republican, particularly if Dewey is the G. O. P. choice. The cynics and syndicalists will stay home. The New Deal insurgents will undoubtedly form a "third party," which might prove a second or possibly a first party so far as this section of the country is concerned, with the Democratic Party reassuming its traditional role in the West as an also-ran. In the event of war, all bets are off. Roosevelt would be drafted, and he would be impossible to defeat.

We are forced to postpone Keith Hutchison's biweekly column, "Everybody's Business," scheduled to appear in this issue. Mr. Hutchison is en route from Europe and will resume his column next week.—EDITORS THE NATION.

In the Wind

A MAJOR American press association and a leading British newspaper got word recently that the British Air Raid Precaution Office has placed an order in Norway for pinewood planks to be made into 50,000 coffins—for use in London alone. The order was a modest one, it was explained, because once the war becomes large-scale, burial will be *en masse* under layers of lime. Both the press association and the newspaper suppressed the story, agreeing that it would "unnerve" the public.

AN AMERICAN journalist who covered the Spanish civil war was in the office of the Junta Nacionalista, a small bloc of the Franco movement, when a contribution of one hundred thousand pounds to the fascist cause arrived from England. The check, says the journalist, was signed by the Duke of Westminster.

MORRIS R. COHEN, the noted philosopher, told intimates recently that he doesn't read the *Daily Worker* because "I don't like being bored from within." . . . The New York *World-Telegram* described Roswell C. Magill, taxation expert, as "expert of temptation" at Columbia. . . . In London they are telling the story of the ghost who met a Nazi soldier and boasted: "I can disappear at will." "Pooh, that's nothing," the soldier retorted, "I can return from Spain without ever having been there."

AN OUTSTANDING American business firm had been buying products from a leading German house because, until recently, it couldn't get any adequate substitutes. When it finally found them, it sent a letter to the German firm cancelling further purchases and explaining that its clients, mostly non-Jewish, didn't want to use Nazi goods. The letter went on to express hope for a *political* change in Germany which would permit resumption of purchases. The German firm replied, expressing regret at the action and stating that "we look forward soon to a change" which will permit a resumption of business relations.

A EUROPEAN newspaperwoman, now visiting here, interviewed Mussolini not long ago. She told him, she relates, that several years earlier she'd had a lengthy meeting with Stalin and later sat in his box at the opera. "How did Stalin act during the performance?" Mussolini asked eagerly. Baffled, the newspaperwoman said that Stalin had just listened to it. Mussolini brushed the answer aside. "But I mean," he asked, insistently, "wasn't he afraid that he would be shot?"

SOME WEEKS ago this column reported that an investigator of the Chamber of Commerce had visited the Michigan University placement bureau. When told that job prospects for graduates were good, he announced that he couldn't use the data because he only wanted anti-Roosevelt material. The investigator represented the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, not the Chamber of Commerce.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.* —EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE announcement from Berlin that more and ever more women are to be drafted for actual household duties in order to release others for service in the fields, or in the three shifts of the never-stopping factories of heavy industry, shows anew that in this field Hitler's theories have completely collapsed when brought face to face with realities. It was again to be children, church, and kitchen—and the maternity ward—for all German women. Even their education was to have been drastically limited, since girls only up to fifteen per cent of the number of male students were to have been admitted to the universities. Today in some institutions the number far exceeds this per cent, while women by the hundred thousand, even when married, have been recalled to their former occupations or ordered into the fields. But the ideal of women subordinated entirely to men and used primarily to breed remains at once the goal and the ideal of the Nazis, who boast that they are creating the finest of civilizations upon the rock of this utterly medieval and untenable attitude toward women —rendered untenable by their own economic theories.

I could not help thinking of this when Grace Abbott died because she stood in every way for the American ideal of what a woman might become and should become if fate and her own personality and ambition made it possible for her—the exact opposite of the Nazi program. It is true that nature gives to only a few women such a personality, such quiet charm, such complete sincerity and honesty, such courage and such rare judgment. The point is not that we have such women—we shall and should have more as time goes on—but that we want them, that the road to preferment is open to them, and that we do not propose to deprive this country of the best talent among women because of their sex.

I like to think of Grace Abbott at her desk where she was for thirteen years head of the Children's Bureau in succession to that other saint, Julia Lathrop. She seemed to me, on my all too rare visits to her office, a remarkably clear and cool-headed administrator, just the right person in the right place. She was a great reformer, but not so much of the propagandizing type. She could speak warmly, at times almost eloquently. But like Jane Addams her forte was in quiet, steady spade-work, in laying foundations and then building upon them. She did not speak a lot or make the headlines often—the headlines would have seized upon her if those who write them had been aware of what Grace Abbott was accomplishing and how she was growing herself. She left office in 1934 to become professor of public welfare administration in the School of Social Service of the University of Chicago. She was only sixty years old when she died; plainly she had given too much of herself and her strength in those long years of heavy responsibility. Senator Davis of Pennsylvania told the Senate that he had never known a more capable administrator and that she was "a benefactor of the entire nation." Senator Wagner called her "a remarkable and great woman" and Senator Robert La Follette, Jr., declared she was one of the country's ablest women and one of the finest women he had ever known. And still these words do not tell the whole story!

Yet it is not as a government official that I usually think of Grace Abbott, though I am aware that her reputation as such had led to her being considered by the League of Nations for the vitally important new position at the head of its combined departments dealing with health, opium, and social service. I cannot forget that she was a great authority in her field of social service, notably in that of the immigrants. In 1920-21 she was executive secretary of the Illinois Immigrants Commission. Her books on "The Immigrant and the Community" and "The Immigrant in Massachusetts" are outstanding, but even more so is her two-volume study called "The Child and the State," which she was able to publish only last December. The list of the causes to which she gave herself without rest is too long to publish here, but the debt of the anti-child labor movement to her is beyond acknowledgment, and her contributions to the struggle against infant and maternal mortality and juvenile delinquency among the most notable. Indeed her pen was extraordinarily prolific even when she was at the head of the Children's Bureau. There her work was very considerably pioneering—even after Julia Lathrop. She put it on a secure and a scientific basis by all those years of the most careful and thoughtful building.

In all of this she was a follower and a pupil of Jane Addams whom she adored, as did all who worked with Miss Addams. What a great group of human beings has come out of Hull House! The spirit of that place created by Jane Addams has influenced for their good a wonderful group of men and women, which only goes to show again that, if you have anything worth while in you, devoting your life to the welfare of the depressed and downtrodden is about the best investment that you can possibly make.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Personal History II

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD. By Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. $2.75.

THE AUTHOR of "Personal History" returns in his newest work to the genre of his great success—reporting in a literary style that goes beyond newspaper writing, presenting the temperament, the feelings, and thoughts of the observer as he looks at worlds great and small. Within the limits of this genre Vincent Sheean is a master. In a few words he is able to convey atmosphere, whether he writes of a little boy learning to ride a bicycle among the ruins of a Spanish village or the great demonstration in Prague which overthrew the first capitulating government of Pan Hodza. Reading these descriptions one easily identifies oneself with the observer, one experiences what he experienced, and I doubt that anyone would interrupt voluntarily the journey through the fateful year from spring, 1938, to spring, 1939, on which the author takes us.

We start with a ride on the Thirteen Bus through London. From the top of it "you can do your sight-seeing without getting off," especially if Mr. Sheean functions as the guide. This opening chapter, perfect in itself, skilfully provides a frame of reference which is very useful later on in two landscapes quite different from London: war-torn Spain and humiliated Czechoslovakia, both sold out by the great democracies—the United States included because of its inexcusable arms embargo. You will remember the English lady who has no idea where or what the Ebro is, when you cross this river with Sheean, Hemingway, and Matthews on their way to the front line of the Lincoln Brigade, and you will think of her when you stand on the idyllic banks of the Moldava looking for a place to escape the bombs which you have every reason to expect. The last year of the German-Italian war against Spain and Hitler's offensive against Czechoslovakia become painfully vivid in these pages.

I want to praise especially the chapter on Jim Lardner, Ring Lardner's son, who was the last to enlist in the International Brigade and fell as the last victim, a few hours before the Spanish Republic withdrew its best volunteers in the vain hope of appeasing the City of London. The character of this American boy is a symbol of the honesty and courage of the bewildered youth of our days. Sheean draws him with an unmelodramatic simplicity which is immensely effective. And with similar method and result the whole atmosphere of Prague in the days between Godesberg and Munich is given by the unaccentuated description of the arrangements which a few newspapermen made for doing their jobs as well as possible in the war to come.

Excellent as Sheean's descriptions and observations are, one wishes his interpretations were at least more complete. This reviewer agrees entirely with the lesson Vincent Sheean brought home, that "upon the will and the instinct of the proletariat reposes such hope as we are justified in retaining for the future progress of humanity through and beyond the conflict which now divides the world." But this will and instinct have to be formed, and in Spain as in Czechoslovakia the leaders of the proletariat followed in the last analysis a course which was dictated by exactly the "diplomats and prime ministers, dignitaries and dictators of all kinds" whom the author advises us to mistrust. Yet in this otherwise excellent and exciting book we find not one interpretation or criticism of this fact. There is a very illuminating report of a congress of the Spanish Communist Party in Madrid and the three-hour speech of La Passionaria in which she "was asking these people to stop being communists altogether, at least until the war is won." The author "thought she was right, of course." But was not this attitude merely a continuation of that of the Socialists and liberals after the fall of the monarchy which he himself criticizes? They treated the aristocrats and the church with kid gloves in order not to arouse them—with just the opposite effect. Can anyone still believe today, after the Italian, German, Austrian, and Czechoslovakian examples, that it is possible to establish by weakness and timidity and compromise a regime strong enough to give to the common people what is theirs? The capitalists nowhere waited; instead they organized revolts and were helped in each case by their International. When the Spanish people fought back, or the Austrian, they were crushed by an enemy who first got his rules accepted even by the Communists. The most absurd and disgusting example of this is the fact that it was a Popular Front government in France which was first to close the Spanish frontier. No work such as the one under discussion should avoid analyzing this aspect of the great defeats. The author often comes close to this problem but always stops short. Why?

Aside from a few minor shortcomings—the dismissal of Zionism in a few paragraphs seems flippant, the characterization of Benes is too harsh and surely wrong in so far as it does not take into account the reactionary influence of the greatest Czech party, the Agrarians—"Not Peace But a Sword" is an advance both in the observation and the general understanding of the contemporary scene. It should be read for its sheer information and for the problems and contradictions it presents, even though no convincing attempt is made to solve them.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Hitler Street

MR. EMMANUEL. By Louis Golding. The Viking Press. $2.50.

MR. GOLDING'S new book, the Literary Guild selection for August, opens in that same Magnolia Street, Doomington, which formed the setting for his most successful novel seven years ago. Mr. Emmanuel, a widower some sixty-odd years of age, respected citizen, and recently retired secretary to the Jewish Board of Guardians, engages himself in behalf of a despondent German refugee boy whose

Jewish father was killed by Nazis and whose Aryan mother has not been heard from in many months. Armed with nothing more formidable than a British passport and a trusting heart, the old man goes to Berlin to discover whether Bruno's mother is alive or dead. A few days later the Swiss Nazi leader, Gustloff, is shot by David Frankfurter, and the Brownshirts, delighted at the chance to use a scapegoat who is both English and Jewish, pounce on the unfortunate Mr. Emmanuel, charge him with complicity in an international Communist plot, and treat him to a few months of the celebrated Gestapo hospitality. There was a time, and that not so many years ago, when chapters like those describing Mr. Emmanuel's prison experience appeared only in pulp horror magazines; now they impress one as remarkably restrained pictures of barbarities for which the morning newspaper has made the name of Nazi synonymous. That Mr. Emmanuel survives these torments is due largely to his faith and his stubborn optimism, and that he is finally released is due not to his obvious innocence of the ridiculous charge, not to the efforts of his English friends, not to the diplomatic blustering of the British Foreign Office, but to the unexpected intervention of a high Nazi official's Jewish mistress, daughter of one of Mr. Emmanuel's Magnolia Street friends. She is not quite so much of a goddess out of the machine as this sounds, because all through the story Mr. Emmanuel has planned, if all other means of locating Bruno's mother should fail, to appeal to this abhorred renegade.

It is a tender book, not a bitter though inevitably a sad one, giving a poignant picture of what Nazi rule has done to the German people: not only to Jews but, perhaps even worse, to all men of good will who abhor brutality but can do nothing to stop it. As Bruno says to Mr. Emmanuel when he returns to England: "I can forgive them, in a way, for killing my father. I can even forgive them for killing my mother. My father and mother were their enemies. They were working against them. But you? An old man like you? An old man who had done nothing? I cannot forgive them for that! I will never forgive them for that!"

And even though Mr. Emmanuel himself puts away all thoughts of hatred or revenge, the reader is likely to finish the book in a somewhat less generous mood, wondering whether forgiveness itself is not a fault in dealing with men who recognize only the gun, the lead pipe, the rubber truncheon, the gospel of hate. "Mr. Emmanuel" is, of course, only a work of fiction, but unfortunately the resemblance of many of the characters to actual persons, both living and dead, is far from coincidental. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Lussu: The Good Soldier

SARDINIAN BRIGADE. By Emilio Lussu. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE PERSONAL memoirs, short stories, and novels published in Italy on the World War belong almost entirely to the "heroic" genre, and are for the most part insincere, bombastic, and mortally dull. For a breath of fresh air one must turn to the letters from the front published by the relatives and friends of the officers who died in battle, letters which reveal a fresh, robust idealism and a virile readiness to self-sacrifice. Even more beautiful, often, are the letters written to their families by virtually illiterate soldiers who had been taken prisoners by the Austrians. They were admired as human documents of exquisite civility by Leo Spitzer, today teaching at Princeton, who, during the war, studied them in Austria with the discerning eye of the scholar and the understanding of a warm-hearted man.

Lussu's book is the testimony, unvarnished by nationalist rhetoric, which Italy deserved and which we had sought in vain for many years. Lussu fought the war as an officer of one of the most gallant Italian brigades, made up almost entirely of soldiers recruited from Sardinia. Hence the title of his book "Sardinian Brigade." He was decorated many times for acts of valor and enjoyed the most exceptional good luck, since in three and a half years of active fighting he was wounded seriously only once while soldiers and officers around him died like flies.

The men he describes fight, for they cannot do otherwise. But they have a profound sense of their own misery. Although they manage to laugh and joke from time to time they would much prefer remaining behind the lines to going to the trenches or marching with knapsacks on their backs. They would like to go back home to their mothers, wives, and sweethearts, to enjoy peace, love, work, and life. One of them tries to desert three times.

Over the soldiers and the officers drafted for the war—some stupid, others intelligent; some resigned, others rebellious; all propelled by blind fate toward unpredictable goals—stands the hierarchy of professional soldiers: majors, colonels, generals. The majority deserve nothing but derision or contempt. A few have retained a modicum of common sense despite their life in the barracks during peace time, but they usually drown this common sense in cognac: it is better not to see, not to understand, not to think. . . .

Lussu has a clear vision of what goes on about him and describes it with Homeric simplicity, curbing with knowing sobriety the sparkling sense of humor which he possesses to a high degree. Often a word dropped as though unintentionally in the course of a story provokes an irresistible outburst of laughter in which joyful surprise, achieved through unexpected contrasts, is interwoven with compassion and a feeling of revolt. The general "who never sleeps," the general who lectures to his officers on "coordination of intellects," the lieutenant-colonel who proposes himself for a medal for bravery, the major who orders the decimation of innocent soldiers, the professor of Greek are characters one can never forget after once having met them in Lussu's book. These pages, which drive home to the reader the senseless brutality to which the Italian soldier was subjected during the war, bring to light one of the main reasons for the general revolt against militarism in Italy once the war was over, and explain why the army chiefs had to organize the Fascist onslaught in order to stamp out that revolt.

Whoever has read "Road to Exile," published in 1936, will find, refined and brightened, those gifts of the narrator and humorist which make Lussu one of the most vigorous of contemporary Italian writers.

I placed "Sardinian Brigade" in the hands of an American college girl without telling her anything about the author,

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—*New York Times*

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the content or the value of the book. She did not put the book down until she had read it from cover to cover.

Needless to say, Lussu is an Italian exile and his book will never be published in Italy. GAETANO SALVEMINI

The Wordsworths

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM AND DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, THE LATER YEARS. Arranged and Edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford University Press. Three Volumes. $21.

WITH these three volumes of Wordsworth letters from 1821 to 1850, Mr. de Selincourt's vast labor is finished. The three earlier volumes covered the years 1787 to 1821; of the thousand-odd letters in the later volumes, more than half appear for the first time, and half of the remainder have appeared only in part. Mr. de Selincourt's chronology seems thoroughly sensible; only in a few places has he been obliged to omit words that could not be read; the notes are informative but not oppressive. And the Oxford Press has made volumes which are in format characteristically useful and beautiful.

There remain, of course, the Wordsworths! By now, with this voluminous correspondence and with Dorothy's journals, we have surely as much biographical material as exists for any individual family. They were a large family: Dorothy had three brothers besides William; William and his wife, Mary, had five children; there were cousins, sisters, aunts—but particularly sisters. Dorothy was not the only one; Sara Hutchinson, Wordsworth's sister-in-law, had spent, he said at her death, "three parts of the last thirty years under our roof." Moreover, for the last twenty years of his life Wordsworth was a famous man, with a large following; and late in life as well as early he formulated careful opinions on all sorts of subjects—literary, political, domestic, educational—and expressed them at length in his correspondence.

For half of the years covered by the present volumes Dorothy Wordsworth was ill, with a clouded mind as well as a weakened body. It is William, therefore, who emerges full stature from these later letters; William, who despised Byron and thought Chaucer "one of the greatest poets the world has ever seen," who "had towards the female sex as exquisite and pure feelings as ever the heart of man was blessed with"; William, who hated Napoleon, who spent years writing letters against the Reform Bill, who was convinced of the salutary effects of education, but not for the masses; William, who believed forever in the inestimable importance of a propertied class. It was William who could write a full and considerate and at the same time instructive letter to a young poet he barely knew, or a courteous letter to a complete stranger explaining why it was impossible for him to send an autograph, or letters by the dozen asking favors for sons, nephews, friends, friends of friends. William was "the crack skater on Rydal Lake" and "as to climbing of mountains, the hardiest and youngest are hardly a match for him"—the latter when he was fifty-nine. William, on his Italian journey, to which he had looked forward all his life, wrote:

> I have only to add that spite of all my gratification I shall be heartily glad to be in England as speedily as

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> I can, having seen what is proper to see—Venice will be the last spot in Italy thank God where we shall be detained. . . . Dearest Sister how I wish I knew how you are and you Dora are you improving and you Mary and how is Joanna and the fireside of Brinsop and how are John and Isabella and their little ones and Wm?

Finally, when Sara Hutchinson, beloved of all of them, had died, and Dorothy was suffering her last long illness, and Dora, Wordsworth's daughter, was an invalid, it was William who wrote pathetically to his son and namesake: "Let us all be good to each other."

Mr. de Selincourt promises that a new Wordsworth will emerge from these pages of correspondence. Not the old, egotistical, arrogant, and pettish poet, but a man of many sides, of many courtesies, and deeply dependent on those whom he loved and who loved him. What actually happens is that the old Wordsworth is there, with mitigating circumstances: his self-esteem was great, yet in truth he was a great man; he was cantankerous with publishers and more so with editors, but actually he had to earn money by what he wrote and was obliged to choose the manner of its publication; he expatiated at sometimes tedious length on the technique of his own poetry, but often enough in an earnest and well-meant attempt to be of service to a younger poet.

The character of Wordsworth, from these letters, is greatly amplified. He is not only a better but a more interesting man than he has been thought to be. But he is only the hero of these pages. The heroine is not poor, suffering Dorothy, writing as long as she could her affectionate, gossipy letters, but Mary, Wordsworth's wife. When he was seventy-six and she a year younger, he wrote: "My dear Wife is a wonderful woman; she is so active, and never complains." This was the most extreme of understatements. She had been wife, mother, sister, nurse, housekeeper, amanuensis, reader-aloud, and general comforter for forty-five years. She lived to be eighty-nine, nine years longer than her illustrious husband and four years longer than her sister-in-law. Wordsworth was quite right about her; in all of the seventeen-hundred-odd letters that Mr. de Selincourt has collected, there is no record that Mary ever complained. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

RECORDS

HADYN'S SYMPHONY No. 98, which heads Columbia's July list, is one of the great London group; and of this group it is one of those that are left unplayed while No. 88 and "The Surprise" and "The Clock" are done repeatedly. Thus, Toscanini's performance with the N. B. C. Symphony was the first in my experience, and Columbia's set (three records, $5) now offers the first recording, made by Howard Barlow with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra. The performance, as recorded, sounds loudly wooden where it should be richly brilliant; the quieter passages emerge phrased and colored more successfully; on the whole the set is not what the work deserves. A better job by Barlow and his orchestra is the single record ($1) of Griffes's imaginative, though derivative, "White Peacock."

The worst of Columbia's attempt to build up its parent company's studio conductor and orchestra is that it deprives us of the recording Beecham would have made of the Haydn symphony with his London Philharmonic. But we do get from him quite the finest recording thus far (one record, $1.50) of Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." I recommend it especially to those whose idea of this subtle work is derived from the version which Stokowski made apparently under the impression that he was conducting Wagner's Prelude to "Tristan and Isolda."

Bach's Partita No. 6, of which Gamut not so long ago issued Ernst Victor Wolff's superb performance on the harpsichord, has been recorded for Columbia by Gieseking (two records, $3.50). The change is not only from the timbres of the harpsichord to those of the piano, but from Wolff's boldness and imposing breadth of style to Gieseking's sinuous delicacy, which, executed with its incredible perfection, is fascinating even where the music is dull.

Dvorak's String Quartet Opus 51 is Dvorak at his best in rich melodic flow and harmonic color, in rhythmic vitality, in writing for strings; and the Lener Quartet plays it very beautifully (four records, $6). The Columbia set of Beethoven's Violin Sonata Opus 30 No. 3 I will discuss when I have heard the new Victor set.

That leaves two singles. One ($1.50) offers the effective piano figurations and harmonic bite of Villa-Lobos's "Tarrapos" and "O Ginete do Pierrozinho," brilliantly played by Maria Antonia de Castro, and his "Choros No. 5," which I find less interesting. The other ($1) offers Charles Ives's 67th Psalm and William Schuman's Choral Etude, sung by Lehman Engel's Madrigal Singers. Much has been written of Ives as an authentically American composer; and as much, I fear, is going to be written of Schuman. But I doubt that Americans will recognize themselves in the piercing dissonances which Ives goes in for; and Schuman seems to have adopted the method of Roy Harris in which one postulates a rawboned America and expresses it with rawboned music. With this method even a man apparently without a spark of inner musical impulse and with no more than a spark of musical ability can set an orchestra to blaring out one gigantically distended figure for twenty minutes and convince himself and one or two other persons that he is expressing America, as Schuman did in the symphony which C. B. S. broadcast last September. The method is Roy Harris's, but the pupil is outdoing the master. B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Art and "Facts"

Dear Sirs: I am grateful to Mr. Davis for the opportunity of making my opinions on the subject of American Art Today more explicit. At the same time I regret that I cannot discuss these opinions quite in Mr. Davis's terms, since I believe the appraisal of any art work to be based upon subjective and comparative evaluations rather than upon "facts" and to have no more than an ideate "accord with reality." This distinction may be carried further and described as the difference between statistical and qualitative appreciations of art.

The former approach, which is exemplified in the show under discussion, seems to me not merely misleading but dangerous, since it eliminates the element of judgment and depends for its validity upon strict physical factors. An artist may, for example, turn out completely representative work for Tulsa and yet it may compare unfavorably with the product of Kansas City, which in turn may be inferior to Cleveland. The inclusion in an exhibition of all three such paintings solely on the basis of local achievement and proportional representation seems to me provincializing in influence and chauvinistic in effect. (May I note that my original reference was to chauvinistic *criteria* and not as Mr. Davis suggests to his "organizational set-up" and that I am at a loss to understand the confusion of the two terms?) In the same way, I believe that democratic method (the quotation marks in my article referred to Mr. Cahill's foreword, page 19) is social in its implications and no more clarifying of what is esthetically good or bad than such terms as "feudal" or "oligarchic," which are not evaluative, but descriptive of the physical conditions under which art has functioned at various times; that, despite its era, the inherent social nature of any successful creative work (whether Watteau or Disney) is inevitably democratic, since such a work may be identified with classless and universal experience; and that, consequently, any dogma which localizes this universal potentiality is undemocratic, anti-cultural, and acts as a form of destructive censorship.

May I add that the "eradication of art" is neither my desire nor intention. On the contrary, I have profound critical respect for the accomplishments of the American artist as exemplified in various exhibitions in the past. That respect, as a matter of fact, is the basis of my quarrel with the judges of American Art Today.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 20

More Light on Krivitsky

Dear Sirs: Before the Krivitsky articles were written, certainly long before they were published in the *Saturday Evening Post,* there appeared in France Boris Souvarine's biography of Stalin, an English translation of which has been announced for publication here in the fall by the Alliance Book Corporation, a subsidiary of Longmans, Green and Company.

In Mr. Souvarine's meticulously documented biography I have found two references to W. Krivitsky which should confute the charges of the *New Masses* that he is an impostor. I quote them for the benefit of those impartial souls interested in the truth:

> Two have saved their honor with their lives by remaining abroad, A. Barmin and W. Krivitsky, the latter in the service of the Commissariat of War.

> W. Krivitsky, a Communist who has stood every test and reached the rank of general in his department, could declare to the *Bulletin de l'Opposition* (December, 1937) that the number of political arrests . . .

It is significant that the *New Masses,* ordinarily so well informed on the identity of the least noteworthy fellow-traveler, should have shown such ignorance in the case of a prominent Communist who held a post of responsibility and who had the courage to sign the articles he wrote.

FRANCES WINWAR

New Hampton, N. Y., July 15

Dust in the Wind

Dear Sirs: Notwithstanding the high regard in which I hold certain men and women in our public life who are in opposition to the possible nomination of President Roosevelt for a third term, and although I have no illusions as to the deficiencies of the present Administration, I am heartily in accord with the policy of *The Nation* on this point.

The anti-third term tradition is after all but a tradition, and one which is to be settled by the people rather than by any political party machine. There can be no question as to the economic interests that are opposing the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt nor of the fact that they are predominantly hostile to economic reform, civil liberties, and the rights of labor. Herbert Hoover's reported remark that failure to nominate Roosevelt would split the Democratic Party reveals the real concern of the opposition, which is not with tradition, but with a walk-over for the Republicans, whether or not they have a majority of the people with them.

The unity of liberal and labor forces against the threat of national disaster in the form of a Republican return to power is the real issue. All else is dust in the wind.

ROBERT WHITAKER

Los Gatos, Calif., June 26

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The Shape of Things

*

IT WOULD BE HARD TO EXAGGERATE THE importance of Prime Minister Chamberlain's announcement that staff talks would begin immediately in Moscow. The decision of the British government to join France in sending military missions to Russia while negotiations for an alliance are still in progress is a drastic move designed not only to warn Hitler that Great Britain means business but to push forward actual preparations for joint military action in case war should be precipitated before the final terms of alliance are agreed upon. It represents a clear victory for the French, who from the start have realized and pressed the necessity for coming to an agreement with Russia. As long ago as July 22 Pertinax reported that the French government was trying to persuade Halifax and Chamberlain to accept the terms proposed by the Soviet government on July 17. But perhaps the greatest significance of the British decision is the evidence it offers that any apparent relaxation of Europe's anxiety and tension is to be discounted. Chamberlain's speech showed a pessimism that he seldom allows to appear: in discussing the mounting armament in Europe he said, "It is difficult to see what the resolution of this problem can be unless it is to be resolved by war itself." His gloomy realism is a hopeful sign. If the alliance with Russia is pushed and military plans are perfected, Hitler's next move may at least be delayed. It does not mean that appeasement is necessarily abandoned; it does mean that Chamberlain realizes that appeasement may fail.

*

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT THE PRIME Minister has coupled his new resolution with a refusal to keep Parliament in session or to consider periodic reassemblies during the next three months. English gentlemen are to be free to engage in grouse-shooting as usual during August, even though the month promises to be the most critical of an acutely critical year; even though millions of men are maneuvering on half a dozen frontiers; even though the completion of the harvest means that the most favorable moment for an axis coup is at hand. Mr. Chamberlain's anxiety to be free of his

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Parliamentary critics and inquisitors is perhaps understandable, but it inevitably gives rise to the suspicion that he wants to keep his hands as free as possible in case a final flier in appeasement seems desirable.

*

THIS MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS THE ANTI-alien session of the House of Representatives if that body had not committed so many other crimes. The Smith anti-alien bill, which went through the House last Saturday by a rabble-rousing vote of 273 to 48, is the fifth measure of the kind passed this year. None of them have so far reached the Senate, and if this one gets there, it will doubtless be killed by the six-year legislators, who can afford to be a little less automatic in their response to the hysterical demands of their constituents. But because Representatives are much closer, in political wisdom and in their dependence on the local vote, to that element in every community which seizes upon the alien and the "red" as scapegoats, the eruption of these bills is a dangerous symptom. Together they present all the cruel and crackpot devices invented for the persecution of aliens—finger-printing, detention camps, vague clauses about belief, past or present, in the overthrow of the government or even in a change of government, and even vaguer phrases about what constitutes that belief. These bills must not be allowed to become law. More important, the anti-alien hysteria from which they spring must be combated. Organized labor has a desperate obligation here, for the alien-hunt always turns into the red-hunt, with labor as the principal victim.

*

WHEN JOHN L. LEWIS CALLS JOHN GARNER a labor-baiter he is understating our case; but when he turns whiskey-baiter and attacks the Texas overseer, old-style, for drinking liquor and playing cards we feel like crying, in the quotational accents of John L., "Hold! Enough!" and inviting him out for a quiet drink. A man's highball is his castle, and Garner's card-playing, even if it were anybody else's business, might turn out to be his most endearing characteristic. Our objection to Garner is that he plays poker with human misery and gets drunk on bourbon reaction, 100 proof. John L. Lewis's moaning at the bar is misplaced.

*

SOME SECTIONS OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS ARE agitated over our stand concerning the activities of the Coughlin forces in New York City. The Brooklyn *Tablet* asserts in what ostensibly is a news article that *The Nation* wants to "deny freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and individual rights to those with whom it disagrees," and *America*, accusing us of "fronting for the Semites and Communists," insists that we "want no competition for the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses*, and want *Social Justice* suppressed." The cries of these new friends of liberalism are patently dishonest. We are not "fronting" for anybody, and we asked nothing for the "Communists and Semites" that we would not ask for the Catholics. We have never considered it the duty of the police to permit the left to incite to riot or to fan the flames of race hate, and the first time the editors of the *Tablet* and *America* can show us an instance of "Communists" or "Semites" working up a street audience to cries of "Down with the Catholics!" we will go with them to the police and demand action. What we did not expect by way of reply to Mr. Wechsler's documented article was the brazen identification of Coughlinism with Catholicism advanced by the editors of *America*. "The attack on Father Coughlin," says that journal, "has become, in reality, an attack on Catholicism." In other words, any person who fights the unscrupulous politics of Coughlin is branded an anti-Catholic. We do not accept that dictum, and neither, we believe, will millions of Catholics. When we attack Coughlin we mean Coughlin, and if the editors of *America* wish to be included, we include them also. But we would not insult the decent Catholics of this country by assuming that the deceit and violence of the Coughlinites are part of the tenets of the church.

*

NEW DEALERS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A RARITY in the State Department. Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Sayre, who now goes to the Philippines as High Commissioner, was one of the few. The appointment is more than a deserved reward for the work Sayre did on reciprocal trade agreements, his specialty in the department. Sayre served on the Interdepartmental Committee on Philippine Affairs, is thoroughly qualified for his job, and seems to be popular with Filipino leaders. He succeeds Paul V. McNutt, Washington's most dazzling political puzzle at the moment. Did Mr. Roosevelt bring him back and make him head of the new Federal Security Agency to build him up for 1940 or to keep him under obligation to the New Deal? McNutt's background, record, and machine are a curious mixture of the progressive and the reactionary, mostly the latter. McNutt gave Indiana a "little New Deal" in 1932—and a little taste of fascism of 1935, after he had provoked a general strike in Terre Haute by using national guardsmen to break the Columbian Enamelling strike. He has great personal charm and enough of a following in the American Legion and elsewhere to make it worth while to keep him in the New Deal fold. But we should hate to think of him as the New Deal's heir.

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A NEW BOMB OUTRAGE ATTRIBUTED TO THE I. R. A., which caused two deaths and a large number of serious injuries, gave extra force last week to the demands of the British government for additional police powers. An act has now been rushed through Parliament permitting searches without warrants and the arrest and deportation of suspects against whom there is insufficient evidence for prosecution. In urging the House of Commons to pass the act the Home Secretary asserted that the terrorists were receiving "stimulation" from a foreign source—he did not specify the country but is understood to have referred to Germany—and gave some particulars of a document seized by the police containing a detailed scheme for an extensive campaign of sabotage. In other days such melodramatic disclosures might have caused suspicion, but the extent and character of the outrages that have occurred in the past six months, together with a growing sense of the utter unscrupulousness of Nazi methods, have made skepticism difficult. Although there was some resistance among Liberal and Labor members to enlarging the powers of a reactionary government, very few votes were cast in opposition. Meanwhile the I. R. A. campaign is acerbating relations between England and Eire, which a year ago, after the settlement of some of the outstanding differences between the two countries, seemed definitely improving. There are now signs of a popular anger in Britain which might give rise to very unpleasant incidents in cities like Liverpool and Glasgow, where there is always latent tension between the large Catholic Irish elements and their Protestant neighbors. It is to be hoped that the misguided patriots who are trying to blast away the barriers to Irish reunion will listen to Premier de Valera's recent appeal and abandon their terroristic activities. They may perhaps forward German interests: they can only hope to injure those of Eire.

*

MORAL REARMAMENT IS PACKING THEM IN. At a huge gathering at the Hollywood Bowl—M. R. A. and Hollywood were made for each other—traditional enemies shook hands and the greetings of great men of all nations resounded while 25,000 spectators cheered; 10,000 had been turned away. A Chinese and a Japanese shook hands; Charles Copperman of the Imperial Valley Teamsters' Union (A. F. of L.) clasped hands with G. G. Bennett, president of the Valley branch of the Associated Farmers. No migratory worker spoke, but Louis B. Mayer did. Thirty-three governors wired that M. R. A. is our most urgent need. From Hollywood Frank Buchman and his followers adjourned to Del Monte for the World Assembly of the M. R. A. We haven't yet figured out just what the moral rearmers do to save and be saved. Mr. Buchman's speech gave little light. "We must possess," he said, "some superior quality, a quality of living that rises above resentment, jealousy, greed, and points of view." He seems to have taken a motto from the fascist book: in vagueness there is strength. The testimony of a woman doctor who said that since putting her fees under the guidance of God she had been able to make 98 per cent collections instead of 50 per cent without arousing resentment doesn't clear up the mystery. The testimony of a Negro at the assembly gives a clue. "God has a plan for everyone," she said. "In the light of the four standards [Honesty, Purity, Unselfishness, Love] we are facing our sins of resentment, inferiority, and pride." Shades of pie in the sky! Love thy master as thyself. If you don't fight back there won't be any trouble. Meet M. R. A., the latest streamlined public-relations counsel of that old expert, Status Quo.

New Deal Crisis

THE anti-New Deal coalition foreseen and feared since last November's elections has materialized, and its onslaught on the lending-spending program provides a concrete illustration of the menace it holds for long-range reform and for the fragile growth of a new recovery. The alliance of Republicans with bourbon and faint-hearted Democrats has turned from its attack on the Wagner Act, the social-security law, and federal wage-and-hour regulation to an attempt to cripple Administration plans for housing, power development, rural electrification, and farm tenancy. The New Deal and the hope of building a more prosperous and secure America were never in greater danger, and the danger springs not from an articulate alternative program but from a miscellaneous group of special interests prepared to sacrifice the nation's welfare to their own immediate advantages. The sweatshopper, the Southern planter, the Associated Farmer, the great food-processing combines, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the power trust are among the forces energizing the anti-New Deal coalition and urging it forward. Big-business lobbyists have never had happier days in Washington.

It is ironical that Mr. Villard should choose this particular week to address to the President a series of questions calculated to show him as the factor chiefly responsible for the present sorry state of the nation. The inability of contemporaries to see the building for the brickwork is an old story. But the spectacle before us is not one of hesitant and compromising leadership provoking the impatience of those unburdened by the responsibility of decison. Only ill-will, bolstered by unwillingness to look at the facts, could blame Mr. Roosevelt for what is now occurring in Washington. It is with honest regret that we publish—in these dark days of August, 1939—an article by Oswald Garrison Villard upbraiding Franklin D. Roosevelt—for a supposed fail-

ure to recognize the plight of the underprivileged. No democratic leader in our time has shown himself more acutely aware than Mr. Roosevelt of the problems Mr. Villard suddenly begs him to notice.

Mr. Villard appeals to Mr. Roosevelt to stop playing politics, but it is by "politics" alone that the President can hope to rescue part of his program from this Congress. The task of piloting legislation through hostile committees and bringing it safely out of a session dominated by the anti-New Deal forces cannot be accomplished by moral exhortation. If the coalition succeeds in getting the wages-and-hour amendments to the floor for a vote before the mutilated lending-spending bill comes up, Congress might adjourn without voting on that measure at all. A vote to adjourn would be a safe way to vote against lending-spending. Or a motion to recommit the $1,615,000,000 ghost of the Administration's $3,060,000,000 bill in the Senate might be another means of killing it. Hopes of slum clearance and low-cost housing will be ended for some time if the $800,000,000 Housing Authority bill should fail of passage. If ever there was need for the President's ability as a politician that time is now. Nor has there ever been a time when he needed progressive support more or deserved criticism less.

How to Stop Japan

NO ONE can accuse the State Department of being unduly precipitate in its denunciation of our 1911 commercial treaty with Japan. It is more than two years now since the Japanese militarists ran amuck in China. Millions of Chinese have been killed, wounded, starved, and driven from their homes; vast tracts of their country have been laid waste. And we, who as a party to the Nine-Power Treaty had pledged ourselves to respect and uphold the integrity of China, have done little more than wag a moral finger while Japan tore that instrument to shreds. Nor have the wrongs of our own citizens in China moved us to action. They have been insulted, injured, and even killed; their legitimate business has been subject to constant interference, their property seized and destroyed. But our State Department has hitherto been content to send notes of protest which the Japanese government, well aware that hard words break no bones, has treated with contempt.

It could afford to do so because, despite the abhorrence of nearly all Americans for Japan's ruthless imperialism, we have been willing to be partners in the crime. Until a few months ago we were even selling planes to the Japanese army, and today we are still supplying the oil, the scrap iron, and the machinery without which its war machine would be crippled. Naturally the Japanese government has capitalized our inaction. In recent months its propaganda both at home and in China has painted America as "understanding Japanese needs and aims" while concentrating pressure on the British. Such tactics one would think too disingenuous to deceive even a die-hard isolationist, for clearly, if Britain were driven into a surrender of its Chinese interests, our own position would be hopelessly compromised. Yet up to last week this essay in wedge-driving had made good progress.

We would be the last to defend the British policy of retreat in China; it smacks too much of Munich, of squaring blackmail by drafts on other people's bank accounts. But Britain has at least more excuse than we have for acquiescing in Japanese aggression, for its position in the Far East is more vulnerable than our own and it is handicapped by commitments elsewhere. So long as we were combining moral disapproval of Japan with business as usual we were hardly in a position to be scornful about British capitulations.

Had the State Department's action on the trade treaty come even two weeks sooner it might have stiffened the British government sufficiently to have prevented the conclusion of the Craigie-Arita agreement, which, vague as its terms are, clearly represents an important victory for Tokyo. Yet, however belated, the Administration's decision to clear the decks for future economic pressure on Japan is extremely welcome. It has already had a most salutary effect in the Far East. Behind the blustering threats of Japanese press and "spokesmen" it is possible to hear a note of dismay. China, on the other hand, is clearly encouraged, and the American action has done much to offset the damage done by British recognition of Japan's "special position" in China. In London the growing volume of anti-appeasement opinion has been fortified, and Mr. Chamberlain has at least promised to consider denunciation of the Anglo-Japanese trade agreement. It seems probable that in the continuing negotiations over the Tientsin incident the British delegation will now take a firmer line.

In this country the almost unanimous approval given to the State Department's action should encourage Congress to proceed to the next step—an embargo on exports to Japan of all articles which can be used for war purposes and a prohibition of imports from Japan—as soon as the denunciation becomes effective. Meanwhile the Treasury and State Department should consult together to prevent any abnormal expansion of Japanese trade during the next six months. It is most probable that attempts will be made to dump large quantities of Japanese goods here, to increase shipments of precious metals, and to buy up reserves of American raw materials. The effectiveness of the first vigorous step we have taken against Japanese aggression could be reduced by such means. It ought to be possible to anticipate and counteract them.

Franco's Troubles

EARLY in July Lieutenant Roussel Zabala, a demobilized Spanish monarchist, cried "Long live the king!" in a street in Irún. He was shot down by a Falangist sergeant. Similar recent incidents throughout Spain have cost the lives, now of fascist members of the Falange, now of Carlist absolute monarchists, now of partisans of Alfonso's return as king limited by a constitution. Pedro Sainz Rodríguez, a Monarchist and until a few weeks ago Franco's Minister of Education, has been arrested. According to the same report, Francisco Herrera, owner of the pre-war Madrid Catholic daily *El Debate*, is in prison.

But Queipo de Llano, governor of Andalusia, and General Yagüe, commander of the Moroccan army corps, who were both dismissed several days ago, are Falangists. General Solchaga, governor of Galicia and hero of many civil-war battles, has also been ousted. In addition, General Moscardó, popular for his resistance in the Toledo Alcázar, and General Aranda, who held Oviedo for the rebels during a prolonged siege, have joined the opposition. These five men are, next to Franco, the outstanding military figures in post-war Spain. According to dispatches from many sources, they objected to the promotion of Minister of Interior Ramón Serrano Suñer, Franco's brother-in-law, to the post of Prime Minister. In fact, however, Suñer, who has just returned from Italy, is the practical head of the government and the outstanding Falangist. Yet he is opposed by other Falangists and has been kept in office by Franco, who leans toward the Monarchists.

The party lines in reactionary Spain are not yet clearly drawn. Fascists and Monarchists are crowded into the only existing party—the Falange. The fascist wing is further subdivided into pro-Italian, pro-German, and pro-neutrality factions. Queipo, the broadcasting general, is known to be anti-Italian. Indeed, in 1938 he was temporarily silenced for uncomplimentary public remarks about Italy. Several weeks ago, by special invitation, he made an address over the radio to Germany and concluded his remarks with "Long live Germany; long live the Führer!" Queipo, like Yagüe, was relieved of his post immediately after Ciano's visit to Spain in the middle of July. Yagüe, regarded by some as Spain's ablest soldier, made a speech in May, 1938, for which Franco provisionally withdrew him from the front. Yagüe on that occasion protested against the bombing of open Loyalist cities by foreign pilots, against the rebels' foreign entanglements, and against the stupid propaganda which painted all Republicans as reds, Russians, and cowards. Yagüe and Franco have had frequent clashes. General Aranda, who returned a few weeks ago from Berlin with a mission of eight generals and sixty-five other Spanish officers, told a newspaper interviewer that he wished to see better relations with England and France, no alliance with Italy, and close contacts with Germany.

Franco, seeking to bridge the chasm between these various groups, thinks safety lies in the Italian pattern of a figurehead king and a fascist social system. The purpose of monarchy would be to protect the landowners—and the largest landowner, the church—from the demands of a land-hungry peasantry; the Falange will demagogically talk about the "corporative state" and the rights of the workers, try to win over disillusioned Republicans of violent views, and, above all, insist on Iberian imperialist expansion, a rise in the birth-rate (big families are already subsidized by the state), and anti-Semitism—all favorite subjects in the Spanish press. Amid frequent declarations of "neutrality," Ovra and Gestapo secret agents and German business men will operate freely. A growing climate of xenophobia will coexist with an increasing dependence on foreign fascist allies. The political chaos and administrative weakness resulting from these numerous conflicts of interest will encourage the ancient Spanish custom of intrigues by jealous generals.

Franco's troubles are just starting. An inept ruling class which mismanaged Spain for three centuries is back in the saddle faced with the myriad problems of a hungry nation, a ruined country, an empty exchequer, an army of unemployed veterans, millions of disaffected Republicans, and a threatening international situation. Even in normal times the Francos lacked the leadership, the personnel, the imagination, and the ideas to lift Spain out of poverty and cultural stagnation. They are simply incapable of dealing with Spain's present difficulties. So they will squabble among themselves, rule by terror, and look abroad for salvation.

Bargains in Refugees

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE greatest mass production of this machine age is in the manufacture of refugees. Ground out in millions by the highly systematized war and propaganda machines of the dictator countries, the refugees pile up month after month to form a huge unwanted human surplus—a commodity of export with no market, against which other nations raise quota restrictions or absolute embargos. Among the symptoms of the collapse of decency in human relations the most revealing and depressing is the treatment of refugees by all the countries of the world. The barbarism of the refugee-producing nations is the more aggressive and positive, but the refusal of asylum by the other nations is almost as cruel and just as stupid.

How many refugees are there? Japan is responsible for the greatest output numerically; some 50,000,000 Chinese are refugees in their own land as the result of

the bombings of villages and cities and the terror that follows every new, successful drive of the invading army. But the problem of 50,000,000 Chinese refugees is beyond solution. Relief contributed from outside China can ease a little the most obvious suffering; but nothing can restore these people to their homes and a normal life until the war is over. And two years after its start, the war seems farther from an end than ever.

The fascist victory in Spain turned out half a million refugees at least. They did not wait to be made the object of an international bargain. They poured over the border —soldiers and civilians alike—and threw themselves on the mercies of the French people and government. A letter published on page 158 of this issue shows that up to a month ago only minor improvements had been made in the conditions of the refugee concentration camps on French soil. Private funds and popular sympathy have lessened the hardships of some of the exiles, especially the children, but some 300,000 still remain in inadequate temporary camps. Happily, a good many thousands will find a permanent home in Mexico, unless political troubles in that country interfere with their immigration and settlement. More will undoubtedly be repatriated. Franco is said to have agreed to take back members of the Loyalist armed forces at the rate of 2,000 a week, but on what terms it is not known. It is to be assumed that the returned soldiers will be again clapped into concentration camps, to be released only on proof of their loyalty to the "new Spain." This has been the procedure up to now.

But Germany remains the most important refugee factory, and Hitler is the only dictator who has succeeded in turning the victims of his terror into a profitable commodity By the strategic use of pogroms and outright theft of personal property he has jacked up the value of his product every time it threatened to become a hopeless drug on the world market. The conscience of even the most exclusionist nations is stirred when a whole people is tortured, jailed, put to forced labor, and robbed of its means of support.

Germany's latest scheme for disposing of its refugees originated in the fertile brain of Dr. Helmuth Wohlthat, who managed to do quite a little business on the side while attending the Whaling Conference at London. It is apparently a slight modification of the Rublee plan, announced last February, which was in turn a modification of the outrageous Schacht plan of a year ago. The public does not yet know the details of the new plan, but it seems to have been definitely approved by the Intergovernmental Committee and is already being carried into effect. It involves the creation of a private corporation—a "Coordinating Foundation"—which will handle the complicated provisions approved by the Nazis for financing a new Jewish exodus. About 175,000 able-bodied Jews are expected to emigrate. Before leaving Germany these people will be stripped of 75 per cent of their property by the Nazi government; they will be allowed to take the remaining 25 per cent with them in the form of German goods, but such proportion of the goods as is made up of imported raw materials must be paid for in foreign exchanges. Presumably the Nazi government will decide how great that proportion is and what it is worth in real money. The plan also provides for continued payments in foreign currencies for the support of the Jews left behind in Germany.

That this is an undisguised ransom scheme cannot be denied. Its terms are better than those proposed by Schacht, but they are still detestable. They involve official recognition of the Nazi government's policy of confiscating the property of its victims; they provide machinery for feeding foreign exchange into the empty vaults of the German treasury. The refugees who settle abroad under this scheme will continue indefinitely to provide funds for the further enslavement of their fellow-Germans—and of the world.

This is admitted by many persons who have reluctantly approved the new plan. They recognize its implications, but they insist that Hitler's terms must be met. They believe that "appeasement" is inevitable in this field too since he has the Jews and all political dissenters at his mercy. The alternative to some scheme of ransom is still the pogrom and the concentration camp.

I don't know the answer to this contention. But as one who believes that only the end of Hitler can end the torture of the Jews, I feel free to put down clearly the questions and doubts that rise in my mind as I read the preliminary reports of the new plan. Are these really the best terms that could have been made? I have no confidence in the firmness or even the disinterested judgment of the Intergovernmental Committee. Their record as a whole is one of inertia in the face of a monstrous challenge. The earnest efforts of Mr. Rublee himself and one or two other members have been nullified by the caution of the rest of the committee and of the governments that stand behind it. Their researches into possible areas for large-scale settlement have been piddling and futile. And in their hearts they know—what we all know—that as long as the civilized democratic nations themselves refuse to take in the victims of Nazi terror, they face the Nazis without even a clear conscience to strengthen their will.

Hasn't the committee gone about its monumental task wrong-end to? Was not its first job to find suitable homes for the thousands it proposes to ransom and for the other thousands who have escaped from Germany only to drift about homeless and jobless in foreign cities or on the high seas? And might it not be better to allow Hitler to take 100 per cent of the property of his victims rather than to make deals for the division and use of the stolen fraction of their funds?

The Real John Garner

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, July 31

IT WAS only a short line and it imparted no news to Washington. John L. Lewis was merely retailing common knowledge when he told the House Labor Committee that Vice-President Garner was a labor-baiting poker-playing, whiskey-drinking old man. Whether all this, added up, also made Garner evil was a matter of opinion. The opinion that he was had long been held by liberals. Yet the line shocked Congress more profoundly than anything said in the Capitol since John Sharp Williams announced that he'd "rather be a hound dog baying at the moon" than remain in the Senate.

Members of the House were particularly wroth. Almost to a man they denounced Lewis and defended Garner. "Lies, lies," they roared. None of their denials was more ludicrous than that of Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas, father of the Eighteenth Amendment, who sadly concluded that Lewis was laboring under a "misapprehension" about Garner's personal habits. Sheppard must have been resolute about hearing no evil all these years while Garner has been getting off his stock jest: "I'll take one for Morris, too." The Texas members drew up a resolution in the name of those who "know him best" declaring the Vice-President an honest, admirable man. Even from far-away Michigan Governor Dickinson could see that the wicked East had never corrupted Garner.

The most honestly expressed reaction from the New Deal side of the fence was Attorney General Murphy's. He threw back his head and guffawed. The eloquence of the line, he said, made comment impossible. Later he set himself right in a statement to the effect that he hadn't realized whom Lewis was talking about. President Roosevelt had no comment.

When the wailing and the laughter had died down, the question remained: What will the political effects be? Obviously Lewis's singing line was destined for a place in the history books. It dragged into the open and characterized the leader of the tory guerrillas who had been sniping at Roosevelt for six years and whose campaign was about to reach a triumphant climax in the mutilation of the Wage-Hour law. It was to testify against amendments to this law that Lewis appeared before the Labor Committee. He had chosen this issue—whether some 1,500,000 of the country's lowest-paid industrial workers were to be deprived of protection from employers who want to buy their labor at less than $11 for a forty-four-hour week—as the vehicle for his load of dynamite. And he exploded it fully realizing that some of the fragments would fly back in his face.

There was nothing spontaneous about Lewis's attack. It was deliberately planned with the primary objective of changing the color of Garner's aura. The country so far has seen only his publicity, which makes him out a sort of cross between Throttlebottom and Foxy Grandpa. It has been vaguely understood that he has influence over Congress. But it has been generally assumed that this is because he is a wise, moderate, homespun old fellow, whose horse sense is so compelling that it invariably smoothes the way for compromise between the radical New Dealers and the conservative Congressional leaders when all else fails to keep the government functioning. This picture could scarcely be more distorted. Garner is the canny, hard-bitten, self-made richest citizen of Uvalde, Texas, whose career in the public service has been devoted to the cause of making richest citizens richer and poorer citizens take it. During the last six years he has been the spiritual head of the reactionary Roosevelt opposition and on occasion its conniver-in-chief.

Appearing before the House Immigration Committee in 1926, Garner made an appeal for defeat of a law to restrict immigration of seasonal agricultural workers from Mexico. In that testimony he stated his attitude toward labor with a startling frankness which has been visible in few of his public utterances since. He explained that the landowners of his district needed this cheap migratory labor and that the Mexicans were well satisfied if a family cleared $25 from a season of back-breaking toil. "In our country they [the Mexicans] do not cause any trouble unless they stay there long enough to become Americanized," he said, "but they are very docile people. They can be imposed on. The sheriff can go out and make them do anything." Too much Americanization was the trouble with the country in the opinion of Jack Garner. He has not changed much since.

All this was what Lewis wanted to get over, and in a startling enough way to assure publicity. New Dealers have wanted to do the same thing for months but haven't known how. They have become alarmed at Garner's rise in the Presidential polls. They have grown weary of sitting back impotent while Garner and his intimates in Congress knock down one after another of the Administration's most vital measures and push through their own. In these last few disheartening weeks the President's lending bill has been cut to almost nothing;

the Administration's neutrality measure had to be abandoned when Garner served notice on the White House that it did not have and could not get enough votes; the Hatch bill, reducing office-holders to about the same citizenship status as convicts, was enacted; the Smith bill to bedevil non-voting aliens was passed by the House; another Smith bill to harass the National Labor Relations Board likewise was passed by the House; and the indefensible Barden amendments to the Wage-Hour law have been brought to the floor. In so far as Lewis's statement was intended to save the legislative situation, it probably will prove a dud. Most of the damage had been done. Moreover, it so infuriated the tory coalition that its members are more determined than ever to destroy the New Deal.

Although they were the least relevant, it was the whiskey-drinking and poker-playing charges that created the most commotion. Members of the Garner Gang, quickly recovering from the shock of hearing these things said right in the Capitol, insisted that Lewis's personal attack on Garner was all their candidate needed to assure his election to the Presidency. Was not Lewis anathema to the middle classes? Was not this just such another break as the "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" boner that landed Grover Cleveland in the White House? Of course, said the Garnerites, and many competent commentators agreed. But liberal politicians didn't. Perhaps they lack imagination, but they just can't visualize a torchlight procession in which the marchers hold aloft a banner inscribed, "Vote for the labor-baiting, poker-playing, whiskey-drinking, evil old man." Since Harding, they reason, there has been no irresistible public demand for a whiskey-drinking poker player in the White House. And they are skeptical of the claim that Lewis's statements won't be believed—that they will be dismissed as slander. If they know the church-going public, its reaction will be: where there's so much smoke there must be some firewater.

Mexico Today

I. THE HEART OF THE REVOLUTION

BY WALDO FRANK

LA LAGUNA

AT THE heart of Mexico, where the states of Durango and Coahuila meet, is la Laguna, today perhaps the heart—certainly the symbol—of Mexico's revolution. The River Nazas is the Nile of this rich country, a Mexican Nile which for eight months of the year is arid, torrid sand, and for the rainy season a tumultuous flood overwhelming banks and in some years villages and bridges. An intricate system of irrigation serves the Laguna, which the new huge dam, el Palmito, to be ready before Cárdenas quits office in 1940, will make one of the great agricultural valleys of the world. I flew over the Laguna with Francisco Sarabia, the Mexican "ace," whose death in Washington was used by reactionary students of the University of Mexico to stage a demonstration against the United States. I saw the steel-bare mountain wall on every side, where nothing can live, no water lodge, and over which our plane trembled like a scared horse in the intricate air currents; and I saw the vast fields—faint green for the young cotton, gold for wheat, sea-green for alfalfa—where now 40,000 farmers who were peons, and 60,000 humble folk of the farms' commerce and industry who were servants, work on what was a royal domain of a handful of *hacendados*. (The expropriated Mexican landowners are not driven out; each receives a *lote* sufficient to support him, if he works it, on an economic level far higher than that of the collectives, the *ejidos*.)

"Land!" was the true cry of the revolution of 1910. Mexico's leaders are convinced that the nation's future health must be based on a land economy and a land culture, in order to balance the mines, which for long to come will be owned and ruled by strangers. The revolution is a process of balance. And ever since the Aztecs conquered the more peaceful and cultured Indian nations, Mexico's history has been a tragedy of unbalance. The Spaniards added depths to the cultural chaos, aggravating the unbalance. The Independence of 1810 set, not Mexico, but the unbalance free. President Benito Juárez was too busy driving out still another element of disorder, the invading French, and setting up a premature program of rationalism—like a magical cap—on the head of the catastrophic country, to tackle the problem of Mexico's deep unbalance. Porfirio Díaz stratified the unbalance into a "peace" that was a coma. The intrenched *hacendados* (largely Spanish and ecclesiastical) got enough from the enslaved peasantry to live generously—which was all they wanted. To have got enough from the hostile Mexican land to lift the peons to a human level of existence would have meant huge expenses for dams and roads. This would have meant capital, the accumulation of which is alien, thus far, to the Hispanic genius. So the

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masters let the people half starve, the babies die like flies, while the church built edifices of unequaled splendor—whole façades of gold—and the folk from their mud and thatch huts looked with ecstasy on this greatness, harbinger of the heaven which awaited them after the welcome death; and often stinted the corn for their babies to buy flowers for the gorgeous altars.

Mexico by 1910 had generated a potential of unbalance so huge that thirty years have not spent it. Francisco Madero, the fiery dreamer, descendant in part of Spanish Jews, released in the peons the lyric instinctive cry of "Land!"; soon his intellectual liberalism was snuffed out between the left of the Agrarians and the reaction of the old Porfirian army. Bloody pure apostles like Zapata went up and down the south, burning the sugar refineries and ranches whose wealth to the peons who created it had been a prison for generations. In the north, inspired thieves like Pancho Villa modulated banditry into popular revolution, finding a gesture so true and deep that it won the support of some of the country's best intellectuals, like the educator and philosopher José Vasconcelos and the strategist General Angeles. Soon, plastic genius unequaled in sheer energy since Europe broke from the strained equilibrium of the Middle Ages was transfiguring the walls of public buildings, old and new, with visions. Not much before 1930 could Mexico begin to see what its revolution was about.

Mexico needed balance. It was a land overwhelmed with rains, yet needing water. It was a landless people wanting and loving the land. It was a poetic people deluged by too many epic poems of action—from Zapotec and Maya to Aztec and Catholic and Spaniard—needing at last a language of its own. It was a people so overwhelmed with many forms of life, so thwarted in its thirst for life, that it had become deeply infected by the Aztec pathology of the blood-sacrifice. The Aztec wars in which thousands dealt each other death, carrying gardenias, seemed to have made a counterpoint within the blood of a folk which consciously had forgotten the Aztec and loved life.

The heart of the conflict was land. Give the people land! Because Calles procrastinated, he was despised. With the Cárdenas regime begins the balance of this people: collective farms (the *ejidos*), dams, canals, tractors, schools; after how many years of plan, gesture, poetry, threat, retreat, the start of the *act* of revolution.

SCHOOLS AND TECHNICS

To me, the fairest incarnation of modern Mexico and of the spirit of the *ejido* is the school teacher. There are seventy thousand teachers, preponderantly women, in the S. T. E. R. M., their great union; I have watched them at work in Chihuahua, Hidalgo, the Sierra of Oaxaca; in Jalisco, Tehuantepec, Mexico City; and I have heard them in their annual national congress. One, in the *ejido* of la Hormiguera (state of Coahuila) can stand for them all.

This collective farm, like many, still occupies in part the old 'dobe ranks of the *haciendas* under the Díaz regime: the dwellings are dark, floorless, but never foul, because the Mexican sun is close and the Mexican mother cleans her poor home with more skill than she knows for her poor baby. New stucco houses of one story are now in construction, with running water and a toilet; but first the irrigation system had to be rebuilt, and the fields properly parceled, and the schoolhouse erected and opened. Even at best, the Mexican has a resistance to hurry, a vague sense of time. Everything the Mexican knows he dislikes is in a hurry: the torrents of the rainy season, the too swift aging of his beloved, his own flares of rage and destruction.



President Cárdenas

The *maestra* gets up early. She must teach the children how to live, as well as how to write. She must translate hygiene and Marx (mild forms of both) into a simple language that will make sense in the dust and toil and fatigue of the *ejido*. And when she has done with the children's day and they have gone to sleep, she begins with the parents. The great Catholic culture of Saint Thomas Aquinas bequeathed to the Mexican revolution a people 75 per cent illiterate. (The grown-ups learn to read and write, the *maestra* tells me, as quickly as the children.) The *maestra* is small, sturdy, pretty. She strives to keep trim and to wear silk stockings. Her body is chaste as well as clean; she will probably marry the *maestro* from the neighboring *ejido*, and they will toil on together. She takes me to the golden field outside the *ejido* compound. "This is my wheat," she says proudly, meaning the school's plot, which means more milk and books and educational tools for her children.

There are states in the republic today (Vera Cruz, Michoacán, Jalisco, among others) 40 per cent of whose entire income is going to the schools. The federal budget of this land, whose vast potential wealth is almost untouched, adds up to less than the budgets of Belgium or of New York City. When Cárdenas began, 34 million pesos went for federal public education; today, in artificially bad times (because of the sabotage of business inside and outside the nation), this sum has been more than doubled. There are still remote places north

and south where teachers are waylaid, their ears cut off, their faces beaten to a pulp, and the *maestras* raped, because of the hatred stirred by the priesthood when the children were taken from them. Mexico has two colors: one the dark red-and-black of the volcanic stone, *tezontle*, of the Aztec temples, like blood dried in the sun; and one the blue of the sky, like the spirit of the teachers.

The best modern architecture in this land of architectural genius is a school. Here, let me digress on an important subject. Architecture is reawakening like everything else in Mexico into a chaos and unbalance. The capital still has squares like Santo Domingo, holding intact the grace of Nueva España. Then came the bad period (architecture cannot lie) when the false order of Díaz visited on the land of Chichen-Itzá, Mitla, Teotihuacán, the worst *patisseries* of Paris. Now, the builders with more daring at times than surety of taste spread experiments through the new quarters. The worst are the most expensive: flowered façades and colored medleys that are monstrous. But many of the new apartments of workers and lower middle classes are chaste, and one sees constructions of real beauty: functional and modern, they are allied in rhythm with the old *tezontle* mansions; as if the spirit of the land itself, with new tools, were again building. The traditional Ministerio de Educación Pública and Escuela Preparatoria with galleried courts and frescos by Rivera and Orozco have dignity and depth. But the Centro Escolar Revolución is a modern masterpiece.

I think, of all places in the capital I love most the Normal School, where eighteen hundred young Mexicans, mostly girls, are formed into teachers of the primary classes. As material for the student teachers, there are classes in the same building, under the control of trained *maestras*. Here one can test the warm, deep sensibility of this race, so old in its elements, so young and chaotic in its present configuration.

A stone's throw from the Escuela Nacional de Maestros is the Politécnica, rival of Mexico's national autonomous university, which is the second oldest in America, being seniored only by the national University of San Marcos in Lima, Peru. In these trim, modern-equipped workshops from which thousands of engineers, architects, country doctors are beginning to issue into the needy Mexican world, I see a modulation of the humanist theme whose clearest note is in the schools.

While the Protestant world was developing the technics of industry, a too faithful devotion to the agrarian-Catholic culture and to its values held the Hispanic peoples back from the rhythm of the modern world—and from its fatal failures. That devotion is gone; not only from Mexico, from all America Hispana and (despite Franco and his fascist *señoritos*) from Spain. With a freshness of sensibility and of imagination which the humanistic values of the church and contact with the soil through the old agrarian culture preserved, the Mexican now turns to the new disciplines.

Distrusting the evidence of the schools, I went into the workshops themselves. In the oil refinery at Atzcapotzalco (once the Aguila, now the Pemex), I saw the mechanics and chemists and engineers soberly run the machines without strain or fuss. Later, I drove south of Cuernavaca to the huge sugar refinery of Zacatepec. This is the sweet land which Zapata roamed and ravaged; and the new collective—sugar plantations and sugar mill—is named *Ejido* Emiliano Zapata.

Ten years ago, driving south over a crude road that the Spaniards had made for their mules, silver-laden from Taxco, I had found here ruins of refineries, crumbled *haciendas,* and a poor peasantry growing sugar and corn for its own mean uses. Now modern gondola cars line the macadamized approaches; the new refinery towers over the lush land. The old thatch hovels of the workers are still there; soon they will be burned, for the new houses are nearing completion. Here, as in all the industrial centers, Mexico is in transition. The old miserable body still prevails—the primitive homes, the ignorant neglect of babies; but a sober spirit is quietly assertive in the workers and is making itself felt in the work. Its home is the schools; schools everywhere; schools of every kind. Its destination is the entire country.

OLD MEXICO AND NEW

There is a great deal more of the old Mexico than even of the promise of the new. From Torreón, the new boom town of la Laguna, I drove east through desert to Saltillo and through more desert to Monterrey. This is the central mesa, where nothing grows without man's help more nourishing than the *tuna* or *agave*. Down from California through Arizona, Sonora, Chihuahua, Zacatecas, several centuries before Cortés, the Aztecs trekked through this vast waste. How many years of blind adventuring, without machines, without horses, without maps, with only a vague legend to guide them to Lake Texcoco! What an incredible feat! What rational theory of the nature of man can explain it? The pan-American highway south of Monterrey winds, more wisely, southeast through a fertile land that is not typical of Mexico. The state of Tamaúlipas has everything from oranges to oil. Yet look at the workers in the capital, Ciudad Victoria, or in Tampico. Hovels and dirt. Doheny drew $100,000,000 from oil fields for which he paid a Mexican widow 200 pesos a year. Later she brought suit and got $40,000. That is half the story of "those poor expropriated oil men" (whom the government will pay for their plants, which are all they ever owned, if they stop their boycott). The other half of the story is in the towns which the oil interests with their servile brothers, the native politicians, devastated like locusts: leaving no roads, no hospitals, no decent housing. But go into the

thatch and 'dobe huts, step over the pig, feel the quality of this folk of many talents, with no talent for holding on to their own. Better still, go south of Mexico City to Toluca, capital of the state of Mexico.

On market day (Friday) the Otomi folk come in by thousands. The scene has not changed in its essentials since Cortés saw it, although many new goods have appeared: for instance, the orange, the mango, rubber. The Otomi are a strong, sober, typical Mexican people; the women express dignity, the men sensitive poise. Most fragile are the babies in the heat and press of the trade—more perishable than the flowers that one finds everywhere in Mexico. Around the market place are the *pulquerías,* the drinking depots of the gray-green ferment of the maguey. Here one sees whole families, the men in white pajamas weathered to the color of dust, the women in blue-black rebozos, and the children in the loathsome air lovely but more fragile than the flowers.

Here it is in clarity: the problem of the revolution, the problem of unbalance. These people, before and since the Spanish conquest, have had a civilization of dearth and cruelty. And it has died. But their culture cannot die. How can it be transmuted into a modern civilization that will enhance, not lose, its essential values? That question *is* the Mexican revolution. It has its analogue in other vital parts of the world—Russia, China, for example. It is a question thus far without an answer.

Let us see if the new towns give us a hint. Torreón is Mexico's most modern city. Unlike Chihuahua or Mérida in Yucatán, modern cities too, but products of the middle class which has imitated American neatness and antiseptic order, and unlike Monterrey, the steel town whose industrial dirt is cauterized by the dry sun, Torreón reveals the quality of the *ejidos.* It is something new in Mexico. Noisy, crude, unkempt, its streets breathe fertility.

I stood one evening in the chief square within the cars and the crowds and the cries, sensing the Indo-Hispanic flavor of this people whose seeming main concern was to buy an American refrigerator or to see an American movie. I felt an intuition of what Mexico may be if this complex, potent human plasm finds constant water and good roads for itself, and steel by the new process that employs Mexican oil and Mexican iron; if the frontier houses of modern Torreón (hideous as those of London) disappear with the hovels of yesterday before the fresh plastic structures already foreshadowed in every town from Monterrey to Chiapas; if a people in no hurry but no longer neurotically delayed by their own conflicts learn to wield their labor-saving tools with that tenderness and sensitivity which created Mexico's cult of flowers and which, thwarted by want of proper tools, twisted this cult into the dark love of death.

The Mexican works well in the modern technics. General Eduardo Hay, an engineer educated in the United States, at present the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, told me that they are making guns in Mexico today whose accuracy paupers the guns of Germany. They are con-



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" WHAT! HAVEN'T YOU GOT YOUR ARMOUR FIXED YET? "

ducting biological and histological experiments in the old School of Medicine, across the square from the church of Santo Domingo, which will be heard of. Mexican surgeons, I am told by Americans, are only bettered by the best of the United States. I saw the collective hospital of Torreón. I am no expert in this field, but human warmth—the Hispanic *piedad* and *caridad*—were in the wards, possibly at some sacrifice of discipline, possibly not.

In the hospital, as in the refineries and machine-shops and modern streets, the thought came to me: If Mexico can achieve industrialism *with* a *humane* socialism, will it not have preserved what industrialism with our old *inhuman* capitalism seems to have destroyed in the "advanced" countries—an inestimable treasure of spirit and integrity whose tragic lack one can see in the present performances of Britain, France, Germany, and in the weak creative energy of the United States?

[*This is the first of three articles on Mexico by Mr. Frank. The second will be published next week.*]

The Conquest of Canada

BY JAMES H. GRAY

Winnipeg, July 15

THE conquest of Canada by the United States is rapidly nearing completion. It is a conquest that has been consummated without the landing of a single marine, yet the conquerors' booty, from a market only slightly larger in population than the state of Pennsylvania, totaled over half a billion dollars in the period from 1926 to 1933. That figure represents not gross sales but net profit after losses of every kind have been deducted. Of this amount, it is estimated that $348,000,000 was exported to the United States and the balance left in Canada.

Consider, for the sake of showing foreign imperialists what a job America has done on Canada, an average day in the life of an average Canadian. Awakened by the gentle tinkle of his Westclox, he rolls out of his Simmons bed and crosses his Congoleumed bedroom floor to the bathroom. A quick dip in the Standard tub, and he is ready to shave. While he slips a new blade into his Gillette, lathers up with Palmolive soap, shaves, and cleans his teeth with a Prophylactic brush and Colgate toothpaste, his wife prepares breakfast. She brews a pot of Maxwell House coffee on her Westinghouse range, dishes out some Post's bran, fries some Swift's premium ham, opens a can of Libby's tomato juice, and drops a couple of pieces of bread in the Toastmaster. Having gulped this down between paragraphs of the game between the Yankees and the Indians, the head of the house gets into his Ford and leaves for his office.

At his parking lot downtown he tells the attendant to fill the tank with Esso-Ethyl, fix the puncture in the Goodyear spare tire, and Alemite the springs. An Otis elevator lifts him to his office, where he pauses at the Bell switchboard to see if there are any important calls. A batch of stenographers are punching away at their Royal typewriters; the filing clerks are busy at the Kardex files. He dictates a number of letters, signs them with a Waterman pen, and goes to the Rotary luncheon.

On his way back to the office he drops into his stockbroker's to get the close on Toronto mines and New York stocks. He arranges a golf game and buys a half-dozen Kro-Flite balls, and at the office he gets out a Spalding putter and practices his putting on the Battleship linoleum. After the game he hurries back to town to take his wife to the Paramount theater to see Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford. Then home again, to listen to the Philco for a while before "hitting the hay."

The strange thing about this picture is that all these products are made *not* in the United States *but in Canada*. Except in the tobacco, textile, and liquor industries, it is a mean and puny American manufacturing concern which does not have a branch factory or assembly plant in Canada today. From the Aluminum Company of America alphabetically through Ford, General Foods, General Motors, and Goodyear tires to Wahl pencils, we have them all in Canada. In a recent study Marshall, Southard, and Taylor point out that 805 American-controlled Canadian manufacturing plants employ capital of $833,293,135 and account for 24 per cent of the gross value of the products of Canadian factories. These figures hardly give a true picture of American dominance. The minor part played by American capital in steel, textiles, tobacco, and shoes draws the percentage down. American-owned plants produce 68 per cent of Canada's electrical goods, 65 per cent of its rubber goods, probably 95 per cent of all automobiles, and 90 per cent of its industrial chemicals.

Like all other historic invasions, the American industrial conquest of Canada has a multiplicity of causes over which economists wrangle endlessly. But while causes are inextricably tangled with effects—for example, are Canadian tariffs high because of the establishment of American plants or were American plants established because of high tariffs?—all arguments must begin and end with the Canadian tariff.

The trend of protective tariffs has been generally upward since confederation in 1867. As a general principle, the election of a Conservative government results in a healthy boost in all duties. When the Liberals get in, the tariff is lowered slightly. The Conservatives go in again and shoot the rates through the roof. Then the Liberals scrape a little off the top. This process over a period of sixty years gave Canada its highest tariffs in history between 1930 and 1935. They are, despite the election of a Liberal government in 1935 and the signing of the Ottawa-Washington trade treaty, only slightly lower today.

Incidental to the main tariff question were three minor factors which played some part in bringing in the American plants. The first, oddly enough, was the fear on the part of a young country of annexation by the United States. The cry of "No Truck nor Trade with the Yankees" defeated reciprocity in 1911. Behind the war whoops was a desire on the part of eastern Canada for domestic industrial growth. Rich in natural resources, it wanted these resources processed and manufactured in Canada instead of being sent raw to the United States and returned as finished goods. The tempo of the American industrial revolution left Canadian industry far astern and created in Canada a consumers' demand for the products of the ever-widening American machine age. Most of the new products being turned out by United States factories found as ready a market in Canada as in the United States. As soon as importations reached important dimensions, duties were imposed on them.

As the tariffs rose, American manufacturers faced the possibility of losing a market that had been built up at considerable cost in time and trouble. They had two alternatives. They could continue to ship the goods in and pay the ever-mounting duty, or they could establish branch factories in Canada. If the only thing involved had been the Canadian market, many of them would no doubt have let it slide. But by establishing Canadian factories they could gain access to many markets in the British Empire at a lower duty than their American competitors had to pay. In addition, it is a universal custom in Canada to base the selling price of commodities not on production costs but on the American price plus duty and freight. The inevitable result of this practice has been higher, much higher, prices in Canada and hence higher profits. With the greater profit from domestic sales as a cushion, the American industrialists could ship the output of their Canadian plants to foreign countries and undersell their American competitors.

Thousands of American industrialists got out their pencils and began to figure. Many hundreds of them came to the same conclusion—they should have a Canadian factory. In setting up their plants they used either of two corporate systems. One is typified by the General Motors Corporation, whose Canadian subsidiary is wholly owned by the parent company. The main advantage of this system is that Canadians, whose cars cost them anywhere from $185 to $280 more than what their American cousins pay, can never find out how much money the Canadian factory is making. The major weakness is that in times of stress it gives labor leaders a chance to castigate "greedy foreign corporations" for their "merciless exploitation of the Canadian workers."

The alternative method, of selling stock to Canadian investors, has been adopted by Ford, General Electric, and Standard Oil with preeminent success. These investors are never allowed to control the affairs of the company, but they provide it with a large body of more or less influential friends.

Canadian tariffs have been steadily rising against American goods since confederation. And in all the agitation for higher tariffs will be found the fine American hand of the United States industrialist who has opened a Canadian branch. For fervid patriotism, no animal even approaches the American manufacturer in his native haunts. But let the same industrialist come to Canada to establish a factory, and the mere mention of the United States will send him rushing to Ottawa in tears. Here, he boasts that his goods are Made-in-Canada. He sees to it that the Made-in-Canada mark is clearly printed on the packing cases, the cartons, the wrappers, and even, where possible, on the products themselves. His pride in his American factories is strictly for home consumption, and he throws his American slogans into the Niagara River with the American flag when he crosses into Canada. Here, General Motors cars are "Built in Canada by Canadian Workmen," and Chevrolet is "Better Because It's Canadian." The all-time low in transplanted chauvinism was recently touched by Remington Rand and Libby, McNeill, and Libby. Their new typewriters and catsup are flamboyantly labeled "British Empire Products."

Having established his Canadian factory, the American industrialist immediately joins the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and goes crusading for higher tariffs to protect his employees from the unfair competition of American sweatshops—including his own. The cornerstone of the Aluminum Company's Quebec plant was hardly laid before the company was out for an increase in the aluminum duty. In order to stave off a cut in the automobile duty, General Motors last year sent its general manager on a trans-Canada stump-speaking tour to advocate higher tariffs and deplore the importation of 10,000 cars a year. Ford of Canada has long championed Canada First economics. When the Ottawa-Washington trade agreement was being negotiated, the Canadian government was besieged by manufacturers who threatened to close their plants if the duty on their particular commodity was reduced.

While these corporations have in a sense sold out their

own people by their antics in Canada, no one can accuse them of selling too cheaply. On an estimated original investment of $125,000, Ford of Canada paid cash dividends of $14,551,238 between 1905 and 1927. It now has, without further investment, assets of $55,000,000. It employs 4,000 men and builds 80,000 cars a year, exporting half of them. Other firms may not have done quite so well, but you are not likely to see their names in the bankruptcy lists.

The Canadian worker as worker may derive some benefit from the locating of these plants in Canada, but the Canadian worker as consumer gives it all back—and more. The difference between American and Canadian prices for identical articles is shown in the following table. The American price is the current retail price in Minneapolis, and the Canadian figure is the price obtaining in Winnipeg.

	American Price	*Canadian Price*
Ten Gillette blades	.37	.50
Vick's Vaporub	.31	.39
Squibb's toothpaste	.33	.42
Chase and Sanborn coffee	.22	.36
Campbell's soup	.07	.10
Johnson's wax	.48	.65
Mazda lamps	.15	.20
R. C. A. radio tubes	.90	1.60
Sherwin Williams paint	3.29	4.40
G. E. refrigerator	149.95	219.50
Goodrich tire	8.60	11.50
Any $100 radio	100.00	150.00

The prices charged for Canadian-made American goods have been a public scandal in western Canada for a decade. But when wily Canadians attempt to beat the tariff racket they are pounced on by both the government and the manufacturers. Canadian motorists a few years ago began saving substantial sums on their tire costs by replacing their tires while on vacation in the United States. Now the government forces them to register their tire numbers before leaving the country. Unless they can show upon return that new tires were purchased to replace those worn out, they have to pay duty on them.

Recently many Canadians have been taking advantage of the low prices of American radios, particularly mantel sets, and have been bringing them back under their $100 tourist allowance. In many cases they have bought sets for from one-third to one-half of the Canadian price. The American manufacturers in Canada are in full cry after these consumers. Their publicity agents are issuing warnings that the American sets are no good and threatening the makers with prosecution for infringements of patent rights. If this campaign does not stop the trade, the Canadian government will undoubtedly yield to the pressure of the manufacturers and take action.

Incidentally, it has only been within the last three years that Canadians have been able to bring back even one dollar's worth of goods from the States without paying full duty. American tourists have for many years had the privilege of importing $100 worth of things duty free. When the Canadian government finally got around to granting its citizens the same privilege, there were bleats aplenty from the manufacturers. They are still bleating. While merchants on both sides of the border ballyhoo this $100 duty-free privilege, the American shopkeepers have all the best of it. They can offer their whole range of commodities at enticingly low prices. The only goods a Canadian merchant can offer are those imported from Europe, and the supply is steadily dwindling.

The American industrial conquest of Canada may have been brought off without the landing of a single marine, but it is doubtful if the whole American army could have done more damage to the Canadian economy than the stepchildren of America's sixty families have done. By locating all their plants in Ontario and Quebec they have assured themselves perpetual protection regardless of what political party is in power. Of the 245 members in the Canadian House of Commons, Ontario elects 82 members and Quebec 65 members, and despite their varying party labels they are uniformly for high tariffs. But the seven other Canadian provinces are largely dependent upon the exportation of natural products for their livelihoods. The protectionist policies forced upon the country by the industrialized East have resulted in loss of markets for the other provinces and brought them to the brink of ruin.

These provinces must pay ever more for the things they buy and receive ever less for the things they sell. While the impoverishment of the seven provinces proceeds apace, there has been a steadily increasing concentration of wealth in Ontario and Quebec. Eventually, of course, the other provinces must be bankrupted unless something is done to restore the balance.

This conquest, moreover, has been ably abetted by the bucolic statesmen who fathered the tariff boosts that barred Canadian agricultural produce from the American markets. They have made it possible for the Canadian stooges of the American industrialists to argue with considerable force that Canada was compelled to raise its tariff because the United States had prohibited the importation of Canadian goods. With the exchange of goods for goods estopped by the American tariff, Canada could only have bought American goods with gold. The drain of gold would have ruined the country. It had to raise tariffs in self-protection.

This is one of the questions over which economists work up a lather. While they argue, thousands of American workmen are out of a job and 10,000,000 Canadians are paying through the nose for the privilege of hearing American industrialists sing "O Canada." Though they sing it badly, it pays them well.

PUBLIC LIB... Burlingame, ...

Everybody's Business

Cooperation Versus Monopoly

Helsingfors, Finland, July 15

EVEN the casual tourist in the northern democracies can hardly help being struck by the position of the cooperative movement in their social and economic life. Here in the capital of Finland one meets signs of cooperative activity at almost every turn. That gleaming store on the corner selling dairy produce is the property of "Valio," the central selling organization of the cooperative dairies which cover Finland. Farther along the street is a well-organized general store—a branch of "Elanto," one of the two large retail societies in this city. Here is a cooperative restaurant where in clean and attractive surroundings you can obtain a surprisingly cheap meal; over there a large office block inscribed "Hankkija" proves on inquiry to be the headquarters of the cooperative wholesale society supplying farmers' requisites through 1,700 member stores. Forty per cent of the wholesale trade in fertilizers and concentrated cattle-food, 60 per cent of that in seed, and 45 per cent in farm machinery is done through this organization.

But I do not want to write still another general description of the cooperative movement in Finland and Scandinavia. It is rather my purpose to discuss some of the economic consequences of its development, particularly in relation to the cost of living. Facts and figures quoted will relate to Swedish and Finnish experiences, but the same tendencies can be observed in Norway and Denmark.

In all these countries inspiration for the consumers' cooperative movement was drawn from the English Rochdale "Pioneers," one of whose chief principles was that current prices should be observed. This was no doubt a wise policy when the movement was young and weak and would have had difficulty in surviving a price war with private merchants. Moreover, when current prices meant unduly high profits these were returned to members by dividends on purchases, which served as useful publicity. But up here in the north, as the movement has grown, there has been a shift in emphasis. It has been found that members could be attracted without high dividends—the usual rate in Sweden is now about 3 per cent—and there has been a tendency to employ a large proportion of the annual surplus to build up capital resources and extend operations.

With a growth of business making possible a reduced expense ratio, the cooperatives decided that, instead of following current prices, it was their task to lead them in a downward direction, particularly in the case of those commodities in which they controlled a considerable share of the trade in any locality. Thus the fruits of greater efficiency in distribution have been passed on to members in the form of lower prices rather than of increased rebates on purchases, and as a result the interests of all consumers have been served. The consequence of this policy, however, has not been to crush the private merchants, who in both Finland and Sweden still account for the bulk of the retail business. But it has stimulated them to increase their own efficiency and find ways and means of cutting expenses. Thus in both these countries private storekeepers have formed their own cooperative wholesale organizations so as to obtain goods on more economical terms and to retain for themselves the middlemen's profits. In their turn the wholesalers have been forced to concentrate, not in order to obtain monopoly prices, which are hardly possible in the face of cooperative competition, but to reduce trading costs.

As a result of these developments we find that the average expense ratio of the two Finnish cooperative wholesale societies for the years 1933 to 1937 was only 3.32 per cent. For the retail merchants' organizations the figure was even lower —2.87 per cent—while that of the private wholesalers was 3.64 per cent. For the same period the expenses of retail societies affiliated to the General Union of Finnish Cooperative Societies averaged 6.1 per cent of turnover, while those belonging to the Central Union, which are found more in the urban districts where wages are higher and which operate more restaurants, amounted to 9.5 per cent. Even this is a very low figure compared with the costs of retail distribution in other countries. According to the *Finnish Trade Review*, the average in Germany for 1930 to 1935 was 23.5 per cent, while in the United States in 1933 it was 28 per cent. In Sweden the expense ratio of the consumers' cooperatives averages about 10 per cent.

Reductions in the cost of distribution which are passed on to consumers obviously make possible a larger turnover of goods and thus act as a direct stimulus to production. But their benefits must be limited if the actual manufacture of common commodities is subject to monopolistic control. Thus the cooperative movement, which begins with retailing and naturally extends to wholesaling, finds it necessary to take a third step and engage in production. Its first efforts have usually been in food industries, especially baking, flour-milling, and meat-packing. In countries like Sweden, however, where the standard of living is comparatively high, working-class expenditures on articles other than food become proportionately more important, and an all-round attack on the high cost of living necessitates a wider challenge to the industrial monopolists.

Such a challenge has been made by Kooperativa Forbundet (K. F.), the Swedish wholesale society, which has organized a considerable group of industrial enterprises. In each case it has embarked on manufacture only after careful investigation showed a large margin between costs and selling prices, indicating that monopoly profits were being extracted by the existing concerns in the field.

One of K. F.'s outstanding achievements has been in the rubber-footwear industry, which up to 1927 was wholly under the control of a powerful and extremely profitable cartel. The opening of a K. F. factory caused an impressive fall in prices over the next few years (in the case of men's galoshes they were halved), and at the same time led to a rapid increase both in production and in the numbers employed in the industry. Here was a clear demonstration that the demand for articles of popular consumption is extremely sensitive to price movements.

The "Luma" electric-lamp factory, started in 1930, was directed against an international cartel and, although a creation of K. F., is now appropriately operated by Nordisk Andelsforbund, an association of the national cooperative or-

ganizations of all four northern countries. Price reductions effected by this enterprise are estimated to have saved Swedish consumers alone six million kroner annually. A second factory is now operated in Norway, and a third is being built at Glasgow in collaboration with the Scottish Cooperative Wholesale Society. In this industry prior to 1930 output was gradually increasing while the number of workers engaged was declining. Technological improvements had made possible a greater margin between costs and prices, which meant higher profits but reduced employment. As a result of "Luma," prices dropped sharply and consumption was so stimulated that a considerable increase in employment became possible. This shows that technological advances need not cause unemployment in industries where the demand for the product is an elastic one, provided that their fruits are passed on to consumers.

Cooperative interference with private profit-making must be extremely disagreeable to the capitalists concerned. Cooperatives cannot be bought off, as private competitors usually can, nor can their enterprise be denounced as a species of communism. Indeed, cooperative economic theory harks back to the classical principles of the Manchester school in its belief that optimum production and distribution of goods require a play of the forces of supply and demand unrestricted by monopoly in any form. This is an interpretation of laissez faire which will hardly appeal to those numerous capitalists to whom the phrase only means "no government interference."

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

SOCIETY NEWS: From the society page of the Washington *Post:* "Mr. and Mrs. George Garrett took off with their family yesterday for Maine. With the Garretts went their butler Eugene, who, it seems, is not only an expert at buttling but is one of Hitler's key men in this country. When Eugene was married a few days ago, two members of the German embassy attended the wedding and reception. Among the presents he received from German officials throughout the country was a handsome silver tea service from Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Sholtz."

NATIVE REACTIONARIES are flooding newspaper letter columns with crude "Communist" propaganda, signed by obviously Jewish names. . . . There's a persistent report that G. E. R. Gedye is having difficulty getting a Russian visa. . . . A group of promoters in South Bend, Iowa, recently applied for a license to erect a statue of Christ there as "a symbol of defiance to communism." They wanted to solicit $1,500,000 for the venture, and merely keep a third as their fee. The request wasn't granted.

NEWSPAPERS NOTED the other day that Arizona's Senator Ashurst had modestly inserted twenty pages about himself in the *Congressional Record.* Among the material was a newspaper editorial which observed: "Henry Fountain Ashurst can never be a Communist. Above all things, he knows politics too well. He is as full of politics as a dog of fleas. He is, above everything else, a politician . . . just a politician out looking for votes."

TYPOGRAPHICAL TRAGEDY: The Washington *Star* recently published this correction: "In an article in the *Star* yesterday announcing revisions by the Labor Board of some of its rules of procedure, it was stated that the board had declined to receive an employer petition filed by the General Motors Corp. The article should have read 'decided' to receive it. Elsewhere in the story it was said the regulation permitted employees to petition for Wagner Act elections, whereas the correct word was 'employers.' The *Star* regrets the errors, both of which were typographical."

LEFT WING: Among the myriad left-wing factions is one called "The League for a Revolutionary Workers' Party." Because its leader was B. J. Field, the group was known as the "Fieldites" in leftist circles. Now, it is reported, Field himself is resigning. . . . The Young Communist League got a flurry of membership applications after a recent article in *Liberty* charging that it encouraged "sex freedom" among its members.

WHEN AN alien arrives here, he must get a "certificate of arrival" before he receives his first papers. It usually takes six months to obtain the certificate; but because many states require first papers before an alien can practice medicine, alien doctors have been given their certificates more promptly. Now they are running into long delays. The reason, a Congressman explains privately, is that the American Medical Association protested against preferential treatment for alien doctors.

FROM A letter published in the Galveston (Texas) *Daily News:* "What is the beautiful city of Galveston coming to? Friday my husband and I . . . saw two cars filled with Negro men driving down the boulevard toward 21st. . . . Along came a Negro man riding on a bicycle on the seawall. . . . A little later three Negro girls came walking along the seawall. I could hardly believe my eyes were not deceiving me. I just couldn't get over the idea of Negroes being allowed to come on the boulevard east of 27th. If such goings-on are to be allowed I think our beach is going in for a great disaster. I think the Galveston police should see that the situation is remedied. . . ."

THIS HAPPENED in a courtroom in a provincial Polish town recently: A youth who had been arrested was quizzed by the judge to test his mental powers. He was asked how many countries there are in Europe. His lawyer solemnly protested, insisting that his client hadn't read the morning paper.

TO VISITORS in Rio de Janeiro the Touring Club of Brazil sells a detailed guidebook which lists the addresses of hotels, restaurants, embassies, and consulates. The consulates are printed in alphabetical order, with one exception. Germany comes first, then Argentina, Belgium, Bolivia, and so on.

[*The $5 prize for the best item submitted during July goes to J. M. of Washington, D. C., for the item about "music in business" published two weeks ago.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"Don't You Know?" Mr. President

> Don't you know that some man with eloquent tongue, without conscience, who did not care for the nation, could put this whole country into a flame? Don't you know that this country from one end to the other believes that something is wrong? What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience to spring up and say: "This is the way. Follow me!"—and lead in paths of destruction!

MR. PRESIDENT, these words were spoken by Woodrow Wilson in 1912, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, and have been preserved in his "New Freedom." They are singularly, yes, amazingly, applicable to our country today, far more than they were in the relatively happy days of 1912. For not one eloquent man, but several, who do not care for the nation, are seeking to put this whole country into a flame—for their own selfish purposes arousing racial hatreds, setting class against class, secretly and underhandedly making use of hateful foreign ideas, even importing the very language of dictators and tyrants.

Don't you know, Franklin Roosevelt, that this country from one end to the other not only believes but *knows* that a great deal is wrong? Don't you know that it feels disappointed, distressed, dismayed that, after six and a half years of the New Deal it welcomed so eagerly and supported so enthusiastically, there are still ten millions of unemployed; that the youth of the land finds almost no opportunity to earn a living on leaving school and college? Don't you know, Mr. President, that every governmental unit is laden down with debt and that many of our municipalities and states are unable to make even a contribution to the maintenance of their starving unemployed? Don't you know that in the cotton country and other agricultural regions, in the coal mines, and in the far distant fruit lands of the Pacific Coast there are millions whose plight beggars description?

Don't you know, Mr. Roosevelt, that more than ever the country looks to you? That in this hour the people are surprised beyond words that you are silent on these great issues that concern them so gravely? That they realize that our economic distress menaces our democracy; that they long for recognition by you of the plight of their almost desperate penniless fellow-citizens; that they cannot understand your failure to denounce the demagogues who literally make the welkin ring with their vile and insidious attacks upon great masses of Americans, or why the defense of our civil liberties, jeopardized all over the United States, has been left to members of your Cabinet and been triumphantly sustained not by the White House—in New Jersey, for example—but by the Supreme Court you sought to reorganize and to pack because of its conservatism?

If you would listen to them, Mr. President, you would know that the people are saying that they wish you would turn your eyes away from Europe, cease announcing that war is just at hand over there, cease joining England and France in their great power-politics game of seeking to maintain peace by overawing and bluffing the dictators into a decent inactivity. Don't you know that they wish you would give the same zeal, the same enthusiasm, with which you have followed events abroad to the solution of some of our menacing problems? That they want assurance that you are really buckling down to your administrative tasks, are consolidating your great gains, are determined to make workable all the fine and wise legislation that you have had passed, to make every dollar count? Don't you know, Franklin Roosevelt, that the people are aware of the grave administrative weaknesses of your government? That the recent poll in *Life* shows that 84 per cent of those asked said they believed that the public-works spending in their communities had been controlled by politics?

Has no one told you that the public is hurt and puzzled that there is almost an open break between you and Congress? They are well aware that every outstanding two-term President in the last fifty years quarreled with Congress toward the end of his rule. But you, they say, have had almost the whole country behind you, have had an enormous majority in the states and in the Congress on your side, and yet now the breach between you and the elected Representatives and Senators steadily widens. They admit that Congress is never easy to work with and has grave faults; that it cannot be easy to lead as long as it represents the divergent views of the various sections of this nation and the wide range of opinion which characterizes every free and independent democracy. Still they believe that the wrong is not all on one side; that you have been guilty of lapses in discretion and in policy, and have shown impatience, intolerance, self-will. Don't you know that they are beseeching you to stop playing politics and to come to their rescue?

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Class Conflict, Sunkist Style

FACTORIES IN THE FIELD. By Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

WHEN Culbert L. Olson became Governor of California, he named a young Los Angeles lawyer, Carey McWilliams, Commissioner of Immigration and Housing. The office originated in 1913, after a gun battle between deputies and migratory workers in Wheatland. The "riot" led first to a frenzied attack on the I. W. W. and then to a twinge of conscience. When there are but nine outdoor toilets for the use of 2,800 hop pickers and the ranch owner provides insufficient water because his cousin has a lemonade concession, it is possible that discontent may be due to other causes than the doctrines of syndicalism. Governor Hiram Johnson thought something ought to be done about it, nothing drastic but at least a little investigation, and gave California's miserable farm workers their first official champion by picking Simon J. Lubin to head a state Commission on Immigration and Housing. Lubin's name is still gratefully remembered on the Coast, where the Simon J. Lubin Society carries on a David-Goliath fight against the financial giants that dominate California's immense fruit and vegetable gardens. Mr. McWilliams's new book proves him a worthy successor to Lubin. Its facts are mobilized with passion and march toward bold conclusions. Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" here finds its sequel, and who would understand and help the Joads must read "Factories in the Field."

The "Okies" and "Arkies," come out of the Dust Bowl in their jalopies to pick lettuce or chop cotton in the valleys of California, are but the most recent in a long line of the exploited. Grants extorted from bribed legislatures and well-greased sessions of Congress by railroad promoters, and fraudulent Mexican claims validated by American speculators in complaisant courts early laid the basis for the state's huge land monopolies. Federal marshals and national guardsmen drove settlers from their homes on these pre-empted acres to provide the beginnings of a rural proletariat. "Nowhere else," Marx's sharp eye noted in 1880, "has the upheaval most shamefully caused by capitalist centralization taken place with such speed." By 1870 the railroads—whose construction often seemed an excuse for grabbing public lands—owned some 20,000,000 acres. "Our land system," Governor Haight said at the time, "seems to be mainly framed to facilitate the acquisition of large blocks of land by capitalists or corporations either as donations or at nominal prices." It was no accident, as McWilliams points out, that Henry George and the single tax came out of California.

The slow rhythm of the farmer at his plow and the bond that grows between a man and the land he tills were always foreign to California, as they are today. Its land barons set to work in the get-rich-quick spirit of the Forty-niners, from whose ranks many of them came. The search was always, McWilliams shows, for quick returns and large-scale cash crops. First there was a boom in wheat; fruits followed, with the development of the refrigerator car. The sugar beet was next; the latest boom crop is cotton. "The lands receive neither rest nor manure," reported one of the obscure travelers whom McWilliams's industry has resurrected. Another, traveling through California in the eighties, said, "I did not see ten honest hard-fisted farmers in my whole journey. There are plenty of city-haunting old bachelors and libertines, who own great ranches and lease them; and there are enough crammers of wheat, crammers of beans, crammers of mulberries, crammers of anything that will make their fortune in a year or two, and permit them to go and live and die in 'Frisco." To this day the dominant psychology in rural California is that of the gambler; agriculture there is a form of roulette, not a way of life; the landowner is always hoping that with the next spin of the seasons potatoes or cantaloupes or peas will make him rich; he tends to plunge on a single crop, win or lose. Usually he loses, and sooner or later California's banks, the croupiers in this game, rake him in. At one time during the depression, McWilliams notes, Bank of America owned or controlled half the farm land in northern and central California.

The exploitation of man in California has been as ruthless as exploitation of the soil, and the militant "Americanism" of its vigilantes hides a longing for labor as docile and easily satisfied as the Chinese coolies whom the growers always preferred to their own countrymen. In the seventies 90 per cent of the farm labor in the state was done by coolies, and the landowners were shamelessly candid in expressing their preference. "The Japs and Chinks," said J. L. Nagle of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, "just drift—we don't have to look out for them. White laborers with families, if we could get them, would be liabilities." When protests against employment of the Chinese culminated in the race riots of the depressed nineties, the *Pacific Rural Press,* now mouthpiece for the Associated Farmers, characteristically took the side of the land barons. It sneered at indignant white workers as "low tramps and bummers who, if offered work, will not accept it. . . ." Exclusion of the Chinese brought a search for new sources of cheap labor, and the sufferings of Japanese, Filipinos, Hindus, Armenians, Portuguese, and Mexicans find a voice in McWilliams's moving record. The growers understood the Führer's formula long before Munich, and early learned to play one race among their workers against another. The rural Babel created convenient obstacles to unionization; in McWilliams's story of the events preceding the Wheatland "riot" we learn that the I. W. W. had to use seven interpreters at one of its mass-meetings.

The Joads soon encountered plug-ugly deputies in the Promised Land of California, and the reader of "Factories in the Field" will see how familiar and accepted is the strong arm in the state's history. The "vigilance committees," recruited from the more prosperous classes, were soon turned against labor. Rival land barons organized virtual armies

in their spectacular struggles. Even the cooperatives—and the California variety bears more resemblance to the Iron and Steel Institute than to the ordinary cooperative—have used force to bring independents into line. Finally, so far as labor is concerned, success in the past has made the ruling class of California confident that the deputy's gun, the vigilante's club, and "the law" offer the best way to deal with unionism. The story of the war on the heroic "Wobblies," culminating in nation-wide raids by federal agents in 1917, is retold by McWilliams. Similar tactics and criminal-syndicalism prosecutions smashed the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union in 1930 and the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union in 1934. In California, with its monopolistic industrialized agriculture and its huge mass of farm laborers, the only way permanently to prevent organization of workers on the farm is to suppress civil liberties. The growers have done it time and again on a small scale. The danger is that they may try it on a systematic state-wide basis, and provide storm troops for the rest of the country in the process.

Class war seems endemic in California. Imperial Valley, Stockton, Salinas, and Santa Rosa may prove to have been but preliminary skirmishes. Unchecked greed seems to be shaping up toward an irreconcilable conflict in California, and one can see no easy solutions. Farm workers just manage to keep this side of starvation; small growers, desperate for capital to carry on the state's intensive, irrigated agriculture, hang on just this side of bankruptcy, at the mercy of banker, canner-processer, grower-shipper. There is enormous waste—of men, capital, and land. "The real solution," McWilliams has the courage to conclude, "involves the substitution of collective agriculture for the present monopolistically owned and controlled system. . . . The abolition of this system involves at most merely a change in ownership." There is dynamite in the adverb.

I. F. STONE

Poets Under Fire

JOURNEY TO A WAR. By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. Random House. $3.

THIS book is ostensibly a record of a trip through war-torn China by two of the most talented young English writers of our day. But primarily it is a book about the conscience of a Western ruling class faced with the agony of an Oriental people to whom they feel responsibility. It is funny, brilliant, fierce, tragic, and technically superb. It is entirely in another class of usefulness from Agnes Smedley's, Edgar Snow's, or John Gunther's books. Reading these other remarkable records does not obviate the necessity of owning "Journey to a War." Less encyclopedic, less factually inclusive than any of the others, it is nevertheless perhaps the most intense record of China at war yet written in English.

It is a diary, with photographic and verse commentaries. The initial shock is Isherwood's. His "Good-bye to Berlin" suffered a curious fate in America. Brilliantly reviewed, as it well deserved, it was nevertheless allowed to lapse almost unadvertised, as if its publishers were upset by the attitude of the author toward pre-Hitler Berlin. This attitude was different from the loose and merely indignant expressions which are currently fashionable in liberal literary circles. It is Isherwood's particular talent to hunt deeper than apparent outrage or obvious injustice. He tries to find the root of terror and frequently does. The actual search is disturbing, but what he finds is more so.

His prose is full of the dry crackle of witty short circuits. His humorous exasperation has the fascinated gaze of a patient watching the surgeon operate on him under local anaesthetic. He is soberly lyrical over the veiny glories of a superb sarcoma. During a permanent nervous breakdown he nicknames his naked nerve ends. His irony springs from the dichotomy of an excellent education and a realization of where such conditioning has served to place that class which he cannot choose but represent. It is the self-accusation tormenting a middle-class Englishman at this juncture, in this place: China, 1938. With dry anger and antiseptic self-exposure, he uncovers his own moral sickness and hence his country's. This involves Hamlet doubts concerning his own or any writer's usefulness. He is of use in direct proportion to the intensity of his awareness, which is deep. His manners are those of the stock English gentleman, reversed. A lurid rat-like politeness is sprayed all over himself and particularly over such others as young Peter Fleming, the streamlined Etonian, the dazzling special correspondent who, bred to the modern sciences of appeasement and face-saving, has inevitably elevated himself from the *Times* closer to the Foreign Office. Isherwood awards all honors to the adversary. How droll the courtesies of the permanent duel; how comic the steady treachery. It is as if in some music-hall undertaking parlor he spiritually arranged the suicide of the English so that the removal of their living corpses might make it somehow easier for China. His diary makes the tiresome war glow with klieg-lit back-stage reality. The actors by some cosmic vaudeville turn are murdering their audiences.

With Auden it is different. He is a poet and, to a degree, apart. In fact, he is a monster of verse, or rather a monstrous genius inhabits him. He pilots his large instinctive talent, which he increasingly masters, around the big fresh graveyards of our world, and it produces for him with funereal splendor. Since Yeats's death he has taken his place as the first poet writing in English. At the sick breast of fact he taps for fault, extracts the limping organ, inspects it and puts it back. The disease has advanced too far for one pair of fingers to heal—he knows it—though if he were a surgeon he would be another Cushing. Yet he is always suspect—a really dangerous person, in so far as anyone is dangerous—for he threatens even our most recent and difficultly intrenched ideas. He also employs pragmatic treachery to every preconceived poetic formula. In this treachery he uses as forced allies any English poet from Beowulf to Byron. He scraps these allies, one after the other, to found a new front which may have certain special uses. Unlike others of his publicized group, his talent proceeds *in spite* of direct experience with violence or politics. It is not arrested in the rut of comfortable memoirs, on account of it. He has too much respect for poetry not to be interested in his own genius and proper personal survival. It is his good fortune that he can make poetry out of realizing what sort of man Chiang Kai-shek really is from having seen him, rather than from hoping what Chiang Kai-shek might under optimistic circumstances do for new China. Frequently a talent has been "greater"

than a given artist's "behavior" under certain trying social and economic circumstances: one remembers Wordsworth, or maybe Courbet. Auden is obviously a brave man physically, if that is significant, in so far as he neglects his fear under gunfire. But he has the fiercer courage of being able to state disagreeable truth about even our lives, and those who are on "our side." He can be hateful. He is the relentless adversary of the kind of weak conscience-money conspiratorial optimism which now identifies so many of us within the fringes of protest and action—where we have our precarious moral safety just under the angle of the guns of our real defenders.

The distinction of his writing, the disciplined felicity of his simple metrical surprises, are the combination of human indignation with his energetic and solitary gift. No longer does one find the private jokes or the ex-don's wry humor. If the sonnets are difficult, they are difficult as Rilke's are, since the thought they embody is hard for all of us to comprehend. Once they are understood, they make it even more difficult to proceed with that understanding in us. The twenty-seven final sonnets have, as a group, a cumulative connection for which one must return to the Elizabethan sonneteers for comparison. If one doubts this as facile praise, read XVI, XVIII, XXVII, or The Sphinx.

For, as in Rilke, so beautifully celebrated in XXIII, the object of Auden's verse is love and praise. The "Commentary" with its opposition of great epitaphs, its fountainous eruption of unforgettable images, its sober, musical probity and vivid finish, reads like our epoch's last will and testament. It is the index of Auden's greatness that he realizes the exact degree of finality of his or anyone else's poetry, and that such a will as he signs must have more to do with the living than with the dead. The reason Auden is writing the greatest poetry of our speech is because his one subject is personal responsibility. He assumes for himself, as a man, the entire load, the whole blame. His service is in that it is ours also, and his accusation ennobled by his colloquial disdain somehow can hearten us by its fragmentary vision of an absolute diagnosis.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

Chamberlain, Peacemaker

IN SEARCH OF PEACE. By the Right Honorable Neville Chamberlain, M.P. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

THE defendant goes to the witness chair. The friends of democracy accuse Neville Chamberlain of killing Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. He cannot deny the facts but he declares that all these were mercy killings in the interests of peace. "In Search of Peace" is a collection of all the important speeches which Neville Chamberlain made on problems of foreign politics from May, 1937, to May, 1939. Chamberlain has written a short foreword to the book in which he promises that he will not abandon his efforts for peace, and invokes the good wishes of readers who share his ideal. Therefore we may be sure that in spite of all the contrary signs of the last weeks Chamberlain will continue his policy of appeasement. It is announced that editions of the book are appearing simultaneously in the United States, in the British Empire, in France, in Scandinavia, and also in Germany and Italy.

Whoever wishes to understand the politics of our time must be glad of the opportunity to read the speeches of Neville Chamberlain. It is necessary to know our enemies. And in some respects "In Search of Peace" is as valuable as "Mein Kampf." But it is a pity that this volume contains only Chamberlain's declarations on foreign politics. It would be much easier to understand the man and his prejudices if we had before us as well his important speeches on domestic politics and financial matters during the last ten years or at least a few of his budget speeches as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Chamberlain's financial speeches have always been the confessions of a hard-boiled, old-fashioned capitalist who is totally unable to understand any economic proposal which is outside the mentality of the City of London. The pro-fascist foreign politics of Chamberlain can only be understood in terms of his capitalist and conservative politics in the domestic field.

Perhaps the most interesting speech in this volume is Neville Chamberlain's declaration on February 21, 1938, immediately after the resignation of Eden. It seems that on this day he used the term "appeasement" in its new unhappy meaning for the first time. He said that the peace of Europe depends on the attitude of the four major powers: Germany, Italy, France, and England. But as everybody knows there are five big powers in Europe. On this day, when Neville Chamberlain after his separation from Eden wanted to tell the world precisely where he stood, he did not mention Russia, and this omission proves how much sincerity there is in Chamberlain's professions that he wants peace and nothing else. If Chamberlain were eager to preserve peace and nothing else, he must needs approach all the other big powers of Europe; in ignoring Russia he made it clear that his real goal was not peace but a quadruple alliance of the conservative and fascist powers against Russia and the so-called "red danger." Today, under changed conditions and under the pressure of the English masses, Chamberlain is being compelled to seek a treaty with the same Russians who did not exist for him in February, 1938. No wonder the Russians do not have much confidence in the "pacifist" of Downing Street.

Nevertheless, we can believe Chamberlain when he says that he prefers to reach his goals by peaceful methods. But the same is true also of Hitler; it is very doubtful whether Hitler would really enjoy the strain of a World War. But the propaganda methods of the two rulers are different. Hitler must always speak of war, mobilize his armies, and invade new territories in order to preserve the prestige of his party. It may be that one day Hitler will be compelled by the exaggerations of his own propaganda to go to war. Chamberlain, on the other side, can only justify his pro-fascist policy if he tells the British people that he makes sacrifices to the dictators only for the sake of peace. Chamberlain declares always in his speeches that he is ready to accept any change in the map of the world as long as that change is achieved not by "force" but by "peaceful means." When the victims of fascist aggression do not resist, when they allow the dictators to enter Vienna and Prague, Chamberlain can still sleep in peace; he would not be unduly disturbed if the Poles handed over Danzig to Hitler, or if the English merchants of Tientsin preferred to go out of their houses and avoid the conflict with Japan. If such methods really constitute a fight for peace,

then Chamberlain can be regarded as the greatest pacifist of our time. It is the pacifism of an observer who sees the victims of a gangster give up their money and watches without resistance. The average man might think it his duty to arrest the robber; Chamberlain says: "Let him go. He achieved his goal without force!"

It is extremely painful to read once more the well-known slogans of Neville Chamberlain, to follow the shameful course of non-intervention in Spain and of the suffocation of the Czechoslovak Republic. How long, one asks at the end, will the English people allow this man to smear its good name? ARTHUR ROSENBERG

Good-Will Against Men

HENRY, KING OF FRANCE. By Heinrich Mann. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IF "HENRY, KING OF FRANCE" is not as spectacular a novel as its predecessor, "Young Henry of Navarre," it is probably due to Heinrich Mann's allergy to virtue. Here as in "Young Henry" he has vice down for the count, but probity has him baffled. While Thomas Mann, accepting the existence of evil, has hardly portrayed it convincingly, Heinrich in turn admits that good exists, only he cannot make it very attractive. Tracing the social benefits of King Henry's reign in sixteenth-century France, he remains at his best in the accounts of malice, avarice, treachery, in his studies of assassins, gluttons, diplomats—a Montpensier who emphasizes in her age the traits which hardly graced her youth, the licentious ascetic Don Philip of Spain, the diseased tactician Farnese, a Marie de Medici loutish, vacant, and perverse. So too in the major romance of the volume, Henry's courting of Gabrielle d'Estrées, the descriptions of their spiritual devotion are weak, but when Henry is fleshly and Gabrielle calculating, when Gabrielle is a trollop and Henry lecherous, the course of Mann's true love runs smoothly.

Luckily, however, in his major theme—the history of Henry as a good king—Heinrich Mann does not often have to stray from the path of vice. As a Jules Romains invokes his man of good-will with more fervor than results, Mann in describing one encourages us to marvel rather than emulate. What a strange fate he chooses who wishes to help us. As king, Henry restores the prosperity of his bankrupt nation, he encourages agriculture and the arts, he establishes civil liberties, and through the Edict of Nantes he brings some freedom of conscience to a France torn by religious hatreds. In evolutionary terms what Henry accomplished was not after all so much. By 1600 Anno Domini we had regained the bare minimum requisites for civilization. Inching along to Paradise; but to Henry, who preceded us a little, what weary miles those poor inches seemed! To gain his power, he as the apostle of reason and tolerance is forced into violence and treason; he must destroy Paris to take it; for the sake of a united nation he must betray his own Huguenots. To be sure his betrayal is pious; as Mann remarks, his conscience is clear. But whether a pious betrayal is superior to an impious one is an abstruse question, or it may seem so to those betrayed, and a clear conscience is sometimes a dubious phenomenon. Certainly it might have been better if some of our famous historical consciences had been a trifle cloudier. Yet grant Henry his quota of sin in his search for a juster social arrangement. The doing of good, as everybody but the angels knows, implies a most judicious use of evil, and the end justifies the means if—and even the angels know this—it does. Henry's error lay not in accomplishing his reforms but in expecting acknowledgment for them. "What profits the community," Mann says in a discerning passage, "always breeds the mistrust that far outruns gratitude. . . . Doubt and suspicion—these were the harvest that the king reaped."

For the people of France, as well as its lords, oppose Henry in their gullibility and through the inertia of their habits. God, as Henry holds, may be on his side, the side of reason, but then nature espouses that of the irrational. Reason itself must assume the guise of intuition to attract the majority of men, who rest firmly on their instincts—or, to be precise, the instincts of their fathers. With the gloomy and amazing Sully as his one friend, Henry, directing his good-will against the nobility and people of France, is in effect fighting not only his own people but their ancestors too. Such is the tale of the man of good-will as Heinrich Mann relates it with acumen. And if Mann does not always make his virtue fascinating, at least he advocates it, since after such trials as these Henry remains, like his spiritual father Montaigne, no skeptic. For there are manifestations of the world that "sicken us of indecision and destroy the quality of mercy. We must assail and master, even at the cost of blood. . . . " Yes, and take our stand against our ancestors, the human race, and if necessary against first protoplasm too. MAXWELL GEISMAR

Memoir of D. H. Lawrence

A POET AND TWO PAINTERS: A MEMOIR OF D. H. LAWRENCE. By Knud Merrild. The Viking Press. $3.50.

LAWRENCE entered the closed circle of artistic coteries at an early age. It is therefore remarkable that he ever came, in maturity, under a simple and disinterested eye. One sensitive person has described his youth: the "Miriam" whose recollections have been, up to now, his most revealing memoir. When he was thirty-six, chance brought him to the attention (and into the warm friendship and deep respect) of another intelligent, detached observer. Knud Merrild, a Dane, was a young painter of twenty-eight in 1923, when, with a friend and countryman, he rode into Taos in an old Ford. When the Lawrences left Taos for a winter "alone" on the Del Monte ranch, the Danes, at their invitation, went along as helpers and neighbors. Merrild's account of this winter—its idyllic bread-baking and wood-chopping, and its occasional nightmare tension generated by Lawrence's fits of nerves—ties in with what we already have sensed about Lawrence's character in Lawrence's work, as opposed to what we have been told in the many distorted accounts of his life. Lawrence emerges from the pages a tortured man, a genuine and warm friend, and an almost completely self-deceived, dependent, childishly neurotic human being.

Lawrence knew himself to be a classless man, but he was

never able to stand alone as one. Because he was attached to problems he could not resolve within himself, although he knew their nature, he needed props for his existence. It is to his credit that he never tried for success or popularity. His instinct was to live, and work, outside "money-lust and greediness." He kept his own house; servants "smelled bad" to him. He could never withstand, however, the attraction of artistic groups. He spent most of his life in regions where the most inhuman varieties of artiness flourished. Hating the "would-bes" and the "sub-arty," he gravitated into their atmosphere and then, in loathing, fled it. His unresolved ties —to his mother and his early class—persisted and warped natural relations with men and women. That he suffered terribly comes out in this account: the episode of his cruelty to his little dog gives the measure of his suffering. He could brook no criticism and share love with no one. Childish pride and jealousy run in a dreadful and yet moving pattern through the book.

Merrild's account is done without nervousness or pretense. Lawrence irritated him beyond all bounds, but he acknowledges Lawrence the friend and generous benefactor. What is of most importance is his pity for Lawrence. This pity, akin to Miriam's, sets the memoir in a totally different category from the books wherein individuals have built Lawrence up, for their own satisfaction, into a Messiah or a demon lover.

LOUISE BOGAN

Shorter Notices

NEXT TO VALOUR. By John Jennings. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

Now that summer is here, most readers will find it more refreshing to fight over the skirmishes and engagements of the French and Indian War in a hammock than to shoot it out with problems of politics and economics, those slippery modern varmints that lurk behind every skyscraper. "Next to Valour" offers eight hundred pages of good old-fashioned scouting, Injun-fighting, abducting, rescuing, loving, and treacherous deviltry for the Man in the Hammock. From its beginning in Scotland, where his father risks all and loses all for the cause of Prince Charlie, this peppery chronicle of Jamie Ferguson keeps its hero quite literally on the run for the next fifteen years, dashing through the wilds of New Hampshire and up and down the Hudson, with pauses at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and ending with a charge up the Heights of Abraham outside Quebec, which city General Wolfe would probably never have subdued if a certain lady, whose welfare was of vital concern to Jamie, had not been shut up in the Ursuline Convent there. In the course of the story our hero suffers a good deal of more or less temporary damage: a broken arm, a broken leg, too many bullet-wounds to count accurately, and a tremendous lot of general pushing around. But if the pace of these things has speeded up a good deal since Fenimore Cooper sent Leatherstocking through the same campaign, the essential pattern of Indian-fighting stories has not altered. There are no subtleties—if you don't guess in advance how each of Jamie's complications will work out, you deserve to be pushed out of the hammock—but you have barrels and barrels of action, and there's nothing like the smell of powder to take your mind off the heat.

WHEAT AND SOLDIERS. By Corporal Ashihei Hino. Translated by Baroness Shidzué Ishimoto. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

As a human document this book deserves all the praise that has been heaped upon it. It is straightforward, simple, sincere, and absorbing. It is a faithful diary of a Japanese soldier in China, without pretense of being anything more. He fights, not because he likes to, not because he has an inherent hatred for the Chinese, but because he is told to. In the midst of the battle he finds that he does hate the Chinese because they are the enemy and are killing his comrades. But after the battle is over, he is moved by compassion for the Chinese victims and ponders briefly over the stupidity of the whole business. Yet in the next skirmish he confesses to great pleasure in hearing the boom of the Japanese artillery and in witnessing the destructiveness of his countrymen's aerial attack. One looks in vain for any evidence of discontent or anti-war feeling among the Japanese soldiers. They are mildly disgruntled with conditions; they are bitterly disappointed that the war should last so long; they want nothing more than to go home to their families. But like all soldiers they quickly become fatalistic about the whole affair. Even those who normally reject the traditional Japanese superstitions—and they are in the minority—abandon their skepticism on the field of battle. Although the book is undoubtedly honest so far as it goes, it is notable for its omissions. There is no mention of the brutalities which followed Japanese victories in the principal cities of China. Nor is any light shed on the quality of mind and character of the Japanese which would allow such things to happen. For balance, therefore, it should be read at the same time as Timperley's "What War Means," or some of the other first-hand accounts of the sacking of Nanking.

FILMS

"HARVEST," a French picture produced by the eminent poet and dramatist Marcel Pagnol, based on the novel of the same name (in English) by Jean Giono recently published here, and played by such accomplished artists as Gabriel Gabrio, Orane Demazis, Fernandel, and Le Vigan, has been forbidden by our censors, with whom this column had its last rencontre on the occasion of the banning of another French picture, "The Puritan." This new act of censorship is more stupid and less comprehensible. "Harvest" is a great poem of the utmost simplicity and chastity; there is not one second in it which could be offensive to anyone; there is neither political nor social implication; it is in fact the most "moral" picture we have seen this season. It makes no compromise with the cheap sensations on which American pictures as a usual thing are based—pictures which pass the censor unmolested. The chosen theme is presented in terms of the valued human virtues—honesty, diligence, truthful-

ness. The plot is of almost bare simplicity. A middle-aged farmer, the last inhabitant of a village in Provence, is on the verge of falling, like his house, into decay, when he meets a woman who pushes the cart of a scissors grinder from place to place in the lonesome countryside. She goes with him, puts his house in order, cooks for him, helps him work. Their love for each other wins a conquest over the deserted village. New life springs from the ruins, and the fields become fruitful again. The simple tale is told so cleanly in every detail, and so convincingly, that a comprehension of the deepest meaning of life is conveyed. Acted and presented superbly, "Harvest" is without doubt one of the few films that can be classed as art. It is true that the lovers are not married, but to condemn for this reason a picture in comparison with which "Bachelor Mother" or "Winter Carnival" is a swinish affair is the height of idiotic hypocrisy.

It was only because I fell for a practical joker that I saw "Bachelor Mother" (RKO). The title had frightened me away. "You will laugh from beginning to end," I was told. Well, I didn't. The picture, however, had interesting points. It is a splendid example of Hollywood at its ambitious, pleasant worst. A salesgirl in a department store—poor and pure, tired yet beautiful, and exquisitely dressed and groomed—is fired because the Christmas sales are over. Troubled over her own future, she sees a baby being left on the steps of a home for foundlings. Not knowing what it is all about, she picks it up and is taken for the unhappy mother. The officials of the foundling home do not believe her frantic assurances that the lovely baby is not her child. They intervene with the flippant son of the department-store owner. He reengages the girl, raises her salary, and sends her the baby as a present on Christmas Eve. You are right if you guess that in the end the son and the salesgirl are married and that the old department-store owner swears that the baby has his chin. But the annoying part of the production is not so much the routine formula as its execution. Its farcical situations are not used to magnify human follies. Rather the reverse. The attempt is made to press the absurd into the framework of everyday reality. Many yards of film are wasted in some passages, the whole does not move, nor does it gain momentum with the new elements introduced in the last third of the picture. Instead of the sharp and witty satire which the theme contains, we get a collection of old gags. In the character conception of a bachelor mother, stupidities and pretensions could be brought to a pitch of absurdity, and it would really be an achievement to laugh them into oblivion if only for two hours. As it is, if one replaces in one mind's the main players, Ginger Rogers and David Niven, particularly the latter, who is excellent because he has the style for satire, with minor actors, the failure of the story writers and directors becomes quite obvious. Consider for contrast "Forty Little Mothers," the French film in which a similar theme is treated with a genuine and humorous understanding of human nature. Hollywood serves here merely *Ersatz*.

"Winter Carnival" (Walter Wanger) is a college film with Dartmouth's winter carnival as background. If you expect wonderful skiing sequences and the like you will be disappointed. Here is a sentimental love story in the old formula, containing more false tones than usual and handled

"Here is the economic setting for understanding 'The Grapes of Wrath'."—CHARLES A. BEARD

FACTORIES IN THE FIELD

By Carey McWilliams

Calif. Commissioner of Immigration and Housing

THE NATION says:

"Its facts are mobilized with passion and march toward bold conclusions. Steinbeck's 'The Grapes of Wrath' here finds its sequel, and who would understand and help the Joads must read 'Factories in the Field'."

LOUIS ADAMIC says:

Written before "The Grapes of Wrath" was published this book "does what Steinbeck did not—could not—do in a novel. It draws an analytical, factual picture of the migratory farm labor situation in California . . . and gives the Steinbeck-stirred indignation intellectual direction toward intelligent action."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

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badly, with a confused script. The playing by Ann Sheridan and Richard Carlson is as undistinguished as the lines they have to speak.

"Saint in London" (RKO) is the best picture of the Saint series so far, a detective thriller without other pretensions, effectively done with convincing craftsmanship.

In "Bulldog Drummond's Bride" (Paramount) our old courageous friend finally marries Phyllis—no wonder the picture is terrible. We hope that the wedding night has not been disturbed and that Drummond and Phyllis will live happily ever after—without a camera man. Goodby, Bulldog Drummond!

RECORDS

WHAT I wrote about Gieseking's recording of the Bach Partita last week applies to Casadesus's recording of eleven sonatas by Scarlatti (Columbia: three records, $5), and with even greater force. The sharp, biting, flashing sounds of the harpsichord are the terms in which Scarlatti conceived these fascinating works—the essential terms in which he achieved the sparkle, the sharpness, and bite that are among their chief fascinations. Transference to the piano inevitably brings with it a loss of these qualities—a loss which is smaller if the pianist makes his style dry and sharp, with a minimum of pedal, than if, like Gieseking and like Casadesus on these records, he makes it smoothly and sensitively flowing, with a great deal of pedal. Played in this way the works acquire a different character; and in this character, as Casadesus plays them, they are exquisite.

A new Columbia set of Wagner's "Siegfried-Idyl" (two records, $3.50) offers a characteristically simple, straightforward performance by Weingartner with the London Philharmonic which causes the work to lack the intimate warmth and tenderness that constitute its special quality. As for the set (two records, $3.50) of Gluck's Overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" made by Howard Barlow with his Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, the quiet opening measures of the work are, either as played or as recorded, too loud and coarse, and the forceful passages later on have the loudly wooden sound that was heard in the set of Haydn's Symphony No. 98.

Liszt's Fantasia on Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" for piano and orchestra is merely a display piece which gets a brilliant performance (two records, $3.50) from Petri and the London Philharmonic under Heward. His equally flashy Concerto in E flat, on the other hand, is one of the works with serious pretensions which I cannot, however, take seriously. Gieseking's playing in the old Columbia set (two records, $3.50) has far more warmth, color, and verve than Emil Sauer's in the new Columbia set (three records, $5); but the new one offers the imposingly spacious orchestral framework created by Weingartner with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra.

Gieseking has made a fine new recording ($1) of Debussy's early, popular, and undistinguished Arabesques, in which there is no hint of the original piano style of the later pieces. On another single ($1) are a Romance by Couperin and a Serenade from Grétry's "L'amant jaloux"—charming music sung with a hard voice and with little that can be called phrasing by the French tenor Villabella. And the two Mozart sonatas for organ and orchestra played by Pierron with an orchestra under Gerlin on still another single ($1) can be neglected.

Coming to jazz, the Kirby Orchestra's distinctive and distinguished style in ensemble and solo performance is to be heard in "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" (Vocalion); Louis Armstrong does some fine playing in "Savoy Blues" (Decca); and a coupling of "California, Here I Come" and "Sunday" (Commodore) offers excellent solos by Joe Bushkin on piano and Bud Freeman on saxophone and powerful ensemble choruses, all of which are disturbed by Lionel Hampton's noisy and tasteless drumming (it was however not Schutz, as I wrote, but Hampton, as I learned after long investigation, who contributed the extraordinarily delicate and witty drumming to the Goodman Quartet's "I Know that You Know"). Other records have only an occasional solo to distinguish them: the muted trumpet solo in the Basie Orchestra's "Jump for Me" (Vocalion); the piano solos in the Frankie Newton Orchestra's "Jitters" and "Jam Fever" (Vocalion); Alan Reuss's long guitar solo in the Teagarden Orchestra's "Pickin' for Patsy" (Brunswick). "The Little Man Who Wasn't There" and "It Seems Like Old Times" are second-rate specimens of the kind of song Mildred Bailey sings best (both on Vocalion); and her singing has the exciting support of members of the Kirby Orchestra with Norvo on xylophone.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

"Zounds!"

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* for May 20 there was a little item about *Fortune*. It had to do with an article on accounting by Kenneth MacNeal, and it was correct in saying that *Fortune* had the article in type for its June issue, and then did not publish it. Everything else in the paragraph was wrong and misleading.

You say, for example, that "pressure was brought to bear by an outstanding firm of public accountants to have the article killed." That is completely untrue. No pressure was brought to bear by a firm of public accountants or by any other firm, and there is no reservation or evasion in this denial. You say also, "That week-end Publisher Henry Luce and Treasurer Charles Stillman conferred with the firm's agents." That is just as untrue. Mr. Luce and Mr. Stillman did not confer with anybody's agents, and did not so far as we know even confer with one another. You end up by saying, "On May 1 they ordered the story out and the June issue revamped." They did nothing of the sort.

In other words, the melodrama set forth in your paragraph never took place. The facts are different, and we regret to say, less interesting. The accounting story was suggested in the first place by Mr. Hodgins, one of the undersigned. *Fortune's* assistant managing editor, William B. Harris, gave a commission to Mr. MacNeal to prepare it. Mr. MacNeal submitted not one but several drafts, and since they completely satisfied neither him nor us, Mr. MacNeal and Mr. Harris jointly worked on still another draft. As press time for the June issue approached we had the article set, and in proof form we submitted it to three people particularly qualified to pass on its accuracy and sense. These three were Mr. M. T. Moore of our attorneys, Cravath, DeGersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, Mr. J. A. Lindquist of our accountants, Ernst and Ernst, and Mr. Stillman. (You missed a wonderful "conspiracy" angle, by the way, in not pointing out that Mr. Moore's firm are also attorneys for the accounting firm of Price, Waterhouse and Company, who were mentioned—but only mentioned—in the article.)

Mr. Moore was mildly critical; he said that in his opinion the article contained many good things, but that he did not consider it an adequate treatment of either the *pros* or *cons* on the points covered. Of the comment of Mr. Lindquist of Ernst and Ernst we know nothing to this day, since it was received *after* the decision not to publish Mr. MacNeal's piece and has not been examined. Of the three critics only Mr. Stillman was emphatic. He thought the article completely inadequate. The main controversy was around Mr. MacNeal's propositions that accountants should become appraisers and that a new set of conventions should govern the writing-up as well as the writing-down of assets. A long conference between the Messrs. Moore, Stillman, Harris, and Hodgins resulted in no final decision. The next day Mr. Hodgins asked Mr. Luce to read the article, of which he had previously known nothing. He did, and said that if it were his decision he would publish it and carry an italic conclusion pointing out some of the objections to Mr. MacNeal's proposals. Mr. Hodgins was still debating this advice when Mr. Harris, who by this time was the article's godfather, said that he felt it should not run; that he was sure the objections to it lay in the fact that it covered too rapidly the points which Mr. MacNeal's forthcoming book, "Truth in Accounting," took up at much greater length, and that the compression of the article damaged its logic and plausibility. That was the final precipitant—not any "ordering" in and out of stories as the result of "pressure" by Mr. Luce, Mr. Stillman, or anybody else.

The above account is possibly less interesting, and certainly less dramatic, than your version; though it has the virtue of accuracy. But we think it indicates one point which should be cleared up between us once and for all. This has to do with *Fortune's* procedure. The entire and ultimate responsibility for *Fortune's* editorial policy is in the hands of a board of editors, which at that time consisted of eight men and has since been increased to nine. Of these nine members, six are regular writing contributors; the chairman, Russell Davenport, is managing editor of the magazine; and Eric Hodgins, publisher, and Mr. Luce, are members ex officio. The responsibility for *Fortune* is vested in this board in the sense that each member of the board is responsible to the whole body for his particular job. There is absolutely no such thing on this magazine as dictatorial pronouncements emanating from on high—unless the board itself be considered as being "on high." Normally, the final decision with regard to the MacNeal article would have been made by Mr. Davenport, who would have been answerable to the board for the wisdom of it. It happened that he was on a brief vacation. At such times Mr. Hodgins occasionally, though not always, acts in his stead, and he did so in this case. But no matter who is carrying the immediate responsibility, whether for a single article or for the management of the magazine, the decisions reached are always a matter of consultation among the editors.

So the undersigned and all the other editors of *Fortune* are getting pretty hurt at the consistent way in which *The Nation* passes them by in writing up its little dramas about Publishing in the Capitalist World. We all stand in the back row and hold spears, while the character you call "Mr. Luce" gets the big lines, the great moments, the built-up entrances, and the dramatic black-outs. Next time, won't you please remember that *we* want some attention? If you can't make heroes out of us, we would just as soon be villains. Indeed, we somehow fancy ourselves in silk hats and waxed mustaches, if that is the way the editors of *The Nation,* in the heat of the creative moment, conceive us. You might even manage to have some of us say "Zounds!" the next time your heroine says "You cur!"

ERIC HODGINS, Publisher
RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT,
Managing Editor

New York, June 30

"You Cur!"

Dear Sirs: One thinks long and deeply before quarreling with America's most respectable magazine. Yet it does seem to me that *Fortune* has stuck its neck out rather far in this instance. At least one important statement in the *Fortune* letter strikes me as categorically untrue. The sentence "No pressure was brought to bear by a firm of public accountants or by any other firm, and there is no

reservation or evasion in this denial," is abundantly denied by facts known to me at first hand both from within and from without the *Fortune* offices. I seriously doubt that Mr. Furth and Mr. Harris of the *Fortune* board of editors would care to substantiate this sentence. Perhaps Mr. Davenport, who was away at the time, and Mr. Hodgins are not fully conversant with all of the facts.

Fortune may be technically correct in stating that neither Mr. Luce nor Mr. Stillman conferred with anybody's agents, but from the *Fortune* letter itself we learn that Mr. Stillman conferred with Price, Waterhouse and Company's attorneys. It is barely possible that the law firm of Cravath et al., when conferring with Mr. Stillman, may have been regarded as the agents of *Fortune.* I suppose legal ethics with reference to privileged communications would make it difficult for you to obtain a wholly frank statement from Mr. Cravath on this matter.

The *Fortune* letter seems to contradict itself in attempting to shift the responsibility for killing the story from Mr. Luce and Mr. Stillman to Mr. Harris. Within the *Fortune* organization the attitudes of Mr. Stillman and Mr. Luce alone were adverse. After three months of deliberation, study, and revision, the editors were a unit in favoring the story, and Mr. Hodgins even appealed from Mr. Stillman to Mr. Luce in an effort to save it. To say that Mr. Harris killed the story is to overlook the fact that he merely bowed before superior authority, that the story was his pet, that he had worked on it harder than any other editor, that he and the other editors had not only "had the article set" but had put it into page proofs, and that both he and Mr. Furth had assured me only a day or two before that it would appear in the June issue.

On the whole your paragraph of May 20 agrees substantially with my understanding of what took place, and I am surprised that the *Fortune* editors should have seen fit to write you as they did.

KENNETH MAC NEAL

Philadelphia, July 24

[*We don't see how we can go behind the returns and comment further on the facts at issue. If* The Nation *made any error in describing the manner in which the MacNeal article was killed, we are sorry; certainly we don't want to rob the managing editor and the publisher of* Fortune *of their fair share of responsibility! But it is a satisfaction to know that our version is supported by the testimony of the author. Whatever the exact facts, our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. MacNeal's article will soon appear in* The Nation *in somewhat abbreviated form.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Loyalist Refugees

Dear Sirs: We read with gratification and interest the good article by Francis G. Smith on the Spaniards in Exile which your review published on May 13. I am writing you now to correct a few mistakes in his account and to add certain facts which will serve to give *Nation* readers as complete a picture as possible of the present situation of the Spanish refugees.

The state of the civilian refugees varies according to the departments, the prefectures, and the localities. In some camps the collaboration of the local authorities with the "committees of welcome" has resulted in relatively good conditions. But in the great majority the situation of the refugees is difficult, sometimes very painful.

Conditions in the military camps have been scarcely improved since the months of February and March. I should like to cite the most recent reports on these camps.

The lodgings are most unsatisfactory. Shelters are often constructed on very bad ground—sand at Saint-Cyprien, Argelès, Barcarès, and Agde; clayey dirt in the others. A slight improvement is noted in the camps of Argelès, Saint-Cyprien, and Barcarès, where a certain number of wooden huts have been constructed. Side by side with these huts are rudimentary tents—still in a majority—made of reeds, corrugated iron, etc., which are neither waterproof nor windproof. The refugees sleep on the ground; in the camps of Bram the straw has not been changed since their arrival.

The food is insufficient. The men receive only about 1,600 calories a day, mainly in the form of dried vegetables and bread. Both in quantity and in the elements indispensable to the health of the human organism the rations are insufficient. The food has no variety: beans, lentils—lentils, beans; and twice a week meat of inferior quality. As a result the men have little energy. The young men at the camp of Barcarès have been obliged because of physical weakness to give up the sports activities they had undertaken. In all the camps a considerable loss of weight has been noted, and giddiness is very frequent. The food is distributed and eaten out-of-doors; on days when the wind blows, sand and dirt make the food inedible. There are hardly any utensils or plates; coffee is rare, tobacco almost non-existent.

Sanitary conditions are deplorable. At Argelès the drinking water comes from the very subsoil of the camp, a place situated near the latrines and the garbage-dumps. The camps of Argelès, Saint-Cyprien, and Barcarès are surrounded by swampy ground, which increases the danger of epidemics.

Hygiene is impossible to achieve. There is a scarcity of soap, of combs, of toothbrushes and toothpaste, of razors, etc. Almost all of the refugees are without linen; as regards clothing, the men have only what they wore at the time they entered France in February and March. Under these conditions, illnesses develop rapidly: itches, lousiness, gastric complaints. The ill in the camps do not benefit from any special treatment, either dietary or medical.

It is hard to say just what percentage of the refugees lack this or that article of necessity. The estimates offered by Francis G. Smith seem to us much too optimistic. It is certain, for example, that a great many more than 35 per cent of the children are without toothbrushes or toothpaste, and many more than 10 per cent lack soap. This may be because such articles must be constantly renewed and all the efforts of the relief organizations cannot assure a regular and sufficient supply for the thousands of children in all the camps. But the children are a privileged category; the situation of adults in the civilian and especially in the military camps is immeasurably worse.

According to Mr. Smith, only 30 per cent of the children lack provision for study. According to our information, it is no exaggeration to say that *all* the children lack such provision. The fact is that nothing has been done by the official administration to meet this need. The young people in all the camps beg for books, notebooks, pencils, etc. Much could be said about the magnificent cultural work which the Spanish students have themselves developed in the camps and about the obstacles they meet. Not only do they lack materials, but in some cases they have been forbidden to form study groups and even to circulate freely inside the camps themselves. The Rassemblement Mondial des Étudiants is trying to help them; l'Aide Culturelle aux Réfugiés Espagnols, a section of our committee, is also working in this field, but we have made only a beginning.

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No less serious than the material conditions of the refugees is their moral situation. The refugees suffer combined affronts to their dignity: their mail is censored, the parcels and postal money orders sent by their friends are often withheld.

What follows is a report by M. Emile Kahn, secretary of the League for the Rights of Man—a report both circumstantial and objective—written on June 8 and devoted to three camps.

"*Oran:* The first convoys of refugees arrived during the early days of March. Most of the boats were too small and the men, women, old people, and children were piled up, pell-mell, arranging themselves as best they could. Among them were people from Madrid, Valencia, Alicante; judges, professors, doctors, lawyers, engineers, and their families. There were also outlaws from justice, public women. I repeat, all pell-mell. Neither the local administration nor that of the prefecture had foreseen or prepared anything. The prefect forbade them to disembark. The people of Oran approached in small boats and passed them a little water in bottles attached to small cords. Typhus broke out. Finally, frightened, the administration dropped its lethargy and arranged living quarters on shore.

"This must be said in behalf of the local supervision personnel: the refugees are now looked after and cared for. But for anything which depends on the higher administration, no praise would be merited.

"There exists at Oran a numerous Spanish colony. As soon as it was learned that friends and even relatives were interned in the camps, everyone hurried to pay them a visit, but every request to enter the camp was rejected. Only political personages were allowed to enter the camps. The Spaniards of Oran, and some of the French people also, then asked if they might take refugees into their homes. The administration of the department, without refusing, began to quibble. Authority was given to a subordinate civil servant who decides such requests according to his humor and the political opinions of the applicant. Thus it happened that the president of the Oran section of the League for the Rights of Man was refused permission to lodge the president of the Valencia section of the league in his own home at his own expense.

"*Gours:* What is happening at the camp of Gours? The military and civil authorities frequently complain of 'legends' of mistreatment. Let them blame themselves and their stupid instructions. If they permitted others besides fascist notables to visit the camp no legends would be going around. . . . Lieutenant-Colonel Nicoleti of the republican reserve officers, a witness of scrupulous probity, reports the words of a Mobile Guard who, after an altercation with a Spaniard in the camp, rubbed his hands together saying: 'Ah, what he had was a hard head. . . .' Collective letters come through to us signed by the volunteers of the brigades, friends of France, who report the same odious facts.

"*Collioure:* We are assured that the facts recorded in the press about the prison camp of Collioure are indicative of what actually exists there. Here again an absolutely independent inquiry is indicated. But meanwhile three scandalous facts are acknowledged. First, those detained in the camp are not allowed to receive visits from their families or their friends. The refugees, according to an official report, can be placed in three categories: those who are accused of violations of law, those accused of infractions of discipline of no great seriousness, those whose political activities are considered injurious to order in the camps. Persons accused of violations of law are imprisoned without judgment, without accusation, without notification of the charges against them, without any means of defense.

"The third fact, making the second worse, is that the duration of imprisonment is not fixed. It can be prolonged or shortened. At the pleasure of whom?

It is only by recording the facts as they are that international opinion will be made to understand that the lot of hundreds of thousands of unfortunate Spanish refugees is still far from being regulated in a manner either human or satisfactory.

MADELINE BRAUN

General Secretary of the Comité International de Coordination et d'Information pour l'Aide à l'Espagne Républicaine

Paris, June 12

Villard and Tradition

Dear Sirs: I should like to take exception to several of the statements made by Mr. Villard in his article No Third Term for Roosevelt in *The Nation* of June 17.

"If three terms are all right," Mr. Villard writes ,"then four terms will be, then five, then six, and then Presidency for life." Any American historian nurtured in the liberal tradition can see the falseness of this theory. The American people can choose to elect, reelect, or defeat a candidate when they wish. Governor Lehman has been reelected governor of New York State three times. Would the learned Mr. Villard say that Lehman has established, or soon will establish, a dictatorship?

Mr. Villard's second argument is linked closely with the first. The American tradition of free speech, assembly, and worship is a precious thing. But there are also traditions which bind us and retard progress. Because in the past no President has been elected for a third term, it does not follow that none should be given a third term now or in the future. Tradition for tradition's sake is reactionary and slave-like.

As far as Mr. Ickes is concerned, it might be pointed out that the Secretary of the Interior has been one of the most outspoken and progressive members of the Cabinet. It is not unethical for him to support the reelection of a progressive candidate.

ALBERT H. GINSBERG

New York, July 15

CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH G. CRAWFORD, Washington correspondent of the New York *Post,* is the author of a book on lobbying, "The Pressure Boys," to be published soon.

WALDO FRANK, a contributing editor of the *New Republic,* has recently returned from an extensive tour of Mexico. His latest book is "The Bridegroom Cometh."

JAMES H. GRAY is on the staff of the Winnipeg *Free Press.*

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is the director of the Ballet Caravan and author of "Blast at Ballet."

ARTHUR ROSENBERG, formerly professor of history at the University of Berlin, is now teaching at Brooklyn College.

MAXWELL GEISMAR is a member of the English Department of Sarah Lawrence College.

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The Shape of Things

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WHILE THE PARLIAMENTS OF LONDON AND Paris were being hustled off on vacation, the situation in Europe took on again the characteristics of what the world now calls a "crisis"—meaning by this modest term the point at which no argument but that of arms can decide the issue. If in the pre-Munich crises of last year the dispatches were still full of argument about the merits of proposed solutions, the news of today is concerned almost exclusively with military matters. The discussion of differences to be adjusted has stopped, at least in public. The leaders of the "peace" front repeat again and again that they will not tolerate a new act of force; the axis answers with total mobilization and maneuvers on a scale which the world has never before seen. There can be no doubt that the combined might of Germany, Italy, Hungary, and perhaps Bulgaria will be ready for action within a few days. But in contrast with other crises almost the same can now be said of the military might of the democracies and of their allies—Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Poland. And the departure of the English-French military mission to Moscow can mean only one thing, namely, that the English-Russian negotiations which began on March 19 have turned finally to the essential and eminently practical point of how the burden of the coming war should be distributed among the "peace"-front allies.

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SUCH IS THE EUROPEAN PICTURE PRESENTED all too eagerly by the press, with the implication that this time war is at hand. Eight million men are already marching into position in Europe alone, not counting the Russians; the fleets are mobilized, the armament factories are at work on a twenty-four-hour schedule, reducing unemployment everywhere. What we do not see and hear are the negotiations going on behind this grim scene. We only know that they are going on. The story of Mr. Hudson and of his suggested billion-pound appeasement loan to Germany demonstrated clearly the direction of these secret negotiations. The ruling classes of the Western powers would like to avoid war for a

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very forceful reason. They entertain no doubts that whatever the outcome of a new world war they themselves as a privileged group will be done for. Their fear of Hitler's aggression competes with their fear of what will come after Hitler is defeated—to take the better alternative. The olive branch which always decorates their rifles expresses not merely the contradiction in which a peace-loving fellow finds himself when pressed by a gangster but a much more complex situation. The English and the French tories are torn as usual between their national and their class interest. Whichever one they wish to defend they feel themselves lost. They work hard on formulas which cover both, but real contradictions cannot be made to vanish by mere words. So the future seems to hinge on what course the economics of the Third Reich will suggest to Hitler, with whom the outcome of the new crisis still rests.

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THE ECONOMIC CONDITION OF GERMANY IS likely to prove a decisive factor in the critical weeks ahead. Were the Reich under rational leadership the overstrained state of its finances and industries would make for avoidance of war at all costs. But Hitler may find it a reason for a desperate gamble on a *Blitzkrieg*. The whole national surplus has for years been invested in armaments, and he may attempt to force Europe to pay a dividend on this sterile capitalization. Mobilization has increased the pressure on both finance and industry. The withdrawal of so many men from production leaves fields and factories shorter of labor than ever, and old men, women, and children are being rounded up to bring in the harvest. The appointment of a special commissioner to speed up coal production draws attention to the difficulty of keeping output abreast of demand. A gloomy report by Rheinische Stahlwerke, one of the leading coal and iron concerns in the Ruhr, points out that output per man per shift continues to decline despite the long hours now being worked. A sign of financial deterioration is the sharp rise in note circulation, which on July 31 stood at 11,209 million marks compared with 8,705 million a year ago. This increase of over 28 per cent is far greater than the improvement in production during the same period and suggests that the long-feared inflation is not far off. The official explanation of the note expansion which has occurred in the past few weeks is the need for extra cash during the mobilization exercises. But another cause may be the troubles of the tax-certificate system introduced early this year as a substitute for direct credit expansion. This system involved forced loans from industry and its success was dependent on the continued liquidity of private enterprise, which, owing to other government policies, has in fact sharply declined in recent months.

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE JAPANESE ambassadors to Berlin and Rome last week was followed by inspired rumors of an early military alliance between Japan and the axis. In Tokyo a high government official said that Japan was being "forced" toward this step by the intransigence of Britain and the unfriendly attitude of the United States. Nevertheless, there are reasons for believing that this alliance talk is chiefly intended for propaganda purposes. Germany and Italy are already doing Japan a good turn by keeping the British navy tied down in Europe and making unlikely the fulfilment of Mr. Chamberlain's threat to send a fleet to the Far East in certain contingencies. What more they could do is not quite clear: certainly they are in no position to give much economic assistance despite the huzzahs with which Tokyo greeted the new trade agreement with Germany. Moreover, too close a military tie-up with Japan might do the axis more harm than good at the present juncture, for it would, perhaps, provide just the necessary leverage to tilt over the obstacles blocking an Anglo-Russian pact. Meanwhile the Anglo-Japanese conversations continue, but so also does the anti-British agitation. There have been more assaults on Americans, more protests by our chargé d'affaires in Tokyo. Bombing raids have been resumed, and what appears to have been a deliberate attack was made on two British steamers and an oil station at Ichang. But no real progress has been made by the Japanese invaders toward completing their conquest. The Chinese, heartened by America's recent moves, are building up their forces and organizing new guerrilla raids even in the vicinity of Shanghai.

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ONLY TWO QUESTIONS ARE AT ISSUE IN THE Bridges deportation hearing: First, is Bridges a member of the Communist Party? Second, does membership in the Communist Party constitute belief in the overthrow of the government by force and violence? If the answer to both questions is "Yes," then Bridges is deportable. But we see no point in the interminable discussions of economics and politics into which Thomas B. Shoemaker, chief government counsel, has led Bridges, unless Shoemaker is himself interested in trying to help West Coast interests to build up a picture of Bridges as a dangerous radical even if he is not deportable. Bridges denies that he is or has ever been a member of the Communist Party. West Coast employers have been trying for some years to brand Bridges as a Communist. Shoemaker must be conscious of the weakness of the "proof" available if he finds it necessary to interrogate Bridges on the profit system, public ownership, the dictatorship of the proletariat, etc. This irrelevant interrogation of a man whose only crime is his ability as a labor leader is un-American, if that term means anything more than a cover-up for fascist-minded employers.

BEST NEWS OF THE WEEK IS THE SENATE'S grant of $50,000 to the La Follette committee to finish its investigation of the Associated Farmers. This outfit appears to be our most effective strike-breaking organization and its fascist overtones makes it a menace on the Coast and elsewhere. Thanks are due to Senators Schwellenbach, La Follette, and Thomas for pressing the request for a new appropriation, to Hatch of New Mexico for helping the fight on the floor, and to the White House for bringing sufficient pressure on the Audit and Control Committee of the Senate to force an appropriation. "Cotton Ed" Smith's nauseating speech against the La Follette investigation, a speech into which he dragged his prejudices against the Negro, served only to win more support for the resolution, notably from Clark of Missouri. Senator Byrnes cut the $100,000 the committee asked and needs to $50,000 before reporting the resolution. Enough remains of Senator Hiram Johnson's liberalism to keep him from voting against the resolution, though he has been acting as champion of the Associated Farmers in the Senate. We note that Senator Sheridan Downey did not vote on the resolution although he knew it was coming up and was in the Senate chamber at other times during the same day. We think Senator Downey owes the people of California an explanation. Is he afraid of the Associated Farmers?

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IN ITS TWENTY-NINE-DAY STRIKE OF TOOL and die workers in twelve key plants of General Motors, the C. I. O. section of the United Automobile Workers won its principal victory over the American Federation of Labor. In the agreement which concluded the strike, both General Motors and the strikers could claim points of victory; what is more important from the point of view of union strategy, the C. I. O. group established itself as the representative of employees in some forty-two General Motors plants as against five for the Martin group, incidentally overcoming the company's attempt to use the factional fight as an excuse for not making agreements with either group. The next step is an NLRB election, which seems to be expected soon in all quarters but has not yet been definitely announced by the board itself. The board has ordered an election in the Chrysler plants, and its ruling that separate elections be held in each plant is being set down as favoring the A. F. of L. It is interesting in this connection to note the assertion in the *Wall Street Journal*, which might be considered impartial in that it hates all unions, though it would favor the A. F. of L. if any, that the faction led by Homer Martin has been slowly dying for lack of funds and experienced workers, while the C. I. O. group is thriving for contrary reasons. We hope that NLRB elections will settle the union dispute once and for all.

Saved by the Bell

ALTHOUGH the session of Congress just ended was largely isolationist in sentiment, it can so little be isolated from world events that its place in history is likely to be determined at Berchtesgaden. If Hitler strikes again in the next few weeks, this past session will bear part of the responsibility, and the margin of one vote in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that blocked revision of neutrality legislation will take on a fateful significance. The Führer can hardly be so ill-advised as to believe that the United States would stand aside from a major European struggle and obligingly help him to crush the Western democracies in the name of neutrality. But in a war of nerves or in a *Blitzkrieg* the debate and delay that must now ensue before we could change the neutrality law and lift its mandatory embargos on war supplies would weight the scales in the Third Reich's favor.

Regarded in the light of domestic politics, the session followed a familiar pattern. It has been the custom of Congress, in the last two years of a President's second term, to speed the parting guest. Congress has already begun to hand Roosevelt his hat, and personal animosity toward the occupant of the White House played its part in the failure to revise neutrality legislation as in the defeat of the lending-spending bill and the cantankerous misery-producing provisions attached to the relief bill. But as one goes over the record and mournfully picks up the pieces, it is clear that the victories won by the anti-New Deal coalition may easily be exaggerated. The crash could be heard as far as Palo Alto, but the wake being celebrated in the conservative press is premature. The New Deal is far from being a corpse, and Roosevelt, though no rugged individualist, again emerges as our most rugged individual.

For the coalition against the President failed to fulfil the hopes evoked on the right by the anti-New Deal trend at the last elections. The coalition had the votes. It did not deliver the goods. The main attack was on the three statutes which are the heart of the New Deal for labor—the Wagner Act, the Social Security Act, and the Wage-Hour law. The Wagner Act, though singed by fiery oratory, remains otherwise unscathed. The Social Security Act was liberalized. The well-heeled lobby of manufacturers and processors thrown into action against these three laws won but one victory: it deprived telephone operators in small rural exchanges of wage-and-hour protection.

Though the stump of the surplus-profits tax was repealed, tax revision had to be postponed and the "economy bloc" compromised itself. The anti-New Deal coalition killed the $3,060,000,000 lending-spending bill and it killed the bill which would have doubled the United States Housing Authority's present $800,000,000

borrowing capacity for slum clearance and low-cost housing. But the coalition ended its work by voting the largest peace-time budget in our history—$200,000,000 larger than that asked by Roosevelt. A "rubber stamp" Congress in 1937 passed a $9,300,000,000 budget. Congress in 1938 appropriated $11,300,000,000. This last session exercised its independence and put its interminable speech-making on economy into action—with a $13,300,000,000 budget. The "economy bloc" spent the first four months of the session industriously paring $70,000,000 from Roosevelt's estimates, and then proceeded to wipe out these laborious savings by voting $383,000,000 more for farm relief than Roosevelt asked. The vote in the Senate will haunt some of our outstanding advocates of economy. On the Democratic side, Adams, Byrd, and Byrnes, budget balancers all, voted "Yes" on the increase. On the other side of the aisle, Taft and McNary, who follow the Roosevelt deficits like professional mourners, were guilty of something worse than inconsistency. They failed to vote "No."

Much of the constructive work of the New Deal was continued, despite the coalition. The RFC, the "hot oil" act, the export-import bank, the FHA, the CCC were extended. The monopoly inquiry was given another $600,000 and the La Follette committee another $50,000. A reorganization act was passed; flood-control plans were widened. The SEC was given power to regulate indentures of bond issues and the Department of Agriculture to fix mandatory marketing rates for live stock. The President won his fight to retain the $2,000,000,000 equalization fund and his power to devalue the dollar; worse than this defeat for the "sound money" bloc was the prestige it lost by the deal it temporarily effected with the silverites on devaluation and the equalization fund. The appointments of Justice Frankfurter, Attorney General Murphy, and Secretary of Commerce Hopkins were approved, though the Amlie nomination had to be withdrawn.

The coalition against Roosevelt showed more talent for obstruction than capacity for opposition. It did enough to provide the New Deal with a platform for 1940. The Hatch bill will undoubtedly hurt the President's power to control the next convention, but it is more than counterbalanced by the taste this session provided of what the country may expect from an Old Deal victory in 1940. The attempts made to amend the Wagner, Social Security, and Wage-Hour acts indicate how far the reaction would turn back the clock. The memory will be kept fresh by the investigation authorized into the workings of the Labor Board, an inquiry designed to keep it from working, and by the continued Dies investigation. On relief the opposition showed itself inhumane rather than economical. Roosevelt obtained virtually all he asked for on relief so far as appropriations are concerned; the coalition merely succeeded in some spite work. The Federal Theater Project was abolished, white-collar projects were curtailed, prevailing wages abandoned for skilled craftsmen, provisions added that will provide a field day for the red-baiters and for farm interests looking for cheap labor at harvest time. For all the complaints about "leaf-raking," new restrictions written in by the coalition will make it harder than ever to do useful work with WPA.

Roosevelt has shown himself a better politician than his opponents. The problems of foreign policy and Roosevelt's interchanges with Hitler served also to postpone action on the domestic "reforms" desired by the right. The unwillingness of the Republicans to take the risks of leadership was another factor in keeping the anti-New Deal coalition from going into action until too late in the session to accomplish its major objectives; adjournment saved the New Deal. The Republican Party, born of a struggle against the Southern planter, is now content to follow Garner and Cox, Pat Harrison and Byrd. Roosevelt's defeats are compensated for by the ammunition his opponents have provided for 1940.

Reply to Coughlin

THE exposure by James Wechsler of Christian Front terrorism in New York City and our editorial on the subject, both of which appeared in *The Nation* of July 22, seem to have got under the skin of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin. On July 30 the radio priest delivered over his $20,000-a-week hookup a speech which his announcer described as "a call to action" but which for all its hysterical blustering seemed rather to sound a retreat under cover of a heavy bombardment of threats and lies.

It is clear that Coughlin wishes to avoid any responsibility for the Christian Front, which, his announcer claimed, is *not* "his organization." His only role is to give a little encouragement and advice to its promoters, and that part of the speech directly addressed to the Front was prefaced with the words: "Were I a member of the Christian Front, had I any influence in blueprinting the principles and policies of the Christian Front, I would say. . . ." Weasel words from one who is always proclaiming his fearlessness, but understandable. If the terroristic methods and incitements of the Front bring it into conflict with the civil authority, the good father wants to be in a position to say: "I have no part or lot in this matter." If the Catholic hierarchy at length takes notice of the racial hatred preached by the Front in complete opposition to the doctrines of the church, he wants to be able to claim: "My hands are clean in this matter."

In this connection it is interesting to note how much of Father Coughlin's address was devoted to attempting

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to prove that he was not anti-Semitic. It is the "reds" and "radicals," he asserted, who are creating an anti-Semitic movement by calling all opponents of communism anti-Semites. Nonsense. Nobody has accused Mr. Hoover or Al Smith, to take two outstanding anti-Communists, of being anti-Semites; nor do we suspect the Liberty League, reactionary as it is, of promoting racial hatreds. It is the Christian Front, together with other pseudo-fascist movements, which has so eagerly imitated the Nazi trick of pretending that most Jews are Communists and most Communists Jews, and if Coughlin is sincere in his opposition to racialism he should repudiate the tactics of the Front in plain terms. It is not enough for him to say that "a Christian Front must never become an anti-racial front" when every meeting of his followers is devoted to abuse of the Jews as Jews and to appeals to boycott Jewish business. The distinction he draws between "good Jews" and "Communist Jews," and the tears he sheds over the fate of the former in Germany, are not very convincing so long as he publishes in *Social Justice* all the stale old lies about Jewish responsibility for the Russian Revolution and the machinations of the Jewish international financiers.

Coughlin's current disavowals of anti-Semitism come at a moment when his followers in New York are becoming more rather than less violent in their tirades against the Jews—and this is hardly mere coincidence. The fact is that already the monster that Coughlin created has got beyond the maker's control. The Christian Front, which piously pretended to except "good Jews" from its assaults, has begotten a natural heir called the Christian Mobilizers, which makes no such pretty distinctions. In true Nazi fashion the Mobilizers damn all Jews, and their violence and extremism may yet become a boomerang for the Frankenstein of Royal Oak. Already Coughlin's agitation has evoked echoes which are no less disturbing than the priest's own fulminations. One of his fellow-clergymen of Detroit expressed the general alarm "lest his [Coughlin's] incendiary words furnish the sparks that will light once more the dreadful un-American and un-Christian fiery crosses of anti-Catholicism." Catholic leaders, too, are aware of the danger and to their lasting credit are forming in many cities new chapters of the Committee of Catholics to Fight Anti-Semitism. The realization that any stirring up of religious hatred is a menace to Catholics as well as Jews is bound to make the good father hedge a bit.

Equally defensive was Coughlin's threat that if the Front cannot obtain its end in any other way, it will look for a Franco. One excuse for this hysterical outburst is the claim that *The Nation* by its demand for the suppression of incitements to violence was attempting to deny the Coughlinites freedom of the press. This, of course, maliciously misrepresents our position. We do not seek to have *Social Justice* banned, but we do ask that its sale should not be an excuse for yelling provocative slogans and for insulting and even assaulting people who pass by.

Nor was this the only misrepresentation of *The Nation* in Coughlin's radio address. In speaking of our editorial (he carefully avoided mentioning Mr. Wechsler's article or attempting any reply to the facts it contained) he chose not to quote it directly but made use of a comment on it which appeared in the *Daily Worker*. The all too obvious intention, of course, was to convey that *The Nation* was also a Communist organ. In a further effort to muddy the waters he ascribed sentences from our editorial first to the *New Masses* and then to "a new red publication"—presumably *Equality*. This cunningly led up to a series of references to us as "the Bolshevik *Nation*." Well, we are used to verbal rocks from both right and left, but our readers know, even if Coughlin does not, that for nearly seventy-five years *The Nation* has been not a Bolshevik but a liberal magazine which has fought hard for the civil liberties of all groups without distinction of race or creed. Nor is this record in the least impaired by our demand that freedom of speech shall not be a warrant for incitement to violence.

But why expect any close attention to facts from Coughlin when he starts on one of his rhetorical benders? He is even capable of the blatantly untruthful accusation that his opponents are "too cowardly to meet fact with fact." May we remind the brave father that on December 17, 1938, *The Nation* published an article by the Reverend William C. Kernan which analyzed a series of charges against the Jews to which Coughlin had given radio publicity? Our contributor showed that the "evidence" produced in support of these charges was based on falsification and misquotation of documents and was in part derived from a Nazi propaganda service. Coughlin was supplied with a copy of this article and invited to reply. He has never done so, and *Social Justice* continues to repeat the lies which Mr. Kernan exposed.

Father Coughlin has now clearly reached a stage where truth has no objective meaning for him but is simply what he chooses to believe. One of these beliefs is that he and his Front have a monopoly of Christianity and that all who oppose them are communist, anti-Christian heretics. This is dangerous doctrine in America, where the majority of Christians do not choose to accept either political or religious instructions from a demagogic priest. They would be still less inclined to accept them were they to see a recent appeal for funds in *Social Justice* in which the "persecutions" of Coughlin were compared with the sufferings of Jesus, a piece of blasphemy ominously reminiscent of the more messianic utterances of Hitler. Our advice to Coughlin's superiors is not likely to be taken, but we suggest that it would be for the good of both America and the church if he were encouraged to take the Trappist vows of silence forthwith.

French Papers Must Live

BY BARBARA WERTHEIM

FRENCH newspapermen, says the columnist La Fouchardière, who is one of them, are divided into "journalists" and "journalists [*sic*]." To the second category belong the men from *Temps* and *Figaro* who, following the expulsion from France of Otto Abetz, a German agent, were arrested on July 12, charged, apparently, with being in the pay of the Third Reich. The long accepted fact of the venality of the French press has now exploded into the limelight. In parenthesis let it be said that in this case, as in some others, easy virtue is more attractive than respectability. In its passion, its quarrels, its gossip, its magnificent invective, its bad journalism but literary excellence, its infinite variety of political opinion, the French press is far more readable, entertaining, and in some ways informative than the British or American.

The French papers take money from outside because they are not self-supporting. Their chronic deficit is due partly to the high cost of paper and the low selling price (50 centimes, or about 1¼ cents at the current rate of exchange) but chiefly to meager advertising. From 80 to 90 per cent of newspaper advertising is a monopoly of the Agence Havas, which acts as advertising agent as well as news service. Because of the lack of competition the volume of advertising remains small. What there is has to be spread very thin over a great number of papers (there are 25 to 30 dailies in Paris alone) serving a comparatively small population. So the newspapers to help make ends meet avail themselves of "subsidies," of which there are five different kinds: subsidies from political parties, from banking and industrial interests, and from individuals; government "secret funds"; subsidies from foreign governments; disguised advertising; and blackmail.

Party funds are the chief source of support for the Left press. *Humanité* is the organ of the Communist Party, *Populaire* of the Socialist Party, *Œuvre* semi-officially of the Radical-Socialist Party, particularly of what was once its left wing. But *Œuvre* gets money from private sources too and today its *"Pas pour Danzig"* is the battle cry of the appeasers. *Le Peuple* is the organ of trade-union labor. *Ce Soir,* the new and successful evening paper, calls itself independent, but it is edited and presumably financed by the Communists.

The financial support of the Right press is considerably more tangled. Its roots trace back to the steel trust, the munitions manufacturers, the oil trust, the insurance companies, the banks, and to various big individual industrialists who include such world-known names as Coty, the perfume manufacturer, and Hennessey, the cognac king. Leading all the others in the extent of its influence is the *Comité des Forges,* the steel and munitions trust dominated by the de Wendel family. It is impossible to describe here the infinite ramifications of the de Wendel pyramid, whose base even extends across the Rhine, although the German companies are controlled by the family in France. Two newspapers, the *Temps* and the *Journal des Débats,* the de Wendels own outright, and they have a greater or lesser interest in the *Matin, Jour, Journal,* and *Intransigeant.* Money stemming somewhere from the de Wendel interests could probably be found in many other papers. Although there is no overt connection between the *Comité des Forges* and Havas, a good proportion of the shares of the news agency are controlled by companies forming part of the de Wendel pyramid.

The *Temps,* with only 70,000 circulation but the most important paper in France, is the cornerstone of the press interests of the *Comité des Forges.* With its aristocratic gothic masthead, its huge surface, its pages unsullied by a single photograph or drawing and by only the fewest and chastest of advertisements, the *Temps* has three times the dignity of the New York *Times* and at least twice that of the *Times* of London. Its Daily Bulletin, really a front-page editorial, is generally taken as the mouthpiece of the Quai d'Orsay.

The finances of *Les Cinq Grands,* the five big morning papers of the Right, reveal what other sources of support feed the Paris press. Including the *Matin, Petit Parisien, Journal, Petit Journal,* and until 1938 the *Echo de Paris,* the five originally formed a powerful consortium in which they combined to keep prices up, fix the number of editions and special features, regulate costs and in general squelch competition where they could. They had a formidable ally in the Messageries Hachettes which has a monopoly of newspaper and magazine distribution throughout France. But rich and energetic newcomers have forced their way up until *Les Cinq Grands* are no longer as dominant as they once were. The fortunes of one of them, the *Petit Journal,* are particularly revealing of the vicissitudes suffered by so many French papers. Founded in 1863 and in its day one of the leading anti-Dreyfusard journals, it came eventually in 1932 into the hands of M. Ray-

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mond Patenôtre, the eccentric millionaire, who sold it to Havas, bought it back, turned it into a Left paper during the flowering of the *mystique de gauche,* and then in July, 1937, sold it to Colonel de la Rocque of the Croix de Feu. Actually, while de la Rocque became director of the paper, the nine million francs which M. Patenôtre received are said to have been paid partly by M. de Neuflize, ex-regent of the Bank of France and associate of the de Wendels, partly by a combine of insurance companies, and partly by a group of discontented Radicals.

Of the other four belonging to *Les Cinq Grands,* the *Echo de Paris* was largely financed by the Rothschilds and the international banking firm of Lazard Frères, but has since been absorbed by Léon Bailby's ultra-reactionary *Jour.* The *Matin* finds most of its support in the iron and steel industry in the north of France, including Schneider-Creusot, the arms manufacturers. The *Petit Parisien,* biggest and most successful of the morning papers, is owned by the Dupuys, a wealthy family who also own *Excelsior,* an illustrated daily, and who, for a time at least, managed to make journalism profitable. Finally, there is the *Journal,* some of whose shares are owned by Havas and some by the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas.

Figaro, which is involved in the present scandal, was originally owned by M. Coty but passed into the hands of a Rumanian banker, M. Cotnareanu, who married Coty's divorced wife. A letter from him defending the integrity of *Figaro,* although failing to mention the relevant fact that he is its owner, appeared recently in the *Herald Tribune.*

Of the remaining Right papers the most important group consists of *Paris-Soir, Paris-Midi,* and *Intransigeant,* the majority of whose shares are held by M. Prouvost, a big textile manufacturer, and the minority by M. Beghin, who owns paper mills. These are *journaux d'information* as distinguished from *journaux d'opinion* like Henri de Kerillis's *Époque,* Doriot's now defunct *Liberté,* and the Royalist *Action Française,* whose fierceness so embarrassed the Comte de Paris that he repudiated its support and founded his own paper, the *Courier Royal.* Once on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Vatican, *Action Française* has lately been restored to grace. Its editor, Charles Maurras, who was jailed for advocating the assassination of all the deputies who voted for sanctions against Italy, was last year elected to the Académie Française.

The second form of subsidy which newspapers can touch is the government "secret funds." In the budget of certain departments there are funds not earmarked for a particular purpose, and it is these which trickle out haphazardly to one paper or another. Much depends on personal contacts between government officials and directors of the newspapers. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs until lately spent about 3,000,000 francs annually on the press while the ministries of the Interior, of Colonies, of Beaux-Arts, and of Public Works each spent lesser amounts. In the Parliamentary inquiry which followed the Stavisky affair the channels through which the "secret funds" passed to the press were revealed publicly for the first time. Everyone had taken it for granted that they existed, but public opinion was shocked to find how much of the public's money was going to the *presse de chantage,* the scandal and blackmail sheets. Dubarry, editor of the *Volonté,* a paper which Stavisky himself controlled, was alleged to have received subsidies totalling 140,000 francs a month from three different Ministries, the Foreign Office, War Office, and Ministry of the Interior. An obscure and disreputable weekly called *Bec et Ongles* ("Tooth and Nail," an apt description), partly controlled by the Stavisky coterie, was said to have drawn on the secret funds to the amount of 25,000 or 30,000 francs a month. M. Blum's government reduced to some extent the indiscriminate shoveling out of the "secret funds" but even Hercules could not clean the stables in one night.

One very substantial subsidy which the government continues to pay goes to the Havas News Agency. Amounting to about 14,000,000 francs ($560,000) a year, it comes out of the budget of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. While the press, which publishes little foreign news as a rule, cannot begin to use the cables which come in every day from Havas foreign correspondents, the information contained in them is invaluable to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. By subsidizing Havas the government pays for this information much as it would pay for any other commercial service.

Subsidies by foreign governments, generally distributed by the press attachés of their embassies in Paris, are an endless and lucrative source of income to the French press. The hotter the situation in Europe, the more liquid the flow of foreign currency in Paris editorial offices. Italy is estimated to have spent between 80 and 100 million francs on the French press during the Ethiopian war and 32,000,000 francs on behalf of General Franco during the first year of his campaign. Japan has been busy too, and Germany above all, as the *Temps* and *Figaro* arrests indicate. M. Aubin of the *Temps* is said to have received 1,000,000 francs from the Reich and M. Poirier of the *Figaro,* 3,500,000.

Sometimes foreign government subsidies are paid in the form of steamship and tourist advertisements in exchange for a friendly attitude—that is, in normal times, when no more is needed. In times of crisis, when a specific purpose must be achieved in a hurry, fixed sums are paid to editors for the publication of favorable articles or for silence on unfavorable news.

The fourth type of indirect subsidy is hidden advertising, that is, the playing up of commercial enterprises

in news and feature stories. Hotels, restaurants, and casinos; theaters, cinemas, and other places of public entertainment; publishing houses and art galleries, manufacturers of everything, from automobiles to soap, buy space or sometimes buy silence. By far the most profitable type of hidden advertising is that dealing with stocks and bonds. A few inches on the financial page boosting a particular issue—for instance the famous Bayonne Pawnshop bonds which ultimately broke open the Stavisky case—have been known to bring a newspaper 50,000 to 100,000 francs.

Chantange, which is the French word for blackmail, is a final source of income. It is used chiefly by shady financial papers and scandal sheets but even some of the great dailies have on their staffs a person of ill-defined duties who is known as *maître chanteur* and who brings in hush money by digging out scandal in high places.

When Léon Blum was premier he tried to reform the French press by introducing a bill requiring newspapers to publish their sources of income but the bill was defeated. Perhaps *l'Affaire Abetz* may revive it.

This Is America

VI. THE NEW YANKEE G. O. P.

BY JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

AN IRISH-YANKEE coalition has returned aristocrats to power both in Massachusetts, where a Saltonstall defeated a Curley, and in Rhode Island, where a Vanderbilt defeated a Quinn. The coalition is being strengthened. The New Deal has never been so unpopular in New England as it is now. Yankees are obsessed with the idea that they alone will ultimately pay for what they consider the extravagances of the rest of the country. Already they are tightening their belts another hole, depriving themselves of federal luxuries, refusing aid, and preparing for the pay-off. Taxpayers' associations are throwing scares into legislators. In Massachusetts they found a constitutional clause permitting them to call Senators and Representatives before them, and they have been doing it, scorching the necks of elected office-holders for spending money and threatening to throw them out of office if as much as a nickel goes astray. The joint ways and means committee of the state legislature had to hold a meeting in the building that housed the automobile show to accommodate the crowd.

Business in New England is bad, has been slow to pick up. The only thing New England agriculture gets out of the Administration is the daily farm and garden radio program. Aroostook, the Maine potato country, is practically bankrupt, and growers there are as badly off as share-croppers or dust-bowl farmers. George H. Coombs, the state Director of Health, told the Maine legislature recently that 5,000 children in the Aroostook area were suffering from malnutrition and scurvy and then resigned his job. The federal Bureau of Home Economics reported 18,000 such cases. Governor Lewis O. Barrows answered merely that there was no scurvy, and let it go at that. Practically nothing, economically or medically, is being done in Aroostook for the farmers.

Potato growers have not yet used cooperatives to merchandise their product as have the milk producers of Vermont, the only other state in the Republican column in 1936. Cooperatives are considered communistic, probably nurtured by the New Deal. Better be a Republican with malnutrition and scurvy than a communistic Republican in a cooperative—and better be dead than a Democrat.

Maine has Passamaquoddy as a monument to its misunderstanding of the New Deal—the great tidewater power plant, a giant fireworks set-piece that fizzled out, leaving a skeleton shanty town on the shore. Fisheries have benefited by a lobster treaty with Canada, but the New Deal is blamed for all of Maine's ills, and among these are listed the Wagner Act and the C. I. O., which raised wages and improved conditions, particularly among shoe workers in Lewiston and Auburn. The labor vote is too small to make a dent in the solid Maine Republican bloc. Neither the Democratic Party nor the New Deal can expect help here in 1940.

Labor gets a better break in New Hampshire, where Francis Parnell (Major) Murphy, the sixty-two-year-old, Lincolnesque Catholic governor, has breathed new spirit into the Republican Party. New Hampshire went for Roosevelt by a scant 1,500 in 1936, chiefly because of the heavily Democratic French vote of the mill cities of Nashua and Manchester, and partly because of former Governor John G. Wynant's support of Roosevelt. Persistent Republican sniping, weak Democratic press agenting, and the popularity of Murphy make a Democratic victory impossible next year.

The state has obtained roads, bridges, a water-storage reservoir, and an aerial mountain tramway from the fed-

eral government. Murphy has balanced the state budget, cut the direct state tax, and knocked 25 per cent off the real-estate taxes. A shoe manufacturer and the state's largest employer of labor, he has improved and modernized workmen's compensation laws and eliminated employees' contributions to state unemployment compensation. The New Deal agricultural program offered little for New Hampshire, but Murphy has established a milk-control board and attempted to protect the farmers' egg and apple market.

The voice of New Hampshire in Washington politics is Styles Bridges, an extreme isolationist who describes America's foreign policy as "a hell of a mess." He wants to amend the social-security law and the Wagner Act, repeal the undistributed-profits tax, change reciprocal trade agreements. He wants a "non-dictatorial" wage-and-hour law and a fortified coast with plenty of anti-aircraft emplacements. Bridges is one of the Senators whose hair stood on end at that well-advertised secret conference on foreign affairs called by the President last February. In any national survey of Republican material the progressive Murphy and the reactionary Bridges must be tallied. The Democratic cupboard is bare in New Hampshire, and other parties there don't count.

There were 391,000 persons in the city of New York 100 years ago; there are fewer than that today in the whole state of Vermont, but a heartening, down-to-earth, honest liberalism persists in this adopted state of Sinclair Lewis, Dorothy Thompson, and Alexander Woollcott. It can't happen there. Hidebound Republicans though they are, Vermonters will take arms to fight for what they consider their rights. Governor George D. Aiken, author of a book on wild flowers, is one of a number of prophets of liberalism in the Republican Party. He has no use for the C. I. O., thinks it is fascist and would set Lewis up as a labor dictator, but he would fight at the drop of a hat for its right to be heard anywhere, in his state or in Jersey City.

Flood control is the big problem in Vermont, and vitally affects Massachusetts and Connecticut to the south. Millions have been spent in the Winooski Valley to prevent periodic destruction by the Connecticut. Dams and watersheds have been built by army engineers, but Roosevelt and Aiken clash whenever water power becomes a by-product of dam construction. Water power belongs to the state, not to the federal government, a corporation, or an individual, Aiken argues. The Federal Power Act of 1920 places all undeveloped water power in the hands of the Federal Power Commission. Aiken wanted a written guaranty from the government, a contract, vesting in the state the power rights in the flood-control project, and when he couldn't get it, he stopped work on four dams and refused $11,000,000. The matter was finally settled by compromise, and the work is going ahead. Of the three northeastern states, Vermont is getting the lion's share of federal money.

A champion of the Bill of Rights, free speech, and free assembly, Aiken harpoons all Tom Girdlers, rips the Hoover Republican Party to shreds, and frankly praises the New Deal. "I fight to preserve the rights of the people," he says. "To preserve them I have at times had to fight the public utilities and the federal government, and as far apart as these two forces are, I find the palms of both itch for acquisition. . . . Forget your hatred of the President. Stop crying fascist every time he moves. Stop worrying about reds in the White House."

Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are lost to the Democratic Party. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut are disputed territory. These three states have been helped by the New Deal, have received roads, bridges, underpasses and overpasses, and, far more important, jobs for white-collar workers and laborers. Cities and towns have had assistance with their public-welfare loads and this has served to put a check on increased taxation. The New Deal is still popular, but Roosevelt and the Democratic Party have slipped, substantially in the towns and less noticeably in the cities. Rifts within the party are responsible in Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Whether Massachusetts goes Republican or Democratic depends upon the candidates and the internal political situation. James Michael Curley and Charles F. Hurley have all but wrecked the Democratic Party in the state. Curley despoiled public service and state institutions for two years and staffed specialized offices and hospitals with incompetent henchmen until even Democrats revolted. One of Hurley's last official acts was to pardon Raymond H. L. Patriarca, Rhode Island's public enemy No. 1, after he had served eighty-four days of a three-to-five-year sentence. A special commission is now investigating the purchase and sale of pardons. Whether the party can come back soon is doubtful. The Republicans offer an even broader and more liberal program, and display, in addition, sincerity and honesty.

Curley is getting old, and if he can't rule the party he will ruin it. He has an uncanny ability to win nominations. Three times in succession he has been defeated in elections—by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., for the United States Senate; by the thirty-seven-year-old, handsome Maurice Tobin for mayor of Boston, and by Leverett Saltonstall for Governor. They say now that Curley is done for, but they've said that before. He has a way of bouncing back highest after falling hardest. He will be a candidate for United States Senator against David I. Walsh next year, and if he wins the nomination, almost any Republican can defeat him. If he does not win the nomination he will have smeared Walsh in the primary so that Walsh cannot win. The Buckner case,

in which testimony showed that Walsh was entertained by Hollywood and stage pretties, gives Curley a mass of material.

Weary of being sold down the river by one of their own at every election, the Boston Irish joined with Beacon Hill to defeat Curley. Henry Parkman, son of a first family who served as a waterfront stevedore for a while after the war and became known as the "heavyweight champion of Cream Puff Alley," and Maurice Tobin, from Roxbury, formed an alliance that became, in effect, a fusion party. Tobin became mayor and Parkman corporation counsel. The Boston Irish vote is ordinarily sufficient to wipe out the lead of Massachusetts towns and Republican cities, but when Curley ran for Governor he was swamped, chiefly by South Boston and the suburban Irish. Throughout the campaign, Saltonstall was utterly honest in his preachments, and the Irish felt that they could trust him. The Republican Party was even more liberal in its promises than the Democratic Party and there appeared to be some possibility that it would keep its word, something the Democrats had failed to do for years. The Irish voted Republican, elected Saltonstall, even though Labor's Nonpartisan League and organized labor supported Curley because of his labor record.

As Governor, Salstonstall stepped into one of the nation's hottest spots, to clean up the mess left by Curley and Hurley, cut down expenses, and restore dignity and efficiency to a demoralized state service. He has gone about it with determination and brought upon his head the howls of criticism of incompetents whom he has swept out of office. In the meantime the fusion has grown stronger, and Republicans are alert to make it permanent. Massachusetts wants the major features of the New Deal, but it does not want the old Democratic leadership. The Democratic Party is top-heavy with pseudo-intellectuals, spurious liberals, and labor hypocrites. The Republican Party, liberalized reluctantly, perhaps a bit painfully and for political expediency, has as least been trying to make room for honest liberals and has appropriated large chunks of the New Deal.

A good deal is likely to be heard about Saltonstall between now and the time the Republican convention is held. Personally I am all for him because I think he is liberal and there never has been any doubt about his honesty and integrity, a novel thing for a Massachusetts Governor in recent years. Unfortunately some of the old Republican Party wheelhorses appear to be able to get his ear. He is charged with emasculating the State Labor Relations Act, though that seems to have been pretty well accomplished before he came into office. Perhaps he can't cut adrift from his tory colleagues too abruptly, and their influence is detected by his opponents in some of his appointments. Liberals were especially aroused over his selection of Lewis Hovey for the State Board of Conciliation and Arbitration. As publisher of newspapers in Beverly and Haverhill, Hovey is noted for his labor-baiting tactics. The struggling Old Guard is still hanging on desperately, but the chances are that Saltonstall, in the long run, will succeed in coming up through all the thick layers of conservative Republicanism.

Saltonstall is the spearhead and Governors Murphy, Aiken, and Vanderbilt the advance guard of a new Republican Party in this corner of the country. If Saltonstall is chosen for top spot or running mate at the next Republican convention, he will very materially strengthen Republican chances in New England, regardless of whether or not Roosevelt runs for a third term. To both Irish and Yankee voters, Saltonstall looks like a good choice. From this rockbound coast, Vandenberg looks like a Rover Boy, Dewey and Henry Cabot Lodge are too young, and Taft appears to be a dud.

Much the same thing happened in Rhode Island as happened in Massachusetts. Governor Quinn and Walter O'Hara clashed over the management of the Narragansett Racetrack. It looked for a time as though civil war would break out, with the Governor's state troopers facing O'Hara's Pawtucket police. Quinn finally had his way and closed the track for a time. The people of Rhode Island got pretty sick of Democratic rule and elected Vanderbilt because he was sponsored by no political machine and was opposed by both Democratic and Republican leaders.

In Connecticut a regrettable division of opinion among the liberals led to the election of a conservative Republican, Raymond E. Baldwin, bitter critic and opponent of the New Deal. An obscure figure, Baldwin was picked by the Connecticut machine—the Manufacturers' Association and the Connecticut Light and Power Company—as a human sacrifice in the 1938 election, with no thought of victory. The voters, however, were split. Governor Wilbur L. Cross, a popular figure, was in his eighties, and scandals in the Waterbury city government, involving Cross's lieutenant governor, gave voters the idea that Cross was no longer able to cope with marauders in his own party. The result was that liberals of the state voted by scores of thousands for Jasper McLevy, the Socialist Mayor of Bridgeport, who had made a splendid record as a conservative administrator and an honest man. McLevy and Cross divided the Democratic and liberal vote. Baldwin did not receive a majority of the votes cast and became Governor almost by default. In spite of the fact that he is a minority Governor, he is ambitious for high place in national Republican councils and is trolling.

War or a business boom may change the whole political complexion of the six states. Already the effect of war industries is being felt. Quincy, Massachusetts, where the Fore River shipbuilding plant is going full

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blast building six warships and seven merchantmen, has no unemployment problem. Its taxes are 98 per cent collected. The only persons on public welfare are the aged and the infirm. New England's textile mills and shoe factories anticipate army and navy contracts and some of its machine shops are now at work on armaments. Industrial New England, like Quincy, can forget and forgive all—if the wheels start spinning.

[*The last article of this series, on the Middle Atlantic States, will appear in an early issue.*]

Mexico Today

II. PRESIDENT CARDENAS AND HIS PEOPLE

BY WALDO FRANK

LAZARO CARDENAS was at the Laguna when I got there.

When the President expropriated the oil wells he was moved by an ethical-intellectual process. The moment had come, he knew, when he must choose between loyalty to his office and submission—however masked and rationalized by caution—to interests which, he was well aware, were stronger than any "democratic" government in the world. He recalled the analogous moments in which his predecessors, Obregón and Calles, had flinched. He acted on cool principle. But when Lázaro Cárdenas founds a school or builds a dam or opens the door wide to the Spanish refugees; when, above all, he restores to those who through the ages have worked the land their right in the land, his act is emotional and aesthetic. The whole man is engaged. And the whole people responds. In the Comarca Lagunera there was a joy in the air, as of love. The President was the lover; the folk was the beloved.

They were waiting for him at El Cuije: waiting all day, without nervousness or haste. He would show up, and whenever he came it would be on time, and dinner time. A pavilion was set in the main square; a band of musicians silently waited. Along the dusty road were the mounted men in their saddles, waiting. In the improvised kitchens the women under the supervision of the *maestras* prepared the feast and kept it in condition.

There is never, even in the cities, any adequate policing when President Cárdenas arrives. This man, hated by all the upper caste of his country—a country with a tradition of violence—takes no precautions for his life. His aides make no effort to keep the crowds away. And I have seen him at night, alone, in the plazas of big towns, talking with the old women and the loafers. Once I asked Cárdenas about this. "It is important that the people know I come among them without fear." This, his smiling and casual answer implied, was more important than his personal safety. One night in the hostile Yaqui country of Sonora I wandered about the patio of the village house where the President was working. When Cárdenas is outside the capital (more than half the time since he took office), he literally pitches camp wherever he is, and the place takes on the air of a general headquarters in war time. Indeed, he is waging war of a kind—with weapons of peace. It occurred to me as I explored the dark yard and saw, through an open window, the President at his desk, how easily I could shoot him; and then the thought came that my presence there might arouse suspicion. No one challenged me. I found an army engineer seated on a water-jar, enjoying the mild night. I told him my thoughts. He replied: "If we were afraid for the President, the people would feel it. The good of his journeys would be defeated."

About five that afternoon Cárdenas showed up at El Cuije within the dust of the cavalcading horses. There was emotion, but it was deep and dignified. These men, many of them old, had ridden to battle in the Revolution. More than one fought with Pancho Villa. Cárdenas was for them the new leader—first among equals—in the old fight.

With the men and women and children pressing close, he walked to the pavilion, nodding, shaking hands, smiling. The folk barred themselves off, of their own accord, and quietly looked on as the feast began. (Breakfast at seven, dinner at five—unbroken work between and after—is the custom when the President travels.) Now the dishes were cleared—I remember with affection a savory roast of kid, *cabrito*. Improvising their own order, the crowd press in where the President sits ready for them. One by one he listens to them: men and women speaking without haste, without worship, without fear—the folk at ease and the President at ease with swift cool questions extracting the essence of the matter.

"In 80 per cent of the cases," he told me once, "I can do nothing with their petitions. But in 20 per cent I can cut through—in three minutes—some injustice or obstruction which years of formal handling could not solve." It is plain he considers the percentage of success high; and in the organic view of life it is high. And of course, high or low, the percentage of satisfied claims in a

hundred Mexican villages does not give the essence of the matter. Like any people shut in upon themselves, the Mexican folk suffer from feuds among their petty chiefs and their clans; the President's appearance often is enough to make these differences vanish. But even this is not what counts most. A people not organized to articulate its wishes through the regular democratic channels of public opinion needs a chief who will come directly to the people. Cárdenas with his almost constant journeys through the republic has created a *ceremonial* of profound meaning. What he hopes is that this unprecedented coming of the chief to the people will make a *new Mexican tradition*. Its very success, any way you look at it, is going to cause trouble in the future. Woe to the successor who discards the new tradition! And my sympathy to the successor who, lacking the Cárdenas genius of cordial energy, tries to live up to it!

The note of this folk of El Cuije toward the man who embodies for them their own revolution was a respectful, familiar, calm exultance in *owning* him. Later all the *ejidos* staged a huge demonstration in the new hippodrome outside Torreón. Veterans of Villa, children, syndicates of teachers and laborers, mothers, hospital workers, students, and finally the proud men themselves riding their new tractors and harvesters defiled for hours in the dust. This was no political mob enjoying its own trumped-up grandeur or put through its paces by a Trainer-Führer. The spirit was too deep for ebullience; it was a sober reverence of homage to the leader who had served them well, a sober self-pride for work well begun. The order of the parade was ragged and slow. It came from within the folk and went upward to the leader.

Again there was no effort to give the President police protection. I sat next to Cárdenas in his box (on the other side, Indalecio Prieto, Minister of Defense of the murdered Republic of Spain—and here, too, I felt a symbol). Many an individual pushed his way up through the crowd, unannounced, anonymous, and gave the President a letter or spoke a word with him. What strong texture of loyalty, integrating the multitude about him, does Cárdenas depend on to prevent some fanatical enemy from coming up with a pistol in his pocket instead of a petition?

Ten years ago I wrote of the Mexicans as a sad people. This sadness has deeper roots than the economic oppression of republic, colony, and Aztec empire. One may speak wisely of the morbid blood sacrifice of Anáhuac and its suffusion in the spirit of the people; or of the inclement Mexican earth, its extremes of weather and water and height. Not long ago a troupe of engineers building the railroad from Sonora died of thirst in the desert of Lower California. The bodies were brought to the capital, and as the funeral procession wended through the streets, a cloud burst; the mourners had to wade through water which overwhelmed the bodies that had died of thirst. There is a symbol of Mexico's ironic extremes; but it does not finally explain the deep and rending sadness that speaks in the music and faces of this people. What explains the Mexican sadness most essentially is the Mexican gaiety. A people whose energy, sensitivity, and imaginative prowess make naturally for ebullient gladness will turn sad in a hostile, unconquered world.

Ten years ago I felt the potential gaiety and the fulfilled sadness. Two years ago . . . Now there is a great change. The native joy, the *alegría,* of this people is in the open.

One always found it in the children, of course. One morning in Lerdo, a Durango town, I was walking with a Mexican friend who is somewhat leaner than I. With my usual writer's impudence I thrust my nose into the open window of a school. At once the grill was crowded with laughing children's faces. After a few volleys of witticisms, in which I was worsted, we went on. Down the street a way a murmur made us look back. Fifty children, released for the lunch hour, were upon us. "You are Laurel and Hardy," they informed us—a gross exaggeration. And they accompanied us on our walk through the main streets of Lerdo, pelting jokes and laughter. That was, and is, the children of Mexico. Now a new gaiety, fragile perhaps because unsure of itself, begins to pervade the people.

I felt it strongly on Sunday morning in the capital when I made the rounds of the new popular sport parks. The baseball, football, *frontón,* racing, swimming are a pretext for gaiety. I saw a professional ball game that might compare honorably with our minor leagues; but the crowd's interest was less in the game than in itself. In England and the United States the extrovert crowds study the game, silent in Albion, noisy at home, for the game's sake. *Jai alai,* the great Basque game, has always been a pretext for gambling, and therefore President Cárdenas suppressed it. Now thousands of workers in the capital flock to the sports on Sunday for an easy pretext to laugh and to jest.

To clinch my point, I return once more to the Laguna. One Sunday afternoon the folk of Torreón devised a *charreada* in the bull-ring. (A *charro* is an elegant cowboy, all decked out in leather and spangles; a *charreada* is sport with bull, horse, and lasso, not by professional performers but by cowboys.) Ten thousand *ciudadanos* made a blue gay funnel of the ring; blue shirts, blue overalls, blue jerkins, under the blue sky. In a flowered box sat Cárdenas, surrounded by black-eyed provincial ladies. I had been dining late with men who in other lands would be called dignitaries: General Francisco Múgica, president of the constitutional congress of 1917 which drafted Mexico's charter, and now one of the

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pre-candidates (not destined to win) to succeed Cárdenas; Colonel Calderón, the young and able Governor of Durango; Agustín Arroyo Ch., the Rabelaisian and brilliant chief of the D.A.P.P., the autonomous propaganda ministry which heroically struggles to offset an exorbitant and free reactionary press; and Luis I. Rodríguez, until a few days before I write this the powerful "boss" of the P. R. M., the Partido de la Revolución Mexicana—a deposed Mexican Farley, of whom more later. We got to the ring late and had to climb over the heads of hundreds of shouting fans to remote stone seats near the brass band. The men we climbed over knew Múgica, Calderón, and Rodríguez; and courteously let them pass, as they might let anybody pass, not holding their laughter. The word "dignitary" went out of the Mexican lexicon with Díaz.

My point is this: the lassoing and bull-riding were nothing to write home about, if home is a place that remembers Buffalo Bill Cody; but I have never seen a spectacle in which the show meant less and the public more. These Mexicans, who can live a day on a stack of *tortillas* with *chile* and *frijoles*, were taking the arena as a pretext. All the *charro* had to do was miss with his lasso or tumble off a bucking bronco to release blue gales of gaiety. Having missed once, all he had to do was miss again and again, to keep the laughter going. Like children they were, these workers and *campesinos* seated with their chief in the high hollow ring, asking only a whirl of dust or a tumble to spark their exuberance and send it flaming into the afternoon.

Many years ago I called happiness "the condition of human energy that has found a channel." Five years of Cárdenas seem to have given the Mexican folk for the first time happiness; to this deep, darkly gifted people, complex as their past and as their land, has come at last a synthesis of their energies like love—a sense of *canalization* for their whole human effort which hungers equally after both bread and beauty. Always, when this channel exists, love is present, for love is the synthesis that makes our energies flow.

This is not the condition of all Mexico today; not of the sullen upper classes; not indeed of the articulate capital which is ruled and colored by the servants and parasites of these classes. It is the state of the folk—in the *ejidos*, in the nationalized industries, even in the subject silver towns under the dust and the mud.

And I say, the folk has found a channel for its energies, which is not the same as a goal or fulfilment: a channel is a design and a dynamic *toward* fulfilment. Whether this channel will lead to the goal we must consider later.

[*The concluding article of Mr. Frank's series on Mexico Today, dealing with the political dangers to the country, will appear in an early issue.*]

In the Wind

ACCORDING TO a confidential memo prepared by the isolationist National Council for the Prevention of War, Hitler has offered "peace terms" to France and England. Immediate steps would be a four-power parley—England, France, Italy, and Germany—to "settle" the Danzig issue and Italian claims on France. The long-range "solution" would "guarantee Germany's hegemony in Middle Europe" in return for immunity for the British Empire; England is to remain the dominant sea power, Germany supreme on land, and armies are to be limited to 300,000 men. The Council asserts that the proposal has split the British Cabinet, that it has the support of financial and pacifist circles in England, and that it will be made public soon.

THE CHICAGO *Tribune* recently carried a cartoon attacking "six years of government spending" without fulfilment of "prosperity promises." Elsewhere in the same issue appeared these headlines: "Baldwin Locomotives' June Orders Increase"; "United Air Lines Profits in June Rise to $134,080"; "Illinois Output of Oil Soars to Another Peak"; "Kroger, Nat. Tea Sales Increase to Another Peak"; Several Rails' Revenues Climb From a Year Ago"; "Bendix Profit Is Higher for June Quarter."

LATEST "UNDERGROUND Germany" story: Hitler, anxious to test popular opinion, disguises himself and then visits a crowded cafe. After conversing with a patron, he leans over and inquires: "Frankly, what do you think of Hitler?" The patron looks around apprehensively, makes certain that no one is listening, then replies: "Between you and me, I rather admire him."

THE INTERNATIONAL Relief Association *Bulletin* reports the appearance of new-style food-cards in Franco Spain. On the left there is a printed list of rationed foods, the signature of the card-holder, and space for the official stamp. On the right side are blank spaces where the card-holder lists the names of anti-fascists he has exposed. To insure adequate food, the right side must show zealousness.

THE BRITISH WAR Office has admitted circulation of a letter which discouraged admission into the British Territorials of men who had fought for Loyalist Spain. The theory behind the letter, officials explained, was that the men had received "communist" education. The irony of the stand was emphasized when Thomas Freeman-Mitford, a brother-in-law of Sir Oswald Mosley, was discovered at a fascist meeting giving the fascist salute. Mitford has just been appointed an officer in a British regiment—the "Queen's Westminsters."

IN PEORIA Heights, Illinois, there are two road-signs hanging side by side. One reads: "Roosevelt Road"; the other: "Danger, Travel at Own Risk."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

JOEL ELIAS SPINGARN was one of the most interesting men in American life; although by no means as widely known as he should have been. He began his active career as an instructor in Columbia from which he had received his Doctorate of Philosophy, and he might readily have spent the rest of his life in that academic circle but for a chivalrous act—his coming to the defense of Harry Thurston Peck when the latter was ousted from the Columbia faculty because of his being involved in a spectacular breach of promise case. He insisted that any resolution adopted by the faculty concerning Professor Peck should pay due and proper tribute to his standing as a scholar and his services to the university. So intense was his feeling that it led to his directly attacking President Butler, of whom he said that he was surrounded by sycophants and that "sycophancy is a condition of official favor." That led to the end of his own teaching activity in Columbia; although as former head of its Department of Comparative Literature he could readily have commanded a fine position at some other university, he never returned to academic life.

Although a great lover of peace, this quiet, gentle scholar—gentle until aroused by his keen sense of wrong and injustice—volunteered for the officers' training camp at Madison Barracks, New York. Though he had never had any previous military experience, was not of the conventional officer type, nor of very strong physique, he was one of the two men to graduate with rank of major. So excellent was his service in France in the face of the enemy that he came back as a lieutenant-colonel. Modest and unassuming as he always was, that part of his life he relegated to the past just as soon as the war was over and he was mustered out. He remained to the end one of those completely disillusioned by the war to end war, by the results of his own sacrifice.

It is his work for the colored people of the United States for which, I believe, he will be longest remembered. He joined some of us early in the organization of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, speedily came to the front, and for more than twenty-five years labored on behalf of the most disadvantaged people in American life. He was the Association's president at the time of his death, as he had been for many years. There his counsel was of the wisest, his judgment, notably as to the official activities of the Association, of the best, and always he was the most cooperative and reasonable of men in debate and discussion where policy was concerned. His founding of the Spingarn medal granted annually to the Negro who has done most for his race in the previous year was a great service. I have often regretted that he was not a more brilliant orator, that he did not put himself forward more prominently, for he never had the just recognition that he deserved for his unselfish and extraordinarily valuable labor. That was the way he wanted it; the way he thought it ought to be. He never sought distinction or laurels.

These achievements and others of his in the field of reform have reconciled many for his failure to go on in literary criticism. His first published work, "A History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance," which appeared in 1899, gave him high rank at once. Translated into Italian and published in Italy in 1904 with an introduction by Benedetto Croce, it made him well known in the literary world of Italy. In this country George E. Woodbury, himself a great master, felt that Joel Spingarn gave greater promise than any of the men whom he taught and worked with. Spingarn's "The New Criticism" appeared in 1911; his "Creative Criticism" in 1917; his one book of poems also appeared in 1911. A monumental achievement was his editing of "The European Library" in twenty-five volumes between 1920 and 1925, as was his earlier editing of critical essays of the seventeenth century for the Oxford University Press.

There was still another side to him, and that was his love of nature and of horticulture. He knew more about clematis than any other man and wrote several monographs on this flower and grew every variety of it at "Troutbeck," in Amenia, New York, which John Burroughs described as "the loveliest farm in America" and Sinclair Lewis once called a "grass-grown cathedral." There he lived the life of a country gentleman in the best sense, a leader in the community, always actuated by public spirit, ever eager to serve others. There he dared to bring his colored friends and share with them his beautiful home. There a lot of us met for conferences when it was considered dangerously radical to bring colored and white together to discuss at table the joint concerns of both races in America. Today such gatherings are commonplace and are not unknown even in the South. But here as in other ways, Joel Spingarn pioneered; a true American, a gallant soldier, an outstanding scholar, his death reminds us anew how many such patriots we owe to the Jews among us.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Keats, Definitive

THE POETICAL WORKS AND OTHER WRITINGS OF JOHN KEATS. Hampstead Edition. Edited with Notes and Appendices by H. Buxton Forman. Revised with Additions by Maurice Buxton Forman. With an Introduction by John Masefield. Eight Volumes. Limited to 1,050 Sets. Charles Scribner's Sons. $96.

OPINIONS easily differ on such limited editions as this. In a world where money is needed for a thousand urgent and humane purposes, the purchase, at $12 each, of eight tall books by a poet whose complete verse may be bought anywhere for a dollar doubtless rates a first-class certificate for snobbish ostentation. But anyone who likes books and honors literature will drop his guard before these beautiful volumes—a new monument to Keats and a tribute to the house of Scribner and to the same taste and scruples that produced its earlier definitive editions of James, Meredith, and Santayana, as well as the complete and final Yeats, which impends. These are books equal to anything of their kind produced in this century—the best of the Nonesuch editions, or Count Kessler's—and quite aloof from the flashier attractions of the Limited Editions Club, useful chiefly as table ornaments, in which people look at pictures by "the most distinguished modern artists" and are thereby successfully distracted from the text. Here Mr. T. M. Cleland has exercised his faultless hand, producing a white buckram cover, blind-stamped with garlands of oak and laurel which frame a tall lyre, its base carved with the initials "J. K." and the poet's dates in Roman numbers. Spacing and proportion give their felicity to every page. The plates are engraved by Emery Walker. The rag paper is strong and pliant. The Caslon type shows its unaffected, unstylized classicism, sharp yet fluent, from cover to cover. Books should be cheap, but on occasion they should also be as rich as this. And as we all know, the cost of this entire edition of 1,050 copies comes to less than it will take to conduct the next war for ten minutes on any given afternoon. Keats deserves his latest honor, and society deserves to be reminded anew of a great poet, and of the fact that a handsome book may cost as much as a cheap gas mask.

The hitch in the present instance comes in wondering if such a civilizing influence will surmount the vexations aroused by a preeminent example of editorial obstructionism. The Hampstead Edition is "definitive"; the Buxton Formans have given two lifetimes to the study and veneration of Keats; scholarship is a noble labor; but scholarship should know and keep its place. Here the reader of Keats is obliged to fight grimly past every conceivable kind of interference—a mass of ninety-five "acknowledgments"; a preface (signed) by M. Buxton Forman telling of his family's Sunday walks in Hampstead; another preface (signed) by John Masefield, saying practically nothing; a life of Keats; a life of George Keats; bibliographies of editions and critical works; and a century's accumulated litter of annotations, variant readings, guesses, opinions, marginalia, and the pullulating comments of almost every person, dead or living, who ever got a word in edgewise on the subject of Keats's life, labors, and misfortunes. Here is all the cluttering apparatus of pedant-fattening and collector-baiting antiquarianism, with little but passing attention to Keats's art or his claims to poetic greatness. On almost every page there is a dam of footnotes, over which thin rills of verse are allowed to flow. The sonnet on Chapman's Homer trickles across three pages at a depth of less than an inch, the remainder being clogged with such unnerving data as Leigh Hunt's vague remarks on the poem's quality, Cowden Clarke's tale of its composition, Tennyson's remarks to Palgrave about the Cortez-Balboa confusion, what Mr. H. L. Clark of Purdue University, Indiana, said in the London *Times* Literary Supplement about Book V of Robertson's "History of America" as a source of the Pacific image, and what Mr. John H. Wagenblass of Cambridge, Massachusetts, said in the same paper about the sonnet's resemblance to John Evelyn's tribute to Creech's "Lucretius."

If this apparatus has a place, it should be in separate volumes, and not stand as competitor to Keats's text, which here it mangles, slices to pieces, and distorts, never allowing a poem to stand on its own margins and declare its own beauty of structure to the eye. Complaints on the obstructions of textual scholarship may be an old story, long out of date. If so, they should have cured editors of bad habits of unnecessary and systematic interference. A new edition with this one's physical brilliance, coming at a time when a fresh appraisal of Keats's genius is due, stirs an old quarrel. One wants Keats in his truest text, but one wants a good deal less of the Buxton Forman family or what Mr. Wagenblass said in the London *Times*. Of course such vexation is tempered by a sense of classic irony. One reads here again, on page lx, Severn's brief and poignant account of the poet dying in Rome in his last loneliness and despair. One notes the legions of his students, editors, and wealthy collectors. One observes the feet that shuffle across his lines and wear the carpet with their shoes. One hears the coughing in the ink.

> Lord, what would they say,
> Did their Catullus walk that way?

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Fallacies of Race

RACE AGAINST MAN. By Herbert J. Seligmann. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

TODAY theories of race, the controversies and fallacies that center in them, immediately call to mind Germany and fascism. The aftermath of the war mercifully laid to rest for a time the overweeningly conceited construction of Houston Chamberlain and the echoes of Gobineau. But since the advent of Hitler, racism has been resurrected with a



Race Prejudice

vengeance. For racism is the core of the Nazi ideology. Without it Germans might have remained human.

Mr. Seligmann attempts an ambitious survey of the pros and cons of this vexatious race theory, ranging widely through the literature on the subject and through new, sometimes still unpublished, material which brother anthropologists have kindly put at his disposal. With little pretense at original research he has skilfully collated all the latest information covering the field and has performed a timely task of popularization in the best sense of the word. His book confounds both race bigotry and its corollary, totalitarianism, not through passionate polemic but by a patient refutation which speaks for itself.

The author successively discusses the extravagant claims and contradictions of the Nordic myth as a specific instance of racism gone mad, the generally amorphous conceptions of race entities, the overemphasis of a conjectural heritage at the expense of our knowable environment, the problem of miscegenation and hybridism, and the complex origin of mankind's contribution to culture. He points out that the concept of a pure race is pure myth; the concept of a superior race breaks down because all races, given the same opportunity, make their commensurate contribution to our common store of culture. Nor is there any hard and fast association between cultural and physical traits.

In his chapter on the Negro race problem Mr. Seligmann follows the well-known theories and anthropomorphic statistics of Professor Boas, supplemented by his own practical experience while working with the Association for the Advancement of Colored People. To date, he points out, the inferiority of the Negro remains an unproved theory. That theory was formulated largely to keep the Negro in his place, and it is precisely by not keeping in his place that the Negro is proving his equality. Mr. Seligmann proceeds to use our own immigration and assimilation problem to show how America, far from being merely a "melting-pot," has actually been a laboratory in which the surprising adaptability of transplanted races can readily be observed.

The chapter entitled The Jew and Anti-Semitism is so compact and fact-laden that it would readily serve as the matrix for a book on the subject. Mr. Seligmann advances an original theory to explain the insensate killing of Jews once it had been artificially fostered for theological and Alexandrine reasons. He employs a Freudian schema, assuming a split in the medieval psyche caused by an intolerable sense of guilt and sin, with a consequent fear of a wrathful Godfather. The killing of Jews was motivated by a desire to get relief from a subjective sense of sin. The theory is ingenious and psychologically sound, though to many it may not seem a sufficient explanation. A similar theory might be applied to Negro rape lynchings in terms of the lyncher's own libidinous guilt. Murder always springs out of the depths of man's nature, but not all those depths have yet been plumbed.

Mr. Seligmann writes in a clear, forceful style which makes the intricate subject of his book easily intelligible to the layman. The reader will feel himself better equipped either to listen to discussions by experts on the subject or to take part in after-dinner conversations on the topics of fascism and communism and even perhaps democracy. No doubt Mr. Seligmann will hear protests from aggrieved anthropologists upon whose toes he has been compelled to tread, and we shall again hear echoes of the old heredity-versus-environment argument. But he has done a real service for anthropology. For it is true, unfortunately, that bias and prejudice still play a large part in the sciences devoted to man. Quite aside from vicious, conscious propaganda, findings often tend to conform to preconceptions, and truth yields to the personal equation. Perhaps the candid reconsideration of such subjective lapses which the onslaught of fascist obscurantism has compelled will bring anthropology nearer to the ideal of a pure science.

ALFRED B. KUTTNER

The First Whole World

DUINO ELEGIES. By Rainer Maria Rilke. German Text, with an English Translation, Introduction, and Commentary by J. B. Leishman and Stephen Spender. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.

WE ARE grateful to the translators of the ten-part, tightly packed lyric conceived by Rilke at Duino Castle on the Adriatic in 1912 and achieved by him in the year in which "The Waste Land" saw the sun. Their objective was momentous. The cycle of "Duino Elegies" is poetry in a style individually grand: severe and elevated, simple and musical; unflaggingly swelling with sudden *crescendi* and sinking again in freely mixed elegiac meters; invariably impassioned and frequently sublime. A softness and somber magic almost Rembrandt-like suffuse it.

The content is prophetic, a thrilling conception of the supernatural, the world "which is over or under the natural world, sustaining, explaining and never violating it." This metaphysical realm of Rilke's is the very antithesis of the alternately potent and impotent one represented by Eliot's languid masterpiece. It is wholly good, a constant unity, one timeless and divine event in which all that man divides—fortune and misfortune, the apparent and the visionary, death itself and life—fully coincides. To Rilke's mind it supplied the basis of "the first whole, hale world" offered to man's experience.

Throughout his career this well-nigh gentlest of poets had been the poet of death. He had divined its will at the core of things, and existence merely "a portion of, a tone within," an unknown whole. "Awakeness was elsewhere." Singer of requiems and of Alcestis, Eurydice, and the Pietà, he had sought to fathom life's mysterious other kingdom, and at times seemed to receive, through apertures by which his friends had vanished into it, intimations of its "green of veritable greens, veritable sunshine, veritable woods." Then, possibly in consequence of some fresh spiritual integration, he felt himself here in life in the midst of all the illuminated and unilluminated sides of being and filled with a tragic sense of man's evanescence in this universe. Angels, "creation's darlings," and "birds deadly to the soul" alone endured in it. Lovers temporarily rivaled them. Their prowess, none the less, was transitory: "We breathe ourselves out and away, from ember to ember yielding a fainter scent." This mood, mournful, yet serene and pervaded by a sense of the value of sorrow, was the mother of the first two Elegies.

The experience progressed. At first it saddened. From out the double realm of life and death he felt mounting into mortals the fatal force of lust and bestiality, the blood's "hidden, guilty river-god" of the "gloomy blast from the twisted conch." But the persistently grim fourth and fifth elegies reveal the gradual passage from resignation to affirmation. Rilke had comprehended the possibility of accepting ephemerality as a condition, challenging an external destiny in the name of the "nameless bond between earth and heaven." The heroic principle became apparent: indifference to continuity and the sense of the heroic deed's endurance among the stars. There followed ecstatic comprehensions of "supernumerous existence" welling from the double realm, and man's earthly capacity for immortality. In exhibiting the inward forms of things, man, it seemed to Rilke, could "stamp the provisional, perishing earth deeply, painfully, passionately into himself" and become "a mouth of Creation." The earth desired an indivisibility like music's. Finally the lands of death grew luminous. Symbols recalling those of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" furnish the eerily glamorous, wholly sublime tenth elegy. The "source of Joy" gleams in a mysterious moonlight. "Among mortals it is a carrying stream."

Lyrically, with its incessant rhythmical rise and fall, steady combination of concrete and abstract terms, exquisite symbolization both of the inwardness of this new-found reality and of the responsive motions of Rilke's deepest self, his cycle relates the system to the natural world, rendering it sensible to the heart. The poet of death had become one of life's high affirmers. And Messrs. Leishman and Spender have produced an all-in-all satisfactory version of the prodigious, intricately organized original. True, certain of their paraphrases are loose to the point of infidelity. Their style sometimes is jaunty and pedestrian, unfair to Rilke's oftentimes simple but invariably noble, reverberant one. Still, a number of amazing approximations to his swift and complex imagery and his gravely serene music compensate for these possibly unavoidable faults. The partners may thus be said to have upheld Rilke's arms in carrying not only an exclusively English-reading public but all Rilke students closer to a newly extended world, truly the "first whole, hale one." For it is an ancient verity that so long as life maintains itself merely out of a frantic fear of death and the desire to cheat it, it cannot be healthy, holy, whole.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Fine Talk

PARADISE PLANTERS. The Story of Brook Farm. By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

EQUALLY without fear or footnotes, defying the scholarly sanctities, refusing to persuade us that her material is "always utterly correct in detail," Katherine Burton has written a fine history of Brook Farm. That is not to say that Mrs. Burton makes great claims to profundity. Although she presents a more skeptical view of Mr. Shepard's Bronson Alcott, just as Mr. Shepard brought down Mr. Brooks's later Emerson, she offers in general no big philosophical flights or psychological descents. As a study of communal settlements her "Paradise Planters" lacks the intellectual breadth which marked Robert Parker's study of Oneida. Yet Mrs. Burton has accomplished—and I am almost tempted to add, in her unfathomable feminine way—what all the profundity and breadth in the scholarly world cannot by themselves do. Visibly and immediately she has created Brook Farm, with its Institute of Agriculture and Education, its bonds and milk, its individualistic heifers and "temporarily indigent" guests, its hydropathy and Orphic sayings, with all its richness of spirit and sandy earth.

Mrs. Burton gains her success by weaving the recorded utterances of the Farmers and their friends into a series of conversations, some of which took place, some of which must have taken place, and some of which, I suspect, now for the first time take place. But perhaps this conversational medium is the precise form for the history of Brook Farm. It is a great temptation today to view our nineteenth-century communal experiments, since they are more illuminating than we once supposed, as more significant than in fact they are. The Farmers reveal great social insight and protest, they are a fountain of indigenous idealism, but they are ultimately monastic rather than revolutionary, and their America, intellectually turbulent as it was, is entranced as by the Ancient Mariner's glittering eye. A Franklin, calculating to create, breeding stoves, lightning rods, batteries, came before Brook Farm. After it came Jay Gould, touching Franklin's pleasures with his modern destructive genius, calculating to destroy—with profit. Besides these two we may estimate Ripley, Dana, the saturnine Orestes Brownson in their proper historical proportions. The form of "Paradise Planters" is its truth. The Brook Farm social experiment must end by being considered the conversation of souls who fled the Calvinist fire, to have their moment before they sank in the bottomless pools of finance capitalism.

Yet such conversation can have in it, as we know from other like moments in history, much of the prophetic. So many of our current intuitions and anxieties appear in these Farmerly discussions of the oversoul, spiritism, Shakespeare, dietetics, feminism, fertilizers. Like her transcendental plowmen, Mrs. Burton is promoting "the great purpose of human culture" in recording so well the talk and lives of these acute

VINCENT SHEEAN

"His new book stands above PERSONAL HISTORY," says the *New York Times Book Review*. . . . "In the writing there is the strong throb of a spirit which may if it spreads, check the rise of fascism. . . . Jim Lardner tried to check it, near Hill 376, at Corbera, in Spain, on the night of Sept. 23, 1938."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN says, in the *New Republic:* "The finest thing in the book by all odds is the chapter called *The Last Volunteer*, which is the story of Jim Lardner's enlistment in the International Brigade."

And FRANZ HOELLERING writes in *The Nation:* "The author of *Personal History* returns in his newest book to the genre of his great success—reporting in a literary style that goes beyond newspaper writing, presenting the temperament, the feeling, and thoughts of the observer as he looks at worlds great and small."

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but frustrated brethren who, as Louisa Alcott remarked in her sketch of Fruitlands, "said many wise things and did many foolish ones." For if in the end Brook Farm was only verbal, it was exhilarating language—until Fourier's grim, portentous shadow fell over talk and talkers alike, and the idealists were confined to their proper cells in the new practical Phalanstery.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Odette Keun and the U. S. A.

I THINK ALOUD IN AMERICA. By Odette Keun. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

SOMEWHERE in this book Mme Keun tells us that she was brought up in a strict Protestant sect, and in her childhood was deeply moved by the stern laws of Jehovah. This may partially account for the circumstance that there are two Odette Keuns: one, a very feminine, discursive, and emphatic lady who sometimes takes us rather embarrassingly into her confidence with regard to personal matters, and who, one feels, is by no means an individual to be overlooked in a crowd; the other, a person of sterner stuff, a seeker after the truth imbued with an almost Calvinistic fervor. It is the second Mme Keun who has written most of this account of her discovery of the New World, to which she came with the passionate hope of finding something to redress the sinking balance of the Old; and if you insert a *t* in the adjective, you will not misinterpret Mme Keun's bitterly expressed nausea with the Europe of today.

But the first loquacious and acutely observant Mme Keun keeps breaking through, and is responsible for delightful if strongly rendered pictures of the superficial phenomena of the American scene. This is the Odette who watches *le sport* and is horrified; the Odette who delights in the drugstore, and drowns her inside with eight cups of "cawfee" to prove that it is all gratis after the first cup; the Odette who is shocked by the lack of modesty in American women when traveling, and disappointed by the way the usually sociable American keeps to himself on trains; the Odette who describes the American child as "detestable" and New York women when young as very pretty "with rather peevish mouths, rectangular bodies with architectural lines, thin square shoulders, a long fall from neck to ankle, no breasts, no hips, no belly, no buttocks," and who pleasantly satirizes New Yorkers' attitude to their city: "You mourn for this innocent people so cruelly condemned to rush on and on and on, without reason and without end, or to be devoured in an excessively disagreeable manner. . . . By what unprecedented biochemical process, you wonder, did an agglomeration of lumps of stones and concrete and a network of streets convert themselves into an inescapable ogre martyring intelligent human beings?" But her fellow-pilgrims from the Old World will probably enjoy best her summing up of the, to them, amazing viewpoint of orthodox Republicans: "They move in a world of illusion of which, outside the lunatic asylums, there is no longer the faintest trace in Europe. In this world of theirs, wealth has moral merit; poverty is a deliberate perverseness, what you go and wallow in . . . and out of which you can leap in a jiffy by means of a minimum of search for, and perseverance in, employment."

There is so much shrewdness in these and kindred observations that one wishes that Mme Keun had been able to persist in her original intention of visiting if not every state at least every section of the Union, and recording her impressions. As it is, the Mme Keun who is a sort of sister to John the Baptist takes over, and encouraged and corrected by a severe masculine mentor, Philip, who reminds her of the necessities of clear and logical analysis, starts to deal out good and bad marks for good and sufficient reasons. Her method is to argue from the general to the particular—thus that the lack of personal eccentricity which she finds is due to lack of independence of thought, for "what is eccentricity but the fearless expression of one's own spirit?" It is not all blame, of course, but since Mme Keun crossed the Atlantic with, as she says, altogether superhuman expectations of these United States, she was bound to be disappointed to an extent. For she came looking not for the achievements of the material world but for results from the spiritual and democratic values asserted in the Declaration of Independence. And she left the country with at least a measure of faith that America will save our species for civilization. To my mind this is a stimulating and very honest book.

NORAH HOULT

RECORDS

TWO new recordings are at hand of Beethoven's Sonata for violin and piano Opus 30 No. 3 (the fine performance by Kreisler and Rachmaninov is still listed in the H. M. V. catalogue and may still be obtainable on Victor). The new Victor performance is by Heifetz and Bay (2½ records, $5.50), the Columbia by Milstein and Balsam (two records, $3.50). The sonata has the lightness, charm, and tenderness, and with these the strength, that are in these early works of Beethoven; and these qualities are communicated in the simply phrased, dynamic performance of Milstein and Balsam, as they are not in the sensitive playing of Bay, the mincing, wailing little swells that are prominent in Heifetz's style for any music he plays. Bay, moreover, functions in this performance as a mere accompanist whose opening piano melody in the second movement Heifetz feels at liberty to overshadow with the violin's wreathing figuration; whereas Balsam plays on an equal footing with Milstein in a well-integrated ensemble performance. A fault, however, is the dull sound of Balsam's piano.

Prokofiev's "Peter the Wolf," the orchestral fairy tale which has amused the Boston Symphony's audiences during the past season, has been recorded by Koussevitzky (three records, $6.50). I enjoyed the work when I heard it in Carnegie Hall; but even then Prokofiev's method of referring to his characters resulted in repetition of their themes, which I found excessive after a time; and now I find that on the records there is too much narrative for the amount of music —partly, I think, because Richard Hale projects this narrative from the phonograph into the room as he did from the platform into the large space of Carnegie Hall. The performance of the music is brilliant, the recording of the performance a little too much so.

Victor seems to be more successful in recording the lush splendor of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski, which, on a single record ($1.50), is heard in moderation in a transcription of a beautiful Gagliarda by Frescobaldi, and in excess in a transcription of the C minor Fugue of Book I of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord"—a transcription which, to someone who recalls the size of the original piece, its medium, its emotional scope, is laughable in its culminating overemphasis. On another single ($1.50) Chaliapin is impressive in "Arise, Red Sun" and "Song of the Needy Pilgrim"; on still another ($1.50) Marian Anderson sings beautifully "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" and "I Don't Feel No-Ways Tired."

For the rest, Roy Harris's Sonata for piano, recorded by Johana Harris (two records, $3.50), sounds to me today as pretentiously sterile as it did eight and nine years ago; Mozart's youthful String Quartet K. 80 reveals nothing to my ears that justifies its being placed permanently on view by the Kreiner Quartet (three records, $5); Chopin's Piano Concerto Opus 21 I find less interesting than the Concerto Opus 11, and in fact quite dull, and though the old Victor set hasn't the spaciousness and richness of recorded sound of the new one, it does offer clear and adequate recording of a performance by Artur Rubinstein that proceeds from a finer musical taste and command of the instrument's resources than the new performance by Alfred Cortot (each set four records, $8).

B. H. HAGGIN

RESORTS



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Letters to the Editors

On the Coughlin Terror

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on your wonderful article, The Coughlin Terror. We certainly hope that such articles will be continued. They must be very effective if they have to be answered by Coughlin with more lies. You have received much publicity from him this week. It is encouraging to find that the truth is getting under his skin. Good luck, and we hope that other periodicals and Mayor La Guardia as well will come to your aid.

RUTH AND JULES SANDERS

Detroit, July 30

Dear Sirs: I have just read with sincere appreciation the article by James Wechsler, The Coughlin Terror. The incidents mentioned in this article are in part known to me. They are not known to a good many persons who should be acquainted with them. For some time I have deplored the apathy of our newspapers and, in part, of our periodicals with regard to the rapidly growing Nazi-inspired Christian Front movement. In view of their neglect, your article stands out so much the brighter as a powerful force for enlightening the residents of our city about the tactics of Father Coughlin. Your article has been recommended to me by several of my acquaintances, and I have in turn recommended it to others. We all look forward to future coverage of this pressing problem. IRVING GOLD

New York, July 22

Dear Sirs: I have this day sent the letter quoted below to Mayor La Guardia:

"Three of my friends recently returned from a visit to New York and reported to me the prevalence of magazine venders who shout opprobrious epithets, anti-Semitic slogans, and create scenes and near-riots whenever anyone protests such un-American conduct. I was inclined to discount their experiences—although their veracity had never before been questioned—until I read the article by James Wechsler in *The Nation* of July 22, concerning the Coughlin terroristic activities. I am not a Catholic, but most of my Catholic friends agree with me that Coughlin is distinctly a social embarrassment, that he is deliberately fomenting trouble, and that repressive law-enforcement actions should be taken by the city police of New York to prevent the creation of un-American racial hatreds.

"A group of us had planned a visit to the New York World's Fair later this summer, but we now hesitate to make the trip. Not only are we disinclined to witness open exhibitions of medieval barbarism and intolerance, but we do not care to patronize a municipality which permits such incidents to occur and tolerates lax law enforcement by pro-Coughlin police. Unless we can have some assurance of adequate curbing of this open flaunting of American principles, we shall spend our vacation elsewhere." EDNA MITCHELL

Sacramento, July 25

Dear Sirs: Thank you for your enlightening article on the activities of Führer Coughlin in New York. A Philadelphian, I went to New York recently to see the Fair. As a companion and I were strolling along watching the New York crowd a young lady stopped us and asked us to buy a copy of *Social Justice.* Having encountered Coughlin's group in Philadelphia (Station WDAS has been a victim of their pickets for many months), I glanced at the headline, then at the girl, and remarked "What's that—fascist?" I thought I was in a free country but a policeman who stood near by shouted: "What's the matter? Does the shoe pinch?" I retorted that I couldn't see how a paper like that was permitted to be sold in New York. He said that if I got "smart" again he'd turn me in—maybe I'd like that. To tell the truth I was pretty meek and quiet, and I quickened my steps. The cop had me bullied and I got a taste of Germany in my mouth.

In my own city Chestnut Street has been invaded by a group which displays signs reading "Join the Christian Front" and sings hymns while it spreads hate. For months these demonstrations have continued under the protection of the police while Jews, tight-lipped and helpless, watch and pass on. Where are the humanitarians? Where are the great numbers of anti-Coughlinites? Why shouldn't *someone* carry a sign saying "Christ said 'Love thy neighbor as thyself' " or "Christ is love—not hate"? Jewish judges and politicians as well as others have read the signs, heard the propaganda, and hurried along, unwilling to lend their influence to the cause of justice while there is still time.

I hear all about me, "Anti-Semitism cannot happen here." But after hearing General Moseley's report and witnessing the Coughlin inferno getting hotter every day, I'm inclined to believe that not only can anti-Semitism happen here—but it is here. I want to thank you again for giving this picture of fascism in the making in New York. I think La Guardia's home should be swamped with telegrams and letters of protest against his police force who need policing themselves.

BETTY ROBERTS

Philadelphia, July 23

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The Shape of Things

✶

THE RHETORIC OF THE OLD-TIME REVIVAL was mingled with the enthusiasm of a party convention in the meeting of the Young Democrats at Pittsburgh. Senator Josh Lee of Oklahoma declared, "Now is the time to unleash the devil dogs of democracy and set them baying on the Wolf of Wall Street." Paul V. McNutt spoke on "The Meaning of Modern Liberalism," and if the Strong Man of Terre Haute added a little to the confusion already surrounding the term "liberalism," he did show the direction in which the wind is blowing for 1940. When the Kellys, the McNutts, and the Lees are a-whoopin' and a-hollerin' on the Roosevelt band-wagon, one can feel sure that the country is not yet ready for an open turn to the right, and will vote a conservative into office only if he is disguised to look like a liberal. The President, in his own message to the Young Democrats, warned that he would not support the party if it nominated "conservative candidates, or lip-service candidates, on a straddlebug platform." The Young Democrats obviously want Roosevelt for a third term. The danger, if Roosevelt does not run, is that the New Dealers themselves may fall for a "lip-service candidate." We mention no names, but several of them spoke at the Young Democratic convention.

✶

THE SO-CALLED CHRISTIAN MOBILIZERS, AN offshoot of the Coughlin-inspired Christian Front, have moved on to the second stage of their campaign to bring Nazi technique to the sidewalks of New York. Up to a few days ago the Coughlin followers were content to preach race hate in public and at least make a show of doing their stabbing and brawling behind the backs of the police. They have now entered on a program of public rioting and violence. Not satisfied with beating up a heckler at a "Buy Christian" street meeting, the Mobilizers attacked those who objected to the assault and wound up by slashing the face of a police sergeant and cracking the jaw of the police captain who dispersed the meeting because of the "unruliness of the crowd." Two of the Mobilizers were arrested on the spot, and three others were taken in when a mob of 2,000 held an im-

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promptu meeting outside the station house. A strong dose of antiseptic publicity seems to have induced a temporary mildness in Father Coughlin, who has devoted his last two speeches to the farm problem and the virtues of the A. F. of L., but the bitter fruits of his planting are now being gathered in. The editors of the Catholic weekly *America* upbraided us a few weeks ago for criticizing the failure of "the cops of New York, God bless them" to nip this thing in the bud. Now that the police are doing their duty—there has been a marked improvement all around in their handling of the problem—will the editors of *America* continue to bless them and to insist that an attack on Coughlin is an attack on Catholicism? Or will they agree that a person who drops poison in reservoirs is eventually going to be guilty of an unpleasant crime?

✶

M-DAY TAKES ON A STARTLING AND VIVID reality with the appointments announced by the War and Navy departments to the new War Resources Board, and the time for labor and progressive opinion to make itself felt is now, not when and if hostilities begin. For this is a board made up entirely of representatives of big business and their academic mouthpieces. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, has been named chairman of the War Resources Board. The others appointed are Dr. Karl T. Compton, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Walter S. Gifford, head of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; John Lee Pratt, director of General Motors; General Robert E. Wood, chairman of Sears, Roebuck; and Harold G. Moulton, president of the Brookings Institution. Those who will do the work and fight the battles have no voice on the board; only those who will make the profits are represented.

✶

NOTHING COULD DO MORE TO UNDERMINE the Administration's foreign policy than the $13,750,000 cotton credit it has just extended to Franco through the Export-Import Bank. How can Mr. Roosevelt aspire to be the leader of the democratic forces against the axis when he rushes forward to bolster up its Spanish puppet? Our embargo, dutifully imposed at the request of the Catholic church and the British Foreign Office, helped to kill the Spanish Republic, and our money is now to give Franco support at a time when internal unrest and dissension are weakening his regime. The Administration is anxious to keep fascist influences out of Latin America —but steps forward to give financial support to Franco's Spain, the bridge over which the axis powers hope to reach the Spanish-speaking sections of the Western Hemisphere. This policy makes no sense whatever. Is the loan the work of Franco's Wall Street sympathizers or of the well-intrenched Catholic influences in the State Department? Or is this another piece of cooperation with British "appeasement"?

✶

NO ONE—NOT EVEN HENRY G. ALSBERG—has been told exactly why Mr. Alsberg was discharged from the position of director of the WPA Writers' Project. Vague charges of inefficiency were rumored, but not preferred or officially admitted. A considerable public would like to have the facts and have them straight. The dismissal looks too much like a living sacrifice on the altar of Messrs. Dies and Woodrum and the red-baiting forces they represent. Henry Alsberg is no Communist. On the contrary, he has defended freedom of speech and the right of active political opposition against all comers, including the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. But his libertarian beliefs work both ways. As director of the Writers' Project Mr. Alsberg refused to fire workers just because they were radicals—of whatever brand. As a consequence he was himself subjected to unsubstantiated and false accusations of Communist activity in the relief investigation of last May. And now he has been dismissed. He leaves a legacy of which any administrator might be proud. Some 321 publications have emerged from his project, including about 100 books; the state guides alone would justify the project. At this moment 128 publications are on the presses of various publishing houses, and sixty-eight more are almost ready to go to press. For months to come the project will be able to coast along on the work already done under Mr. Alsberg's direction. What will happen at the end of that time remains to be seen. But many millions of citizens in every state will be watching carefully.

✶

IT WILL TAKE WISER HEADS THAN WE HAVE to understand just what the Pope meant in the letter which Cardinal Maglione has sent to Canada. The heart of the letter is in this passage: "Not syndicalism and collaboration of the classes, or the corporative organization, or, in short, a healthy nationalism and a patriotic national education can realize social peace in justice, or the peace of nations, so long as sacrifice is excluded and only strict legality seeks to triumph." It is true that His Holiness is still in large part Mussolini's prisoner and must speak cautiously, even as any other Italian. The passage might be interpreted as approving the corporative state, and the reference to "strict legality" as indorsing axis claims to colonies and *Lebensraum*. On the other hand, the New York *Times* correspondent in Rome finds by implication that this is really an indorsement of democracy, since the Pope is saying that even the corporative state cannot realize "social peace in justice" without sacrifice. If it is an indorsement of democracy,

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it seems rather round-about. His Holiness also seems to think that the fascist powers should do less "demanding," the democratic powers more "renouncing." "More renouncing" spells more Munichs to us. The Vatican's foreign policy remains mysterious; and its weight seems to be thrown in the present European crisis on the side of more "renouncing" on the part of Poland for the benefit of Germany. The fact that Poland is devoutly Roman Catholic while the present German regime is violently anti-Catholic does not make the Vatican's position easier to understand.

✶

NEW EVIDENCE OF THE ANTI-DEMOCRATIC instincts of those now ruling Britain's destinies comes with the decision of the Wholesale News Agents' Federation of England to cease handling the magazine *Time*. This "decision" hardly seems a voluntary one, since *Time* has been popular in England. Curiously enough the British action coincides with that taken by the Italian government, which has banned *Time* from Italy indefinitely because of an article in the issue of July 24 about Countess Edda Ciano, daughter of Mussolini and wife of Italy's Foreign Minister. The article was not unflattering, though it did say that Edda "wore the diplomatic trousers" in the Ciano family and enjoyed the fuss made over her in Nazi official and social circles. It described the Count, no doubt accurately, as "another of those golden lads who liked to hang around the Excelsior and Grand Hotel in Rome, where rich United States heiresses generally stayed." Mussolini's ban on *Time* is understandable; Il Duce followed this action with an order closing the United Press Bureau in Rome and expelling H. R. Ekins, its chief, because the United Press in London reported that Mussolini had had a heart attack. Italy is not a free country, but how free is England? Does the Duce's power extend so far that *Time* is forbidden in Britain as well as Italy? These are questions for English newspapers to answer—before they are gagged, too.

✶

THE PHENOMENON OF FREE PEOPLE GOING voluntarily to live in Nazi Germany has startled many a theorist of the democracies. In the last year the Reich repatriated 30,443 Germans from all over the world; this year the monthly average so far has been 3,800 to 4,000, a majority of them German-Americans. After one year in Germany the Nazi government presses its repatriates to become German citizens once more. Now the American consulates in the Reich are being visited secretly by German-Americans who want to come back to the United States. All of them left the states because they wanted work, thus demonstrating the decisiveness of the job in the average man's life. They wanted work at any price. They got it, more work than they had ever dreamed of, ten, twelve hours a day. And wages too small to live on, let alone to save anything for the wives and children who, in most cases, fortunately were left behind. The promised wages were never forthcoming, and from the nominal wages 25 per cent was deducted for various taxes. Net earnings were just sufficient to keep the workers alive but not to keep them healthy. They could not get used to the food, mainly potatoes, to which the Nazis have conditioned their slaves. The material disappointment, however, is only one side of the picture. Consular officials are shocked by what they call the "German look" which the repatriated quickly acquire, the permanent look of fear. We hope that the American authorities will do everything in their power to hasten the return of the poor devils who in their desire for work tried out the Nazi "paradise." Those who are lucky enough to get back should provide a powerful antidote to the propaganda of the Nazis for a Germany where everyone has a job. But the more serious moral to be drawn from this story is an old one: unless the democracies put men back to work home-grown demagogues will eventually find the tools to construct a fascist "paradise" in America.

✶

HAMILTON FISH, ARDENT ISOLATIONIST, IS scurrying about Europe, presumably to see how this country can best keep out of foreign entanglements. Judging from the comments he has been tossing back across the waters, however, we imagine that Mr. Fish has become fairly entangled in the process. He doesn't think a war is imminent, but he is "appalled by the war psychology" in Britain and France. Betraying the constructive hopes of their brave Munich days, these countries have abandoned themselves to "a defeatist attitude," looking toward a showdown with the dictators. Moreover, Mr. Fish thinks it is the "height of puerility and stupidity" for the United States to have no ambassador in Berlin "in the midst of this world crisis," and he takes umbrage at the objection of Assistant Secretary of State Grady to trading with the totalitarian nations. "They represent one-quarter of the civilized world," he insists; and "it is not their fault that they use the barter system that was forced upon them because they have no foreign exchange" (he did not say they had spent it all on blackjacks). Mr. Fish is still convinced that the United States should mind its own business. But if he were asked to arbitrate the Danzig problem, the Representative conceded, somewhat wistfully, he would do so gladly. And then just to show his qualifications for appeasement, he offered the opinion that "the great danger is that the Communists will provoke an incident in connection with Danzig to unleash war's furies." As we write, Mr. Fish is engaged in a talk with Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop, and he hopes after that to go over the ground with the Führer himself. We would prescribe for Mr. Fish a good dose of isolation.

Crisis Without Climax

ANOTHER week-end has passed without Europe's crisis reaching a climax. There has been no relaxation of tension; the powder barrels are piling higher and higher at Danzig; the fuses are in position. But Hitler has not yet decided to apply the match, and there are indications that if he does take the risk of an explosion, the first blast may be heard in a different part of the continent.

As we go to press, attention is concentrated on the question of what happened at the three-day conference between Count Ciano and von Ribbentrop, in the course of which the Italian Foreign Minister also had an interview with Hitler. The official communiqués from Salzburg have been more than usually reticent, thus naturally encouraging rumors. The fact that the discussions were protracted and that the conferees had to forgo many of the social engagements which had been arranged for them suggests that the two ends of the axis were not in perfect alignment.

Reports from Rome indicate that Mussolini has been putting all possible pressure on Hitler to ward off any decisive action which might bring on war. That is perfectly understandable. Certainly the Italian people do not want to fight to obtain Danzig for Germany. In such a war Italy would have everything to lose and nothing to gain. In a conflict with the Western powers the southern part of the axis would be the flank most open to attack. Behind the *Westwall* Germany would probably be safe from invasion, and its greatest danger would come from blockade, which is a slow weapon. But Italy, despite boasts about the impregnability of its western Alpine defenses, might find its northern plains invaded by the French. Even more probable is the cutting of communications with its African colonies by the Anglo-French fleet and the bottling up of its own navy, leaving its immense coastline exposed.

To say that Mussolini is almost certainly striving to prevent war is not quite the same thing as suggesting that he has become a little angel of peace. No doubt he is willing to help his partner to another Munich, playing the same kind of role as he did last year. (This time, obviously, he is hoping to get the Pope's blessing.) He will be encouraged, no doubt, by an editorial in the London *Times* which, after praising him as a "consistent advocate of peaceful revision of treaties," went on to suggest that the axis powers would find a general readiness to confer among the states interested in a peace settlement provided that a prima facie case for modification of the status quo was made out and any changes made were the result of negotiations and not of force. The editorial reinforces Robert Dell's warning on another page that an effort to create another Munich cannot be ruled out.

Such an outcome of the crisis, however, would only be possible if Poland could be induced to capitulate without firing a shot, and at present there is no sign that this will happen. Under these circumstances it may be necessary for Hitler to divert attention from Danzig by a move toward bloodless victory elsewhere. Through the heavy filter paper of censorship some drops of news have lately trickled from the Danubian countries hinting of developments in that region. There are signs of increased pressure on Hungary, where a feudal-minded government is trying to combine a policy of subservience to Germany internationally with suppression of its domestic Nazis. Its antipathy to the latter is due to their advocacy of land reform, which would destroy the economic basis of the Magyar ruling class. In order to preserve at least part of their power the Horthy-Teleki clique would probably be willing enough to make a deal with Hitler which would turn Hungary into a German protectorate but leave them in local command. It is doubtful, however, whether Berlin is prepared to conclude a bargain of this kind. It may well prefer to nazify Hungary in its own way, perhaps by encouraging a crusade for the recovery of Transylvania from Rumania.

Whether or not a new German move in this direction is imminent, it is certain that the way is being prepared. One interesting angle is the revival of Ukrainian propaganda within the Slovakian protectorate; another is seen in the reports of axis demands on Yugoslavia for transit facilities and economic support in the event of war. Preoccupation with the Danzig problem has diverted attention from other irons that Hitler is heating. It must not be forgotten that Danzig is by no means his only ambition or even his most important one.

Unfit to Print?

ISADOR LUBIN, Commissioner of Labor Statistics in the Department of Labor, has caught the editors of the New York *Times* with their statistical shirttails out. Though the spectacle is not ungratifying, we call attention to it here not from a desire to gloat but because the same statistical errors are likely to be committed elsewhere. The *Times* seems to think that we ought to substitute wage-cutting for pump-priming. In an editorial on August 8 headed In Place of Pump-Priming, it cited figures from an article in the London *Economist* to show that average hourly earnings in American industry rose 23 per cent from 1929 to 1938, while wage rates in Great Britain rose "by less than a third of the American increase." At the same time total pay rolls in this country were 18½ per cent lower in 1938 than in 1929, while in Britain pay rolls were 20 per cent higher. The *Times* suggests that recovery lagged here because wages were too high.

Commissioner Lubin, in a letter published by the *Times* on August 12, points out two fallacies in this familiar argument. The first is a simple one. One cannot compare *average hourly earnings* with *wage rates,* particularly since, as Commissioner Lubin asserts, "by far the greatest proportion of wage-earners in American factories are paid on a piece-work basis." The second fallacy is a more subtle one. It lies in identifying high wages with high production costs. Commissioner Lubin shows that in this country productivity per man hour in manufacturing rose 27 per cent between 1929 and 1935, or more than average hourly earnings. In some plants wage rates are higher than ever before, while unit labor costs are at a new low. Furthermore, Commissioner Lubin says, "under modern conditions of mass production there are many industries in which changes in the rate of mass production are far more significant than changes in wage rates. One need merely cite the case of the steel industry, where the evidence is to the effect that an increase of production from 25 per cent plant capacity to 60 per cent is accompanied by a 35 per cent decline in the man-hours required to produce a gross ton of finished steel products."

It may not be inappropriate at this point to recall that the Federal Trade Commission report to the monopoly inquiry, "Monopoly and Competition in Steel," revealed that the industry's prices were fixed to cover fixed charges and yield a profit when operation was at "less than 40 per cent of capacity." It is clear that if steel output could be enlarged by lowering prices, labor costs in the industry would be vastly reduced without any reduction in wage rates. Production costs can be lowered without lowering wages; often they can be lowered by raising wages and obtaining more efficient work. As for British wage levels, it might be well to remember that our automobile, our radio, our furniture, and our electrical-supply manufacturers would find themselves bankrupt if they had to adjust output to the shrunken markets provided by Britain's low wage levels.

The *Times* shares our high regard for the *Economist.* The *Times* drew its figures from a leading editorial on Laggard Recovery in America in the July 1 issue of the British weekly. But though the *Times* was glad enough to draw ammunition from the piece for an excursion into the economic benefits of wage-cutting, it passed in silence over other sections of the *Economist's* analysis. The *Economist* treated some of the *Times's* own pet theories with scorn. How often has not the *Times* explained that unwise taxation, continued deficits, and a hostile attitude toward business account for the failure of business to recover under the New Deal? The *Economist* thinks it "very unlikely" that these grievances have had a major effect on the volume of investment. As for the continued deficit, "the volume of interest rates . . . would not seem to indicate that the size of Treasury borrowings has either cast doubts on the government's credit or monopolized the supply of credit." "Similarly," the *Economist* declares, "it is difficult to take seriously the allegation that the 'anti-business' attitude of the Administration has prevented much new enterprise, *though it is possible that business is choking of its own bitterness."* The italics are ours.

On with the Show

THE row among the country's entertainers looks at first glance like a super-vaudeville with such headliners as Sophie Tucker and Helen Hayes kidding each other's acts, while William Green, in character, scratches his head before the greatest alphabetical puzzle since the early days of the New Deal.

We'll try to make it clear. The Four A's stands for Associated Actors and Artistes of America; it is affiliated with the A. F. of L. and is the parent body of the various unions of performers whose initials run from A. F. A. to S. A. G. The charter of the A. F. A., American Federation of Actors, made up of variety, night-club, and circus players, was revoked by the Four A's after a trial in which the officers of the A. F. A. were charged with mingling the relief funds of the union with its general funds. Sophie Tucker, president, and Ralph Whitehead, executive secretary of the A. F. A., who is the center of the present storm, walked out on the trial during a minor riot. The Four A's, having expelled the A. F. A., chartered a new union, the A. G. V. A., American Guild of Variety Artists, to take its place. The A. F. A., however, flouting the discipline of its parent body, accepted a charter from the I. A. T. S. E., the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, the stagehands' union, which has long had its eye on the performers. At this all the performers' unions dashed into the headlines. The Four A's threatened to leave the A. F. of L., presumably for a better alphabetical hole, the C. I. O. And its affiliated unions also declared war on the "raid" of the stagehands' union. At least two of them, the Actors' Equity Association and the American Federation of Radio Artists, suspended Sophie Tucker, who in her infinite variety belongs to several unions. Sophie, out of loyalty to Mr. Whitehead, went with him to the I. A. T. S. E. Helen Hayes "spanked" Sophie in an open letter, and *Variety* advised her to "come home." Meanwhile an air force from Hollywood made up of stars from the Screen Actors' Guild, another affiliate of the Four A's, swooped down on Mr. Green in their flying machine and demanded that the executive council uphold the Four A's in its right to discipline an affiliate, and forbid the "raid" of I. A. T. S. E.

As we go to press, no autograph hunters have been injured, and an A. F. of L. committee is trying to devise a

compromise. The I. A. T. S. E. seems ready to withdraw if the A. F. A. is reinstated and Mr. Whitehead somehow taken care of. Mingling union funds, say the old business agents, is a common practice, and Mr. Whitehead has not been proved guilty of any dishonesty. They have even gone so far as to suggest a referendum of the A. F. A. rank and file, which has not yet been consulted by anybody.

There are hints that this new episode in the battle of the stagehands and the "artistes" may be settled soon. For our part we feel as if we had spent a week taking tests from an oculist and we'd like to be excused. We plan to go A. W. O. L.

[*Freda Kirchwey's column will be resumed in the issue of September 2, when she returns from her vacation.*]

So Roosevelt Got a Licking

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, August 14

NOW that the commotion is over and the dust has settled, it isn't quite so clear who won the big fight in the first session of the Seventy-sixth Congress. The tory coalition got the newspaper decision all right, but it begins to look as if Roosevelt collected the long end of the purse. Certainly the joyous editorial announcements that the New Deal was over, that Roosevent's prestige had been destroyed, and that the conservatives would now run the country their own way were, to say the least, premature. The fact is that Roosevelt emerged from the mêlée with more political power and strategic advantages than he took into it.

Some of the coalition leaders are beginning to feel the backwash of their excesses. They wish they hadn't won quite so handily or quite so much. They are on a hot spot and they know it.

Now for the first time the President is in a position to hold the coalitionists responsible for what happens to business at home and to peace abroad. He has called them gamblers, betting on peace and prosperity. He knows, and they know, that they have two bad bets. And they stand to lose their political pants on either one. There can be no doubt this time about responsibility. Always before, the coalitionists have forced Roosevelt to modify his policies and accept blame for the consequences. They were at their best when they were almost but not quite winning, as in 1937, when their growing power made it necessary to cut down on government spending. The recession resulted, but it was Roosevelt's recession, not theirs.

If, as a result of the new relief bill, the country sees an exhibition of suffering and dangerous unrest—as it almost certainly will—the Woodrum gang will get the blame. If Hitler feels freer to kick Poland around than he felt before the Senate refused to pass Roosevelt's neutrality bill—as he probably does—Hiram Johnson, William E. Borah (who knew more about conditions abroad than the State Department), and Gerald P. Nye will have to accept full responsibility. If business gets bruised next year because the cushion provided by the lending bill has been removed while relief expenditures are curtailed—as it inevitably will—the tory leaders of the House will get the thanks in reverse. If the country resents a slackening in the popular slum-clearance program of the United States Housing Authority—as it will when the time comes—the conservative leaders of Congress will feel the brickbats.

Roosevelt's tactics since adjournment have not been calculated to raise the spirits of the brighter coalitionists. His analysis of the situation at his first Hyde Park press conference after Congress went home showed very clearly that he was going to make the most of the conservative victories. His figure of speech in explaining the defeated lending program—Congress pushing business over a precipice—was particularly apt and ominous. Unless Congress corrects its mistake at the next session, as it may by approving a new Public Works Administration program, a 1940 slump is as certain as the sunrise.

As matters stand, the tories have only one hope for political salvation—that business actually will buck up, get some of the "confidence" so much talked about, and produce a boom. That is what the coalition leaders confidently predicted would happen if they licked the New Deal. It is a forlorn hope. Even business men admit this.

Supporters of the theory that all that business needs is confidence cling to their simple formula with a tenacity that is almost touching. There is pathos in the position of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, which hailed the Congressional revolt as an invitation for return of business confidence and then demonstrated the depth of their own confidence by folding up another property, the Buffalo *Times*. There was irony in the reports of the United Press, the Scripps-Howard wire service, on its search for the business confidence that was to follow the revolt against Roosevelt. "Confidence?" in effect said business leaders interviewed by the United Press. "Oh, yes, to be sure. Yes, indeed. Congress has given us great

confidence. But we don't expect a boom. No, we don't even expect much of a boomlet. In fact, we can't have much confidence until Roosevelt is out of the White House." Walter I. Beam, executive vice-president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, who was among those interviewed, had confidence inspired by Congress, but added, "One cause of optimism—rather a negative one—is the fact that Congress has adjourned." Wonderful are the ways of confidence.

Roy Howard's reporters can tell business it has confidence, but business doesn't believe them. Indeed, business cannot get confidence from its victory in Congress because business is not a thinking organism. Business is like an amoeba, which reacts to chemical changes in the water surrounding it. What business reacts to is profits and the hope of profits. Reduction in relief spending and curtailment of government investments, cutting into purchasing power as they will, are not going to enhance the prospects for profits. Ergo, these acts of Congress are not going to stimulate business. It just isn't in the cards that business will pick up during the next year with government spending scheduled for the ax.

The anti-New Dealers, with no program except their nostalgia for the laissez faire economy which is gone forever, are not in an enviable position. At last they have got themselves into a predicament where they can't help being shown up. The Young Democrats' convention at Pittsburgh was the pay-off. Roosevelt's message announcing that he would not support a reactionary in 1940 took it by storm. Despite the efforts of former Congressman John O'Connor and the Garner crowd to disrupt the meeting, it was a Roosevelt show from the start. If they had not known it before, Democrats know now that the Democratic nomination without Roosevelt's indorsement won't be worth having. The nonsensical "return to fundamentals" by Congress, unless all portents are wrong, will have given Roosevelt as much power in 1940 as he had in 1936. He's due for the same terrible licking the tories gave him in the *Literary Digest* poll.

Will There Be War?

BY ROBERT DELL

Paris, August 4

AN ENGLISH friend of mine, well known in America, said in a letter that I received from him a few days ago: "The black crisis for England and France is timed for August, and the age of miracles for Old England is past." This has been a pretty general opinion for some little time on both sides of the English Channel, and perhaps the very fact that a crisis this month is so generally expected is a reason for doubting whether the expectation will turn out to have been justified. In the past, wars and international crises have more often arrived when they were least expected than at dates fixed for them in advance. Hitler in particular has hitherto usually surprised the world. It is, however, possible that there will be a crisis in August and extremely probable that August and September will be decisive months. If we reach the month of October without war or a major crisis, it will be fairly safe to assume that there will be no war this year. Indeed, one might almost go farther than that and say that the danger of war will then be over for some time to come, for it seems to me that Hitler will have to make up his mind within the next two months whether or not to take the risk of war. Time, as Louis Fischer said in *The Nation* of July 22, is not on the side of the fascist powers, and perhaps 1939 is the last year for Germany to start a war with the smallest chance of success. I should say that if Hitler should decide to act, the time he would be most likely to choose would be immediately after the Nazi Congress, which will be held at Nürnberg September 2-11, but this is a matter of pure speculation. Nobody knows what will happen, perhaps not even Hitler himself. The fact that he has not already acted suggests that he has not yet definitely decided to take the plunge.

Hitler has no doubt been given pause by the consequences of his action of March 15, which he must now realize was a blunder and an unnecessary one, for he could have got complete control of Bohemia and Moravia without annexing them. The blunder was excusable, since he knew in advance that the British and French governments would do nothing to prevent the annexation, and he had no doubt been assured by his usual English and French informants that all would be well. Neville Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons on March 15 clearly showed that he was prepared to condone the final destruction of Czechoslovakia and to continue his policy of appeasement in spite of it, and Hitler had no reason to expect the reaction of opinion in England, even in the Conservative Party, which presented Chamberlain with the alternative of changing his policy or resigning. The bitterness of Hitler's resentment at having been let down by his English friends has found vent in the violent anti-British campaign of the German press.

For my part, I am convinced that Hitler does not wish to precipitate a European war if he can help it, and I am not alone in that conviction. It has always been my opinion that any of Hitler's acts of aggression could have been stopped without war by a firm stand on the part of the British and French governments. It is my opinion now that if Hitler becomes convinced that any direct or indirect aggression on his part will mean war with England, France, Russia, and Poland, he will refrain. It has interested me to find that both these opinions are shared by an English newspaperman who has been for several years a correspondent in Berlin, and who says that most of the foreign correspondents and diplomats in Berlin think the same.

There is, however, too much reason to believe that Hitler is not yet convinced that Chamberlain has dropped appeasement or that the British will fight for Danzig or Poland. Many other people are not convinced. Nearly everybody coming from Central Europe believes that Hitler will annex Danzig and that Poland will not start the fighting because the Poles cannot, after Prague, rely on England and France. I hope that this is a mistake, but I am not sure that it is, nor am I at all sure that the Poles would not start the fighting. They themselves say that they will fight. They even say that we must not be surprised if Poland takes action brusquely. It is impossible to have any confidence in Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, who has a great responsibility for the present situation in Danzig. When Mr. Lester, now deputy secretary-general of the League of Nations, was High Commissioner of the League in Danzig and was trying to prevent the Danzig Senate from violating the constitution of the Free City, Beck was to a large extent responsible for the failure of the League Council to back him. Beck flatly refused to fulfil the obligation of the Polish government to send Polish troops into Danzig to preserve order if the High Commissioner asked for them, and it was at Beck's suggestion that Lester was appointed to his present post and that a Swiss gentleman with strong pro-Nazi sympathies was sent to Danzig in his place. It is by no means certain, however, that Marshal Rydz-Smigly would give way, even if Beck were willing to.

In my opinion Hitler will not risk war for Danzig alone. If he acts in Danzig, it will be either because he believes that he can act without risking war or because he has made up his mind that it is a question of now or never for Germany and that he must risk war or abandon the hope of achieving his aims in Eastern Europe. The latter hypothesis seems to me improbable, for Hitler must know that, if Poland went to war, England and France and also Russia would be drawn in, whether Neville Chamberlain liked it or not. It would be impossible for the British and French governments openly to violate their engagements to Poland, just as it would have been impossible for the French government openly to violate the treaty of alliance with Czechoslovakia if the Czechoslovak government had resisted German aggression. It is much more likely that Hitler may count on a successful repetition in the case of Poland of the British and French policy in regard to Czechoslovakia. There are persistent rumors that Chamberlain and his friends are bringing pressure on Poland to come to an agreement with Germany about Danzig. In the House of Commons on July 31 Chamberlain was pressed by Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal leader, to make "a clear, firm, and spirited declaration" on the subject of resistance to aggression. Naturally he did not respond to the invitation. In regard to Danzig Chamberlain said that his statement in the House of Commons on July 10 "was in clear and unmistakable terms" and that anything he could add to it would do nothing to strengthen it. The statement of July 10 did, indeed, make it clear and unmistakable that the British government would fight for Danzig only if the Polish government considered that any action that Hitler might take was a threat to the independence of Poland and acted accordingly. The whole onus of taking the initiative was thrown on Poland. Chamberlain has never said and will not say what, as Low suggested in a recent cartoon, he ought to say, namely, "We shall fight" in the event of any attempt by Germany to change the status of the Free City.



Courtesy *l'Humanite*

Prime Minister Chamberlain

Hitler has counted hitherto on the unwillingness of England and France to fight, and he has always been right. The danger is that he may count on it once too often and that England and France may be obliged by Poland to fight. The probability is that, as Winston Churchill said in the House of Commons on August 2, we are on the eve of "a supreme trial of will-power"—that the immediate purpose of the vast military preparations in Germany and the concentration of troops on several parts of the German frontier is intimidation. Hitler's probable intention is, as the diplomatic correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* said on August 2, to test the steadfastness of England, France, and Poland, particularly of Poland. If Poland shows any signs of giving way, the Danzig Senate will ask Hitler to incorporate the territory of the Free City in the Reich, and Hitler will consent. The question in the last resort is whether Poland has enough confidence in England and France to resist. If, on the other hand, Hitler really makes

up his mind to precipitate a European war, which I still think improbable, he will annex Danzig to make it a base for military operations against the Polish Corridor. Hitler is no doubt trying to obtain the cooperation of Hungary in the event of war, but it is not certain that he will succeed. He might offer the Hungarians Slovakia, which they want, but at the present moment Slovakia has been drained by Germany to such an extent and is consequently so impoverished that it would not be an economic and financial asset, and the Hungarians would be foolish to accept the bribe. Moreover, if they have any sense, they ought to recognize that Hitler will not finally abandon his control of Slovakia and that if that country were annexed to Hungary he would sooner or later extend his control to Hungary itself. They might perhaps be more tempted by the prospect of recovering Transylvania from Rumania.

It would be foolish to deny that Hitler has some ground for believing that he can get Danzig without war. The adjournment of the British Parliament until October 3 gives Chamberlain a free hand during the two critical months, and the debate and vote in the House of Commons on August 2 show that many of his own supporters are as uneasy as the Liberal and Labor opposition about the use that he may make of it. In the debate half a dozen members belonging to the government majority joined Mr. Churchill in supporting the Liberal and Labor demand that the House should meet again on August 21, and in the division about forty ministerialists abstained. Chamberlain was so much irritated by the evident lack of confidence in him that he completely lost his temper, and his speech was extremely bitter. Yet his attitude fully justifies the distrust. The Hudson-Wohlthat incident was sufficiently disquieting, for nobody believes the story that Hudson acted on his own initiative without Chamberlain's knowledge or consent and there is every reason to believe that the author of the "peace plan" he suggested was Sir Horace Wilson, Chamberlain's confidential adviser.

Proposals on similar lines have been floating about in both England and France for some time past, and before March 15 an influential group of French big business men was actually carrying on secret negotiations with a similar group in Germany, with the encouragement, if not of Daladier, at any rate of certain other important members of the French government. The proposals of the French big business men went farther than the Hudson-Wohlthat plan—so much farther that they amounted to a close commercial and economic union between France and Germany, with an anti-British tendency. At the very moment that Hitler entered Prague a delegation of the British Federation of Industry was in Berlin with the approval of the British government, and the government itself was on the point of sending Hudson to Germany to discuss a commercial agreement. Apart from the childishness of the plan suggested by Hudson to Wohlthat—among other things Germany was asked to surrender Bohemia and Moravia in return for a loan—any sort of peace proposal to Germany at the present moment was, as the *Economist* justly said, a grave blunder, for it could not fail to be taken in Germany as a sign of weakening on the part of the British government, as in fact it was. It also gave the German press the opportunity of protesting with righteous indignation against the suggestion that Germany could be bought.

The peroration of Chamberlain's speech in the House of Commons on July 31 showed that he has not abandoned the policy of appeasement. Bad feeling between nations, he said, "was fomented daily by poisonous propaganda in the press and by other means." He could not help feeling that "if only this war of words could be halted and if, in addition, some action could be taken which would tend to restore the confidence of the people in the peaceful intentions of all the states of Europe, there was no question that could not be and should not be solved by peaceful discussion." And he added in conclusion: "I believe that that great fundamental truth is beginning to get down to the minds of rulers and peoples alike. It is on that belief that I base my hope that we may yet find a way to escape from the present nightmare and come once again into the sunlight of peace."

Unfortunately, not all the states of Europe have peaceful intentions, and the question at issue cannot be solved by peaceful discussion since it is simply whether or not Germany is to be allowed to expand territorially at the expense of other countries. Did Mr. Chamberlain mean to suggest that we should peacefully discuss how much of other people's territory Herr Hitler is to be allowed to annex?

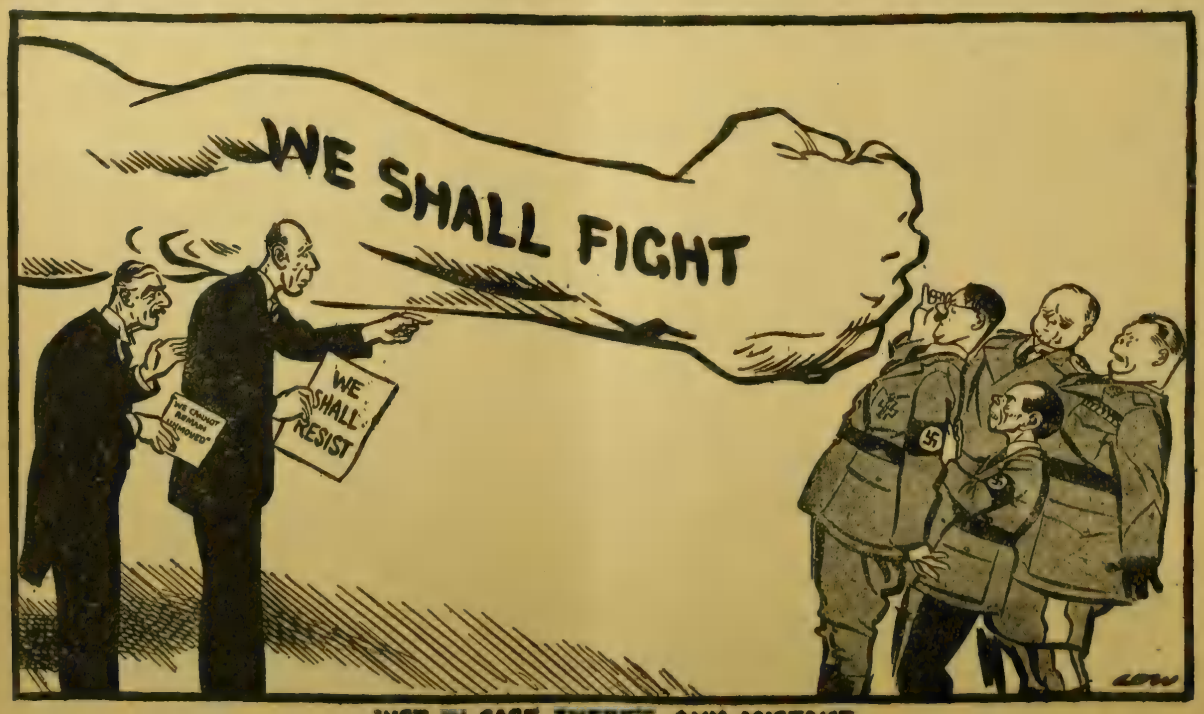
On July 31 Chamberlain said that some of the reports in the press about the militarization of Danzig were exaggerated, that the situation there "did not cause undue concern," and that the Polish government could be trusted "to continue to exercise a wise and statesmanlike restraint." On August 3 Lord Halifax said in the House of Lords that the government was fully alive to the possible repercussion of conditions in Danzig upon the future of European peace and that in general he could not "encourage anyone to feel complacent about the situation in which the world finds itself." On the same day, however, Sir Thomas Inskip, Secretary for the Dominions, speaking at a political garden party at Oban in Scotland, declared that he had "good reason" for saying that "war is not only not inevitable but it is unlikely." There does not seem to be complete agreement among the members of the British government. It is at least possible that Chamberlain and Inskip are more optimistic than Halifax because they intend to see to it that Poland continues to "exercise restraint" whatever Hitler may do.

I do not say that there is going to be a Polish Munich, but I do say that the possibility of one cannot be excluded, although the Polish government may prove more difficult to deal with than the Czechoslovak government was. No one can prophesy.

In Paris too there is a certain optimism in official quarters. An important member of the French Cabinet expressed the opinion in private nearly three months ago that there would be no war this year, but he based his opinion on the ground that Hitler knew that a war would end in the defeat of Germany and that he would not risk it if the alliance with Russia were made. Daladier's decision to postpone the French general election for two years suggests that he does not expect war in the near future. The excuse for the postponement—that an election campaign is undesirable in view of the present international situation—is a flimsy one, for the election would not have taken place until next April or May in any case, and the campaign would certainly not have been begun this side of Christmas. If Daladier had believed that war was imminent, there would have been no point in postponing the general election until 1942, for in the event of war the election would be postponed by general consent. It seems to me, therefore, that the probable reason for Daladier's taking this action now in spite of strong opposition is that he thinks that there is not going to be war in the near future and that, if he waited, he would not have the slightest excuse for postponement. If I am right, the question arises why he does not anticipate war. I am assured by people who ought to know that Daladier is now sincerely determined on a firm policy toward Germany, but his past record is not one to inspire confidence.

There was an allusion to the Moscow negotiations in Chamberlain's speech of August 2 which was not reassuring. A Labor member, Gordon Macdonald (not a relative of the late Prime Minister), had suggested that if the House of Commons continued in session for three weeks there would be a better chance of obtaining at last the Russian agreement. Chamberlain said sarcastically, "We should no doubt be three weeks nearer an agreement," and called Macdonald's attention to an official communiqué from Moscow which, in Chamberlain's opinion, did not suggest that an agreement was near. The communiqué in question had merely said that the Soviet government still insisted that there should be no loophole in the formula adopted concerning indirect aggression, and that the formula proposed by the British government left such a loophole. The loophole is probably of the same nature as that in the statement about Danzig made by the British Prime Minister in the House of Commons on July 10.

To sum up, the situation is full of uncertainty, and the next two months will be anxious ones. There would be less reason for anxiety if the control of British policy were not still in the hands of a man of mediocre intelligence, blind obstinacy, and inordinate vanity, who is the instrument of people much cleverer than himself and who believes himself to be the chosen instrument of God and therefore incapable of making a mistake.



JUST IN CASE THERE'S ANY MISTAKE

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

One-Third Ill Fed

BY LESLIE EPSTEIN

"ONE-THIRD of a nation ill fed"—the phrase threw a spotlight on an appalling condition in the United States. But it was an understatement. Malnutrition affects from one-third to one-half of our population, and with its consequences—the deficiency diseases of rickets, "working-class" anemia, and pellagra, and lessened resistance to all disease—is one of our most urgent social problems. Not only manual workers but large numbers of farmers and white-collar workers live on a diet inadequate to maintain health. This fact has been determined by recent nutritional investigations which have analyzed the principal food requirements of the body and the exact composition of various foodstuffs. They reveal the gap between what should be eaten and what is eaten.

What is an adequate diet? It is one that "will give rise to that state of health which cannot be bettered by food alone." In other words, it is an *optimum* diet. (Unfortunately, not all expert studies have been done on this basis, which is probably the chief reason why their results vary. Investigation on the basis of a minimum diet is very difficult.) Such a diet must not only satisfy hunger but meet the qualitative needs of the body. A man needs carbohydrates, fats, and proteins to give him energy, but he also needs "protective foods" to keep his body in top working order. This is primarily the function of the vitamins, the minerals, and the "first-class" proteins, that is, proteins derived from animal and dairy sources. The main energy-giving foods are bread, potatoes, and sugar, while the main protective foods are milk, eggs, fruits, and vegetables. Experts agree in the main on the approximate quantities of these foodstuffs needed by the body. Thus it is possible to construct specimen adequate diets, price them, and then determine by investigation how many people can and do purchase such a decent dietary. The results of many such investigations show that a great number of our people go hungry—in nutritional jargon, their calorific intake is insufficient—but that the trouble with a far greater number is that they don't get the proper "protective" foods. These foods are not luxuries for the body; they are necessities, since without them many diseases and conditions of ill-health develop. But the average man's pocket-book makes him regard them as luxuries. This is the main source of the trouble.

There are several ways to find out about the diets of populations, and they have all been explored pretty thoroughly. One method is to construct a healthful diet and then determine what percentage of the population earns enough money to be able to buy it. The Bureau of Home Economics in Washington has constructed a diet to meet human food requirements as cheaply as possible, and in 1936 the WPA determined the cost of this diet in the retail market. Then the Bureau of Labor Statistics studied the incomes of all families in certain cities scattered over the country and calculated the number of families which could afford the diet. The results showed that "one-third of the white families and almost all the Negro families were too poor to purchase the WPA maintenance diet." The situation in a few regionally typical cities is as follows:

PERCENTAGE OF FAMILIES WITH ANNUAL INCOMES IN 1935-36 INSUFFICIENT TO PURCHASE WPA MAINTENANCE DIET

City	*White Families*	*Negro Families*
Columbus, Ohio	29.2	78.4
Mobile, Ala.	38.8	92.3
Atlanta, Ga.	34.4	89.6
Chicago, Ill.	37.0	....
Portland, Ore.	39.8	....

A second way to investigate the problem is to determine the amount of money spent on food each year, and then see if an adequate diet could have been purchased with that sum. This has been done for wage-earners and low-salaried clerical workers by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, using as its basis the "adequate diet at minimum cost" of the Bureau of Home Economics. The results for 1936, not a depression year, are as follows:

PERCENTAGE OF FAMILIES WITH ANNUAL FOOD EXPENDITURE TOO SMALL TO ENABLE THE PURCHASE OF AN "ADEQUATE DIET AT MINIMUM COST"

(From League of Nations Report on Nutrition and Health)
All Figures for 1936

City	*White Families*	*Negro Families*
Baltimore, Md.	32.0	75.7
Pittsburgh, Pa.	32.4	61.9
New York, N. Y.	12.7	36.0
Birmingham, Ala.	43.1	84.2
Mobile, Ala.	49.3	87.2
St. Louis, Mo.	23.2	53.8
San Francisco, Cal.	14.1	....
New Orleans, La.	32.4	69.9

The actual proportion of defective diets was probably somewhat higher than the figures indicate because many

families are less skilful than the Bureau of Home Economics in apportioning their food expenditures.

A third method is to study the actual food consumed by a number of families and determine its adequacy. Since it is a direct method, the results should be even more accurate than those of other systems. A group of 897 families was covered by the Bureau of Home Economics on the basis of figures collected by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The figures showed that only 29 per cent of the families had what was considered an optimum diet, that 45 per cent had diets teetering on the border line between sufficiency and insufficiency, and that 29 per cent had definitely inadequate diets. Thus three-quarters of the families studied—they were all wage-earners and low-salaried clerical workers—had less than optimum diets. A study made by the Children's Bureau in 1934 found that in a group of poor families 20 per cent were eating only bread, beans, and potatoes—with cabbage once a week for a luxury.

The situation varies of course with the times. From 1931 to 1933 the basic minimum of food was beyond the reach not only of almost all workers on relief but of large numbers of employed workers in the lowest income ranges. Nor is diet essentially better among farmers and farm workers. In 1936 the Bureau of Home Economics, basing its work on figures collected between 1917 and 1932, concluded that "the incidence of malnutrition is as least as great in rural as in industrial districts."

It is thus quite clear that large sections of our population are not getting proper food. What happens? Many get sick, developing as the most obvious consequences of malnutrition the so-called "deficiency diseases." These are diseases which are known to be caused by the lack of some specific dietary necessity. Only a few examples need be cited. In 1933 some four thousand people in the Southern states died of pellagra because their diet consisted almost entirely of hominy, corn bread, and syrup, and such a diet did not supply enough nicotinic acid to keep their nervous systems intact. (It is worth noting that another Georgia, that of the U. S. S. R., was also formerly a pellagra area, but the disease was wiped out there when protective foods became more generally available.)

Another group of deficiency diseases is caused by lack of vitamin D and calcium. One of these is rickets, which is widespread in our population. In 1921, 75 per cent of the children of New York City showed signs of it, and a study of Connecticut school children found evidence of rickets in 83 per cent. Dental decay, also due to lack of milk and other sources of vitamin D, is extremely widespread, and may have such serious after-effects as heart disease, arthritis, and osteomyelitis. Many pregnant mothers suffer from calcium lack. A study made of 600 pregnant women, of whom one-half suffered from muscular weakness and pain, disclosed that their symptoms were promptly relieved in almost all cases when they were given milk, cod-liver oil, or some other source of calcium and vitamin D. One of the common results of rickets in girls is contracted pelvis, a condition which makes the birth of children difficult. This structural defect is a very important cause of infant and maternal mortality. All in all, the lack of calcium and vitamin D is so widespread, and its effects are so devastating, that it is perhaps our most important food deficiency. Yet to avoid the diseases which result from it, it is only necessary to eat eggs, cod-liver oil, or milk (summer milk or irradiated winter milk).

Only one more common deficiency disease need be mentioned here, namely, "working-class" anemia. This is caused by the lack of iron, which is found in meat, eggs, and vegetables. In Warrentown, Pennsylvania, 25 per cent of the school children were found to have anemia, and it is common in pregnant women owing to the increased demand for iron during the period of childbearing. Of course the United States has no monopoly on these diseases: 70 per cent of London's working-class women show some degree of nutritional anemia; 87 per cent of London's school children show signs of rickets; and 80 per cent of them have bad teeth.

Other serious consequences of an improper diet are general ill-health and impairment of population growth. In 1933 one-third of the school children of New York had clinical malnutrition. Children's heights and weights often vary directly with the incomes of their families. In 1932 unemployed families had a 48 per cent higher sickness rate than completely employed families, and "depression poor" had 73 per cent more illness than people with a "comfortable" income. Obviously, not all this illness was due to malnutrition, but it seems fair to conclude that a large percentage of it was caused directly or indirectly by lack of proper food. Bad housing is an important cause of ill-health because of the low level of sanitation, the overcrowding, the bad ventilation, the insects and rats, and the increased number of accidents and fires in slums, but it is important to realize that an improvement in housing without an improvement in diet is an inadequate, indeed a dangerous, health measure. If a higher rent must be paid in the new house, more harm than good will be done. M'Gonigle and Kirby found in Stockton-on-Tees, in England, that a group of slum dwellers who moved into a new housing project actually had more illness than the control group which had been left behind in the old slums. Investigation of this surprising fact showed that the rent had been increased in the new homes, and the money for this increase could only come out of the food budget. Even the respiratory diseases, commonly supposed to be caused by bad housing conditions, have been shown to be at least

partially due to the lowered resistance induced by malnutrition.

It is commonly believed that malnutrition is due to ignorance, that the working-class housewife doesn't know what to cook or how to cook it. Thus the Bishop of Ipswich wrote: "I think you are mistaken that there are 13,000,000 people underfed [in England]. On the contrary, the number is extremely small, and for the most part it is their own fault because their money is unwisely spent." But many studies have demonstrated that the Bishop is wrong. The British Medical Association has stated that "the average housewife does purchase a physiologically satisfactory diet *if she has adequate purchasing power*" (italics mine), and the United States Bureau of Home Economics says that "the inferior composition of diets obtained by lower income groups is largely necessitated by the exigencies of the price system." According to Bachrach, "some improvement [in diet] could be brought about by educational methods, but a far greater improvement would result from securing that all who serve the community by working are so remunerated as to make adequate expenditure on food possible for all."

A study by Ruby McOdell in America indicates that education will help to some extent, but one hears a lot of loose talk about how much it will help. Certainly every section of the population should be made conscious of the necessity for including milk, eggs, fruits, and vegetables in their diet. But the basic problem is one of wages and prices. "Look after the availability of food, and nutrition will take care of itself," said Lord Horder in Parliament. It is as simple and as complex as that. Look after production and employment, look after the social system, and you will cut the deeply penetrating roots of malnutrition.

Meanwhile there are smaller urgent jobs to be done. An immediate program should include at least the following points:

1. Supply free milk to all school children, and provide inexpensive milk for the whole population, especially for pregnant women and children in working-class homes.
2. Extend cheap or free hot noon meals in the schools.
3. Disseminate information on nutrition, and coordinate all the agencies attempting to deal with the problem.

It has been impossible, in the space of this article, to give a complete picture of malnutrition in America, to document assertions, or to consider all the complex problems which the subject raises. The two best sources of information are the League of Nations Report on Nutrition and the United States government publications called "Health and Depression Studies." The latter are part of a cooperative undertaking of various federal departments which have studied the living standards of 380,000 families in the United States.

America's Best-lighted City

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

ONCE a year for some time back there has come out of the West a paper-bound book that makes as exciting reading for some people as any swift-paced detective yarn. It's the story of the fight of the rank and file for possession of their own, and unlike most stories of that sort, it marches triumphantly from one instalment to another. It is the Annual Report of the Department of Lighting of the City of Seattle, Washington.

The current instalment tells of both triumph and tragedy. "America's best-lighted city" is not content with that proud title but goes on to extend the uses of electricity. Goes on under new leadership, however, for Ross of Seattle died last spring.

Sentiment is mingled with the cold statistics of performance in this last report, which opens with a long poem in memory of James Delmage Ross, who in 1904, as electrical engineer of Seattle, set out to make his city a glowing yardstick for the public ownership and operation of electric power. The bespectacled, kind-faced fighter, whom President Roosevelt called one of America's most useful citizens, had the rare satisfaction, before he died at the age of sixty-seven, of knowing that his youthful dream was coming to realization in concrete wedged into solid granite across a hurrying river, in the unanswerable figures of service rendered, in a magnificent mountain countryside salvaged for the people's pleasure along the hydroelectric development. Seattle and the nation will sorely miss Ross, but there is an enduring monument to his memory in the Skagit River transmission system, which brings light to the city from water falling over the Diablo and Gorge dams.

Any way you look at it, economically, politically, aesthetically, the Seattle publicly owned set-up has private enterprise licked. Last year's revenues from the city-owned plant were $5,859,973, an increase of $152,093 over 1937. Last year 97,431 customers used 439,541,000 kilowatt hours at an average rate of 2.49 cents per kwh.

Small residential consumers of city power in Seattle use an average of 106 kilowatt hours a month, or 1,272 a year. The average rate of privately owned plants in the United States is 4.39 cents, and the average consumption is 66 kilowatt hours a month, or 792 a year.

Seattle politics generally are no better than they should be, but a local politician would be monkeying with a particularly dangerous buzz-saw if he tried to touch the lighting system. Ross's fight against private interests for the ownership of the Skagit is a part of Seattle folklore not forgotten by consumers there. It was education for democracy, material for a Pare Lorentz picture that could teach the rest of us how to handle our power pirates.

"On the Skagit River, in the Cascade Mountains, 125 miles northeast of Seattle," the report tells us, "the city is developing step by step, as its needs for current dictate, a hydroelectric power project that will ultimately produce nearly 3,000,000,000 kilowatt hours annually, from three generating stations with an aggregate capacity of 1,120,000 horse-power." But whereas a privately owned utility erecting dams or transmission lines lays waste its right of way with no concern for the natural beauties, Seattle does differently. Along with the engineers and the blasting gangs go foresters and nurserymen and florists to see that the country around the dams is not despoiled. And that Skagit River country is breath-takingly beautiful. Last year during the summer months close to a thousand visitors a week took the two-day trip up the Skagit. They traveled on the city railroad, sailed on Diablo Lake on the city steamer Alice Ross, slept in city-owned camps, and ate three square meals at a total cost of $4.05 per person. As the report explains, "Visitors are mostly patrons of the Seattle Department of Lighting who have already paid their share of the support of the institution through their light and power bills. The $4.05 charge is therefore only slightly above the cost of the trip. So great is the rush of the people that no attempt is made to advertise the trips by newspaper or radio. The only advertising is by word of mouth of those who have been there and returned to sing its praises."

"All very fine," says the spokesman for the privately owned utility, "but what about taxes? Who is paying for all this? Isn't it true that the low rates of Seattle are possible because the city-owned light company pays no taxes into either the state or local treasury?"

The answer is on page 97. Put that page from the report in your hat and take it out and read it to the next weeping Wendell Willkie you meet, moaning about "socialist, subsidized, tax-free Seattle light." It says that "in 1938 City Light paid out $579,268, or 9.9 per cent of its total operating revenue, in direct and indirect taxes and in outright contributions to government. It has never in its entire history received one cent of subsidy from the general fund or out of taxes."

One item included in the Seattle statement and ostentatiously ignored in the arguments of the Willkies is the contribution to the cost of street lighting made by City Light. On the basis of rates for street, school, and public-building lighting charged in cities with privately owned systems, City Light saved the taxpayers of Seattle $500,000 in 1938. Such saving is often overlooked even by the advocates of municipal ownership. A recent consumers' survey made in the privately owned, high-rate New Jersey territory dominated by the Public Service Corporation showed that taxes paid by Public Service to municipalities were more than offset by revenue derived from street and public-building lighting at exorbitant rates. The often-repeated argument that private enterprise could do as well as public if the latter were forced to pay taxes falls flat as far as Seattle is concerned, and it is probable that an investigation of other communities where municipal ownership is under fire would bring out compensatory factors in public lighting to confound the tax-howlers.

When Superintendent Ross and his ally, Mayor Hiram C. Gill, set out to harness the turbulent Skagit in 1917, they had in mind more than just lighting Seattle's homes. City Light had brought the first carload of electric ranges to town as early as 1912. Today Seattle has more electric ranges in use than any other American city regardless of size. Seattle home-owners are heating their water by electricity at the cost of but three-quarters of a cent a kilowatt hour. "Today," says the report, "the family with an electric range, water heater, and refrigerator, together with small appliances and good lighting, uses around 4,000 kilowatt hours per year." (You will remember that the national average for private power consumption is 792 kilowatt hours.) In the well-to-do Broadmoor district of Seattle the consumption is averaging 7,000 kilowatt hours a year, a use of electricity so much greater than the average consumption reported from any other city that Broadmoor has become a mark for every municipal manager to aim at. But Broadmoor is simply following the rule that use increases as the rate is lowered, a rule which has not yet dominated the policies of the bulk of our private rate-makers.

With abundant power at low cost established for Seattle, the pioneers on Puget Sound are looking beyond their city limits. William J. McKeen, Ross's successor and acting superintendent of lighting, carries on in this report the arguments advanced by Ross in one of his last public speeches, made before the Seattle Engineers' Club in July, 1938. In that address, which caused the private utilities to raise the cry of "crackpot," Ross predicted transmission lines one thousand to two thousand miles in length, operating on direct current, with vacuum-tube equipment to convert it into alternating current for distribution. He saw America using ten times today's electric output within the next twenty years. He casually suggested the possibility of a direct-current transmission

line which would carry clear across the continent from plants on the Columbia River in Washington the one and a half million kilowatts used in New York City, with a loss of but 10 per cent.

Then, coming closer to home, Ross took up his favorite theme, the coordination of public and private power plants in the Northwest. Publicly owned Tacoma juice is already tied up with Seattle's. Ross suggested going on with that money- and energy-saving set-up by building a 220,000-volt "backbone" transmission line from the Canadian border to Mexico, tying up all the systems on the way. Skagit, Bonneville, and Grand Coulee would be the giant power pools in such a coordinated system. "No one need fear," writes Superintendent McKeen, "that these Columbia River plants will be too large, or that they are in any way a menace to existing power systems, private or public. The electric age is still in its beginning, and uses for electricity, which is energy in its most convenient form, are multiplying every year. . . . The real problem ahead is to transmit and distribute the current to the user in ample quantity and at the lowest possible cost."

This problem is being solved in Seattle by inspired crackpots, if you will, who hold stubbornly to the notion that electricity is something to be used abundantly for the public good, not monopolized for private profit. The mold was broken, it is true, when James Delmage Ross was made. Other communities now under the dominance of private ownership may not look to just such devoted service as Seattle has enjoyed. But it has always been true that leadership in these matters is born of the demands of the rank and file. To consumers contemplating light bills from privately owned companies out of all proportion to the cost of generating and distributing the juice, the story of Seattle may well suggest that a rank-and-file demand is long overdue.

Everybody's Business

Letter to an Industrialist

August 5

DEAR X: I picture you this fine week-end in the bar of the country club celebrating with your friends the Congressional massacre of New Deal projects which wound up the session. I have no doubt you are drinking the health of Woodrum, Byrd, and Burke, and of those other Democrats who have shown what sound Republicans they are at heart, with a special bumper for old John Garner.

They have indeed served you well, giving almost a blanket indorsement of your diagnosis of the ills of business and underwriting your prescription. Look at the great achievements—from your point of view—of the past few months. The undistributed-profits tax has been repealed, and other taxation adjustments for which you asked have been effected; WPA activities have been curtailed; the spending-lending bill has been rejected; in short, the New Deal has been placed where you business men wanted it—in a strait-jacket. Well, my dear X, these things constitute the iron tonic which you have always insisted is essential for the cure of anemic business confidence; so I presume we shall shortly see a rush of new red blood in the investment arteries and a bloom of health upon the cheeks of industry.

The *Wall Street Journal* of August 3 quoted "a banker" as stating: "It has been my observation that for every $1 of government spending, there has been a contraction of about $1.50 in private lending. If the operation is reversed, I expect that the contraction of every $1 in government spending will be accompanied by an increase of $1.50 in private lending at first and eventually of $2." Remembering how business dived into a funkhole when public spending was cut sharply at the beginning of 1937, a good many of us are skeptical. But we agree that, since you and your friends have now in large measure obtained your terms, it is up to you to deliver the goods. You may be sure that the country will watch your performance closely and will expect to see the fruits of confidence refreshing not merely stockholders and stockbrokers but also the ten million or more unemployed.

You have the advantage of starting your push at a comparatively favorable moment. The economic weather has brightened perceptibly in the past two months, and the barometer is set fair. In June the Federal Reserve production index jumped five points to 97, and July is expected to show a further improvement. Dun and Bradstreet's latest weekly trade review reported gains in retail trade for the country as a whole of from 6 to 10 per cent over the corresponding week of 1938. Wholesalers are receiving substantially better orders for fall delivery: in men's wear, for instance, the increase over last year is estimated at around 30 per cent. The heavy industries are also more active, which suggests some revival in investment. Steel production is now around 60 per cent of capacity compared with 40 per cent at the same time last year; the consumption of base metals—one of the best recovery indices—is rising; and the machine-tool industry is very active, although partly, it is true, on foreign rearmament orders.

I suspect that this recent quickening of the economy is not entirely unconnected with the current high level of federal expenditure. That factor will continue to operate for several months, although the reduction in WPA appropriations will cause a gradual slowing down toward the end of the year. However, government contributions to the maintenance of purchasing power mean that you have a breathing space in which to oil and grease your confidence apparatus; to complete plans for those plant extensions you would have made long ago had not the horrific Mr. Roosevelt paralyzed you with fear. So no doubt by the time federal spending slackens you will be all ready to seize the pump handle and to start a vigorous flow of new investment through the channels of industry.

May I be permitted a word of warning? If recovery does get under way, if demand rises and production expands, do not regard that as a signal to hoist prices. I mention this particularly because one of those industrial tycoons whom you are all too apt to follow blindly—I refer to Weir of Weirtown—has recently been advocating just this policy for

his own industry. Speaking on July 29 as president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. Weir declared that the recent reports of increased steel profits were misleading. Actually, he insisted, the industry as a whole is in the red. This sad condition, he continued, is due to the fact that "we are now selling below cost, and there is no reason for such a situation except failure on the part of the management in the industry to be profit-minded." I might mention, in parenthesis, that whatever is true of steel as a whole, some companies are certainly able to more than cover costs, including Mr. Weir's National Steel, which for the first half of this year reported net profits of $4,385,424, or $1.99 per common share, compared with $2,094,499, or $.97 per share, in the same period of 1938.

But Mr. Weir, altruist that he is, is concerned with the plight of his competitors, and consequently he is anxious that they should all get together and raise prices. I very much hope he is completely unsuccessful. The recent contra-seasonal improvement in steel production to the highest point since last November followed a price war in May which reduced quotations sharply. Is it not likely that cause and effect is at work in this instance, and that if Mr. Weir has his way consumption of steel will be curtailed, and the industry left no better off than it was before? Moreover, there was real justification for the price cuts, especially in sheets, because the continuous rolling mills which so many companies have installed in recent years have made possible a substantial reduction in costs provided that they can be kept working at a high percentage of capacity. It was because of the search for volume by the different producers that the price concessions deplored by Mr. Weir occurred.

Of course, lower steel prices will not be fully effective as a stimulant to industry as a whole unless they are passed on to the ultimate consumers. So far the chief beneficiaries have been the automobile companies, which have been able to cover requirements for their 1940 programs at substantial concessions. We shall know soon if they are willing to pass on the savings to car buyers. If they do so they will make a real contribution to recovery.

I stress this point because I believe that any confidence you and your fellows have gained from political events will soon wilt unless you get an increased demand for your products. But in order to do this it is essential that when you cut costs by the instalment of new machinery you strive for greater volume, and thus for greater employment, by a price policy that will stimulate consumption. Otherwise, however much you may seem to save in wages individually, you will find that collectively you have sacrificed an equivalent amount of purchasing power.

Unemployment is not going to be reduced that way, and now that you have secured the price of confidence from Congress, unemployment, let me remind you again, becomes your peculiar responsibility. My friends and I have been, by and large, supporters of the economic policies of the New Deal, and we greatly regret the recent defeats suffered by those policies. Our immediate concern, however, is to see as many as possible of the ten million unemployed back at work. If you can achieve that, we wish you luck. But, remember, we are from Missouri—and that goes for the voters too.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

WORD has just reached here of an "inner circle" conclave held some weeks ago in Berlin at which extensive plans were laid for extending Nazi agitation in the United States. The discussion was based largely on a detailed report furnished by Fritz Wiedemann, German consul general in San Francisco. The chief features of the proposed campaign are to be: (1) creation of a "war scare," with appeals to peace sentiment here; (2) intensification of anti-Semitic agitation; (3) a renewed effort to label Roosevelt and his policies "red." On each issue, it was emphasized, non-Germans must be used as key propagandists, with "every precaution" to conceal any German link.

WCNW, A BROOKLYN radio station, has been broadcasting regular talks by Dr. Harry F. Ward on a program called "Answering Father Coughlin." Now the station reveals that for several weeks a wireless amateur has been "jamming" the broadcast, creating interference that blots out Dr. Ward's voice just after each question is put to him.

ALTHOUGH ONLY the correspondent of the British *Daily Telegraph* picked up the stories, two significant articles appeared recently in the German press. One, printed in *Die Bank*, was a critical analysis of Italian financial weakness. The other, in the military journal *Militär Wochenblatt*, after quoting optimistic Italian comments on Italy's army, asserted: "In the reality of war, when an enemy of equal caliber would have to be reckoned with, these exceedingly optimistic views would be apt to suffer considerable diminutions and surprises."

THE NEW edition of the Bangkok (Siam) guidebook differs in one important respect from its predecessor. The earlier edition had included native conversational phrases which visitors would want to use. For example: *"Chun Rug Ter*—I love you; *Chun Ja Pai Won Nee*—What is your name?; *Ter Suey Mark*—You are very pretty; *Ter Rug Chun Mai*—Do you love me?" The new edition has eliminated these tips.

WHEN ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT broadcast over "Information Please" some weeks ago, he was considerably embarrassed by his inability to recognize a stirring quotation from his mother's column. He explained everything by saying that the papers in his home town, Fort Worth, didn't carry "My Day." To the radio audience the incident ended there, but not to Fort Worth. The Fort Worth *Press* next day carried a front-page story reminding readers that it published Mrs. Roosevelt's column regularly—and that the circulation department listed Elliott Roosevelt as a subscriber.

THE SALEM (Oregon) *Statesman*, published by Governor Charles A. Sprague, recently reported plans to put a plaque in the state capitol honoring ex-Governor Charles H. Martin, Sprague's predecessor. The headline read: "Plague in State House Will Honor Ex-Governor."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE news that Robert Taft has thrown his hat into the ring and is now a full-fledged candidate for the Presidency will not cause a ripple on the Presidential waters. In view of the shortness of his service in public life, it seems almost effrontery for him to take this step. That he has been urged to run by some well-wishers and friends shows to what low estate the Republican Party has fallen. The country is in one of the most serious crises in its history and the world in a worse plight than it has been since the Middle Ages, yet the two men who are claiming the Republican limelight as candidates for the Presidential nomination are the purest novices in our political life. Nothing could indicate more clearly, first, the decay of Republican leadership as a whole and, second, the total absence of any constructive Republican program. District Attorney Dewey may be a very good district attorney, but the fact that he has convicted a leading Tammany politician and a number of racketeers and has broken up some gangs does not seem to me to offer the slightest proof that he has any of the qualities needed in the White House at precisely this time. We do not know how much executive ability he has or what his views are on a single important domestic or foreign issue. To take him would be to leap in the dark.

But he is certainly a much brighter man and a more unusual and interesting character than Robert Taft. Undoubtedly Mr. Taft has the good qualities of his father, the late Chief Justice and former President, but nature did not give him the singularly great charm of his parent. Nor is he an interesting speaker. When I was in Cincinnati last winter soon after the campaign, I met some newspapermen who had reported Mr. Taft's debates with his Democratic rival for the Senatorship. These reporters confirmed previous statements that those joint debates were so dull that listeners walked out at every meeting. The Gridiron Club in Washington was dismayed by the dulness of the speech he made at one of their dinners last winter. Mr. Dewey, on the other hand, scintillated. His words were witty and clever, his manner charming, and he said exactly the sort of thing that the occasion called for. As a result he made a most favorable impression on that distinguished audience of newspapermen and men in political life, whereas Mr. Taft produced the opposite effect. Moreover, a few days later the Senator from Ohio made another address before the Society of American Editors and that was even duller than the one at the Gridiron. It is only fair to add that he has done much better of late, notably in some radio debates with Congressman T. V. Smith. But to think that Mr. Taft could put on a campaign to arouse the interest and enthusiasm of the American people, especially if Mr. Roosevelt should decide to run again, is to expect a miracle, and not many miracles happen in our political life.

In addition, Mr. Taft's record since he became Senator has not been such as to raise him high in people's estimation. He has, for example, denounced extravagance in expenditures and then when presented with an important opportunity to vote against some extravagance, he has just not been there when the roll was called. He appeals to conservatives as an eminently sound man, with no New Deal nonsense about him, but if he has fathered one proposal of a progressive and constructive character, I have yet to hear of it. It is well, I think, to have conservatives in the Senate, provided we have plenty of the other kind—we should have a lot more labor men and women there than we now have—but this isn't the time in the history of the United States for putting Robert Taft in the White House.

Mr. Dewey, it must be admitted, would be a brilliant campaigner if the Republicans should nominate him. His good looks, his fine voice (which once nearly led to his becoming a professional singer), his skill on the platform and ability to key his speech to the audience before him would give the Republicans the type of spellbinder they have sorely lacked of late years. In this respect he would be a tremendous advance over Alf Landon. But the simple fact remains that he has as yet given no evidence whatsoever that he understands what is going on in the world. Again, I find that persons who are giving their time to the problem of maintaining our civil liberties have come to regard some of Mr. Dewey's actions as extremely dangerous in their tendencies. In fact, some of the things that Mr. Dewey and his assistants have been doing have been brought to the attention of the White House. I refer especially to the District Attorney's custom of harboring and guarding in various houses rented by him certain confessed criminals and other persons wanted as witnesses in trials he is conducting. The owner of one of these houses, where a witness thus detained committed suicide, has sued Mr. Dewey for using her house as a "hide-out." Perhaps this suit will bring us additional illumination as to Mr. Dewey's point of view and methods. Meanwhile he has formed a "brain trust" to help him in his candidacy.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE RETURN TO REASON

BY JACQUES BARZUN

UNDER the pressure of world events symbolized by the words China, Spain, Munich, we have seen within the last decade what the future historian of ideas may well plot as a complete cycle of belief. Just when trust in political and economic contrivance was being shattered by the prolonged depression and spreading fascism, the notion of a universal retreat from reason led many to repudiate intellect and reconcile themselves to matter and force as instruments of salvation. This in turn revived the eternal issue of means and ends, and bred a soberer mood based, for many liberals and revolutionists, on the so-called rediscovery of the past. The latest stage seems to be a spiraling return to reason.

The phrase is of course purely descriptive and implies neither praise nor optimism. One is encouraged to utter it, however, by the publication within the last six months of eight volumes in the new Living Thoughts Library and a meaty tome of Living Philosophies which, originally appearing in *The Nation,* have just been edited with an Introduction by Clifton Fadiman.*

In his presentation, to be sure, Mr. Fadiman paints with his usual fluency and force the darkness of our days. But it is one thing to be accurately aware of the planetary weather and another to be overborne by it. The notable fact is that neither the editor of the symposium nor its participants seem in the least disposed to surrender. More than that, the proposed means of resistance are decidedly humanistic and rational. Art, love, ethics, and religion stand vindicated as both the means and ends of any life worth living; while their devotees, who did not write in concert, significantly comprise such divergent personalities as Franz Boas, Pearl Buck, Stuart Chase, the late Havelock Ellis, E. M. Forster, Harold Laski, Emil Ludwig, Thomas Mann, George Santayana, and Rebecca West. Even Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who prefers primitive life with the Eskimos, does so, not from despair, but because he finds it more profoundly human and civilized than ours.

Similarly, in the eight introductions to the Living Thoughts volumes Silone, Zweig, Rolland, Gide, Dreiser, J. Huxley, and the brothers Mann, all insist upon two things: the contemporaneousness of the past and the permanence of moral ideas in a chaotic world. If by reason or living thought is meant the awareness that a moral purpose and a chaotic world are functions of each other, then these nine books, large and small, though they do not record any sudden change of front in their forty-odd individual authors, do make a mass impression which it is fair to call a return to reason, a return, that is, to the true conditions of the problem. It is a far cry from the mechanical formulas and the appeals to action for its own sake which seduced so many minds in the period of psychological depression.

Comparison with an earlier volume of Living Philosophies, written by different hands* and published in 1931, makes the distinction clear. In that series the majority of writers called themselves determinists. In the new series the word "freedom"—in all its senses—occurs more often and more honorably than any other major term. With its use goes a corresponding shift of emphasis from science to art as the human undertaking par excellence. Science is repeatedly put forward as one of the arts—an instrument, not an oracle. Even the dissenters from this view, like Chase, Hogben, and Ludwig, handsomely admit the fact of creativeness in human affairs. The test of a living idea is consequently much more than that its possessor should be physically alive; it seems again to mean for most of these writers that the idea should take account of the human will and should work for freedom against the obstacles of matter and force.

The political expression of this preference is democracy. Franz Boas no less than Pearl Buck, John Strachey no less than Thomas Mann, sees it as a perhaps unsatisfactory but indispensable means of securing diversity and tolerance for the creation of individual and social goods in the face of the common enemy. The latter receives due notice in all his protean forms of fascism, racialism, imperialism, economic coercion, in short, absolutism of all kinds; but it is not Romains alone who requires goodwill nor Maritain alone who preaches Christianity. The spiritual values, for all these men and women, do not simply emerge from a material chaos; they are chosen, and being chosen must be worked for. The motto, tersely given by E. M. Forster, is: "Behaving creatively under the shadow of the sword."

Coinciding with this renewed expression of faith, the

* The Living Thoughts Library. (Schopenhauer, Thoreau, Montaigne, Tolstoi, Darwin, Rousseau, Nietzsche, Mazzini.) Edited by Alfred O. Mendel. Longmans, Green and Company, $1 Each.

"I Believe. A Series of Intimate Credos." Edited by Clifton Fadiman. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

* A postscript to their views, mainly unchanged, is printed in the present volume.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame Cal.

Living Thoughts Library, in its scheme, format, and purpose, appears like a prearranged educational instrument. Since we are no longer to rely on mechanical means to propel us into Utopia but on individual wills directed by living ideas, the question arises: "Whose ideas?" The editor of the series has confined his choice to modern times. Montaigne is the oldest author in the group, and Gide underlines the obvious reason—the useful spectacle of a thinking man in bigoted and violent times. Gide, however, makes the less obvious point that the liberalism which Montaigne founded is anything but a total skepticism or a timid passivity. Indeed, as a comparison of the great names mentioned by the two sets of writers under review clearly shows, the liberal tradition is not only passionate without violence but coherent without system. But how, it has been asked, can one live according to Thoreau and to Mazzini simultaneously—with a dash of Nietzsche and Rousseau thrown in? And if one is not to live by their words, what foolery is this about living ideas which remain in fact dead letters?

The answer is a pragmatic one: behold the agreement among these fifty writers, living and dead, on the fundamental question, "Why live at all?" The words and the details differ but not their heart's desire. This is what Boas means when he says that the data of modern anthropology should not blind us to the permanent values embodied in various societies. True, these values can only be given form by a concurrence, at least partial, on means and symbols; ideas themselves having, as Zweig points out, no tendency. Hence the necessity of democracy as a way of life and of education as a means of extending it. And if democracy implies a greater community of material goods, just as more education means a greater community of mental and spiritual ones, the ways of providing for it will have to be found, once again, by sheer heart-and-brain work.

Yet it seems to the far-from-disinterested observer that one more thing will have to be held in common before the strength and nobility of desire visible in these credos can find even moderate satisfaction. That thing is everywhere latent in these pages but never breaks through, save in John Dewey. I mean a sense of the functional, man-made nature of truth, that sense to which William James gave the much-maligned name of pragmatism. Without it the best human will breeds only more dogmas, the clearest good becomes a formula, and all the perceptions of art and science turn into rigid absolutes for the further enslavement of mankind.

It is much that in so many independent quarters the liberal tradition should find distinguished and valiant defenders, but the problem of how to mold reality to its image can hardly be solved on a more than individual basis until the pragmatic character of ideas is commonly recognized. Ignoring it is once again to confuse living thoughts with books on a shelf and reason with a marble statue. At which point the cycle of disillusionment and despair is bound to begin again.

"Subversive Activity"

WORLD REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA—A CHICAGO STUDY. By Harold D. Lasswell and Dorothy Blumenstock. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

IN THE flood of froth and foam concerning subversive activities in America which fills the daily press, it is refreshing to have this sane study by two distinguished students of propaganda. Mr. Lasswell and Miss Blumenstock confine their researches to Communist propaganda in Chicago between 1930 and 1934. By thus limiting the problem they are able to present a more detailed and scientific analysis than is to be found in more extensive and general treatments of the subject.

Since their investigation covered the first years of the great depression, including periods both before and after the inauguration of a program of relief and recovery, they were able to examine the effect of this program upon the acceptance or rejection of Communist propaganda. The indices upon which they relied were employment figures, changes in the relief-case count, evictions, the amount of work relief, and the average relief expenditure per case. Quarterly periods characterized by increasing unemployment, a rising number of evictions, and declining relief payments were defined as periods of deprivation. When these curves moved in the opposite direction the period was defined as one of indulgence. It is significant that periods of deprivation were associated with a greater acceptance of Communist symbols and slogans, with a sharp falling off during periods of indulgence. "The data of the Chicago case," say the authors, "confirm the proposition that the acceptance of revolutionary radical propaganda varies directly as magnitudes of deprivation."

There is a comprehensive analysis of both the quality and the quantity of symbols used, classified under the familiar Lasswellian headings of identification (Workers of the World Unite!), demand (The Workers Must Fight for the Unemployment Insurance Bill!), and fact (Reforestation Camps Are No Aid to the Unemployed!). The channels through which these slogans were disseminated are described both qualitatively and quantitatively in great detail. They include not only the press (newspapers, magazines, books, leaflets, etc.), the radio and motion picture (not very extensively used), but also mass demonstrations (parades, strikes, protest meetings, etc.) with their songs, chants and cheers, buttons, banners, and red ribbons. During this period (1930-34) the Communists pursued a course more or less independent of the regular labor movement, setting up their own Trade Union Unity League, Unemployed Councils, I. L. D. At the same time they worked more consistently and continuously through sixteen foreign-language federations.

Periods of indulgence were, as has been indicated, periods of restriction for the acceptance of revolutionary slogans. Since Communist propaganda involves the diffusion of an ideology associated with an established state, it encountered

also the restriction of American nationalism. In so far as the symbols and slogans used appealed in general for support of Russia or against particular grievances in America, the restriction of nationalism was minimal. But when the propaganda involved a general indictment of American institutions, it encountered strong resistance from deep-seated loyalties not easily transferred to the Russian Communist fatherland. Moreover, the autocratic character of Communist Party organization with its fanatical allegiance to the party line as defined by the Russian and New York nabobs—coupled with the iron discipline expected of faithful comrades—ran afoul of the American tradition of individualism.

The results of Communist propaganda in Chicago are not easy to measure. That it had something to do with increasing the militancy and self-confidence of the unemployed and contributed to the liberalization and decentralization of relief seems clear. But that it advanced the cause of communism is doubtful. One significant function of Communist agitation in Chicago was to serve as a "catharsis," that is, the "dissipating of insecurities without significant change in established patterns." By diverting the energies of the more militant workers into political channels it probably reduced the amount of violence and "coercion" against the established order from what might otherwise have been expected. Paradoxically Communist propaganda thus contributed to the stabilization of capitalism and at the same time made it possible for the business men and politicians to divert blame for the depression from themselves to the "subversive" activities of "aliens," red agitators. As the depression deepened, this type of escape rationalization lost ground, "it ceased to be plausible that a few 'agitators' were to blame for the chaos of American economic life." But by the time the Communists stood to gain from the impoverishment of anti-red scapegoat symbols the New Deal cut the ground from under them with its program of relief and recovery. "The wave of optimism induced by President Roosevelt, who presented himself so successfully over the radio and who sponsored many measures of aid to the distressed, contributed to the decline of the Communists. Early in 1933 the party was seriously demoralized in Chicago."

The conclusions reached by the authors in this case study are significant mainly in providing scientific support for common-sense notions concerning the relation between the acceptance of revolutionary propaganda and the accumulation of social tensions arising from economic and social distress. If these conclusions are valid, it is clear that the real allies of radical revolutionary agitators are not liberals and social democrats but reactionaries who seek to dismantle those social services which minimize the insecurities upon which such agitation thrives. An equally important contribution to social scientists is the methodology here outlined for studying the role of revolutionary propaganda in modern society. One can only hope that the same rigorous standards of scientific analysis will soon be applied on a wider scale not only to Communist propaganda but to that of the proto-fascists who under one guise or another foster and promote revolution from the right. Such an investigation, needless to say and with apologies to Mr. Lasswell and Miss Blumenstock for the comparison, are worth a hundred volumes of Dies Committee drivel.

PETER H. ODEGARD

Mrs. Carlyle

JANE WELSH CARLYLE. By Townsend Scudder. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

WHEN Jane Baillie Welsh, the sprightly belle of Haddington, married Thomas Carlyle, "the stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder," it was quite a comedown for her. Thomas had graduated from the university, done a little teaching, a little translating, a great deal of talking, but only a few intimate friends knew anything about him or felt that he had anything to say to the world which the world should, and some day would, pause to hear. He had the tough energy and moral earnestness of the Scottish Presbyterians, without subscribing to their theological dogmas, and he had dyspepsia, like a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach, to sharpen his sense of the world's wrongs and give a gloomy twist to his already sardonic sense of humor. Yet Jane Welsh chose him from a crowd of suitors almost all of whom had far brighter worldly prospects and smoother tempers—including even the highly personable Edward Irving, who at that time appeared destined for brilliant and permanent success in the pulpit. And although their married life had its full quota of friction, sparks, and even explosions bordering on tragic misunderstanding, she seems never really to have regretted the choice. "My dear," she would sometimes remark half-seriously to a friend, "if you want a quiet life, never marry a writer of genius"; but, for herself, the last thing on earth she would have wanted was a quiet, stagnant life. A small but energetic bundle of wit and effervescent kindliness, she devoted herself passionately to the profession of fostering her husband's genius by satisfying his material needs, bolstering him with ardent encouragement during the many lean, dark years, and acting as a buffer between him and the hundreds of people who, knowingly or unknowingly, would have interfered with his work. The great and the near-great of her time—Jeffrey, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, Sterling, Mazzini, and scores of others—visited the Carlyle home first to hear the husband talk, and kept coming back to exchange serious conversation and spirited badinage with the wife. They begged her to write for publication herself, and when the novels of the Brontë sisters, and later those of George Eliot, appeared pseudonymously, many of those who knew Jane's trenchant mind and incisive tongue nodded knowingly in her direction. But she steadfastly maintained that one writer in a household was enough.

Luckily, she was a prolific and delightfully informative letter-writer; the most convincing tribute to her epistolary charm is the fact that everybody saved her letters—even literary celebrities to whom mere facility of expression was a matter of everyday business. And it is from these letters, more than from any other single source, that Mr. Scudder has constructed his warm, admiringly sympathetic portrait. But there is a plethora of other sources, upon all of which he has drawn, and which he lists unobtrusively in an excellent bibliographical appendix. Carlyle himself, who did not realize how deeply he depended on his wife until her sudden, unexpected death, wrote voluminously of her in his memoirs, as well as in his own copious correspondence, and those contemporaries who frequented the parlor at No. 5, Cheyne

Row, delighted to record in their own journals the exquisite charm and tact, the sharp raillery and practical common sense, of their hostess. Present-day readers will find Jane Welsh Carlyle, as her friends found her, a woman well worth knowing. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Flooded with the Immediate Age

DEAD RECKONING. A BOOK OF POEMS. By Kenneth Fearing. Random House. $1.25.

IF WALT WHITMAN could revisit these glimpses of the moon to discover the poets from whom he had expected "the main things," it is not likely that he would spend many days poring over the Eliot manuscripts reverently preserved at Cambridge, or be moved by Pound's disciples to take ship for Rapallo. He would be more apt to linger in the environs of Chicago, swapping stories with the author of "The People, Yes," or to stop off at Rutherford, New Jersey, to talk about the American scene with Dr. Williams, or to enjoy those pauses in the Baltimore traffic that allowed him to listen to some of Dr. Moore's colloquial sonnets. And it is fairly certain that he would drop anchor for awhile off Manhattan, to view this metropolis (cosmopolis, necropolis?) through the eyes of an insurgent young poet by the name of Kenneth Fearing.

For here is a man who, if he does not share Whitman's faith in the divine average, or his mystic feeling for the cosmos, has made a powerful answer to Walt's demand for a poet who must "flood himself with the immediate age," is aggressively intent on "delivering America . . . from the thin, moribund, and watery but appallingly extensive nuisance of conventional poetry," above all, is convinced that "what American humanity is most in danger of is an overwhelming prosperity, 'business' worldliness, materialism." It is particularly this fear and hatred of the business man's ideal, expressed in repeated angry satires on the success story, that set Fearing's work apart from that of contemporaries no less aware of their time and inclined to be as unconventional in their response to it.

His latest book, like its predecessor ("Angel Arms" I have not read), is a violent attack on violence, an outcry against the clamorous voices of the high-pressure salesman, the insurance agent, the public-relations counselor, the radio announcer advertising wars, whiskeys, crises, and cosmetics with the same smooth-tongued glibness. The authentic noises of the day are caught in the slogans and clichés that crowd the lines. They blare out again in the obtrusive ugliness of the capitals that shout from a dozen pages: HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE THE PERSON THAT YOU SAY—CAST, IN THE ORDER OF DISAPPEARANCE—THE TWENTIETH CENTURY COMES BUT ONCE—ARREST THAT MAN. The sense of panic which much of Fearing's verse voices pervades throughout this book. It shows a kind of nervous energy typical of his time and place. The poems have some kinship with the savage grotesqueness that a few Americans have learned from their French confrères, but they are essentially native, closer to Sandburg than to any other writer, but more febrile and turbulent, and by the same token expressive of a younger, more disillusioned generation

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by Anthony Eden

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Mr. Eden's collection of his speeches in the House of Commons and elsewhere, through 1938, is a record and a criticism of British foreign policy. The special Introduction written for this book makes it a complete declaration by a statesman who has been in the forefront of Europe's foreign affairs during fifteen critical years. $3.50

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There is a minimum of music here, and what there is of it is jazz and "blues." Poems in the elegiac key of "Lullaby" are more frequent than in the earlier volume, but for the most part this slim book is made up of feverish notations on current horrors. Nor does Fearing permit himself the vulgar optimism of those poets who fly from the headlines in the morning newspaper to the altar of Marx and the arms of Stalin.

Indeed, the timeliness of these verses is at once their virtue and their flaw. They are so immediately of the moment, witness the final touches in Portrait:

> while all of it is inclosed in excellent tweed, with Mr. Baumer's personal attention to the shoulders and waist
>
> And all of it now roving, chatting amiably through space in a Plymouth 6
>
> with his soul (his own) at peace, soothed by Walter Lippmann, and sustained by Haig & Haig

that it is hard to believe that they will last, and certain that they will become as obscure in their references as a good deal of Villon. Their power derives from the same source. The pity and the terror of this age have more eloquent spokesmen but none more vehement. BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Black Man's Burden

BLACK FOLK: THEN AND NOW. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

DR. DU BOIS has long been pleading for a comprehensive encyclopedia of the Negro. Failing that he has himself written in 383 pages a small encyclopedia. He would not, of course, call it that. It is, rather, an amazingly compact bird's-eye view of the Negro from the very beginning of our historical and anthropological knowledge, bringing his story down to 1939. Naturally in such a limited compass it was impossible for Dr. Du Bois to go deeply into certain striking phases of Negro history. He disclaims any exact scholarship; he merely asserts that the book has been written "with scholarship as good as I am able to command with the time and money at my disposal." More than that, he says: "I do not for a moment doubt that my Negro descent and narrow group culture have in many cases predisposed me to interpret my facts too favorably for my race. . . ." Here we see the mellowing effects of three-score and ten years, for it was precisely this bias which Dr. Du Bois was not willing to admit in his earlier works.

The volume before us is packed with facts, so packed that the general reader will find it impossible to assimilate or remember the long listing of Negro races and tribes, their rise and fall. But as a textbook and a work of reference it will have a place all its own. It is an outline of Negro history to which every student of race and color, outside of Germany, will turn for guidance. No one must think of it, however, merely as a skeleton or an epitome. It is full of facts and figures about conditions in Africa—land, labor, political and social conditions. It embodies most excellent and brutally truthful estimates of the relative worth—or better, wickedness—of the various forms of colonization by the democracies and dictators of today. It tells the same old story of rapine, wholesale murders, broken treaties, and the wiping out of Negro peoples, always under the hypocritical pretense of bringing them civilization and Christianity when the real motive was simply the desire to obtain economic advantages and to reduce cheap native labor to practical serfdom. These things Dr. Du Bois sets forth anew, with amazing restraint of language.

His book teems, however, with pungent, vigorous characterizations such as one always expects in Dr. Du Bois's work. Here, for example, is his judgment of the four hundred years from 1450 to 1850 during which "European civilization carried on a systematic trade in human beings of such proportions that the physical, economic, and moral effects are still plainly to be remarked in the world. . . . It was the day of the greatest expansion of two of the world's most pretentious religions, and of the beginnings of modern organization of industry. In the midst of their advance and uplift, this slave-trade and slavery spread more human misery, inculcated more disrespect for and neglect of humanity, a greater callousness to suffering, and more petty, cruel human hatred than can well be calculated. We must excuse and palliate it, and write history so as to let men forget it; it remains a most inexcusable and despicable blot on modern history."

Yet it was largely on this slave-trade, and the resultant unpaid Negro labor, that England rose to power as a great capitalist nation. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, as Dr. Du Bois points out, 185 Liverpool ships alone carried in a twelve-month period 49,213 slaves—and some of those ships were mere cockleshells, one of but thirty tons. At least ten millions of Negroes were brought to America. "As a result of that trade whole regions were depopulated, whole tribes disappeared; the character of people developed excesses of cruelty instead of the flourishing arts of peace. . . . It was a rape of a continent to an extent seldom if ever paralleled in ancient or modern times." Dr. Du Bois attributes "the knell of the slave trade" to the "red revolt of Haiti." But there, I think, our author errs. Haiti was only one factor in arousing the conscience of England. More powerful was the realization of the British trader, merchant, and colonizer that the slave system was bad business, wasteful, inefficient, extravagant in its costs and its destruction of human material. When the profits began to dwindle, philanthropy and humanitarianism came into their own, with economists like Cairnes setting forth the destructive economic character of slavery itself.

But what of today? Knowing Dr. Du Bois's advanced views one turns quickly to the last chapter on The Future of World Democracy for his statement of the situation at this moment and his forecast; he usually looks below the surface and writes clearly and fearlessly about what he sees. He feels that England and France will probably let Germany get some colonies "in return for a restoration of peaceful world conditions which will allow industry to organize for further profit in Africa and Asia." He does not foresee any immediate rising of the colored peoples against the whites or any turning of the 250,000 trained black troops with which Europe holds Africa against the 10,000 white troops which stand behind them. Nor does he look for any immediate change toward an altruistic treatment of the Negro. In fact, while he questions how far democratic government is going

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to be possible in a world supported in larger and larger degree by African products "and governed by the industrial caste which owns Africa," he merely falls back upon his belief that the stranglehold of monopoly upon industrial life everywhere must be broken. In other words, he leaves the fate of Africa and the African Negro to the slow working out of the industrial and political revolution of which we are a suffering part. I am sorry that he ends on this discouraged and quiet note. With not too much knowledge to substantiate it, I have a distinct feeling that the colonial system nears its end; that in South Africa the white man is losing ground and that the horrible new exploitation of Africans, to build up, as France and Italy are doing, huge black armies to fight the economic power-policy wars of Europe in Europe, will bring before too long a dreadful revenge.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Shorter Notices

STAR SPANGLED VIRGIN. By DuBose Heyward. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

Like Frances Newman's "Hard-Boiled Virgin," this novel belies its flamboyant title. More or less comic-opera in manner but serious in theme, it depicts New Deal reconstruction in St. Croix, one of the Virgin Islands which the United States bought from Denmark in 1917, thereby acquiring "one big poorhouse." Mr. Heyward makes his natives speak a rather Octavus Roy Cohen brand of English, which he admits is not their authentic dialect, but he vouches for the verisimilitude of the principal episodes, which include a native production of "H. M. S. Pinafore," a boisterous parade in protest against matrimony, and the beginning of a homesteading project under the auspices of that munificent demi-god known to the islanders as "Noodeal." In spite of its farcical incidents, the story shows a warm sympathy for the islanders, an independent, easy-going, good-natured race who did not ask for relief rations in the first place, even looked on them with a good deal of incredulity, but shortly came to take them for granted and fell into such slothful habits that they felt grievously misused when asked to go to work again. The implications obviously extend far beyond the West Indies in a northwesterly direction, but they are so unobtrusive that they never overshadow the human and entertaining story of Adam and Rhoda and their doubly illegitimate assortment of children.

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN. By John Sanford. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Even if you are calloused to novels about tyrannical farmers who drive their sordid families to madness and death, this story of black hate and brutality ought to make your insides crawl. And if you want to know to what extent the law allows you to stand by and let a fellow-human being die when, without the least inconvenience to yourself, you might save him—here is your handbook. Aaron Platt, soured beyond humanity by his cruel father, scornful neighbors, sexual frustration, syphilis, and sundry minor inconveniences, goes to his barn one bitterly cold morning and finds his old acquaintance Tom Paulhan lying half-frozen. Now, Paulhan

IMMORAL—OR IMMORTAL?

The literary and critical world has been quick to deplore the recent banning of the French film, "Harvest," by the New York censors. Jean Giono's sensitive and realistic novel is being widely acclaimed as another masterpiece from one of France's major pens. The film—a faithful adaptation—is perhaps its own best defense, as these reviews suggest:

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has wandered prodigally over the earth living on the sweets of life without paying; in fact, has got for nothing everything that Platt has tried so hard to find and has missed. So, after signifying his disapproval of everything Paulhan stands for by kicking him in the mouth and twisting his arm, Platt goes on about his farm chores and leaves the wanderer to die slowly of cold and hunger. He goes back from time to time during the next few days to listen savagely to the dying man's delirious reminiscences, and altogether rather enjoys watching him die. Though he later tells the coroner's jury every sordid detail of this and of the rest of his life, the state prosecutor finds him legally innocent of crime. True, a mob of neighbors roughs Platt up a little, but in comparison with what has gone on in the rest of the book their treatment seems like good-natured horseplay. The story is told partly by means of Platt's testimony at the inquest, partly through Paulhan's somewhat impressionistic and often poetic raving. Oddly enough, the very loathsomeness of the book, if you have the stomach for it, holds you from one bitter page to the next. But be sure you have the stomach for it.

SEQUENCE ON VIOLENCE. By Harry Roskolenko. Signal Publishers. $1.50.

Mr. Roskolenko would not be distinguished from several score other young poets by the comment that he has gone to school to the reigning masters—and to Auden rather longer than to the rest—and that his poetry consists almost exclusively of images of war. What distinguishes him is that he has been an uncommonly apt pupil, and that he is about ready to graduate. His assets are brilliance of image, a stern music, and an ability to make the parts of the poem coalesce. The chief fault is monotony, which manifests itself both in technique and in subject matter. Mr. Roskolenko attempts to maintain too high a tension, to give a knockout punch with every image. Eloquent silences and understatement are devices that he has not yet mastered. "Sequence on Violence" is longish for a first volume; and very few of the poems omit mention of bombs and broken bodies. Such iteration is not the most effective treatment of war for the moralist, and it is even more restricting to the poetic sensibility. But Mr. Roskolenko seems to be an intelligent man, and there are indications even in this book that his ear is capable of receiving other vibrations than those released by high explosives.

FILMS

"THE OLD MAID," on her journey out of the story by Edith Wharton via Broadway—picking up as Zoe Akins's play an undeserved Pulitzer prize—has arrived at the station where the final killing of a character is usually accomplished. This time, however, the process seems to have been reversed. In the Warner Brothers' version "The Old Maid" is more alive than ever. The reason has a name—Bette Davis. It is her picture.

The film is almost no film at all. It is merely a photographed fiction plot, plus melodramatic scenes in stage fashion which are out of balance with the whole. No attempt has been made to visualize the story as cinema. No attempt has been made to dust off the dated Victorian conflict of a sensitive woman who instead of confessing her "sin" acts the spinster aunt to her illegitimate child. The central theme is delayed by the complications of the plot, all fully recorded: (1) The lover did not really love Charlotte. (2) He loved her sister Delia, who, untrue to her promise, married another man because he was rich. (3) The unhappy lover of Delia merely consoled himself with Charlotte before going off to die in the Civil War. (4) Charlotte establishes a home for war orphans, one of whom, a girl, has her special love. (5) The brother of her sister's husband, to whom she becomes engaged, objects to the foundling home. (6) Pressed to give it up, Charlotte confesses to her sister two minutes before her wedding that the beloved child is her own. (7) Delia realizes that the child's father is the dead man whom she loved and still loves. (8) She runs to the bridegroom and tells him that he cannot marry Charlotte because she is frightfully ill (T. B.?). No wedding. (9) Delia's husband falls from a horse and dies.

In this way all the men are eliminated and the real story finally begins. Delia takes her sister and her child into her house. She plays the mother to the "foundling," who she feels is "really her child," and wins its affection by being lenient while "Aunt Charlotte" becomes more and more strict. From there on the story has force and suspense; the characterization of the two sisters is excellent. Delia adopts the grown-up girl to make her respectable so that she can marry the man she loves (it's the fourth wedding in the picture).

One must often be patient between the scenes which, within the frame of the story, are rich in dramatic truth. But they are worth waiting for. Bette Davis makes the sheerly impossible real. She silences the noisy machinery of the plot. Her metamorphosis from a passionate young girl into a gray-haired unhappy mother who pretends to be a dry spinster is a piece of acting convincing and illuminating in every detail. The whole register of theatrical means is at her disposal; every tone and every gesture say exactly what is meant to be said, yet one never becomes conscious of the methods used. In two or three scenes at the end of the picture the actress reaches the high plane where mere ability to reproduce becomes creative art.

Miriam Hopkins plays the sister, Delia, with all her usual skill, warmth, and cleverness. It is obviously not her fault that the mean streak in Delia is almost invisible—the script (Casey Robinson) and the direction (Edmund Goulding) are trimmed to be "pleasant." Jane Bryan as Tina, the illegitimate girl, steps forward into the front rank of the younger players. Among the male characterizations, which are less important in this picture, we remember Donald Crisp as the humane family doctor.

The picture reveals clearly the compromises at work even in a very ambitious movie undertaking. Many more criticisms of "The Old Maid" would be in order—but I shall go again to see Bette Davis.

I saw six other pictures this week. The remake of "Four Feathers" (Alexander Korda) shows exciting war scenes in perfect technicolor, noble English culture, and barbaric Moors. (Why did Anthony Eden protest only against the

Abyssinian war?) "Beau Geste" (Paramount) is the trashy Foreign Legion story again in a crude and feeble presentation. "When Tomorrow Comes" (Universal) is a confused Charles Boyer-Irene Dunne vehicle which makes one wish to see Boyer again in an important picture and Irene Dunne as the brilliant comedienne she is. "The Forgotten Woman" (Universal) is an awful concoction which is made somehow interesting by the presence of Sigrid Gurie. It is hard to decide whether her unusual screen personality is genuine or merely a fake impression created by a dilettante who photographs splendidly.

FRANZ HOELLERING

MUSIC

Metropolitan Squeeze Play

THE Metropolitan Opera House is possibly the worst theater in the world for its purpose. It is that because opera at the Metropolitan began as an appendage of American moneyed aristocracy, and because the wealthy men who built it sacrificed its efficiency as a theater to its efficiency as a social arena. In order to provide the number of parterre boxes they wanted they took too much space in front of the proscenium arch and left too little behind; arranging the boxes in a horseshoe they blinded a large number of seats in the balconies. And producing an opera house that was completely satisfactory to themselves as boxholders—that enabled them to see and be seen—they were completely indifferent to the handicaps they imposed on singers who had to strain their voices to make themselves heard in the huge auditorium, the producing forces who had to contend with the deficiencies of the stage, the occupants of the seats on the sides of the balconies who could not see the performances. And indifferent they remained: the plans, beginning in the late twenties, for a new opera house that would better serve the producing forces and the general public were defeated in the end by the old boxholders, who saw no reason for change when they were satisfied.

They were able to force the theater on producing forces and public because they constituted both the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company which owned the building, and the Metropolitan Opera Company which leased the theater from the real-estate company, engaged the artists, and gave the performances—the arrangement being that each stockholder of the real-estate company paid an assessment for the taxes and other charges on the building and had exclusive use of one of the thirty-five parterre boxes which the operating company turned over to the real-estate company as rent. But the financial responsibility for the production of opera, which the boxholders were willing to carry while the seasons earned profits that accumulated into a reserve fund of $1,100,000, they were not willing to carry when, in the early thirties, the seasons showed losses that wiped out this fund. They therefore had the Metropolitan Opera Company, of which they owned the stock, transfer its functions to a new company without stock, the present Metropolitan Opera Association, with several of their group among its directors; and this new company signed new contracts providing for lower fees with the artists and appealed successfully to the public for the $300,000 needed to save "its" opera. By this operation financial responsibility for the opera seasons was transferred to the public, while control was retained by the boxholders; and as a result the performances for which the public contributed $300,000 continued to be given in the Metropolitan Opera House for the benefit of the boxholders.

And now these boxholders are engaged in a similar operation by which they will be relieved of financial responsibility for the theater and retain their privileges at a lower cost. The Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company which they own has informed the Metropolitan Opera Association which they control that some of the heirs and executors of the original subscribers have refused to pay their assessments for taxes and other charges, and that a deficit is threatened which may compel the company to sell the building; and to prevent this sale the Metropolitan Opera Association has agreed to buy the building with $1,500,000 which it will ask the public to contribute. This time the public is to save the home of "its" opera; but the truth is less pretty: for fifty years the public has endured the humiliating inconveniences of an opera house constructed solely for the satisfaction of the boxholders, and has endured them because it had to, because it had no choice but to hear opera in the theater in which those who gave it chose to give it; and now, when it no longer has to endure them, when it has assumed financial responsibility for production and must assume responsibility for a theater, and when it is free to put its productions into a new theater—now it is to raise money, not to build this theater, but to fasten on its own neck for another fifty years the humiliating inconveniences of the old one, and to insure that its performances will continue to be given solely for the satisfaction of the boxholders, who will now pay less for their fashionable Monday night subscriptions than they did for taxes.

A new opera house would cost far more than $1,500,000—which Mr. Downes, in the *Times*, contended was out of the question. But it is not out of the question: there must be more people than the writer of a letter to the *Times* a week later who would contribute money for a new opera house but not for the old one—people whom the critic of the *Times* should be rallying to oppose the proposed purchase, instead of trying to make them accept it. The greater sum would take longer, and possibly—it might be argued—too long to raise. But if it is true that the Metropolitan Opera and Realty Company has been brought to consider disposing of the present building only by the failure of some stockholders to pay their assessments, then it will be willing and glad to hold on to the building if this deficit is made up, and the Metropolitan Opera Association need only make up the deficit to assure itself of its present home for the time it will need to build a new one.

"The Metropolitan," argued Mr. Downes from the upholstered comfort of F-15 in the Parquet, "has its atmosphere and traditions." But the occupant of C-15 on the extreme side of the Balcony or of B-15 on the side of the Family Circle would prefer the new opera house's sight lines, acoustics, and ventilation.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Five Collegians in Search of America

[*The following letter is from five college students or recent graduates, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three, who are making a coast-to-coast automobile tour of the United States to see for themselves what the country looks like. We plan to print other reports from the group in the course of their travels.*]

Dear Sirs: The polite spirit of fellowship which we found in the farm areas between New York and Chicago seemed to grow warmer as we proceeded on our way to the coast. People spoke freely. Despite newspaper talk in the East, Missourians do not regard their Governor Stark as Presidential timber. "He hasn't come out definitely for the New Deal as yet," they told us; and, "First he asked Pendergast for the nomination; then, once elected, stabbed him in the back. No telling what he might do."

If the South is the nation's number one economic problem, after passing through Kansas we don't know what to expect below the Mason and Dixon Line. Ruinous wheat prices and crops laid low by dry, hot weather have brought distress to all; to all, that is, but the Republican politicians who have capitalized on the weather. Farmers repeated to us what they had read in the press or heard from the Republicans: "We need rain or a change in government." Druggists, farmers, and editors told us that New Dealer Huxman had been the best governor in Kansas since the turn of the century. The rain did not come before the 1938 elections. Huxman failed of reelection. No one could explain it, except by calling it an anti-New Deal reaction.

The politicians and editors in Topeka told us that the people would not support Roosevelt for a third term. The people told us otherwise. "Why, the government supports half this state; without the WPA, AAA, and FHA, there'd be a revolution here," was the people's story. Occasionally we heard a different story. Some small farmers bitterly attacked the AAA because, they claimed, they could not afford to work under the allotment system, whereas the large landowner made money by it.

We saw the empty shacks of tenant farmers whom the landowner had driven off the land in order that he might collect the allotment. We heard of "city folk" investing in land just to collect the allotments. In western Kansas we passed mud-covered cars containing whole families and their household goods, headed West from that weather-beaten area. We drove through vast stretches of crops burnt to the ground and realized what the farmers meant when they spoke of the need for the government's farm-relief program. We tried not to be shocked at the desperate attitude of these people, who were fighting nature and big business at the same time.

These men wanted to run their own lives and farms. They told us so in words that had become familiar to us in the cities. In indignant tones they spoke of "the gangsters in Chicago and Kansas City who sell our wheat again and again, even before it is harvested, and then take the profit on each sale out of our pockets." One housewife took a vicious cut at the air as she exclaimed, "My husband sells his wheat for 44 cents and I pay $1.25 for that same wheat in sacks, or $6 for it in loaves of bread."

A formal handwave to the tourist—we soon found out that their fellowship goes deeper than that. These people live in the spirit of tolerance and democracy. Two girls standing behind a stall in a farm market had only this to say about racial and religious prejudices: "On Sunday we go to different churches. On Monday we get together, still good friends." People stoutly maintained that Winrod was a dead issue in Kansas, and that Father Coughlin "was barking up the wrong tree." Yet we found evidence of the old hatreds in signs telling us that the "management reserves the right to refuse service to anyone." A proud citizen of Springfield, Illinois, directed us to the beautiful Lincoln Memorial, but neglected to tell us that less than a mile away were Jim Crow beaches.

When we passed through the large areas of growing crops dotted with incongruous elevators and saw factories surrounded by eight-foot walls of corn, we really began to "feel" the country. From semi-industrial Illinois and St. Louis we passed through the desolate farm lands of Kansas, into the rolling cattle country of Colorado, and over the Rockies, quarantining a sick Midwest from a healthy Coast. The Rockies thrilled us with their scenic beauty, but squalid mining towns, stranded incongruously on the sides of snow-capped peaks, chilled our fervor.

Young people looking for jobs haven't a chance in the Midwest, we soon found out. Hitch-hikers on the rolls of the CCC or NYA told us of futile searches for work, and many frankly admitted that were it not for government aid they might be "criminals." Fewer and fewer young people are going to college.

We talked with young people who had left subsistence farms, "ghost" mining towns, and broken-up homes and were living on the Resident Projects in Atchison, Kansas, and Grand Junction, Colorado, supervised by the National Youth Administration. These projects were one of the few encouraging signs we saw. We stayed with these young people in the homes they had built out of delapidated houses. We talked with them sitting on chairs they had carved and upholstered. We ate the food they had raised, prepared, and cooked. They were living and learning. We too learned. We learned of their changed attitude toward life, and how they were bringing the knowledge gained at these projects back to their homes and farms. Many, we found out, had already left the farm projects to take positions in private employment.

JOSEPH WERSHBA
MEL FISKE
GEORGE WHITMAN
HELEN ROSOVSKY
LILLIAN ROSOVSKY

En Route to Los Angeles, August 1

Doubts on Texas

Dear Sirs: Mr. Munz's article on Texas in your issue of July 15 was, it seems to me, a bit on the lyrical side. I feel that some of his facts and conclusions are misleading.

1. "The Ku Klux Klan has fallen into consumptive invalidism." I submit (a) the big neon cross that blazes every Thursday night for the Klan meetings in San Antonio, a Catholic stronghold; (b) the newspaper advertisement inviting "visiting Klansmen"; and (c) the burning cross planted in a Houston

Negro's yard when he announced for the schoolboard.

2. "Farley or Murphy could carry the Southwest with ease, for anti-Catholic feeling has declined." He offers no evidence. The Catholic question is too complex for the limits of a letter, but I fear that what Mr. Munz interprets as such a "decline" is really the increased political and economic power of the church. Furthermore, you may recall that Al Smith failed to carry even San Antonio. Maybe Texas would vote to put a Catholic in the White House. I doubt it.

3. ". . . a Jewish candidate could carry the Southwest." It might be the better part of political valor not to try it. Unlike Mr. Munz, I find anti-Semitism increasing. I find even Catholic Action publications, bearing the Archbishop's blessing, full of attacks on Jews, and of course, on Masons and Communists. These evidences of intolerance in a group that may well become the first target of intolerant violence seem to point in a direction other than that indicated by Mr. Munz.

4. Mr. Munz slurs two vital issues—excessive freight rates and absentee ownership. The latter is too obvious to discuss. The former gets a little more argument from the poor downtrodden railroads which have long held Texas in a vise. I submit merely (a) the report of a Texas citrus-fruit growers' association showing that while the 1938-39 crop was 24 per cent greater than the year preceding, the growers got 32 per cent less, and that the growers got only 9 cents of the consumer's dollar spent for citrus fruit whereas the railroads got 32 cents; (b) the powerful railroad lobby; (c) the railroads' efforts to block development of Texas deepwater ports. Here's a hint for the New Deal: do something about freight rates and you'll win a lot of Texas votes.

5. Mr. Munz finds Texas farmers generally tolerant of New Deal agricultural policies. He says further that Texas "escaped a part of the 1937-38 decline." Now, as a matter of fact, the total farm income and the total livestock income were both lower in 1938 than in 1937, in spite of increased government benefits. Sales of cattle did increase, but there was drought, there were higher prices, there was beef shortage. Income from hogs, sheep, lambs, wool, milk was less in 1938 than in 1937.

The total value of crop production in 1937 was $512,614,000; in 1938 it dropped to $390,148,000. Both figures include government benefits, $36,010,000 in 1937, and $66,748,000 in 1938.

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There were two main causes for this drop—and neither was live-stock growing. They were wholesale cotton-acreage curtailment and the drop in farm-produce prices. Three other major crops—corn, oats, rice—showed increases, but the cash return was lower in each case than in 1937.

Cotton production dropped from 5,154,000 bales in 1937 to 3,125,000 bales in 1938. That is most of your "crop decrease." The saddest part is that total return to growers from lint cotton was $129,688,000 in 1938, against $217,490,000 in 1937, not counting government benefits. Just what is there in this picture to make the farmer happy? Or tolerant with New Deal farm policy?

All this means that the farmer's purchasing power has been cut. The reduced buying power spreads, furthermore, to share-croppers, pickers, truckers, seed and oil mills, ginners, dock workers, and others whose income depends directly on the size of the crop. Under crop curtailment as worked out for cotton in Texas, there seems to be less money in circulation, in spite of pump-priming, among the rural population. Assuming that Mr. Munz is correct in saying that farmers ordinarily do not make money growing cotton, may we not ask: Are they making money by *not* growing cotton? The government crop checks are important, but not important enough to make the farmer forget that they are only a sop and that they can be withdrawn at any time.

Texas today cries for industrialization. The gap between the prices of cotton in the bale and in the form of jeans, between those of cattle on the hoof and on the platter, is being sharply attacked. The industrializers have powerful slogans: Build Texas factories; use Texas raw materials for making Texas products with Texas labor. Texas has already built its first paper mill to use Southern slash pine.

Texans feel, with or without justification, that if a Texan, understanding Texas problems, were to become President, such a program would be accelerated, that there would be a boom in Texas. That, and not local pride, is why they might vote for Garner.

Mr. Munz is, in addition, I believe, a little too optimistic in regarding Maury Maverick's election as more than a local victory. Maverick has not yet carried Texas. San Antonio is but a drop in the Texas vote bucket.

J. H. PLENN

San Antonio, Tex., August 2

The Fruits of Economy

Dear Sirs: Measures of economy are bearing fruit. Congress saved $50,000,000 by reducing the President's request for $150,000,000 to continue relief and WPA. Faced with smaller appropriations various states have already begun to cut relief rolls and pare WPA lists. When the legislature of the state of Washington met last spring in Olympia, an "economy budget" for relief was passed in spite of the huge lay-offs in WPA since November and the fact that more were to be removed from the rolls. The relief crisis became so acute that thousands faced starvation all over the state. On April 1 the Welfare Board of Pierce County was forced to remove 1,700 persons from its relief rolls; King County made cuts affecting 20,000 persons. Several welfare offices are not taking any more Aid to Dependent Children cases; no more old-age pensions are being granted. In April the allowance in King County for single persons who managed to get on relief was 9 cents a day. It is now 18 cents a day. An unmarried woman on relief rations herself to a can of soup and three slices of bread per day. A recent state ruling is that the ability to work be considered a resource; thus the able-bodied individual is ineligible for any amount of relief.

In April there was an outcropping of "hunger camps," six of them in various sections. These camps were established as a protest by the Workers' Alliance, the bargaining agent for WPA workers, and were filled with people cut off relief and WPA as a result of economy appropriations passed by the legislature last January. These camps are now being disbanded, not because the needy people have been cared for, but because their continuance would prove too great a burden on local grocerymen and butchers, whose generosity was the sole support of the hunger camps.

During the past month everyone receiving old-age pensions opened a large, official envelope which contained a paper asking the recipient to state under his signature that he had read the recently enacted law forbidding owners to sell or otherwise dispose of their property. This law was passed to enable the state to sell the property and collect the amount its owner had received in pension payments. It is true that the property will not be sold during the lifetime of the pensioner, his widow, or dependents, but the property is tied up so that the owner cannot benefit from an advantageous sale.

Washington probably illustrates what would happen if administration of relief were turned back to the states. Relief is a national problem, and economy appropriations are a national shame.

CLAUDIA GAVRILOVA

Puyallup, Wash., July 25

Material on Bishop Paddock

Dear Sirs: May I appeal through you to acquaintances of the late Bishop Robert L. Paddock, recently chairman of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, for letters, anecdotes, or comments on his work that might be of help to me in writing his biography? They may be sent to me at 157 Montague Street, Brooklyn, with indication as to whether or not they need be returned. His own letters will be especially appreciated.

BRADFORD YOUNG

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 20

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The Shape of Things

*

THE IMPACT OF THE SOVIET-GERMAN NON-aggression agreement has blown to pieces all international calculations. Its echoes resound as loudly in Chungking and Tokyo as in Danzig and London. We discuss on a later page the fateful European implications of the agreement. In Asia it may ironically have some useful by-products. Britain's rejection of Japan's basic economic demands in North China had provoked the Japanese extremists to a fresh anti-British campaign in Shanghai and the occupied section of China. In this campaign, which was obviously timed to coincide with the latest Nazi war threats in Europe, the Japanese have made no effort to conceal their hand behind the "spontaneous" anti-British demonstrations of Chinese thugs and hirelings. In some instances Japanese soldiers have herded the Chinese into anti-British mass-meetings. An incident at Shanghai in which a British policeman killed two Japanese-employed guardians of the law who had fired on him and wounded him has been seized as a pretext for new Japanese demands. It is evident that the military clique is pressing the anti-British campaign in an effort to force the government into a military alliance with the axis powers. But perhaps the time has passed when their efforts can be effective. As a result of the Soviet-Nazi pact, Japan's attention will be forcibly shifted to the Russian border, and even the military may question the wisdom of further provoking the British.

*

LITTLE CAN BE SAID FOR SUMNER WELLES'S somewhat crude efforts to bludgeon the Mexican government into acceptance of the oil companies' demands with respect to their expropriated properties. Acting Secretary Welles declared that the State Department had no other purpose in intervening "than to reconcile a major difference of approach which threatens a breakdown in the present negotiations." But his assertion that a continuation of the dispute "will constitute a material barrier to the maintenance of . . . close and friendly understanding between Mexico and the United States" is the sort of threat which belongs to the dollar imperialism of the

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Coolidge days. It has been evident from the beginning that the oil companies were in no mood to enter into an equitable arrangement. During the past year they have deluged the country with malicious, highly colored propaganda against the present Mexican government. They are know to have been active in Mexican politics. Under the circumstances the State Department is under no obligation to extend a helping hand. If the oil companies knew that they had to fight their own battles without the support of the government they might find grounds for settlement in relatively short order.

*

WHETHER HIS CHURCH SUPERIORS HAVE AT last rapped Coughlin's knuckles or whether the emergence of a determined opposition has frightened him is not easy to discover, but it is obvious that since his hysterical call for an American Franco the political priest has wanted nothing better than to be an offstage noise for a while. His followers in New York have split on the finer points of chicanery as well as on degrees of violence, and the more extreme members of the flock have not been faring well with the law. Five of them are standing trial in magistrate's court for street rioting, and two are being held for special sessions on the charge of having assaulted policemen. One devout follower, a woman of forty-two, was given a sentence of thirty days, later suspended, by Magistrate Michael A. Ford for selling *Social Justice* to the accompaniment of violent anti-Semitic slogans. "He who instils such ideas as you have, be he priest or anyone else," said the magistrate, "does not belong in this country. . . . I am a Catholic myself, and I am ashamed of you for the ideas you have expressed."

*

IT WAS JUST AT THIS JUNCTURE THAT THE Social Distributors, a Coughlin splinter group, asked for a permit to parade through the city streets. While the police were considering the wisdom of granting it, Coughlin took two steps as revealing as they were contradictory: he disavowed any connection with the paraders, asking his followers to stay away "in the interests of law and order," and he successfully requested the leaders of the demonstration to cancel the parade, thus establishing a closer link than would have been apparent if the parade had been held. Pleading self-defense in his last radio talk, Coughlin called for a "counter-force to forefend" the attacks of the "Popular Front," but even here he spoke with one foot in the wings. He could not associate himself directly with the "counter-force," he explained, because it was his duty to "stand aloof, to preach encouragement." Coughlin can't stand too much aloof to suit us, but let him not suppose that a spotlight can't be cast backstage if need be.

FRITZ KUHN'S PERT AND UNSCRUPULOUS answers and behavior before the Dies committee remind us of Konrad Henlein, his Sudeten German colleague. In 1934 Henlein proclaimed the allegiance of his newly formed Bund to the constitution of the Czechoslovak republic. He also, of course, had nothing against the Jews. "We just want them to leave us alone," he said, exactly as Mr. Kuhn says now. Four years later Henlein revealed himself as henchman of the Leader across the border. Mr. Kuhn says: "We don't care anything about the Nazi government." Anybody who is even faintly acquainted with Nazi methods knows that Mr. Kuhn could not for a moment be the leader of the German-American Bund without the consent of the German government. He is one of its representatives in the United States, just as Henlein was in Czechoslovakia. What happened there? The authorities pretended to take seriously Henlein's lip-service to democratic principles, and the reactionary Czech agrarians helped and protected him under the same pretense, with the result that Henlein is today one of the chief slave-drivers of the enslaved Czech nation. We are not fearful lest our fellow-citizen Kuhn rule us one day in the name of Hitler. But we have numerous and powerful reactionaries of our own, as the Czechs had, who dream of future rule without the interference of democratic methods. Mr. Kuhn cannot be ignored. He serves those forces.

*

THE DAIRY FARMERS' UNION WON A VICTORY in the terms agreed to by the milk companies of the New York milkshed at a conference with Mayor LaGuardia. The July pool price for milk was $1.50 a hundredweight. The union asked a guaranteed price of $2.35. The companies have now agreed to pay $2.15. Although August is a better month for the farmer than July and the pool price this month will probably be from $1.70 to $1.80 a hundredweight, the $2.15 still represents a substantial gain. And the conference was a victory for the Dairy Farmers' Union in two other respects. For the first time the milk companies were obliged to bargain collectively with the dairy farmers—the "bargaining" provided for under the federal marketing orders supported by the milk trust is not genuine collective bargaining but bargaining between the big milk combines and the "company union" milk cooperatives controlled by them. The agreement was also a victory in that the establishment of a guaranteed price is a step away from the elaborate chicanery of the classified price plan. In their strike dairy farmers for the first time had the support of an organized consumer group, the Milk Consumers' Protective Committee, and of both C. I. O. and A. F. of L. Governor Lehman practically ordered sheriffs to hire deputies. Some of these deputies, we understand, were supplied by the milk companies.

TVA HAS NOW TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE generating and transmission properties of the Tennessee Electric Power Company, and thirty-eight cities, towns, and cooperatives have acquired its distribution system. The price of freedom from the power trust was the good round sum of $78,000,000, which it is generally agreed represents a very adequate valuation for the properties. It did not, however, satisfy Wendell Willkie, who, in a final blast about the evils of public competition reproduced as a full-page advertisement in many papers, complained that his holding company, Commonwealth and Southern, was only receiving about four-fifths of the real value of its Tennessee system. Actually the bondholders and preferred stockholders of the Tennessee Company are getting 100 cents on the dollar, while the common stockholders get about 30 cents and, in addition, retain an unencumbered equity in certain ice, water, and transport properties. Mr. Willkie forgot to mention this last point; nor was this the only false note in his swan-song. He took credit for the fact that the Tennessee Power Company's rates were well below the national average. It is significant, however, that in 1933, before the Authority started operations, rates were at roughly three times their present level and above the national average. However, Mr. Willkie's last blast can do no great harm except to his stockholders, who must pay for the advertisements. TVA, able at last to plan, unhampered, the electrical development of a wide area, should soon be in a position to produce the most effective possible counter-propaganda in the shape of still lower rates and higher consumption.

*

THE LA FOLLETTE COMMITTEE REPORT ON the National Association of Manufacturers was released at an opportune moment—in the same week in which Teachers College, Columbia, held its Congress on Education for Democracy. The N. A. M., the report shows, has relied heavily on what it calls "educational" campaigns through press, radio, community get-togethers, and the schools. Results have been obtained by "indirection of meaning, and, in presentation, . . . secrecy and deception." "The Mandeville Press Service, the Six Star Service, Uncle Abner's cartoons, George Sokolsky's services, the 'American Family Robinson' radio broadcasts, 'Harmony Ads' by MacDonald-Cook Company, 'civic progress meetings,' and many other devices of molding public opinion have been used without disclosure of the origin and financial support by the National Association of Manufacturers." The Senate committee finds that the N. A. M. has been a major anti-union force in this country since 1903, that its activities have been expanded greatly since 1933 in fighting the New Deal, that it is now more than ever dominated by big business, that its campaign against the Wagner Act encouraged disrespect for law, and that it is to be condemned "for cloaking its propaganda in anonymity." The association's largest contributor since 1933 has been E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company; its second largest, du Pont-controlled General Motors. Lammot du Pont represented the N. A. M. in the seminar "What Shall Be Done?" at the congress on Morningside Heights.

*

THERE ARE THOSE WHO PROFESS TO SEE IN Heywood Broun the American G. K. Chesterton—witty, bluff, and firm in the faith. So proud of the man's genial humor is the *Guild Reporter* that the editors of that journal run in their current issue a column under the subhead: "Brounisms That Oiled the Convention Machinery." One Brounism escaped that column but cropped up elsewhere in the paper's coverage of the American Newspaper Guild's convention at San Francisco. Moving to strike out of an anti-Coughlin resolution a section asking the Catholic church to discipline the demagogic priest, Broun protested against considering Coughlinism "a Catholic issue," and then, in all the innocence of his fifty-odd years, remarked: "I think I might personally want to bring in a resolution that the Presbyterian church discipline Norman Thomas for certain things he has said." In the Broun parallel the Catholic church, most highly organized international in world history, is paired with the loosely knit democratic Presbyterian church; Coughlin, politically speaking, is equated with Thomas; and the Catholic priest becomes one with the layman who has had no connection with his church for more than twenty years. Malice joined with ineptitude makes for a poor brand of wit.

Red Star and Swastika

RED Star and Swastika, once mutually exclusive symbols, have come together, and the diplomatic map of Europe has been redrawn overnight. Russia has not joined the Anti-Comintern Pact, but by consenting at this precise moment to adopt the role of a disinterested neutral it has given Hitler a colossal diplomatic victory and laid foundations for another Munich. As we go to press we have only the bare fact of the agreement, announced with a blare of trumpets in Berlin, more quietly in Moscow. It remains to be seen whether the pact is to be along conventional non-aggression treaty lines or whether it will include provisions of a wider character.

We have no doubt that the Soviet government will attempt to justify itself by pointing to the untrustworthy nature of the capitalist democracies. It will recall their betrayal of Czechoslovakia, their connivance at the murder of republican Spain, their persistent cold-shouldering

of Russia up to the last few months. Only a few days ago the Soviet press reproduced an article from the London *Daily Worker* which, without offering very substantial evidence, accused Chamberlain of a new secret appeasement move. This now appears like an attempt at alibi manufacture.

We can also expect from Moscow accusations that Britain had deliberately delayed the negotiations for an Anglo-Russian pact, had engaged in them only to placate domestic opinion, and had never, in fact, intended to bring them to a conclusion. But in the light of what has happened it seems impossible to accept this version of the obstacles to agreement. Ever since April the Soviet government has been playing a double game, willing to keep the Western powers dangling but holding in reserve the well-known desire of Germany for an understanding. The dismissal of Litvinov, the champion of collective security, author of the phrase "Peace is indivisible," now appears to have been a definite swing toward isolation. It marked a determination not to be drawn into European quarrels unless Russian borders were attacked.

What needs explanation, however, is the question why Russia, after adopting a strictly nationalist policy, should have consented to negotiations with Britain at all? Was the intention to obtain better terms from Germany as the price of neutrality? Or was the Soviet government banking on a belief that Britain and France would in the end offer Poland on the altar of appeasement, thus leaving Moscow free of obligation to go to war but still in a position of moral superiority? And if so, was the pact with Germany rushed through at this critical moment because a showdown seemed imminent, with the Western powers apparently determined, after all, to stand by their obligations?

We have no sympathy for a double-crosser who has been double-crossed. Mr. Chamberlain's chickens have come home to roost. But the issues involved are far wider than the prestige of the British Premier. Soviet Russia had assumed leadership of the anti-fascist front the world over; it provided the one great hope that Germany might be rescued from the clutches of Hitler, and the rest of Europe avoid the fate of the Austrians and Czechs. And now it has timed this rapprochement with Nazism for the moment when Hitler will derive the greatest possible benefit from it. The disillusion which will follow among the left forces here and abroad will be bitter.

What of the immediate effects in Europe of this reorientation of Moscow? Obviously the danger to Poland is intensified. Berlin is now forecasting action within the present week and is boasting that advance knowledge of this coup had enabled it to tighten the screws. Poland is protesting that it will still fight, and Britain and France are expected to reaffirm their pledges. But it also seems likely that they will point out to Warsaw that with Russia standing aside the amount of direct aid they can give must be limited and almost certainly will not prevent Poland from being overrun. Under these circumstances, they may suggest that the Polish government attempt to negotiate.

The danger of war, however, is not past. The Poles are a recklessly romantic people, and knowing that once they yield anything to Hitler they will probably suffer the fate of the Czechs, they may choose to go down fighting. Germany, relieved of the specter of having to fight first-class armies simultaneously in east and west, may be pleased at a chance to blood its youth. Brave as the Poles are, they lack equipment, are outnumbered, and are surrounded on three sides. Germany, pursuing defensive operations in the west, could probably overwhelm them before the snows come. Then it could turn its full strength on the hated democracies with a better chance of forcing them to buy peace dearly than has hitherto seemed within its power.

Education Against Democracy

IT DOES not require extended research to understand how the Congress on Education for Democracy at Teachers College, Columbia University, came to have a good press. In Stanley Baldwin the congress had a celebrity of the first rank. The National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce were prominent among the groups participating. The Teachers College Lay Council, which fathered the congress, includes Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the New York *Times*. Its chairman is Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank. The John Price Jones Corporation, guiding genius of the Johnstown "Citizens' Committee" in the Little Steel strike, was in charge of the publicity. No affair could have been more gratifyingly respectable; none could have been better calculated to reconcile the business community to the Teachers College in which George S. Counts once asked, "Dare the School Build a New Social Order?"

True, the C. I. O. was also on the list of sponsoring organizations, but its spokesmen made their appearance only in the catacombs of the seminars, the most important of which, "What Shall Be Done?" was closed to the press. True, John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, was uncouth enough to obtrude wages and hours into the discussion, and two outstanding liberals, Charles A. Beard and Frank P. Graham, president of the University of North Carolina, spoke at the public sessions. Mr. Beard's presence stirred

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sardonic memories, for he left Columbia many years ago in protest against the lack of democracy on Morningside Heights. President Graham said, "It is one of the ironies of the history of liberty that the shibboleths which came flaming from the souls of the prophets of democracy in behalf of the freedom of forgotten men in another century should be hardened and turned against the larger liberties of the forgotten millions of our time." The sentence did not appear in the news reports. It comes uncomfortably close to epitomizing the congress.

The Nation, along with other liberal organizations, accepted an invitation to take part in the congress in the belief that it would provide an open forum for all points of view. But the sessions were so stage-managed as to keep them palatable to the interests Teachers College seems anxious to serve. Three main impressions remain from the congress. The first was left by the baccalaureate platitudes that marked the principal speeches; there could be no quicker way to drain democracy of vitality than by celebrating it in an academic cave of the winds. The second was made by the ineptness of linking the democratic cause with hands-across-the-sea appeals by British Tories whose chief activity in the past few years has been the undermining of democracy. Baldwin held the reins of power when England connived in Japan's seizure of Manchuria, Mussolini's victory over Ethiopia, fascism's onslaught on Spain. Under Baldwin the pendulum of change in Britain began the swing back toward repression, with legislation against trade unions, the cooperatives, the unemployed, and—in the Sedition Act—free expression itself. Who is he to give us lessons in democracy?

Finally one must note the extent to which a Congress supposedly called in defense of democracy furnished a sounding-board for anti-democratic utterance and theory. Baldwin's explanation that fascism was the "aftermath of communism" in Germany and Italy could hardly have been bettered, in its blithe mendacity, by Coughlin. Lord Stamp attempted to whitewash the Portuguese and Greek dictatorships as "good" totalitarianisms. Butler explained that "democracy is not government by the mob. Democracy is not even government by a majority. . . ." Dean Russell warned that "complete economic equality" would be "fatal to democracy," and implied that ours was a "representative government" rather than a democracy. This dovetailed neatly into the theory put forward by H. W. Prentis, Jr., president of the Armstrong Cork Company and vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers, in the most extraordinary speech of the congress. After warning that the future of the republic rests on "individual patriotism and religious faith," not in "more and more democracy," Prentis went on to expound the line now used by all American fascist groups, whether Nazi, Coughlinite, or Silver Shirt. Prentis declared the United States was never intended to be a democracy but a republic, pointed to the NLRB as an invidious example of democracy at work, lumped the "new liberalism" with communism, socialism, fascism, and Nazism, and ended by objecting—at this late date—to direct election of Senators. This last he declared "a serious blow . . . at our republican system" because with indirect election Senators "would not be so readily influenced by popular clamor." "Moreover," Prentis said, "the primary, the initiative, the referendum, the recall, and the delegation of sweeping powers to government commissions are all steps that have brought us closer and closer to the pitfalls of democracy." Prentis is a leading figure in the National Association of Manufacturers, which played a dominant role in the congress. Are his quasi-fascist ideas to be included in the books and leaflets which a permanent organization for "Education for Democracy" is planning to distribute in the schools? What did Prentis say in the closed seminar on "What Shall Be Done"? Other participants in that private discussion were Lammot du Pont, Felix M. McWhirter, Louis J. Taber. Du Pont interests are the biggest contributors to the National Association of Manufacturers and its widespread "educational" work, as the La Follette committee report discloses. McWhirter figured in the Dies committee revelations; he wrote a letter to John D. M. Hamilton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, introducing the anti-Semitic James E. Campbell as a "tried and trusted friend." The Dies committee also made public a letter from the fascist Deatherage to Campbell suggesting a meeting of leaders to plan for a Moseley dictatorship. Taber was one of those named in the letter as "on our side of the fence." Odd collaborators in education for democracy!

In *The Nation* of December 17 last James Wechsler, in an article entitled Twilight at Teachers College, reported that those in control of the college were moving toward "a discreet *Anschluss* with Wall Street." That *Anschluss* has now been effected .The idea of the congress may be traced back to Dean Russell's speech, "Divided We Fall," at the Congress of Industry held by the National Association of Manufacturers in New York last December. The report on the National Association of Manufacturers made last week by the La Follette committee shows that the N. A. M. has been as skilful as the old National Electric Light Association in poisoning the wells of public information. The report devotes a good deal of space to the N. A. M.'s "educational activities." The congress, particularly the Prentis speech, indicates what we may expect from this new movement for "education for democracy." It would mean the prostitution of education to the anti-democratic forces in America. To that prostitution Teachers College is offered up by its ambitious dean. Is the price to be the presidency of Columbia University when Nicholas Murray Butler dies or retires?

Finland Between Two Fires

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

BRITISH and Soviet diplomats, unable after months of negotiating to complete the defensive pact which the interests of both countries require, have now made way for the generals and admirals. In the political discussions the main obstacle to agreement seems to have been the question of guaranties to Finland and the Baltic states against indirect as well as direct aggression. The same problem must inevitably arise in the course of the staff talks, for clearly it would be futile to lay plans to meet a German attack on Poland or Rumania while ignoring the possibility of an offensive on the Baltic. If, then, the military men can agree on a course of action to meet this contingency, it may be easier to discover a formula to end the present diplomatic deadlock.

The starting-point for any realistic discussion of the problem is that Russia can no more afford to see its Baltic neighbors conquered or dominated by Germany than Britain can suffer a threat to the integrity of Holland or Belgium. Leningrad is the Achilles heel of the U. S. S. R.—its one great city not far removed from frontiers. The Finnish border lies a bare twenty miles away; that of Estonia under seventy. Access to the Baltic through the narrow Gulf of Finland is impeded by a number of small Finnish islands and could be blocked by a hostile power occupying the Aaland Islands to the north or the group belonging to Estonia to the south. Moreover, although the political and economic importance of Leningrad has been deliberately diminished by the Soviets, its strategic importance remains and has indeed been enhanced by the development of Murmansk and Kola on the Arctic coast. An enemy who succeeded in taking Leningrad would be favorably placed to cut the Murmansk Railway and the new ship canal and thus deprive Russia of communications with the west except through the Dardanelles and the Mediterranean.

Under these circumstances it is easy to appreciate Russia's insistence that any defensive pact with the Western powers must include safeguards against the use by an invader of the small states on its northeastern frontier. Nor can it be blamed for regarding with some skepticism the stout declarations by these countries of their willingness and ability to defend themselves against all onslaughts. It is no reflection on the courage of the Letts and Estonians to suggest that, unaided, they could do nothing to prevent a rapid German invasion. The combined population of Estonia and Latvia is little more than three millions, and they lack the financial and industrial resources for the equipment of a modern army. Finland's position is, of course, somewhat stronger. It has a comparatively large and well-trained army, and the broken character of its coast line offers a considerable degree of natural protection against invasion by sea. Nevertheless, Finland, for reasons which will be developed later, if confronted by an ultimatum from Germany, might, no less than the other Baltic states, decide that discretion was the better part of valor.

Admitting the grounds for Russian suspicions, it is still possible to understand and sympathize with the dislike of the buffer states for inclusion in a system of guaranties. Standing as they do between two great powers both of which they have some reason to distrust, their one hope of safety seems to lie in absolute neutrality. Acceptance of Russian guaranties, whether or not countersigned by Britain and France, on the one hand would expose them to German hostility and on the other, or so they fear, would surrender their independence to Moscow. "We understand very well," said Mr. Erkko, Minister for Foreign Affairs, in a recent speech before the Finnish Diet, "what such an automatic guaranty, accorded without our consent or even consultation with us, would mean. It is incompatible with the autonomy and sovereignty of Finland. The only attitude we can adopt toward any state attempting to furnish so-called assistance, by virtue of a guaranty assumed on its own authority, when it considers that the state it pretends to protect has need of it, is to consider any such measure as an aggression." A similar line has been taken in Estonia. Early in June a leading newspaper in Tallin, *Paevaleht*, stated with the obvious approval of the government: "The Soviet Union forgets that the Baltic states oppose equally the National Socialist imperialism of Germany and the Communist imperialism of Russia. . . . The policy of the Soviet Union is to put Estonia, Latvia, and Finland in such a position that they would have to choose between becoming vassals or active defenders. Our choice is clear. There are no Hachas in Estonia. Estonia's choice is self-defense against both straightforward aggression and preventive aggression, even if the latter be termed assistance."

It may be difficult to take these fine sentiments absolutely at face value, but there is no need to assume that they conceal strong leanings toward Berlin. A recent visit to Finland has convinced me that public opinion there is far from pro-German. The Finns have old ties of friendship with Germany, but they have few illusions

about the benevolence of the Nazi regime. For them, as for so many other peoples formerly inclined to German sympathies, the fate of the Czechs has proved an enlightening shock. The open acknowledgment of *Lebensraum* as the guiding principle of German policy has served as a reminder of ambitious German plans in 1918 to set up a group of Baltic dependencies—plans only thwarted by the collapse of the western front. Finland's independence, it is fully realized, would not be worth very much were Germany to establish an unchallenged supremacy in Europe.

Moreover, Finland values its free constitution as well as its independence. Democracy, if not so firmly established as in Sweden, has a real hold on the Finnish people. It conforms with their psychology and traditions, and their devotion to it was tested and strengthened by the long struggle against czarism. True, in recent times, faith has occasionally wavered. During the depression, which hit Finland early and hard, there was a period of two years when the country seemed heading straight for fascism. The Lapua movement, inspired originally by religious bigotry and the fears of a highly individualistic peasantry, became an instrument in the hands of big business, conducted a reign of terror against the left, and forced the government to suppress the Communist Party. But with this aim achieved it rapidly lost public support, and an attempt to stage a coup in 1932 collapsed ignominiously. With a revival in trade, democratic methods reasserted themselves. From the remnants of the Lapua movement a pseudo-fascist party known as the I. K. L. was formed, but it never succeeded in making much headway, and in the elections at the beginning of last month its parliamentary strength was reduced from fourteen to eight.

That Finland, after looking over the edge of the fascist abyss, should have had sufficient strength and steadiness to draw back, does it credit. But it must be recognized that in order to become so firmly established that it can resist a new crisis Finnish democracy needs a long period of peace and relative prosperity. That is one reason why the government will try desperately to remain neutral in the event of war, for whichever side it took there would be grave danger of the conflict turning to civil strife. The large Socialist element among the workers could hardly stomach alliance with the Nazis. On the other hand, any attempt to make common cause with Russia would meet with strong resistance from the peasants and the middle classes and give a new impetus to the I. K. L. Weak as this body is in voting power, it still infects some organs of the body politic, and in a condition of crisis its germs might spread rapidly. According to general report, it commands the allegiance of many of the younger army officers; it has a nucleus in the civil service and a strong following among the university students. It is also well intrenched among the Lutheran clergy, who play an important role in the life of the rural districts and exercise considerable influence.



Courtesy of the New York *Times*

The fact must be faced that, however much the Finns as a whole fear and dislike the Nazis, an even more potent emotion is their hatred and distrust of Russia. This arises not merely from hostility to communism; its roots go back much farther than 1918, and it would certainly survive any change of regime in Moscow. For it is bound up with memories of Russian invasion and repression; it is terror of the Great Bear, whose claws have always menaced its neighbors. How instinctive this hostility is can be illustrated by the story told about a leading Finnish general who, after a very convivial evening, insisted on ordering mobilization against Russia. His drunken conviction proved so catching that before more sober subordinates managed to get the orders countermanded he actually had some units marching toward the border. Such a pathological attitude is encouraged rather than cured by the increasing emphasis on nationalism in Russia, by the current attempts to array Stalin in the mantle of Peter the Great. That development may tend to reassure Western capitalists terrified of international communism, but for Russia's neighbors and one-time subjects it is cause for additional alarm.

To do Soviet Russia justice, it does not seem to have provided grounds for so much suspicion. For many years now it has had non-aggression pacts with its Baltic neighbors, and it has never made any move against their integrity. Nor is there any reason to suppose that it will do so in the future unless Germany attempts to use them as a base for hostile operations. Finns, when pressed to abandon historical emotionalism and list specific complaints against present-day Russia, usually concentrate on two points. They hold it responsible for the bloody civil war of 1918, officially known as the War for Independence. Actually that began as an internal conflict in which the "red" workers of the towns fought for an independent socialist republic, while their "white" opponents upheld the banner of capitalism and, after their victory, actually offered the crown of Finland to a German prince. The "reds" received some assistance from Russia, but the "whites" obtained not only weapons from Germany but the help of a considerable German army. Under the

circumstances it is hardly possible to regard this war as an attempt to retain Finland under the domination of the Soviets.

The other grievance is Russia's alleged failure to carry out all the provisions of the Treaty of Dorpat, by which in 1920 the frontier between the two countries was defined. Its terms gave Finland access to the Arctic but compelled it to relinquish its claim to Eastern Karelia, a province inhabited by people closely akin to the Finns. Russia promised that this district would have the fullest internal autonomy—a promise which, the Finns allege, has never been carried out. The rights and wrongs of this dispute are not very well defined. In 1921 a rising against the Soviets in Eastern Karelia, apparently inspired by Finnish irredentist propaganda, was severely repressed. Thereafter the Communist Party took over control of the province, which eventually was constituted the East Karelian Socialist Soviet Republic, enjoying the same degree of "autonomy" as other minor units of the Soviet Union.

This is one reason why, ever since the war, the relations between Finland and Russia have been at best correct, never friendly. The most serious consequence is that commercial relations between the two countries are practically non-existent. When Finland was part of the Russian Empire, it found the main market for its products there, but as an independent state it has turned its back on the East and endeavored to build up commercial relations with the West. This policy has proved very successful but has led to an undue dependence on the British market, which buys over 50 per cent of Finnish exports. In the event of war, this trade would almost certainly be stopped, and the only well-established customer within reach would be Germany. Thus the latter would acquire an economic hold on Finland by means of which it would almost certainly attempt to gain political and strategic concessions.

What kind of demands might be expected? The most obvious perhaps would be occupation of the Aaland Islands, which lie near the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, a little to the north of the entrance to the Gulf of Finland. Strategically they would have a threefold value for Germany. They are within a short flight of Stockholm and could thus be used as an air base to enforce Swedish obedience; they command the narrow channel through which must pass the ships bringing iron ore from the north of Sweden to Germany; they would make a most convenient submarine base for operations designed to bottle up the Russian Baltic fleet. By a convention signed in 1921 under the auspices of the League of Nations these islands are unfortified, but Finland, with the strong support of Sweden, is now anxious to have this restriction annulled. The signatories to the convention, including Germany, have consented, but the sanction of the League is also required, and this so far has been blocked by Russia. The latter's objections are easily explained. It is unconvinced by Finland's declarations that it wants to be in a position to defend the islands against all comers and suspects that in case of a demand from Germany backed by threats the Finns would be neither able nor willing to resist. The benefits of the fortifications would then accrue to Germany and make it extremely difficult to dislodge its forces there.

Understandable as the Russian attitude is, it neglects one important factor. In addition to the negative pressures exerted by Moscow and Berlin there is a third force helping to shape Finnish foreign policy—the pull of the Scandinavian countries. Finland is now a member of the northern neutral bloc of democratic states, which are in close and constant consultation. Its relations with Sweden—strained for many years because of these same Aaland Islands, which ethnographically are wholly Swedish—are now extremely close. If in the event of attempted aggression it chose to call for Swedish aid, it would certainly obtain the maximum assistance, for Sweden is vitally concerned in preventing the occupation of the Aalands by any belligerent power. Hence for Finland to yield this position without defending it to the last would be an act of the blackest treachery against a close friend. Herein lies a real safeguard for Russia, provided that Russia itself has no designs on the islands so long as they are neutral territory.

Of course it is clear that Finland and Sweden combined could not for long sustain an attack by the full force of Germany. But the kind of aggression under discussion would be only likely to occur as the consequence of a general war, and Germany would be unable to detach for such an operation more than a limited force. The Finnish army is not to be despised, and Sweden is rapidly building up an effective military machine. Thus with the natural geographical advantages of their position the two countries could put up a very determined defense.

Refortification of the Aalands has not yet begun and is, in fact, in suspense, although Finnish authorities declare they are prepared to go ahead irrespective of Russian opposition. But the essential agreement between Finland and Sweden has not yet been ratified by the latter, which seems reluctant to take this step until Russian sanction is secured. Moreover, Britain, when requested to approve the revision of the 1920 convention, replied that it had no objection in principle and would raise none on the understanding that other parties to the convention and *also the Soviet government* were consulted. In the event of a British alliance with Russia being consummated it is likely that Finland will be reminded that Britain's approval of its Aaland plans was conditioned in this manner.

In any case, the conclusion of a firm Anglo-Russian-French pact, underwriting Soviet security in the Baltic

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region, would introduce new factors into the situation. By showing that the anti-aggressive front means business such a pact would encourage the small would-be neutral states to resist intimidation by Germany. It might then be worth Russia's while to make a friendly gesture to Finland and give its consent to the Aaland fortifications without further haggling. Such a step would perhaps involve gambling on the maintenance of a democratic regime in Finland. But the alternative policy carries a risk of driving the Finns into German arms and thereby compromising the position of Sweden and Norway, about whose anti-fascist sympathies there can be no doubt.

Radio Censors Itself

BY DOROTHY ROCKWELL

> Radio . . . may not be used to convey attacks upon another's race or religion. . . . News broadcasts shall not be editorial. News shall not be selected with the purpose of furthering or hindering either side of any controversial public issue, nor shall it be colored by the opinions or desires of the station or network management, the editor or others engaged in its preparation, the person actually delivering it over the air, or, in the case of sponsored news broadcasts, the advertiser. News commentators as well as all other newscasters shall be governed by this provision. . . . Should time be sold for the discussion of controversial public issues and for the propagation of the views of individuals or groups, a powerful public forum would inevitably gravitate almost wholly into the hands of those with the greater means to buy it. . . .

THESE are passages from the self-regulatory code ratified in mid-July by a majority of the station owners and managers in the United States, at the suggestion and under the auspices of the National Association of Broadcasters (N. A. B.). Commenting on this move, the industry's trade magazine, *Broadcasting*, said: "From where we sit, it's not solely a question of self-regulation. It amounts to self-sacrifice. But if it keeps the FCC on its technical-regulatory beat, and prevents it from barging into program matters with a censorship warrant from Congress, it will be worth the price." And in the New York *World-Telegram* of July 15, General Hugh S. Johnson, a radio commentator himself, let fly with two columns on the theme: "The new code for radio broadcasting treads dangerous ground. . . . Censorship is censorship. . . ."

These two opinions are representative of press reaction throughout the country. The broadcasters' attitude is shown by the fact that N. A. B. members ratified the code, after three days of discussion and with very few changes, by approximately six to one. They ratified it because, though it embodies grave threats to station and network income (stringent clauses about undesirable children's programs and the length of commercial copy are included), it amounts to no more than a gesture.

The membership of the National Association of Broadcasters consists of about 400 radio stations, virtually all the network members. More than 700 stations are operating under FCC licenses in the United States at the present time. Last year, according to FCC statistics, 240 of those 700-odd stations lost an average of $10,000 apiece. The financially unstable third of the radio industry cannot afford N. A. B. dues, and is therefore unaffected by the code. These stations, of course, will broadcast anything that will bring them revenue. No better example of the ineffectiveness of the new code could be found than the Coughlin broadcasts, which, says the N. A. B. hopefully, and off the record, are likely to become the first big test case.

Last year, through Aircasters, Inc., a small Detroit advertising agency, Father Coughlin spent an estimated $20,000 a week broadcasting over a special network of some forty-five stations. Long before the N. A. B. code was adopted, the established networks had found ways to avoid carrying him; so Coughlin hired his own land lines from the A. T. and T. for an hour a week, running them from small station to small station and picking those outlets whose coverage area included the largest cities.* On a Sunday toward the end of the year he uttered a violently partisan denunciation of communism which was plainly anti-Semitic. This represented a change in tone which three station managers found intolerable. They asked Coughlin thereafter to submit his scripts in advance and to make the changes thought necessary by their program departments—in other words, to submit to their censorship. He refused, and they broke their contracts with Aircasters, Inc. The affront to Coughlin became a *cause célèbre* overnight. In Manhattan, WMCA has been picketed every Sunday since the middle of last December, and its advertisers threatened with boycott, by a noisy and persistent group of Coughlinites masquerading behind the title of "Committee for the Defense of Americans' Constitutional Rights." WDAS in Philadelphia has had somewhat similar treatment.

* A Gallup poll conducted in December, 1938, showed him to have a listening audience of 3,500,000 regularly, with about 15,000,000 who have heard him at least once, almost entirely from metropolitan districts.

The N. A. B. code would officially bar Coughlin from the air on two counts: if he buys time, he must comply with the ruling about "attacks upon another's race or religion"; if he says he speaks not as a priest but as a crusader, he cannot buy time on code stations. If time is assigned to him, time will also be assigned to anyone who wishes to answer him. But those 240 stations that lost money last year are not members of N. A. B. If Coughlin can pay the price, neither the code nor the 1934 Communications Act restrains him from using a special network of 240 stations, which would be the largest network in the country. Advertisers of any kind can do the same. They can buy time for any product they want to sell provided they comply with the regulations of the Federal Trade Commission or escape the commission's notice altogether. Furthermore, the only penalty attached to infringement of the code by N. A. B. members is expulsion from the association.

The Federal Communications Commission is a seven-man body headed by Frank R. McNinch, former chief of the Federal Power Commission, whose resignation takes effect September 1. At the moment, the commission is torn by internal dissensions and in general fear of its life. Congressional bills on the subject have come and gone, and the President himself suggested that it be cut to a three-man board. For the past eight months it has been putting the broadcasters through their catechism in an investigation of network monopoly. The industry has been scurrying to Washington to give the figures on its investment, equipment value, profit and loss, but neither these nor the questions asked by William J. Dempsey, attorney for the FCC and one of Tom Corcoran's men, have brought to light much that is new. Broadcasters and trade reporters are of the opinion that McNinch called the investigation simply to forestall a Congressional investigation of the FCC. They maintain that Roosevelt appointed him two years ago to "clean up radio," but he has done no more than reorganize the commission departmentally.

According to the vague but powerful Communications Act, the FCC is a licensing body primarily, with technical regulatory powers. It licenses stations for a period which has just been extended from six months to a year, and decides what power and coverage stations may have. Its function is indicated by one vague clause: the stations and networks must operate "in the public interest, convenience, and necessity." The phrase has never been formally interpreted—for various reasons. An interpretation handed down gratis by the commission would seem to imply censorship. Thus the FCC has been strictly noncommittal about Father Coughlin and the many pressure groups which have wanted radio time. Also, the members of the FCC find it impossible to agree on the point, Commissioner T. A. M. Craven's views being almost always opposed to those of his colleagues.

Until recently the FCC has paid little attention to international broadcasting other than to license short-wave stations under the "public interest" clause. Two months ago, however, it handed down a new set of rules containing this statement: "A licensee of an international broadcasting station shall render only such an international broadcast service which will reflect the culture of this country and which will promote international good-will, understanding, and cooperation." It also announced that broadcasters could sell their international programs to advertisers, a direct reversal of its former policy on short-wave broadcasts. This new ruling was interpreted rightly by the networks and companies owning short-wave stations to mean censorship of foreign broadcasts, an interpretation which was reinforced by the threat contained in bills introduced by Senator Dennis Chavez of New Mexico and Representative Emanuel Celler of New York to erect a government station in or near Washington for the ostensible purpose of covering South America. In the middle of July the ruling was temporarily suspended in response to loud protests by the N. A. B. and the American Civil Liberties Union.

More than a dozen short-wave stations are now operating in this country, broadcasting on an average sixteen hours a day. The best service is apparently rendered by N. B. C., whose two stations, W3XL and W3XAL, cover Europe by day and Latin America at night, broadcasting in Italian, German, French, and English to Europe, and in Spanish and Portuguese to South America. One-quarter of the program is assigned to "cultural" events, one-quarter to news straight off the A. P., U. P., and I. N. S. tickers, and one-half to music.

United States transmitters send more material to Latin America than do all the foreign powers combined. And their service is received eagerly and with belief even by citizens of the totalitarian states. "Because I was obliged to go to a meeting against the Jews on Friday," wrote a short-wave fan from Munich, "I could not listen to your broadcast, but a friend heard your call and advised me." Another message, from Vienna, read: "In contrast to other stations your news is objective, though too short for our needs. For reasons which are obvious to you I cannot express myself further." From Bratislava: "I have seldom heard so much about the fate of the Jews as in your broadcasts . . . the quotations from American newspapers are exceedingly interesting, because we never hear such manly words about humanity here." From Khartoum, Egypt, came a letter in German: "It is a great satisfaction to be able to hear unbiased news in German—instead of the unbearable reports full of deliberate lies that are broadcast by the German short-wave stations." N. B. C. received about 50,000 letters in the same vein last year. Occasionally one of the stations gets a complaint, such as this one from Guatemala: ". . . dis-

gusting and repulsive. You might introduce a pro-Judah hour." The annual cost to each United States short-wave station has been estimated at $500,000, with no revenue from advertising.

The broadcasting industry is not unreasonably suspicious of the purposes of a government-owned station. It is not forgotten that there are only about 2,500,000 receivers in all Latin America, roughly a third of them equipped for short-wave reception, while at the same time there are 27,000,000 radio sets in the United States, at least half of which have short-wave equipment. Transmitters, moreover, can pick up a short-wave message and rebroadcast it long-wave, as was done for some broadcasts at the time of the Munich pact, thus making it possible for all those 27,000,000 radio sets to be reached at one time by a government speaker using the short-wave station ostensibly intended for a foreign audience. The industry can also make the point that with the government operating its own station and the FCC, answerable to the White House, dealing out licenses, nothing would be simpler than for the Department of Education to jam anything it wanted down the broadcasters' throats.

The N. A. B. self-regulatory code means that the 400 strongest stations have so arranged matters that on the one hand the FCC can't complain that the industry is unable to police itself, and on the other the government, like everyone else, must find a way to hurdle these rules if it wants more than its allotted time or to ban its opponents from the air. If the code has little punitive power behind it, the FCC, under the Communications Act, has no power to rescind a word of it. The code represents what the radio industry thinks the Communications Act means by "public interest, convenience, and necessity."

As for the opinion of General Johnson, "The new code for radio broadcasting treads dangerous ground. . . . Censorship is censorship," the General is right of course: censorship is censorship, no matter who applies it. There are different kinds of censorship, however, and the question is, which kind do the American people want? The N. A. B. code embodies a self-policing ideal, dictated by a desire for safety before all else, and cannot be enforced. Its principle is to let everyone have a limited say, to keep poison and antidote on hand, to hogtie the pressure groups, and to keep radio primarily an entertainment medium. The government, on the other hand, sees in radio the greatest medium of mass appeal ever known. While there is still peace in the world, the N. A. B. code will probably forestall definite government action, but the machinery for clamping down is ready and waiting. Right now the industry has the FCC under its thumb, but once the guns go off, the commission will take over.

The British Conscience

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

London, August 10

A STAY of nearly five months in Britain, beginning with the week when Hitler's entry into Prague shocked the amazed and incredulous Britishers into a complete reversal of their foreign policy, leaves the visitor baffled by certain aspects of the nation's new policy. The people are firmly resolved to resist further aggression. Of that there can be no doubt. Week by week the determination becomes more obvious. Hundreds of thousands of civilians have enlisted for various forms of civilian war-time service. Peace-time conscription, which violated a British tradition of centuries, has been accepted quite cheerfully, after an initial flurry of opposition from Liberals and Labor. (Labor, incidentally, revealed its essentially liberalistic outlook by opposing conscription in the name of liberty. There was a time when it semed politically precarious to introduce conscription; and Labor might have gained valuable concessions in the form of a Russian pact and a democratization of the army as the price of its support for the measure. Pure opposition was bound to fail. The logic of the Polish and Rumanian commitments pointed irrefutably to such a step.) The determination of the nation to resist further Nazi adventures can only be defined as "grim." An overwhelming majority of the people desire the Russian pact, being quite well aware that the new "encirclement" policy is risky without it.

What is puzzling to a foreign observer is that the Prime Minister whose foreign policy has been completely reversed is still in office, that the Russian pact is not yet signed, that the campaign of the Manchester *Guardian* and the London *Daily Telegraph* for the inclusion of Winston Churchill in the Cabinet has not succeeded. These things are the more surprising because it is generally felt that the Nazis are not convinced that the British mean business this time. The suspicion is freely voiced that the Nazis are not impressed because they still rely not only on tentative public gestures of appeasement but also on sub rosa approaches of a less tentative character which give them the assurance that Britain will not fight for Danzig.

Since the whole danger of war lies in the possibility

that the mistakes of 1914 may be made over again—that the Germans may be led astray by a semblance of irresolution on the surface of British foreign policy and remain unaware of the firm resolution underneath—it seems strange that Britain does not make more desperate efforts to resolve the confusion. Most persons agree that Hitler does not want and could not afford a general war. It is probably true that an increasing number of Nazis have made themselves believe that though they could not win a long war they might win a *Blitzkrieg,* a lightning war, in which victory would be obtained by devastating air attacks on London and Paris. Such delusions might conceivably betray Hitler's crowd into a mad venture even if the resolution of England were made completely clear. Yet on the whole it is still true that the Nazis are gambling on the possibility of neutralizing Britain. That is where the danger of war lies.

In view of the grim resolution of the country one asks why the steps taken to dispel these illusions are not more vigorous. A change in the government would serve the purpose overnight. Those who see politics in purely economic terms will argue that the class interests of the oligarchy which controls Britain are still operative. They fear a pact with Russia almost as much as the Polish landlords do, and they still have a strong sense of affinity with Hitler. This may be true. But it is also true that a very powerful group in the Conservative Party, including such influential figures as the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Camrose, the owner of the *Daily Telegraph,* want the Russian pact signed and Churchill included in the Cabinet. Why cannot general public opinion in league with powerful tories defeat a group of tories which stands virtually alone?

I do not claim to have an answer, but I suspect that there is an aspect of British character which partly explains the situation. The equivocations of Chamberlain's government are opposed but not resented as deeply as the facts might warrant because they correspond to certain moral scruples in the British character, scruples which Chamberlain probably does not share but which his policy satisfies. The British are a profoundly moral people. Continental and American cynics may jeer at this moral sensitivity and point to Ireland and India. They may say that pure moralists do not build an empire. It is perfectly true of course that imperialists cannot be pure moralists. Politics is a contest of power, and that fact cannot be completely obscured from those who practice the craft. But politics is not purely a contest of power. The mistake of the Germans is to imagine that it is, and therefore to neglect the important imponderables of the political game. The British have been able to combine politics and ethics and to play the game of politics with a comparatively good conscience because they are also traditionalists. Britain is the only modern nation in which feudal traditionalism and modern rationalism have been combined in a living unity. Traditionalism checks and partially obscures the brutalities of political conflict. It does not ask whether certain social relations are right or just in the abstract, but how they are justified in terms of past practices and traditions.

The weakness of such a traditionalism is that it maintains ancient and outworn institutions and relationships beyond their day. The class structure in Britain, for instance, is feudal rather than bourgeois-capitalist as in France and America. The strength of traditionalism is that it places an initial check upon the brutalities of politics which makes it possible for the moralist to operate in the sphere of politics without turning into a cynic or gagging at the brutal realities. It also establishes certain securities about which the various contestants in the political battle can be so certain that the social struggle is slightly mitigated. One need only read the political philosophy of Edmund Burke, the most typical of all British social philosophers, to understand what this traditionalism means in British life. Whether its importance is fully understood or not, the fruits of this combination of traditionalism and moralism are quite apparent. The Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, and the Labor leader George Lansbury are both good examples of this quality of British public life. Halifax is just as much an anomaly in the chancelleries of Europe as Lansbury in a Continental Socialist convention. In no other nation are men of such sensitive conscience active in politics.

Of course there are certain limits to the insights of traditionalist moralists. They see politics so much in terms of a traditional equilibrium of power, which moral good-will can perfect, that they are betrayed into both political and ethical miscalculations. In politics they easily forget that every equilibrium of power is a tension of power, that every tension of power is a potential conflict of power, and that every potential conflict must on occasion become overt. As moralists they forget that no scheme of justice based upon a given equilibrium of social forces can completely transcend the given equilibrium. As traditionalists they do not see the reality of social conflict, and as moralists they do not see its occasional desirability and necessity. This lack of vision is what gives force to the frequent charge of "hypocrisy" leveled at British statesmanship. Probably even the most critical observer will admit, however, that the hypocrisy of British statesmanship belongs in a different category from Hitler's claim to be the "protector" of Bohemia.

The present difficulty of the British conscience is not derived from the inevitable hypocrisy of the moralist engaged in politics. On the contrary, it is caused by too active a conscience, which does not know what to do with itself. The British have a profoundly uneasy conscience about Versailles. When the German army entered

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the Rhineland, the French importuned the British in vain for help. The doom of France was really sealed in that moment. The British government may have withheld help for its own reasons. But the British people found the abstention right because they felt it to be "just." In the same way Munich was possible because the man in the street felt it to be just that the Sudeten Germans should be incorporated into the Reich. The British people are a collective Hamlet, and conscience has made cowards of them all.

Furthermore, the average Britisher is much too moral to understand the nihilistic mania which informs Nazi politics. He does not understand that considerations of international justice are used by Hitler only to further grandiose ambitions which have nothing to do with the injustices of Versailles. Even today the British press daily publishes letters from readers that are pathetic in their plea to Hitler to please understand that the charge of "encirclement" is not justified and that Britain will come to terms with him if he will only stop his threats. Tentative gestures of appeasement, in short, satisfy a subconscious moral uneasiness below the level of conscious resolution to resist.

I do not wish to make the cynical suggestion that politics is above or below moral considerations. On the contrary, I believe that the Germans are about to prove that pure *Machtpolitik* reduces itself to an absurdity. But there are subordinate technical political considerations which the moralist easily forgets. Until men become discarnate spirits, their corporate life achieves justice only through tensions of power. A world which is not good enough to keep the promise to disarm made at Versailles ought to be wise enough not to allow Germany to arm and attempt a unilateral revision of treaties. A world not good enough to prevent a "captive" nation from becoming mad in its captivity ought to be wise enough to take proper precautions against maniacal fury. If we deal with politics at all, we ought to know that the question of Czechoslovakia was a strategic question and not merely one of the justice of keeping three million Germans separated from their fatherland.

If war breaks out in Europe, it will be a contest between *Realpolitiker* who have no moral scruples and political moralists who had too many scruples, or at least had them at inconvenient moments. It is not an easy thing to know just when and where to make moral scruples effective in politics. But in the event of war the moralists will discover once more that there is no place in the sequence of events where responsible agents in the political struggle can be free of guilt. American moralists, incidentally, will discover that an isolation which may have contributed to make the conflict inevitable is hardly a vantage point of guiltlessness. But the horrors of war will be a high price to pay for that lesson.

In the Wind

FOR MONTHS the State Department tried without success to induce the Franco government to allow Sosthenes Behn, president of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, to enter Spain and inspect his company's extensive properties in that country. On August 8 the Federal Export-Import Bank extended a $13,750,000 cotton credit to Franco; within a week Mr. Behn received his visa.

FROM THE MIDDLE WEST comes the story, said to be true, of the union organizer who, when asked what his political connections were, replied that he was a Trotskyist. When the questioning worker demanded a fuller explanation, the Trotskyist started to expound the program of his group, whereupon the worker cut him short by remarking: "Oh, sure, I know now; you're one of them fellows the Communists call 'reds.'"

THE BRITISH *Time and Tide* reports "enormous resentment" among Reichswehr officers at the government's treatment of the widow of General Hoffmann, Germany's only unbeaten World War commander. As a Jewess, Frau Hoffmann has been deprived of her pension and subjected to the usual humiliations inflicted on the Jews of the Reich. In desperation the aged widow sent an appeal to Hitler "to stop discrimination and humiliation which I cannot survive and which would reflect on one of the most illustrious representatives of the old army." From one of Hitler's secretaries came the reply: "The Führer cannot see his way to consider the appeal."

ONE FOR THE NLRB: Forty employees of the La Porte Foundry Company of La Porte, Indiana, recently formed a new union while a strike was in progress and returned to work. The would-be strike-breakers call their organization the Federal Wagner Act Union.

FROM HEDDA HOPPER'S column in the Chicago *Daily News* comes this restrained comment on the Bridges hearing: "I'm a peace-loving woman, but even so I'm sick of seeing Harry Bridges's face on every front page. So why not give him over to the Legion and police he so despises? And let them try gentleness, but give us a rest. Wouldn't you rather see a bathing beauty?"

THE TREASURY BUILDING in Washington, with its massive gray-stone walls and grilled windows, is a somber and forbidding structure. The walls of the pressroom in the basement, however, are lined with a glamorous collection of photographs of nudes. A few weeks ago a prize item of the collection disappeared, whereupon the gentlemen of the press called in the Secret Service. The operatives were warned that if they failed to locate the missing nude within a specified time, their deadly rivals, the G-men, would be called in to supplant them.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WITH those of my friends who feel that Mr. Roosevelt is right in asserting that the Congress of the United States may profoundly have altered the European situation and invited war in Europe by its refusal to pass precisely the kind of neutrality legislation that the President asked, I should like to reason quietly and soberly. I cannot accept this opinion for the reason that it seems to me unrealistic and not in accordance with the facts of the European situation. It reminds me too much of the kind of criticism that those who opposed our warring in the Philippines and against Germany were subjected to in 1899 and in 1914-17. We were always being told on the former occasion that if anybody questioned the wisdom of McKinley's policies it would hearten the Filipinos fighting for their liberty. During the early World War days we were assured that everything we did profoundly influenced Berlin. As a matter of fact, mighty few Filipinos knew what was happening in the United States or had ever heard of the anti-imperialists; yet they continued to fight on. We know now that the reason the Germans took the final plunge in 1917 and came out for unlimited submarine warfare was not the existence of divergent views in the United States but the conviction of the army and navy leaders that they could bring England to terms through the submarine, whether we came in or stayed out.

Undoubtedly Hitler and Ribbentrop know what is happening in the United States, but the idea that the inability of Congress to see eye to eye with Franklin Roosevelt in regard to the neutrality of this country will decide Hitler to risk his own downfall and the collapse of the Third Reich on the gamble of war seems to me just a little queer. At most, this could be only one small factor among the many which will influence him when he finally makes up his mind whether it is to be war or peace. Can anyone deny that far more important than any American action is the attitude of his axis partner—whether, for example, Italy is willing to risk everything in order that the Germans shall get Danzig again? Hitler knows full well what happens to a dictator beaten in war and what was the fate of a stupid, weak, and incompetent Kaiser. He is not going to invite a similar disaster without weighing more important considerations than whether or not the Allies will be able to buy munitions in the United States. I am inclined to regard as far more vital the military questions of whether the German army is really ready and whether the Siegfried Line is completed and strong enough to hold off the vastly superior French army.

But let us look at the problem from another angle, that of the *Blitzkrieg*. Hitler knows that he cannot win a long-drawn-out war, especially with the Yugoslavs and the Rumanians on his flank and the Czechs eager to profit by any war. But if he can win a lightning war, if his air force can strike such a blow at France and England, as Göring believes it can, that those two countries will have to sue for peace or face the complete destruction of their capitals and leading cities and the death of hundreds of thousands of their women and children, certainly no American supplies can reach England or France in time to be of aid. For it is not a question of sending our own air armadas over. The friends with whom I am disagreeing do not come right out and say that they want us to go to war on the side of the Allies. Thus far they have limited themselves to declaring that the Allies should have the right freely to buy military supplies, airplanes, and so on after war begins.

Well, if the war lasts only a few weeks or months, there will be precious few cargoes of supplies landed in England or France from America during that time. Surely, President Roosevelt's demand of Congress for 500 airplanes, to be rushed to completion with the greatest possible speed, had nothing whatever to do with the defense of the United States. We have far more airplanes now than we need to take care of our country; that is the testimony of numerous experts, of whom only one need be cited. Admiral Leahy has stated that no bomber in the world could fly 750 miles and return with a war-time load. No, the purpose of building those 500 planes is merely to have them on hand to sell, lend, or lease to the Allies if they get into war. Since they will not be ready in months, they will certainly not figure in any lightning war that starts this fall. Therefore the whole attitude of the upholders of Mr. Roosevelt is entirely unrealistic, without thoughtful consideration of the factors which will really decide Hitler whether or not to fight.

If he takes the plunge, it will surely be because he has maneuvered himself into a position where nothing else is possible. He will be driven into it by the demands of his prestige, by the necessity of living up to his threats to Poland and other countries. He will be driven into it by the Reich's parlous economic condition, by his inability to keep up his armaments indefinitely, not by any act of our Congress.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Bitter Fruit of the Tree

BY STERLING BROWN

They said to my grandmother: "Please do not be bitter,"
When they sold her first-born and let the second die,
When they drove her husband till he took to the swamplands,
And brought him home bloody and beaten at last.
They told her, "It is better you should not be bitter,
Some must work and suffer so that we, who must, can live,
Forgiving is noble, you must not be heathen bitter;
These are your orders: you are *not* to be bitter."
And they left her shack for their porticoed house.

They said to my father: "Please do not be bitter,"
When he plowed and planted a crop not his,
When he weatherstripped a house that he could not enter,
And stored away a harvest he could not enjoy.
They answered his questions: "It does not concern you,
It is not for you to know, it is past your understanding,
All you need to know is: you must not be bitter."
And they laughed on their way to reckon the crop.
And my father walked over the garnered acres
Where a cutting wind warned him of the cold to come.

They said to my brother: "Please do not be bitter,
Is it not sad to see the old place go to ruin?
The eaves are sprung and the chimney tower is leaning,
The sills, joists, and columns are rotten in the core;
The blinds hang crazy and the shingles blow away,
The fields have gone back to broomsedge and pine,
And the soil washes down the red gully scars.
With so much to be done, there's no time for being bitter.
Your father made it for us, it is up to you to save it,
What is past is over, and you must not be bitter."
But my brother is bitter, and he does not hear.

Men at Work

CHRIST IN CONCRETE. By Pietro di Donato. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

EXPANDED from the short story of the same alliterative title which appeared in *Esquire* last year, "Christ in Concrete" has become a powerful novel, a symphony of suffering interspersed with pungent, earthy *scherzi.* The original story, which ended with the collapse of a construction job and the burial of its foreman in a flood of molten concrete, forms the first chapter of the book; the remainder pictures the youthful Odyssey of Geremio's son Paul, who, twelve years old at the time of his father's death, undertakes to support his mother and seven brothers and sisters by bricklaying.

The characters who vividly people the story are drawn from poverty-ridden New York construction workers and their families, transplanted Italians whom Pietro di Donato knows from his fourteen years as a bricklayer; and with his remarkable sense for words he has caught and crystallized their effervescent, volubly poetic speech with its imagery piquantly compounded of the soil, their work, and their theology. His own terse style, made telegraphic by personification and frequent omission of the article, throbs with reality, with the feel of brick and mortar, the smells of labor, the tang of sour wine and olive oil and red peppers. Only a man whose muscles and stomach have felt the fatigue and the hunger of hard manual labor can paint them with such blunt, convincing strokes.

One of the refreshing things about the book is the fact that most of its action takes place during the twenties, the boom period, and even in the brief final chapter which enters the depression Paul still manages to find work, though he has to "kick back" part of his salary to the foreman. The author has achieved his effect splendidly without recourse to the all too recurrent depression-unemployment-idleness-despair theme. One is apt to realize with a good deal of surprise, after finishing the book, that there has been no trace of propaganda for or against any economic ideology, not even a mention of an ism. The work itself of these poor, ignorant laborers brings its plenty of horror and tragedy; enforced idleness or mendicancy or WPA would seem almost a vacation. And it is that work that the author has successfully dramatized: its appearance, its feel, its dangers, its effect on the character of the worker, all that he has compellingly personified as Job.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

The Fall of Prague

LOST LIBERTY? By Joan and Jonathan Griffin. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

IT IS not even a year since the great betrayal of Czechoslovakia was successfully engineered, but reports already written about it would make a good-sized library. I read a great many of them, and I am always rather surprised to open a new account of events which I think I know pretty thoroughly and to find not only new facts and documents but also a fresh presentation of the great tragedy which began with the dispatch of Runciman to Prague and did not end with Hitler's occupation of the last democracy in Central Europe on the Ides of March this year.

The present book is one of those too few minutely documented reports that make exciting reading. The authors, an English couple, both journalists with convictions, who had

lived in Czechoslovakia before, returned to observe last year's "crisis," which they thought would lead either to Hitler's giving up his claims or to a general war in which he would be defeated. But there was a third possibility which became reality: Hitler got what he wanted, and much more, without war. The Griffins are first-class reporters. Move by move they trace the intrigues by which the seemingly impossible was accomplished. Equipped with an exact knowledge of the country, its people, and its leaders, and with an admirable ability to see the trees and the forest at the same time, they make one relive, on the spot and day by day, one of the most profound and instructive dramas of modern history. They never write fiction, never oversimplify, yet the heart beats as theirs did. They quote widely from diplomatic documents which are here published, in an appendix, for the first time in full, and their technique of heightening the suspense and at the same time clarifying the issues by means of quotations is superb. Many burning questions are reasonably answered, especially the decisive one which the world still asks: Why did the great democracies give in to Hitler, delivering up to him the best and ablest friend they had? The authors' answer is the truism, still so little understood, that the capitalistic fear of communism was at the bottom of the betrayal; and they conclude: "If freedom is to come out of this struggle, the would-be democracies must prove themselves real democracies"—the struggle being that between "militarist dictatorship and respect for human individuality."

Highly as I must praise the job which the Griffins did as reporters, I can only regret the vagueness of their social philosophy. Not that I would disagree with their basic observation that the "democracies" must become "real" democracies or the fascists will be victorious. But the question is *how* to make England and France real democracies, how to free them from the Cliveden set and the two hundred families? To this no answer is given, and therefore a phrase like "must prove themselves real democracies" is only a pious and meaningless wish. It's high time that such excellent people as the Griffins drew concrete conclusions from their observations.

FRANZ HOELLERING

"A Solemn Wilderness"

ALL THE BRAVE. Drawings by Luis Quintinilla. Prefaces by Ernest Hemingway and Jay Allen. Explanatory Text by Elliot Paul. Modern Age Books. 95 cents.

"A SOLEMN wilderness where all the brave lie dead"—this line from a sonnet by William Wordsworth might have been written yesterday with reference to the present tragedy in Spain; its place at the beginning of a volume of reproductions of Luis Quintinilla's drawings of the Spanish War is startlingly relevant. Last spring an exhibition of these drawings at the New York Museum of Modern Art was one of the major artistic events of the year. Now, with the curtain fallen on the final disaster, the appearance of these reproductions is bound to evoke wide interest.

For years Quintinilla was dreaded by monarchists and reactionaries for the bitter satire of his etchings. At the outbreak of the revolt in 1936 he was engaged upon a series of mural decorations for University City in Madrid and for the monument to Pablo Iglesias; these were utterly destroyed by airplane bombs during the siege of the city. For the first year and a half of the struggle Quintinilla was too busy fighting in the Guadarrama Mountains and in the Madrid trenches to brood upon the destruction of his greatest work, on which he had spent five years. Yet even at that time, as Hemingway recounts, he was never without pencil and paper. Finally, the government ordered him from the front and commissioned him to make a series of war drawings.

The collection shown in New York last year was the result. Many, particularly those from Teruel, were done while the artist was actually under fire. All were executed under circumstances that made the medium of etching impossible, yet the drawings approximate to an extraordinary degree the effects obtained with the burin and the zinc plate. There is little obvious propaganda in Quintinilla's work: no sadistic delight in scenes of massacre or rape, such as one sometimes sees in Goya, no macabre atrocities. For Quintinilla enemy and friend alike are helpless human beings caught in a net of tragic disaster. Dead Moors fester in the sunlight. Wounded animals crawl into caves beside their masters to be safe from the hurtling bombs. Peasants caught unawares at their work in the fields look up puzzled at the low diving planes or fall under a spray of bullets. Cowed by suffering and starvation, gaunt Guardia Civiles give themselves up, while the wife of one, holding a dead baby in her arms, jibbers at the victors. The drawings from the prison camps have a grim humor. Varying racial types are deftly limned. German prisoners stride past, almost at a goose-step. A lean Italian pours spaghetti down his throat. His companion warbles Sola Mia. Quintinilla draws them, not with hate but with almost tender sympathy.

Hemingway's introduction is, as he says himself, "churlish." He was angry at the war, angry, too, for some undisclosed reason, at Quintinilla, when editors began cabling him for a long-promised "introduction" with the threat of breaking the publication contract. So Hemingway rapped out the specified number of words. "A letter at a time, a word at a time, a page at a time, it comes out as well as any toothpaste squeezes and probably reads as attractively as the viler toothpastes taste." His own description—and we can leave it at that.

Jay Allen's reactions were different. In fifteen brief pages he has managed a bitter impressionistic portrait of Spain in its century-long struggle for freedom from the medievalism of an Alba, from the fascism of the millionaire contrabandist Juan March. These pages are incandescent. They glow and crackle with the writer's hurt and pity and rage. He makes one feel the somber, ascetic grandeur of the great Castilian plain, the slightly sinister quality of both people and landscape. His pages upon death, as Spain knows it, as its medieval masters carried it to foreign lands, as its modern medievalists are carrying it now to their own vanquished, are appalling. But when he wrote and when Quintinilla made his drawings, though the fascist shadow was lengthening over the land, hope was not all lost. The brave had died or were dying, but perhaps not in vain. Now it is different.

The picture of what has happened is slowly becoming clear, even in these United States. "All the Brave," bitter and illuminating, should etch it deep.

RUTH PIELKOVA

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Books and the Wars

IN DEFENCE OF LETTERS. By Georges Duhamel. Translated by E. F. Bozman. The Greystone Press. $2.75.

LITERATURE is threatened on three fronts. It can be annexed by business; it can be conquered by propaganda; it can be ruined by the competition of the newspaper, the movies, the radio. Against this triple menace Georges Duhamel offers this little book "in defense of letters." His experience is that of a Frenchman, but the problems he discusses are universal; it may be better for us, in order to clarify our thought, to forget the squabbles and the dangers with which we are too familiar at home.

Duhamel is eminently likable. His war books were perhaps the most human of all in that distressing literature. We have properly forgotten that he once picked out America as the nightmarish example of what life might be in the near future. He is sane, and he is, to use one of his favorite words, cordial. He is a kindly man and an honest craftsman. We may add, in no carping spirit: he is thoroughly uninspired. So much the better for his present purpose. No genius is qualified to give advice about the technique, the business, and even the ethics of writing.

I am not so pessimistic as Duhamel about the future of books. At present, it seems, the situation of book writers in France is tragic. In the thick of a depression books are the first luxury that can be thrown overboard; and the class that is hit most disastrously is exactly the one that provided the best public—the intellectual bourgeoisie. Not only do writers find it impossible to live by their pen—it is not at all necessary that they should—but they cannot get their work published at all. The delicate book with limited sales is like the crop on marginal lands: it pays only under the most favorable circumstances. Today it has ceased to pay.

True: but Duhamel himself reminds us that only ten years ago young writers enjoyed insolent prosperity, that they actually had to dodge eager publishers. A very slight change in the business barometer might restore this vanished Golden Age. It would be a miracle if writers shared the privilege of arms manufacturers: to thrive on universal distress.

As for the complaint that "no one reads books any more," it is heard on every side, and yet is contradicted by statistics. The number of titles published every year keeps pretty close to the record-breaking level. Sales, in France as well as in America, reach figures which would have astounded Balzac and Flaubert. We buy more copies of more books than ever; and, to cap the paradox, of longer books. Our streamlined age is also that of monstrously distended novels. It may be that the bourgeois classes read less (the provincial gentry never read much); but the buying public has been vastly increased. It may be that the automobile, the radio, the movie are absorbing an ever-increasing share of our leisure; but technical progress, coupled with economic maladjustment, are providing more leisure than we can intelligently fill.

Duhamel's strongest point in defense of traditional letters is that neither movie nor radio provides a chance for reflection: you are carried inexorably with the stream. Granted: but this is true also of Shakespeare as Shakespeare should be enjoyed, that is to say on the stage. We can discuss a play after the final curtain; I have known films and radio talks actually to start a train of thought. The tons of fan mail show that interest does not stop as soon as the screen is dark or the radio has signed off.

At any rate, Duhamel's book is exactly what, according to Duhamel, a book should be: it induces reflection. It misses its highest purpose because, although it appears in book form, it is not quite a book. It is a series of very brief essays, usually well under a thousand words, not integrated into a single work. It is very intelligent and very stimulating journalism; it is not quite literature. The Defense of Letters needs and deserves a better-organized, a more sustained effort.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Totalitarian War

WAR IN OUR TIME. By the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research. Edited by Hans Speier and Alfred Kähler. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

SYMPOSIUMS are usually rather drab affairs, largely because they lack plan and organization. But in this book we find collaboration at its best. For the first time an attempt is made to view the impact of modern war and war preparations on society as a whole. And for this purpose the collaboration of a number of experts is essential. No one man could have written "War in Our Time" without years of research and preparation. One wonders that even the graduate faculty of the New School could have done such a thorough job.

Something of the scope of the book can be seen from a few of the chapter headings. They include: Power Politics and Peace Plans, Domestic Policy and Foreign Relations, Problems of Population, Foodstuffs and Raw Materials, The Costs of National Defense, War Finance, War Economics, Morale and Propaganda, and Peace for Our Time. Each subject is handled competently. No important aspect of the war problem as it affects modern society seems to have been omitted, unless it be such sociological problems as the impact of war on the family and social *mores*. The emphasis is quite properly economic rather than social or political.

As might be expected, the contributors are agreed in regarding fascism, with its totalitarian policies, as the basic cause of the drift toward anarchy and war. In fact, Emil Lederer raises the question whether in the long run totalitarian and democratic states can coexist, to which he replies in the negative. No matter what their personal preferences, the citizens of the democratic states must accept a high degree of totalitarian restriction if they are to defend themselves against nations which are organized solely for war purposes. It is agreed also, however, that fascism, largely because of its emphasis on war, is highly vulnerable economically. It is forced to continual expansion in order to gain greater self-sufficiency, but it does not thereby gain in permanent peace-time stability. Such strength as it has is obtained by a ruthless forcing down of living standards.

Those of us who wish to find a way to prevent the grim horror of dictatorship and war that is so fully pictured in this book may be somewhat disappointed that the authors have not chosen to draw up a detailed peace program. Their failure to do so is probably explained by their conviction, based

on careful analysis of present-day forces, that war is inevitable. Collective security comes in for little more than lip-service, though there is an extended section explaining why it has failed to date. Somewhat more faith is shown in the efficacy of economic measures "short of war." But we are left with a feeling that what is most needed is a complete change in the mentality and morale of the democratic states—they must realize that essentially war has already begun.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

A Fruitful Obsession

PICASSO, MASTER OF THE PHANTOM. By Robert Melville. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

IN THIS little testimony and "confession" Picasso is a master of the phantom not only in his work but in his effect upon the author, an Englishman who at sixteen was first tormented by the Spanish painter. At eighteen, after six months of writing, Robert Melville was permanently deflected from what he thought was his chosen profession. Ever since—he is now thirty-two—he has been the slave of Picasso.

His book is as personal as his experience. He discusses a good score of paintings, beginning with Picasso's pictures of hunger, in which, he says, "the fragility of his line and the transparency of his color are unsparing aesthetic equivalents for the observed effects of undernourishment." He finds more health in the rose period and greater significance in the cubist, which, he thinks, apprenticed Picasso to a new way of beholding in that he became preoccupied not with the object but with his vision of it—subsequently with a quest for the phantasmal, the recurrently frightful, and what, as in dreams, has no boundaries. Indeed flux itself, or rather an element as it were between the permanent and the dissolving—which relates him to the classic on the one hand and the baroque on the other—has possessed the painter since 1925. This has robbed him of humanity. Finally, in the Guernica series the human countenance becomes identical with this fixation of horror. And "we gaze at the ethereal through the lattice of human anguish." Hence the prophylactic function of Picasso for this writer and for the world today. He delineates the contemporary crucifixion of mankind and provides a freer world beyond it. This is a queer, packed little book, valuable as appreciation and a good instance of what might be called a fruitful obsession.

JEROME MELLQUIST

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MUSIC

THERE was, many years ago, a golden age of singing. And there was, only quite recently, what might be called a golden age of orchestral performance: those ten years or so when simultaneously the New York Philharmonic was playing under Toscanini, the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky, the Philadelphia under Stokowski, each orchestra exceptional in quality of personnel, each highly sensitized to the direction of a conductor exceptional in specific talents for the purpose —the ear for orchestral precision and sonority, the technique and personal force with which to achieve them; each orchestra, then, an instrument with which its conductor produced, in accordance with his individual taste, the distinctive radiance and transparency and sharpness of definition of the New York Philharmonic under Toscanini, the equally distinctive lush sumptuousness and splendor of the Philadelphia under Stokowski, the no less distinctive glow and subtlety and refinement of the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky—sonorities which were to the sounds of these or any other orchestras under other conductors as the voice of Caruso to the voices of other tenors.

Of the three combinations only that of Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony is still to be heard regularly, functioning with unimpaired brilliance, and with certain of its most famous achievements more miraculous and breath-taking than ever. Only in his programs has Koussevitzky shown lessened vigor, or perhaps merely the normal tendency of the virtuoso to give an ever higher polish to the works he is most successful with instead of learning an unfamiliar symphony of Haydn. I judge from the programs in New York, and also from those of the summer festivals, which merely transfer to a shed in the Berkshires the most overplayed works of the orchestra's winter repertory in Symphony Hall. Even Bach's B minor Mass, announced for next summer, is standard fare; whereas something out of the ordinary for a festival would be a work like Berlioz's "Childhood of Christ."

Stokowski returned to the Philadelphia Orchestra last season for a mere fortnight in Philadelphia, a single concert in New York, and revealed again his phenomenal talent for conducting—his ability to produce dazzling feats of virtuosity and fabulously beautiful sounds with an orchestra; but also revealed again that what interested him most in conducting was to use the orchestra and music to produce feats of virtuosity and beautiful sounds. They may work out occasionally into something as fine as his performance of the Haydn-Brahms Variations in New York; but more often the result is a performance like the one of Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue for organ, which reduced the work to a succession of effects for the moment. One of the effects was new: a phrase of the Toccata would begin while the preceding phrase was still fading out. It was, apparently, to think out this that Stokowski had devoted the other fifty weeks of the year;

and it was for this that Bach had had to wait 200 years, to achieve the full realization of his purpose at last.

As for Toscanini, he conducts the new N. B. C. Symphony which, heard last winter in Newark's Mosque Theater, revealed an improvement in tone and responsiveness that made it a superb instrument in his hands, though still not what the New York Philharmonic had been. His work with his new orchestra is heard in its full beauty only by those who are able to get into the few public concerts. The people who are invited to the broadcasts in N. B. C.'s Studio 8H hear performances deprived of their tonal richness by the studio's acoustic conditions. This N. B. C. admits: the studio, it says, is meant for broadcasting; and it is true that what goes out through the microphones is far better than what can be heard in the studio. But N. B. C. means also that the studio is well adapted to broadcasting; and this is not true. What else can N. B. C. say? A corporation has its pride, like any of us; it has its "face," like the Japanese. Can N. B. C. admit that a studio which is the product of R. C. A.'s financial and engineering resources is not perfection; can it admit that Carnegie Hall, from which the New York Philharmonic is broadcast by Columbia, would be better for the N. B. C. Symphony; can it do anything but stubbornly keep the orchestra in Studio 8H at no matter what cost to Toscanini's broadcasts? True, having insisted after the first season that the studio was perfect, N. B. C. announced before the second season that it had been perfected; and true, it was improved. But when Alfred Wallenstein said in an interview that orchestral performances, including Toscanini's, were not being reproduced perfectly by radio because, in the first place, no substitute had been found for the wood and plaster of Carnegie Hall, and the millions spent on studio walls, floors, and ceilings had therefore not been able to produce anything to equal Carnegie Hall's acoustic excellence, he said what was plain to hear.

Toscanini's performance, then, goes out on the air with a loss due to the acoustics of the studio. It goes out, as Mr. Wallenstein pointed out, with a further loss due to the fact that the stations do not broadcast up to the 12,000 cycles or so which the ear can hear in the living performance; and a loss due to the fact that the lines which connect the stations in a network cannot carry the full volume range of the living performance—a loss, therefore, through monitoring which cuts down the fortissimo of the living performance and steps up the pianissimo, and in this way changes also the plastic proportions of the tonal continuum that are so remarkable in a Toscanini performance. This monitoring, also denied by N. B. C. the first season, was done more skilfully the second; but it was still plain to hear. And finally the performance reaches the ears of the millions outside with a loss due to the deficiencies of most of the radios in American homes. In the end Toscanini conducts but is not heard.

There were, last season, interesting changes in his work that I may discuss later; there were again his appalling choices of music; and there were this time Mr. Chotzinoff's talks, which might have been called "Great Composers as Seen Through the Keyhole"—concerned with the fact that Liszt took a trip to Italy "with the Countess dee Agoult," and Wagner went off with Cosima, and all the rest of what Mr. Chotzinoff thought important about these men and their music.

B. H. HAGGIN



Hungry Children *Drawing by Kathe Kollwitz*

"Let All Be for the Child Today and The Child Will Be for All Tomorrow"

There are thousands of orphaned Spanish children still awaiting help in the French refugee centers. Their plight is desperate and if they are to survive they must be taken out of these centers as quickly as possible.

A report just received from France about the children follows.

"For the past six months they have been sleeping on the floor of cafes, barns, stables and deserted factories. Most of them suffer with bronchial coughs.

"They seem to have lost all sense of time and do not know how long they have been in the concentration centers. We have tried to talk to them, but cannot hold their interest for any length of time. We have tried to kiss and pet the little ones, but so unused are they to affection, they pull away, not seeming to understand.

"Their backwardness and lack of feeling is something horrible. It means nothing to them that they have been sleeping on the floor, that they are dirty and that they have had no care and affection. I dare say they had to become like this or they would have perished.

"It will take gentle patience and loving care to bring these young ones 'back to life.'"

The Foster Parents' Plan for Spanish Children has established eight children's colonies near Biarritz, France. Here the children get a fresh start in life, with proper food and clothing and loving care. From the letters and photographs sent to their Foster Parents here in America we know that they are happy.

We need funds immediately to help get the children out of the refugee centers into our colonies. Your aid may decide the fate of a child. Will you help? It is terribly urgent. Starvation does not wait.

ERIC G. MUGGERIDGE,
Executive Secretary.

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Letters to the Editors

To All Active Supporters of Democracy and Peace

Dear Sirs: One of the gravest problems confronting all those engaged in the struggle for democracy and peace, whether they be liberals, progressives, trade unionists, or others, is how to unite their various forces so as to achieve victory for their common goals. The fascists and their allies are well aware that democracy will win if its supporters are united. Accordingly, they are intent on destroying such unity at all costs.

On the international scene the fascists and their friends have tried to prevent a united anti-aggression front by sowing suspicion between the Soviet Union and other nations interested in maintaining peace. On the domestic scene the reactionaries are attempting to split the democratic front by similar tactics. Realizing that here in America they cannot get far with a definitely pro-fascist appeal, they strive to pervert American anti-fascist sentiment to their own ends. With the aim of turning anti-fascist feeling against the Soviet Union they have encouraged the fantastic falsehood that the U. S. S. R. and the totalitarian states are basically alike. By this strategy they hope to create dissension among the progressive forces whose united strength is a first necessity for the defeat of fascism.

Some sincere American liberals have fallen into this trap and unwittingly aided a cause to which they are essentially opposed. Thus, a number of them carelessly lent their signatures to the recent manifesto issued by the so-called Committee for Cultural Freedom. This manifesto denounces in vague, undefined terms all forms of "dictatorship" and asserts that the fascist states and Soviet Russia equally menace American institutions and the democratic way of life.

While we prefer to dwell on facts rather than personalities, we feel it is necessary to point out that among the signers of this manifesto are individuals who have for years had as their chief political objective the maligning of the Soviet people and their government. . . .

A number of other committees have been formed which give lip-service to democracy and peace while actually attacking the Soviet Union and aiding reaction. . . .

The undersigned do not represent any committee or organization, nor do they propose to form one. Our object is to point out the real purpose behind all these attempts to bracket the Soviet Union with the fascist states, and to make it clear that Soviet and fascist policies are diametrically opposed. To this end we should like to stress ten basic points in which Soviet socialism differs from totalitarian fascism.

1. The Soviet Union continues as always to be a bulwark against war and aggression, and works unceasingly for a peaceful international order.

2. It has eliminated racial and national prejudice within its borders, freed the minority peoples enslaved under the czars, stimulated the culture and economic welfare of these peoples, and made the expression of anti-Semitism or any racial animosity a criminal offense.

3. It has socialized the means of production and distribution through the public ownership of industry and the collectivization of agriculture.

4. It has established nation-wide socialist planning, resulting in increasingly higher living standards and the abolition of unemployment.

5. It has built the trade unions, in which almost 24,000,000 workers are organized, into the very fabric of its society.

6. The Soviet Union has emancipated woman and the family, and has developed an advanced system of child care.

7. From the viewpoint of cultural freedom, the difference between the Soviet Union and the fascist countries is most striking. The Soviet Union has effected one of the most far-reaching cultural and educational advances in all history and among a population which at the start was almost three-fourths illiterate. Those writers and thinkers whose books have been burned by the Nazis are published in the Soviet Union. The best literature from Homer to Thomas Mann, the best thought from Aristotle to Lenin, are available to the masses of the Soviet people. . . .

8. It has replaced the myths and superstitions of old Russia with the truths and techniques of experimental science, extending scientific procedures to every field, from economics to public health.

9. The Soviet Union considers political dictatorship a transitional form and has shown a steadily expanding democracy in every sphere. Its epoch-making new constitution guarantees Soviet citizens universal suffrage, civil liberties, the right to employment, to leisure, to free education, to free medical care, to material security in sickness and old age, to equality of the sexes in all fields of activity, and to equality of all races and nationalities.

10. In relation to Russia's past, the country has been advancing rapidly along the road of material and cultural progress in ways that the American people can understand and appreciate.

The Soviet Union has an economic system different from our own. But Soviet aims and achievements make it clear that there exists a sound and permanent basis in mutual ideals for cooperation between the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. in behalf of world peace and the security and freedom of all nations.

JAY ALLEN, MARC BLITZSTEIN, MILLEN BRAND, ROBERT A. BRADY, ROBERT M. COATES, KYLE CRICHTON, KENNETH FEARING, IRVING FINEMAN, WALDO FRANK, WANDA GAG, WILLIAM GROPPER, THOMAS H. HARRIS, DASHIELL HAMMETT, GRANVILLE HICKS, MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, GEORGE KAUFMAN, ROCKWELL KENT, ARTHUR KOBER, ALFRED KREYMBORG, PAUL DE KRUIF, CORLISS LAMONT, EMIL LENGYEL, HALFORD E. LUCCOCK, MAX LERNER, ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, GEORGE MARSHALL, ALINE MACMAHON, HARVEY O'CONNOR, CLIFFORD ODETS, SHAEMUS O'SHEEL, S. J. PERELMAN, WALTER RAUTENSTRAUCH, RAYMOND ROBINS, FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, VINCENT SHEEAN, A. E. STEIG, DONALD OGDEN STEWART, MAXWELL S. STEWART, I. F. STONE, LOUIS UNTERMEYER, JAMES THURBER, MARY VAN KLEECK, HARRY F. WARD, WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, and others.

New York, August 10

[*We regret that we are able to print only this partial list of signatures. More than 400 names were signed to the letter. In our next issue we plan to print a letter by Goodwin Watson explaining his refusal to sign the letter printed above, with our own editorial comment on the subject.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

✶

THE PERFECTION OF PLANS TO CUSHION economic and financial shocks which war would bring to this country has kept many government agencies busy in the past week. On page 245 Keith Hutchison explains the extent of British funds mobilizable in this country and discusses some of the effects their utilization may have on our economy. Already the British have been compelled to let the pound sterling slide from the stable exchange relation with the dollar which has held for many months. Under the circumstances this move can hardly be treated as an attempt to obtain trading advantages through currency depreciation. Moreover, if war does break out, any disadvantage we may suffer will be more than compensated for by the enforced reduction of British competition in neutral markets. Immediately, however, with so many other currencies tied to sterling, the result is near-chaos in the foreign-exchange market. On the Stock Exchange prices dropped sharply at the beginning of last week, but at no time was liquidation on a large scale, and since then there has been some recovery. With the open speculative position on the Exchange comparatively small, the market should be able to weather the immediate effects of an outbreak of war without the necessity of closing down as in 1914. Of particular importance for the Administration is the action of the government bond market, which has also partially recovered from an initial slump. The Treasury had planned new financing for September and had hoped to float a long-term loan. Under the circumstances it may be necessary for it to content itself with the issue of more short-term notes. But even if no financing were possible at all at this time, the large cash balance in hand would be sufficient to prevent the development of any stringency.

✶

NO SINGLE PIECE OF GOOD NEWS SHOULD be overlooked in these days. The internal quarrel which has divided Yugoslavia into fighting camps almost since the foundation of the united kingdom more than twenty years ago has been ended by a solution along the lines of federation. A new ministry has been formed with

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Dr. Vladimir Matchek, the leader of the Croats, as Vice-Premier, and four other Croats as members. And, more important, the program of the new ministry promises many sweeping reforms which, if carried out and honestly administered, will amount to a restoration of democracy in a country which has had autocratic rule since King Alexander established himself as dictator in January, 1929. Freedom of the press and of assembly and a new election law protecting the secrecy of the ballot have already been reintroduced by decrees which supplement the Serb-Croat accord. This accord gives the Croats their internal independence, for which they have fought for so long, and at the same time strengthens the united kingdom by really uniting it. It is only four weeks since Dr. Matchek spoke of secession as Henlein did a year ago in Czechoslovakia. It is obvious that internal peace has been achieved with the involuntary assistance of the Germans, who tried to press this key state of the Balkans into their orbit. There is some reason now to expect that Yugoslavia's example may have excellent consequences in other Balkan states.

✶

NEWS THAT A TRADE AGREEMENT IS BEING negotiated between Argentina and the United States furnished a small gleam of light in what was otherwise a dark week. The report was doubly gratifying in that it followed within a few days the announcement of a series of new Argentine import restrictions which will adversely affect American exports. Of the important South American countries, Argentina is most completely in the clutches of the trade policies of the totalitarian states. Last winter at Lima it led the opposition to the continental defense proposals offered by the United States. Although it ranks next to Canada in the Western Hemisphere as a trade outlet for the United States, its products—particularly wheat, corn, hides, and meat—are more competitive with United States products than those of the other Latin American states. Its elaborate system of quotas, exchange differentials, and preferences has also been a serious obstacle to normal trade relations. Most of these difficulties—political as well as economic—seem to have been surmounted, for the agreement would hardly have been announced if there were serious danger of a last-minute hitch. A substantial pact between the two countries will be the most important advance yet achieved under the Good Neighbor policy.

✶

AS THE MAYOR OF SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, Maury Maverick roams a somewhat more provincial reservation than Washington, but he shows no signs of being inhibited by his environment. When a handful of local Communists sought permission to meet in a public hall, the request was granted. Maverick was thereupon besieged by the local "best people," and less exemplary elements, demanding that he withdraw the permit. He refused to do so, and stuck to his refusal despite an insistent chorus of abuse, sending at the same time an extra detail of police to guard the meeting. It wasn't his fault that the native hoodlums succeeded, despite these precautions, in storming the hall, creating a riot, and breaking up the meeting, all, of course, as a primitive lesson in "democracy." When Maverick remained unimpressed by their efforts, they did more than that. They launched a "recall" movement designed to relieve him of his job. We hope that there is enough popular decency in San Antonio to squelch this movement decisively, but we suspect that Maverick's stature is enhanced in any case. He has been frequently denounced by the Communist press, and his love for Communists is less than fervid; moreover, in a week like the last, when international developments aroused so much anti-Communist feeling in the United States, it would have been easy for him to jump on the band-wagon. But he persisted in seeing the larger issue of civil rights. We regret that the avalanche of European news obscured what was a pretty heroic defense of democracy on a local front.

✶

IT SHOULD BE MANY A LONG WINTER'S night before the more politically minded gentry of both the right and the left get used to their new bedfellows. The plight of the Communist is only the most obviously pathetic case. After expounding the thesis that, Marx or no Marx, there was a great difference between a fascist and an ordinary capitalist and that it was necessary to sleep with the latter in order to frustrate the former, he must now hail Stalin for climbing into bed with Hitler in order to make life miserable for Chamberlain. After scoring appeasement day in and day out, he must now join the Munich chorus by pointing out that the Russian-German pact marked a great day for Poland by showing the way to peace—the idea being that Poland, too, is free to make a pact with Germany and thus prevent a war. But if the Communists find themselves cozying up to appeasers, Nazis, and the like, sleeping arrangements have become similarly complicated for Bundsmen, Christian Mobilizers, Christian Fronters, and Knights of the White Camellia. Fritz Kuhn blandly declares that he never was anti-Russian or even anti-Soviet—just opposed to international communism. George Deatherage, the Camellia, goes even farther; he finds, somewhat retroactively, that Christianity has been flowering in Russia lo these many months and that the real seat of the anti-Christ has been moved from Moscow to New York. Father Coughlin, still tied to the strings of the church, is unable to bless both Stalin and Hitler and is accordingly obliged to give them both his curse—which may mean that he will find himself fighting the Nazi-minded

Mobilizers so recently sprung from his own Christian Front. The Danse Macabre is on. Change your partners!

*

LAST WEEK WE PRINTED A LETTER SIGNED by four hundred persons sympathetic with the Soviet regime attacking the Committee for Cultural Freedom and denouncing as "fascists and their allies" the persons who organized that group and drew up its manifesto, printed and commented upon in *The Nation* for May 27. The letter listed "ten basic points in which Soviet socialism differs from totalitarian fascism," these points, taken together, constituting an unqualified indorsement of the Soviet system. We announced, in a postscript to this document, that in our next issue we planned to print a contribution from Goodwin Watson of Teachers College explaining his refusal to sign the letter and an editorial comment of our own. The events of the past week make any such lengthy discussion seem unnecessary; they serve as an effective commentary on the claims of the 400 signers. It is sufficient at this time to say that the majority opinion on *The Nation's* editorial board was opposed to the letter—despite the fact that two members of the staff signed it. Even when it was received it seemed uncritical; today we wonder how many of the 400 would have signed could they have foreseen what was to come.

*

THE RESOLUTE FIRMNESS OF ANGLO-FRENCH diplomacy is being supported by a really impressive mobilization of resources. In last September's crisis military preparations, particularly by Britain, seemed designed to scare the home public rather than to show Hitler that serious resistance was contemplated. But this time the emergency powers granted to both the British and French governments are being used swiftly and effectively. Both countries have proceeded far with army mobilization. The British navy at full war strength is at its stations in the North Sea and elsewhere ready to begin the blockade of Germany at a moment's notice and to intercept all German merchant ships unable to make home ports by zero hour. Civil defense preparations also appear to be far advanced, and there can be no doubt that resistance to air attack would now be immensely more effective than a year ago. But defense of Britain and France is one thing; the problem of how speedy aid can be given to Poland, on which the first heavy blow will fall, is another matter. The answer to this strategic question can hardly be given until the final line-up of powers is clear. If Italy remains faithful to Hitler, the main Anglo-French offensive would probably be directed against it as the weak end of the axis. But this very fact is one reason for the growing belief that Mussolini may attempt to remain neutral at least for a time. In this case, the French army would either have to attempt to force the Siegfried line—and even if this were possible it would be likely to prove horribly costly—or sit down to play a waiting game. One other major strategic move may be under consideration. Overwhelmingly stronger than the German fleet, the British navy may decide to pursue a more actively offensive policy than in the last war. Hence it may attempt to break into the Baltic before Germany is able to close the channels with mines. Were it able to obtain command of this sea, not only would direct aid to Poland become possible but the whole strategic position of Germany would be undermined.

*

AGAIN THE RADIO HAS COMPLETELY ROUTED the press. This is in the nature of things; words flow over the air waves and into our ears as continuously as the stations wish, while the printed column takes time to prepare and to distribute. But the excellent news service provided by the important broadcasting companies is not due to the medium alone. They have organized, to meet the demands of the crisis, a most impressive combination of straight reporting from the places in Europe where news originates and interpretative comment on the news at strategic centers, both in the United States and abroad. As in the pre-Munich crisis, the Columbia System has provided the most effective service. Columbia's regular European representatives, Edward R. Murrow in London and William L. Shirer in Berlin, have been consistently good, but this year's star reporter is Thomas Grandon of the International News Service, whose reports from Paris have been remarkable both for accuracy and good sense. H. V. Kaltenborn, Columbia's indefatigable New York commentator of a year ago, has been in Berlin and London and has sent useful interpretations of developments in those cities. But in our own country the outstanding analyst of events as they have come hot off the air waves has been Raymond Gram Swing, who has literally lived in the WOR studios and has provided frequent shrewd and accurate interpretations over the Mutual stations. Elmer Davis deserves almost equal credit. His intelligent and well-informed comments over the Columbia network have seemed particularly close to the feeling of most liberal Americans. The radio is destined to be our main source of spot news if war comes, and the men we have mentioned here will undoubtedly be among our leading war correspondents.

*

"HIS IS, THEREFORE, A DAYLIGHT WORLD IN which common sense is still the standard by which everything is judged." We quote Joseph Wood Krutch writing in *The Nation* in 1933 about Sidney Howard's work as a playwright. Mr. Howard, who was killed in an accident last week, lived, too, in a daylight world; common

sense in the best meaning of the term ran through his opinions as well as his plays. He was more interested in facts than in doctrines. His main interest was in the theater, but one of his first published works was a report on labor spies, the first so far as we know, written in collaboration with Robert Dunn; up to the time of his death he was on the national committee of the American Civil Liberties Union. His sympathy for the under-dog was practical and constant rather than sentimental and fashionable. His contributions to the American drama had the same tough-minded, realistic quality. We quote again from Mr. Krutch: "Writers who are intelligent without being 'intellectual' . . . frequently get from critics somewhat less consideration than they deserve. They are too clear to require explaining and too popular to need defense. . . . But the fact remains that Mr. Howard's plays are among the best ever written in America. . . . Mr. Howard stands very near to the head of the list of those who rescued the popular drama from that sentimentality which for some reason continued to be considered indispensable there long after it had disappeared from most serious writing in other forms."

Europe's Last Stand

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE NATION'S editorial deadline coincides too closely for comfort with the deadline facing Europe. As these words are written, on Tuesday, August 29, the British Parliament is meeting to hear the Prime Minister's report on the government's efforts to avert war. Adolf Hitler's reply to the British note proposing terms of settlement has been dispatched but not received, and completely conflicting rumors about both have been reported in the press and over the air. Meanwhile, confusion is increased by the announcement that the parliament of the Soviet Union has postponed "until later this week" ratification of the Russian-German nonaggression treaty. Within a day war may be under way, a war which will at the start involve the greater Germany, Poland, France, Great Britain and several if not all of the Dominions, and probably Italy, and if it lasts will certainly drag in most of the other major powers. But a chance remains that war will again be averted by some zero-hour compromise or postponed by continued negotiation. To attempt to comment on these vast uncertainties is useless; to prophesy would be foolish. All one can do is to review some of the more lasting considerations against which either war or continued efforts for peace must finally be judged.

While we wait for the crisis to break, we listen like drug addicts to the endless nerve-deadening iteration of proposals, real and rumored, for some "solution"—some way out of war that will not lead to a peace even worse than war. But every suggested formula sounds strangely empty as it comes over the air, and the efforts seem basically futile. For back in the mind of almost every listener is the cold realization that no peace can be made with Adolf Hitler.

That is the plain fact. And it is in the light of that fact that all proposals must be examined. A deal can be made with Hitler; and he can then break it, at his convenience, as he has broken every similar agreement he has ever contracted. A surrender can be made to Hitler; and however small or moderate or reasonable it may be, it will point to a complete surrender later on. Or, conceivably, Hitler himself can be forced to yield. Such an outcome might bring about a genuine peace if the powers proved wise enough to transform their "bloodless victory" into a thoroughgoing cure of Europe's chronic and deep-rooted ailments. But that peace would not be made with Hitler, it would be forced upon him—as he has forced his terms on the peoples he has conquered—by superior firmness and superior power. Is such a peace in the making at London and Berlin this morning? If so, our readers will be breathing more easily when this issue is in their hands. If not—there can be no peace.

War would be preferable to another deal with Hitler, and war would be preferable to the continued struggle of nerves and diplomacy that has exhausted the peoples for the past months. I say that in full realization of what the words mean, and in a solemn belief that it represents the feeling of the majority of the peace-loving men and women in the non-fascist countries of the world. Continued surrender to the aggressions of the fascist dictators would mean the end of the hopes of civilized people—of an expanding culture, of decent relations among men of different faiths, of labor's effort to develop its independent power and control its own fate, of the struggle to find a way to increase the material wealth of the people, of a more representative and effective democracy. None of these processes and efforts would survive an era of fascist control. Culture would be bent, as it is in Germany, to the purposes of a military state. Jews would be persecuted—perhaps largely exterminated—over vast areas of the earth now relatively free from anti-Semitic terrorism. Labor would revert to wage-slavery in literal fact; free unions would be crushed and no political expression of the interests of the workers would be tolerated. The production and trade of the nations would be subjected to restrictions, aimed against one another, that would insure a declining world economy, a lower standard of life, and a reversion to the archaic methods of exchange of goods characteristic of Germany today. And political democracy would be dead.

And even such a peace would not last. It would be founded on the suppression of the aspirations of the

subject or subordinate nationalities of Europe. Hitler himself is solid proof of the futility of trying to accomplish peace by dismemberment or the subjection of national groups. And now Hitler is repeating the age-old vengeance of the vanquished turned victor. Already the Austrians and Czechs and Slovaks under his rule are guaranties of future trouble, while each further conquest will add its weight to the heavy certainty of another world war in place of the immediate war that would be dodged by another surrender.

Does this sound like an exaggerated picture of the consequences likely to follow so small a concession as, say, the yielding of Danzig and the Polish Corridor to Hitler? No one who has sharply in mind the announced aims of fascist Germany and the fate of its past victims can say so. If the Polish door at Danzig is opened far enough to allow Hitler to shove in even one military boot, I am certain that the dismemberment of Poland will follow—guaranties or no guaranties—and that a new war crisis will emerge in a few months. The British and French people know this; the French government and General Staff know it; a part, at least, of the British government knows it; even Neville Chamberlain, I believe, has heard the clear warning of the people who put his party into power that they will not tolerate another sell-out followed by another period of tension ended by another climax of mobilization and threatened war.

But still the talks go on. In Parliament at this moment the Prime Minister reiterates the pledge to Poland, and in the next breath he urges the need for extreme restraint on the part of the press lest delicate negotiations with Hitler be endangered, and he declines to reveal the substance of the exchanges between the British government and Hitler. He says only that the Nazis desire an all-round settlement of differences with Great Britain but that his government is clear that such an agreement, though desirable, must rest upon a satisfactory solution of the Polish question. Perhaps Hitler in Berlin is actually weighing a retreat from his flat demand for Danzig and the Corridor against an offer of generous terms in a European new deal. He said in "Mein Kampf"—though the comment applied to Britain's choice of allies at the start of the World War: "It is the duty of a diplomacy to see to it, not that a people falls heroically, but that it is preserved practically. Every road leading to this is therefore suitable, and its evasion must be marked as a criminal neglect of duty." Is Hitler moving down a road that leads to the unheroic but practical preservation of his people? Or has he, like the Kaiser, misjudged the final temper of the British nation? Or is that temper to be ignored by the leaders of the British government and allowed to dissipate in demoralizing futility?

You who read these lines may be able to answer these questions.

Roosevelt's Fight for Peace

ONLY THE most blindly partisan can quarrel with the interventions in the European situation which Mr. Roosevelt has made since he cut short his vacation. The messages he has sent to the King of Italy, to the President of Poland, and to Herr Hitler may seem foredoomed to failure, but the head of the greatest nation not directly concerned in the present crisis could not do otherwise than exercise all the moral authority he possessed in behalf of peace.

Nor in doing so can anyone truthfully say that he has attempted to involve us in Europe's tragedy or committed us in any respect. What he did do in these messages was to point out forcefully and clearly how overwhelming a disaster war would be for all the world and to urge that no possible way of averting it should be neglected. At the same time he made it absolutely plain that he was giving no blessing to "appeasement." On the contrary, in his note to Hitler he stated very pointedly that the kind of peaceful negotiations he advocated must be based on each nation's willingness to accord "complete respect to the independence and territorial integrity of the other."

We believe that in this stand the President has well interpreted the convictions of the vast majority of Americans. The people desperately desire peace, for they are convinced that, once war starts, the chances that we shall not eventually be drawn in are exceedingly slim. But they know too that peace can never be assured by paying blackmail to a bully. The way in which Hitler was bought off last September seemed an outrage to most Americans, and their instinctive feeling that the only thing achieved was a postponement of war has been proved only too well justified. We cannot think that anyone in this country desires a new Munich except open pro-Nazis and a few extreme isolationists, such as Senator Nye and Congressman Fish, who appear to believe that the proper course of action for the President is to encourage the democracies to cave in to German threats.

If war does break out, the President will be obliged to proclaim the measures necessary to maintain our neutrality, including the provisions of existing neutrality legislation. This means that no belligerents would be able to buy arms here but that all would be free to buy other goods and to have them carried on American ships. Thus while, thanks to the shelving of the new bill indorsed by Mr. Hull and the President, Britain and France will not be able to buy munitions or planes here, the absence from the present act of any "cash-and-carry" proviso will increase the prospect of violations of neutrality by attacks on our shipping.

It is highly probable, however, that if war comes, Mr. Roosevelt will summon Congress in special session

and ask it to pass the bill blocked in July by the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee. Should he do this the belief in Washington is that it would go through fairly easily. It is pointed out that the isolationists are over-represented in the Foreign Affairs Committee and that even so the majority against the bill could have been turned by two votes which were cast on political grounds rather than because of opposition to the principles involved. In any case the isolationists would come back to Washington with considerable loss of prestige. For it was they who insisted that there was unlikely to be a real crisis in Europe this summer and that the chances of war were remote. Senator Borah's "secret service" has been proved wrong and the President absolutely right.

For all that, we must expect the isolationists to put up a stiff fight. They will no doubt argue that the only merit of the President's plan was to stave off war by offering, in effect, support to Britain and France and that, now that war has come, to pass the kind of bill he wants would be to take up a clearly unneutral position. This line would, of course, be a complete reversal of much of what they said two months ago, but we doubt whether that will deter them from pursuing it.

Nevertheless, we have hopes that the gravity of the hour will diminish the partisanship so rampant earlier in the summer and that the majority in Congress will rally around the President. We suspect that the development of public opinion will encourage this course. The immediate effect of the Russian-German pact has been superficially to strengthen isolationism to some extent. In their disgust at the news many people are inclined to adopt the view that no honest American should venture into the seething mass of European double-crossers. But if Britain and France continue to stand firm and as a result Hitler embarks on the desperate gamble of war, we should expect sentiment to swing strongly in the democracies' favor. We know already from numerous "polls" that the majority of Americans would hope for the defeat of Germany.

With Russia committed at least to isolation the odds are almost certainly now against Britain and France. We may think it possible to take a sporting attitude toward a war: cheer if the side we are backing is winning, shrug our shoulders when the tide is against it. But is it, in fact, of no real importance to us whether the democracies or the fascist powers triumph? Are we prepared to see the British Empire—with all its sins— replaced by a Nazi empire? Even Hamilton Fish says he will cease to be an isolationist when the British fleet is sunk. We suspect that most Americans, once the issues become clear, will consider that it would be wiser and more in our own interest to render what economic help we can now than to wait until mere economic action will be powerless to maintain a barrier between us and a Europe under Nazi domination.

The Far East

THE Soviet-German non-aggression pact will at least have a salutary effect in the Far East. Japan has already suffered a severe internal crisis, in which the military clique appears to have met an unprecedented reverse. Angered by the failure of the Japanese government to adhere to the German-Italian military alliance, the army had taken extreme measures to force such action. The attacks on the British at Tientsin, Amoy, and Hongkong, and the flare-up along the Mongolian-Manchurian border were a deliberate effort to force a change in the policy of the home government. Only a fortnight ago it was widely predicted that the Hiranuma Cabinet would be replaced by a military dictatorship committed to a military alliance with Berlin. Such a development would undoubtedly have led to an intensification of the attacks on Britain, France, and the United States. Instead, the Hiranuma Cabinet has been displaced by a moderate government headed by Nobuyuki Abe. Greatly angered by what it considers a betrayal of the anti-Comintern pact, Japan has turned violently against Nazi Germany. An official protest has been lodged against the Soviet-German agreement. German citizens have been slapped at Tientsin in place of Britishers. As might be expected, the tension between Japan and England is showing definite signs of abatement. The Japanese troops along the Hongkong border have been removed. Nothing further has been heard about the killing of two puppet policemen at Shanghai. Although 6,000 additional Japanese troops were landed near the International Settlement last week, it is probable that they left Japan before news of the signing of the Soviet-German pact reached Tokyo.

While the new Japanese Cabinet may be expected to make energetic efforts to restore Anglo-Japanese friendship, there is still a possibility that the militarists, angered by their setback, may resort to their traditional tactics of creating an external crisis in order to reestablish their position. In such an eventuality the British, as the weakest of the great powers in Asia, would be selected as the most likely target. By a campaign of unmitigated terrorism the militarists have hoped to force London into a position where it had no choice but to support the invaders, politically and economically. This seemed the one chance of assuring a complete Japanese victory. A conciliatory policy carries less risk, but does not offer the same prospects for Japan. Britain's interests lie on the side of a strong, independent China. Any Anglo-Japanese deal that might arise from the present situation would almost certainly safeguard Britain's right to carry on normal economic relations with China.

This and the promise of stronger Soviet support may be put down as definite gains for China. It does not

follow, however, that China will gain any further advantage from the moderation of Japanese policy. The new Abe government will doubtless devote itself primarily to the consolidation of Japanese gains in China, and thus diminish the risk of alienating the West. And there is danger that Soviet aid may encourage the British government, never noted for its farsightedness, to come to terms with Japan. On the other hand, the logic of events might stimulate the Western democracies to redouble their aid to China in order to offset Soviet influence. In the event of a general European war the responsibility for preserving China from either Soviet or Japanese domination would fall primarily on the United States. The Japanese are by no means beaten. Fate may yet deal the militarists a hand that is as favorable as the present one is unpropitious. But barring such an accident, it is safe to say that Japan's days of easy and relatively unopposed victories have reached an end.

France Is Ready

BY ROBERT DELL

Paris, August 28 (by cable)

THE issue of peace or war still hangs in the balance. Nevile Henderson is on his way to Berlin with the British government's reply to Hitler's communication, the results of which will be known before this appears in print. The situation has been entirely changed by Stalin's treachery. Hitler now knows that he has not got to fight England, France, Russia, and Poland, and he seems determined to risk war. His refusal, in his letter to Daladier, to agree to direct negotiations with Poland was taken here as a bad sign, but it is still widely believed by the general public that war will be averted somehow at the last moment, as it was last October. The grave consequences of the Russian defection show how vitally important Russian participation in the peace front was and what a mistake it was to refuse Litvinov's proposal, made immediately after March 15, to convene a conference of interested powers with a view to concluding a general pact of mutual assistance. It is now evident that the exclusion of Russia from the negotiations caused Litvinov's dismissal, from which no doubt Stalin's changed policy dates, although it is believed that actual negotiations between Germany and Russia probably began in June.

That Stalin's decision to sign a pact with Germany was made suddenly is suggested by the fact that on August 14, ten days before the signature of the pact, *Pravda* published an article violently attacking Germany and accusing it of desiring to change Europe's frontiers by force and to obtain complete hegemony in Europe. *Pravda* said: "The war of the Soviet Union against fascism will be the most just and most legitimate of all wars that humanity has known. It will be a war for the liberation of humanity from fascism and the liberation of the oppressed nations reduced to slavery. It will be for the defense of the international proletariat and the culture of the whole of progressive humanity against fascist barbarism." Stalin could not have permitted the publication of this article if he had already decided to sign the German pact. The probability is that when the Moscow military conversations broke down, Hitler agreed to all Stalin's conditions. The chief cause of the breakdown was no doubt the Polish government's refusal to allow Russian troops to cross Polish territory and that government's public declaration that Poland did not wish to be defended by Russia, but it does not follow that the conversations would have succeeded if Poland had taken a different stand.

The signature of the Soviet-German pact naturally put the French Communist leaders in a difficult position. On Saturday the Communist parliamentary group adopted a resolution declaring that the pact was not incompatible with the conclusion of a treaty between England, France, and Russia, which is manifestly absurd, but at the same time the resolution fully approved of the French government's military measures and its resolution to stand by France's allies. The suspension by the government of Communist newspapers was considered by many people with no Communist sympathies as a mistake because it might give the impression abroad that the French people are not entirely united, which is certainly not the case. If war comes, France will be even more united than in 1914, from the extreme left to the extreme right. That would not be the case if France were going to fight for Danzig or for Poland, but the French know that they are going to fight for France and Europe.

The consequences of Munich and the policy of appeasement are now only too evident to everybody, and it is generally recognized that as a result of Munich we are not in as good a position as we were last September, in spite of the improved French air force. If England and France acted in regard to Poland as they acted last year in regard to Czechoslovakia, they would drive Poland and all the other East European states into the German orbit and would then have to support a German attack alone. If Hitler would waive his demand for an im-

mediate restoration of the Polish Corridor to Germany and agree to compromise on Danzig alone, as Mussolini is said to have proposed, Poland might possibly come to an arrangement. It is clear that if war comes Germany will at once seize Danzig and use it as a military and naval base. Such a compromise, however, could be acceptable only if it were followed by some vigorous diplomatic or, if necessary, economic initiative on the part of all peace-loving countries that would convince Hitler that he must put a stop to his career of aggression.

Hitherto the initiative has always been left to Hitler, and nothing has been done until he acted. There is every reason to believe that Mussolini is desperately anxious to keep out of war, but it is hardly possible for Italy to remain neutral unless Hitler agrees to "armed neutrality," which might be more inconvenient to France than Italian participation in war. The one bright spot in the picture is Hitler's abandonment of Japan, which improves the situation in Asia. If Russia gives more help to China, as is certainly to Russia's interest, the Japanese may find themselves in difficulties.

No Munich

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, August 28 (by cable)

AT THE moment of cabling, the balance is tipping toward war. Dwindling peace hopes center on a German pause, suggesting the ultimate realization in Berlin that the democracies are prepared for a showdown. The question is, will Hitler tactically retreat now that he is confronted with the first forceful opposition he has met since 1923 and the abortive Munich putsch? But the fears felt here that the Nazis are too deeply committed to retreat are strengthened by Hitler's uncompromising response to Daladier. The lengthy Cabinet deliberations preceding today's reply to Hitler's communication can be accounted for by a desire to leave the Nazis no foundation for their encirclement propaganda and to demonstrate a willingness to respond to Roosevelt's plea for negotiations, but a repetition of Munich is excluded. Contrary to expectations, the Russo-German pact, after the initial dismay, stiffened British opinion. The Conservatives were not surprised, and Labor was disillusioned. A feeling of having their backs to the wall has united the democracies and clarified the issue as one of totalitarian domination. It is universally recognized that the problem of Danzig is merely incidental, but concessions based on a reliance on Nazi good-will are vetoed as involving a crisis next spring under conditions progressively deteriorating.

The British public is stoically immune to the jitters it suffered last September. They are proceeding methodically to empty the hospitals; London children are rehearsing the evacuation of the city; head offices of financial institutions are being removed to the country; windows are being darkened, basements sandbagged, and food stored. Characteristically the greatest anxiety is that pet animals are not furnished with gas masks. In contradistinction to last September the public morale is unshaken, a fact due to the volunteer participation of millions of men and women in active civil defense—exemplified by air-raid wardens on day and night duty—and the mobilization of all the services of the territorial and auxiliary forces.

Otherwise the public's week-end holiday occupations were normal. But the unbearable near-war tension of the past year has induced a feeling that if the storm must burst it had better be got over with. The opposition in Parliament is wise in not indulging in recriminations about past responsibilities; it solidly supports the government, largely because of the Labor leaders' resentment of the Russian *volte-face,* the Communist apologies for which are being ridiculed.

In the event of war there is a probability of immediate Socialist participation in the government despite the doubts in progressive circles of the wisdom of such a step. They consider that if British experience in the early stages of the war is not favorable, the alternative of a Socialist leadership might be nationally advantageous. Any illusions as to immediate American assistance in the form of credits and munitions have vanished and been replaced by a stolid recognition of the fact that Britain must fight its own battles, although there is a widespread belief that a Britain double-crossed by Russia but loyal to its own guaranties may regain the sympathies forfeited at Munich. The view here is that the Soviet deal, despite its immediate military value, confronts Hitler with long-range difficulties by swinging Catholic world opinion against the axis, especially Spain and Italy and the British Catholics who previously had sympathized with the anti-Bolshevik crusade. Also it is thought that Britain may possibly be relieved of dangerous naval requirements in the Far East by Germany's let-down of the Japanese. To summarize, Britain is absolutely not bellicose, but, characteristically, it becomes most formidable when the hopes of peace are frustrated.

This Is America

VII. ROOSEVELT AND THE VITAL EAST

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

IT IS axiomatic in national politics that a successful Presidential candidate must go West with a substantial block of electoral votes from the populous Middle Atlantic states, notably New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Wilson lost them all in 1916, but his victory, to the professional politicians, was the exception that proved the rule. Their favorite argument against a third term for Roosevelt is that he can't win because these states have turned against him. While conceding that Roosevelt sentiment is strong and seems to be growing in the West and that the solid South is probably good for one more test of solidarity, they point to the Middle Atlantic region, with its 104 electoral votes—including those of Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia—as the weak spot on the New Deal political map. If Roosevelt himself runs, the tradition-bound East won't stand for violation of the third-term precedent; if he does not run, the seaboard will revert to its traditional hard-money, full-dinner-pail Republicanism.

This is the reasoning, and it is based on a kind of form-sheet analysis that bears about the same relation to the facts that palmistry bears to science. The Republicans may be able to whip up resentment against the third term in the next year, but they haven't done it yet. Except among the confirmed Roosevelt haters there is no concern with the metaphysical argument over the propriety of extending the President's tenure from eight years to twelve. Neither is there any general capitulation to the thesis that a Republican should be installed in the White House because the Republican Party will restore prosperity merely by "running things better." Loyalty to a party label is as dead in the East as in the West; only in the South does it persist.

Roosevelt's tremendous personal popularity is as obvious as the smokestacks all along the Eastern seaboard. Indeed, it seems to thrive on adversity. Repeated rebuffs to the President at the last session of Congress were resented even though the issues may not have been fully understood. Roosevelt was trying to do something for the humble citizen, and a lot of malicious Congressmen were getting in his way. The alliance of Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans is beginning to be blamed for the nation's continued failure to find a recovery formula. A sense of sectionalism is developing. There is real bitterness against the South, intensified recently by the attack on the wage-hour law, which is by all odds the most enthusiastically approved piece of New Deal legislation. This is particularly apparent in New Jersey, where Mary Norton, chairman of the House Labor Committee, has dramatized the issue, and where the law has increased wages in the sweatshop industries which have not yet moved South. The tie-up between Republicans and Democrats that was responsible for the effort to undermine the $11-a-week minimum wage has not helped Northern Republicans. The reduction in relief standards likewise is deplored, not only by WPA employees but by the small shopkeepers they patronize. The President's foreign policy has won general acceptance in the section where European events are eagerly followed and foreign ships can be seen in the harbors.

Upper bracketeers are more sour on the New Deal than ever, if possible, and they have made some converts along the upper fringes of the middle class. The reaction against Roosevelt continues in the small towns, but in the rural areas it is imperceptible, and in the large cities, where political power is concentrated, there is actually a renascence of Roosevelt sentiment.

Extensive inquiry leads me to believe that today Roosevelt himself could carry the Middle Atlantic tier almost as decisively as he carried it in 1936. A Democratic nominee indorsed by Roosevelt, provided that he was reasonably attractive personally and that his opponent was any one of the Republicans now in the running, would have an even chance if he identified himself closely with the New Deal and its leader. For example, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas might make it unless an attempt to nominate him precipitated a brawl at the Democratic convention. Paul V. McNutt is suspect among workers, but this suspicion might be broken down. His name inspires interest but uncertainty. The Garner myth has persisted surprisingly, but there are indications that it is fading. John L. Lewis's broadside did the Texan's candidacy no good in western Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Tom Dewey is the only Republican who shows any promise of eating into the independent vote. Arthur Vandenberg has the strongest hold on the hard-shelled Republicans who would support any nominee the party put up. But there is no impressive enthusiasm for any of the G. O. P. hopefuls or, for that matter, for any Democrat except Roosevelt.

To count out the Democratic nominee, even if it is not Roosevelt, it must be assumed that the 1938 elections

were an accurate index of the country's sentiment about the New Deal and that the trend away from the Administration then indicated has continued. Undoubtedly the New Deal lost some of its following between 1936 and 1938, but in most of the Eastern elections local considerations were as compelling as national issues. For example, W. Warren Barbour, Republican, was elected Senator from New Jersey partly as result of a deal with the Democratic boss, Frank Hague; Arthur H. James, Republican, was elected Governor of Pennsylvania in a revolt against the state's Democratic machine; Thomas E. Dewey made a good run in New York because he was a glamorous young racket-buster running against a tired liberal. These election results gave a distorted picture of public opinion. In so far as they were the product of reaction, that reaction has been checked or reversed. It is notable that Democratic Congressmen from these three states refused to join in the coalition moves against Roosevelt and were the nucleus of his support. If their constituents were sick of Roosevelt, they failed to perceive it.

Production and employment have followed an upward curve in all the industrial states during the last three months but not markedly enough to account for the rise of Roosevelt sentiment. There has been no boom except in the war industries. Shipyards and airplane factories are operating full blast. Other industries have gained ground steadily but slowly, and the pick-up has not been sufficient to offset recent reductions in WPA employment. All the Eastern states have had to increase their direct relief expenditures to feed the families discharged as a result of the Woodrum relief policy. Even conservatives are beginning to question the economy of cutting down on WPA only to increase the burden on the individual states.

Local political situations are confused in almost all the Middle Atlantic states and probably will militate against a clear-cut expression of optimism on national issues in 1940, but not to the extent that they did in the off year 1938. Leadership is weak in both parties, and scandal in high places has crippled scores of city and state machines. Tammany Hall has all but tumbled down, and in Pennsylvania and New Jersey the Democratic leadership has been weakened by a wave of indictments. On the Republican side the unwillingness of the diehards to relinquish control to younger, more progressive leaders has bred a general skepticism about the ability of the party to cope with problems of modern government. Even such a moderate as Kenneth Simpson, Republican leader in New York and Dewey's original political sponsor, is under fire from the right. In Pennsylvania the old Weir-Grundy-Pew clique is in control. Governor James is only their stooge, and the way he has been manipulated proves conclusively that the Old Guard has forgotten nothing and learned nothing since the Harding era.

Interpreting his election as a mandate to undo everything the previous Democratic state administration under Governor George Earle had done, James's bosses started out by having him and the all-Republican legislature rip up the state Wagner law, the workmen's compensation law, and the anti-injunction law. Then, as a crowning insult to reason, they put through the Pierson "work-or-starve" bill. This measure provides that any unemployed person subsisting on direct relief from the state must accept work on locally sponsored projects at wages fixed by county assistance boards. The boards have been fixing wages lower than the WPA level. The theory behind the legislation was that it would drive thousands of "loafers" off relief by threatening them with toil. Not only does the resulting system smack of peonage but it hasn't worked. Despite an intensive and expensive effort, only 4,000 of 200,000 "employables" had been put to work two months after the law took effect, and, so far as is known, no one gave up relief to escape labor. More than 832,000 unemployed remained on the dole after the rolls had been combed for work dodgers. And the load continued to increase as WPA layoffs continued. A July increase of 11 per cent in private employment was insufficient to take up the slack let out by the federal economies. Under the circumstances James has of course not been able to make good his campaign promises of tax relief. As a proving ground for the new Republicanism, Pennsylvania has been a notable bust.

James's fumbling has alienated not only the independent vote necessary to keep the state in the Republican column but even some of his most ardent campaign supporters, among them Moe Annenberg, publisher of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Although the *Inquirer's* unstinted support of James was in large measures responsible for the success of the Republican campaign, Annenberg was frozen out of the party councils after the vote had been counted. He broke openly with the James administration over the question of revising the Philadelphia city charter and since then has been blasting both state and city Republican officials. Even if Annenberg, who is now close to Jack Kelly, Democratic city boss, wants to revert to Republicanism, he will have his hands full for a while with federal income-tax indictments.

Philadelphia will get a significant preview of 1940 in the mayoralty campaign this fall. All important factions will have an entry. Robert C. White will probably carry the colors of the liberal Democrats; Judge Robert C. Lamberton, Republican, is the choice of the Weir-Pew-Grundy gang; and former Mayor J. Hampton Moore, Republican, will try again with the support of Senator Jim Davis, who, according to reports credited in Philadelphia, is running the Dewey show in Pennsylvania. The idea seems to be that it will be worth while

for the Dewey forces to spend some money electing Moore and then use the City Hall as the base of operations for a pre-convention round-up of Pennsylvania delegates. Since James won Philadelphia by only 9,000 votes in 1938, even with Republicans in control of the election machinery, it is considered probable that the Dewey scheme will come a cropper. The thoroughly discredited Republican city machine is apparently ripe for a licking.

On the other side of the picture is the mess in which Democratic leaders continue to wallow. David Lawrence, the party's state chairman, is under indictment in connection with a contract fraud but refuses to resign his post pending trial. Senator Joe Guffey, whose term expires next year, will run for reelection on the most consistent New Deal record compiled by anyone in Congress. Despite this record, he may turn out to be an unfortunate running mate for the New Deal candidate. He has been having serious patronage troubles with his county leaders, and the wounds opened in last year's primary fight have not healed. When John L. Lewis came close to nominating Tom Kennedy for governor in that campaign, he proved that the C. I. O. has political power in the state. This power, since augmented by the new coal contract, will be used for Roosevelt's candidate and may go a long way to make up for the deficiencies of the Democratic organization.

Cross-currents of local politics are even more dizzying in New Jersey, where Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, despite his penchant for trampling on civil liberties, still rides high. The Supreme Court's decision ordering him to permit even C. I. O. organizers to exercise their constitutional rights in New Jersey appears to have hurt him but little. He has taken his licking in good part and is scrupulously living up to the court's ruling. Organizers not only are permitted to speak in Jersey City but get police protection. The civil-liberties episode endeared Hague to the industrial Brahmans and did him no harm with his patronage-fed army of followers. The question now is what Attorney General Frank Murphy's investigators will do to him. A corps from the Justice Department has been looking into the state of affairs in Hudson County for several weeks. According to reliable reports, they have not caught Hague with his hand in the public till, but some of his associates, particularly in Hoboken, may be jailed as the result of Murphy's thirst for the truth about local officials. The New Jersey inquiry will dovetail with the investigation of Annenberg's racing service, which centers in New Jersey.

In what appears to be an effort to distract Washington's attention from Jersey City, Hague recently has been shouting for a third term. Privately, however, his talk is something less than pro-Roosevelt. At the earliest opportunity, which may come in 1940, he will stick in the knife if he can do it without jeopardizing his own security.

New Jersey, like Pennsylvania, is having its troubles financing relief. The pick-up in business has not compensated for the industries driven out of the state by the taxes necessary to keep the Hague machine in the style to which it has become accustomed. The state administration under Harry Moore has taken advantage of every form of assistance offered by the federal government and has done, all in all, a good job of administration. The unpopular general sales tax adopted by Harold Hoffman, the former Republican governor, has been junked. Moore is asking for authority to float a bond issue and is trying to boost state revenues with a cigarette tax and similar levies. Hoffman is planning to try for a comeback next year. Senator Barbour, who was elected in 1938 to serve out an unexpired term, also will have to run again. He made a straddlebug record at the last session but probably can win again if Hague's support holds out. The Reverend Lester Clee, head of the Good Government League and a Republican, who ran unsuccessfully for governor last time, will be an important figure in the campaign. But the local alignments hinge on Hague, and what he will do, if still free to do it, is uncertain.

New York is having the same troubles as the other two big Eastern states, but able state and city administration has made them less apparent. Governor Herbert H. Lehman and Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia both seem to be more popular now than they were when their present terms started. In fact, the Mayor's political success is nothing short of sensational. As a member of the American Labor Party, whose votes gave Lehman his narrow margin over Dewey last year, LaGuardia undoubtedly will support the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1940 unless the anti-Roosevelt forces capture the Democratic convention and nominate one of their own crowd. His support will be important. So will Lehman's. Senator Jim Mead of Buffalo will have to run for reelection next year and should add strength to the Democratic ticket. Tammany Hall is completely disorganized but may be able to pull itself together.

Both Roosevelt and Postmaster General Farley are anxious to rehabilitate the city organization but are not in agreement on how it should be done or, apparently, on which of them is to control it. Some time ago it was reported that Roosevelt wanted to install Jim Fay, who beat John O'Connor for Congress last year, as Tammany's new leader, but Farley favored Joe Gavagan, another New York Congressman. Fay and Gavagan have equally liberal voting records. Recently both the President and Farley have been keeping hands off, presumably because the situation is so hopeless that they see no way out of it. However, the Republicans are not much better off with Dewey forces fighting the Old Guard and Simpson lead-

each budget genuinely; when it took credits from Russia, it arranged that each time it repaid one of them, Russia should buy the equivalent in Turkish goods. For these reasons a financial crisis is very unlikely. Nor is class warfare to be expected in any near future. There is no large class of rich people since the Greeks and Armenians were liquidated, and the workers in the new industries get wages which, though low, are higher than what they earned as peasants. The government also sees, by frequent local inspections, that profiteers do not raise the prices of necessities. As a result of the massacres and expulsions Turkey, though impoverished, is free from any problem of minorities except for the million or so Kurds. These people, living in difficult country, are still not wholly pacified, but they cannot become a serious danger while Iraq and Russia are friendly to Turkey. The serious opposition to the government has been on feudal and religious grounds. The people, priest-ridden for centuries, have suddenly within seventeen years seen Islam disestablished, women emancipated, clothes westernized, the alphabet latinized, the calendar and the Sabbath christianized. Atatürk stamped out resistance ruthlessly but explained with care the reasons for each change. As economic conditions improved and priestly influence declined, most Turks came to see the reforms as necessary and to take pride in them. At present worship of Atatürk unites the people. The Germans have little chance of stirring up in Turkey a holy civil war.

Has the death of Kemal Atatürk last autumn and the succession of General Ismet Inönü caused any change of policy? The two men, Atatürk and Inönü, were poles apart in character—Atatürk unmarried, dissolute, moody, and unsmiling; Inönü a family man, religious, capable of laughter, deaf and quiet, correct, consistent, and cool. But both of them fought the war of liberation; both of them worked for years with the same ultimate aim—to make Turkey really independent. Perhaps a shade more space in the press is given now to Moslem observances, and it is slightly less easy for a woman to become a judge. Relations with Russia, warm since 1921, cooled off shortly before Atatürk died. Inönü, who as Prime Minister negotiated the Russian credits, is supposed to be Russophile; but what is curious is that, although M. Potemkin visited Ankara and gave Stalin's blessing to the Anglo-Turkish alliance, Russia in July was not keeping Turkey informed about the Anglo-Russian negotiations. The real departure—the alliance with Great Britain and France against the Nazi menace—is the result not of the change of presidents but of the international situation.

Is Turkey a firm member of a coalition against aggression? British and French people who have had dealings with the rulers of the new Turkey tell you that they are utterly straightforward, that they weigh each promise and demand and do not withdraw or enlarge it. When they made the alliance with Britain and France, President Ismet Inönü and Foreign Minister Saracoglu foresaw and accepted all its consequences. They are, for instance, dismissing German technicians, and no German may go to Karabük. Von Papen is being extremely polite and



"IF THE BRITISH DON'T, MAYBE WE WILL"

[Drawn before von Ribbentrop's visit to Moscow.]

waiting for the British and French to make a mistake. Of this there is some danger. For Turkey expects every Englishman and Frenchman to do his duty—to accept his share of the consequences of the alliance. The chief consequence is that Great Britain and France must quickly give Turkey an alternative to its trade with Germany, which is about half its total foreign trade. To this there is an obstacle: the Turkish pound is grossly overvalued, the price of Turkish goods therefore high. The Turks recognize this, and an ingenious devaluation is likely any day. This done, British and French help will have to be substantial. Another danger is Syria. When France ceded Alexandretta to Turkey, the Turks said that their territorial claims were now satisfied. Not being Hitler, they are to be trusted, but the case might alter if there were unrest and concessions in Syria next door. The worst danger might be another Munich—Hitler is waiting for a second chance in Turkey. But if it is not given to him gratuitously, the peace front has in Turkey a reliable ally in a key position.

Prospects for the TVA

BY J. LACEY REYNOLDS

ORDINARILY the public intrusts the conduct of a public utility to private interests. But with the recent acquisition of Commonwealth and Southern utility properties by the Tennessee Valley Authority the public has at last undertaken the conduct of an extensive electric-power business. Public ownership and operation of electric power, heretofore attempted only in isolated communities, are now in effect over an integrated area of such size as to demand national attention and produce results of nation-wide importance.

When the facilities of the Tennessee Electric Power Company, a Commonwealth and Southern subsidiary, passed from private to public hands on August 15, the $78,600,000 transaction was the largest deal of its kind in history. The TVA joined with thirty-three municipalities and rural cooperatives to form a purchasing partnership, the TVA buying Tepco's generating and transmission properties, and the municipalities and cooperatives its distribution network. This network covers Nashville and Chattanooga and the towns and farms lying between. With these additional facilities, TVA will be able to serve practically the whole of Tennessee, as well as the northern portions of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi.

Acquisition of the Tepco properties solved one problem and created another for the Authority. Its chief concern to date has been the marketing problem—how to find an outlet for the electrical energy generated as a by-product at the ten dams now under construction on the Tennessee River. In the absorption of Tepco's distribution system and its integration with TVA's other holdings in the Tennessee Valley a solution seems to have been found. But the anticipated increase in electrical consumption in the area caused by low promotional power rates may well create another problem. Difficulties may be encountered in supplying this mounting demand, particularly if Congress interrupts the dam-construction program by refusing to appropriate funds on schedule.

In the wake of the Tepco deal, TVA may meet two new obstacles in Congress: it may be unable to obtain adequate appropriations to carry its construction program through to completion in 1947; and it may find it hard to get needed tax-replacement legislation through a hostile House. As regards appropriations, it will be recalled that the 1935 amendments to the TVA Act authorized the Authority to issue up to $100,000,000 in bonds, half to be used to assist municipalities in purchasing their own distribution systems, and the other half to carry on its power activities. When the Tepco deal was first broached, a study of the act revealed a technical difficulty in using the bond proceeds for this specific purpose. Oddly enough, the Authority under its bonding powers could issue bonds to construct competing facilities, such as hydro and steam plants, but not to acquire Tepco's existing generating facilities. To correct this flaw in the act and free the bond money for the Tepco purchase, it was necessary to go to Congress. In the House a coalition of Republicans, anti-New Deal Democrats, and coal-district Representatives forced the TVA to surrender its $100,000,000 bonding authorization in exchange for $65,000,000 which could be used to cover its portion of the contemplated purchase. In other words TVA emerged from the transaction shorn of $35,000,000 in bonding authority, a sum which it could conceivably have used to carry on its construction work in the event some future Congress denied regular appropriations. Without this backlog of $35,000,000 the TVA is dependent on the generosity of Congress—a situation recognized by the TVA opposition. In fact, it was only on these terms that the Tepco deal was permitted to go through.

Tax replacements are the second potential source of trouble for the Authority. When the federal government assumed title to private property in the valley, the property was automatically removed from the tax rolls, since local governments are constitutionally prohibited from

taxing federal holdings. The loss in taxes has been felt most keenly by some dozen counties where Tepco transmission lines and steam and hydro plants are concentrated. Early in the next session, therefore, Congress will be asked to take up TVA tax legislation.

The most potent threat to the TVA and to an equitable settlement of this problem is offered by Representative Andrew Jackson May (Democrat, Kentucky), chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, through which all TVA legislation must pass. May, a hard-bitten product of the coal-laden mountains of eastern Kentucky, voted for the original TVA Act in 1933. But in 1935, when the TVA amendments were before Congress and the coal barons of his district came out strongly in opposition, May changed his stand. Early in January of this year he conceived the idea of bottling up future TVA legislation by the device of a special TVA subcommittee to handle all TVA bills. He named himself chairman of this subcommittee and proceeded to pack it against the Authority. When this charge was leveled at him later, May hotly denied it at a public hearing, asserting that he had chosen the five members on the Democratic side according to the "time-honored rule of seniority." In defending himself, however, May failed to mention that he had departed from this rule in one significant instance. He took the first four ranking Democrats on the list but skipped the fifth, the late Clarence W. Turner of Tennessee, a TVA friend, and appointed the next man in line, the TVA-hating Andrew Edmiston of West Virginia. This flagrant violation of seniority rights stacked the Democratic side of the committee against the TVA three to two. The Republicans, of course, could be depended upon to oppose the Authority on partisan grounds, if no other. Had Turner been chosen, the majority on the Democratic side would have been in TVA's favor. As it turned out, Turner died before the bond-issue legislation reached the House, but not before he had pointed out to this writer the improbability of getting legislation fair to the TVA through May's packed subcommittee.

Since tax replacement is admittedly the most complicated by-product of the Tepco deal, a satisfactory solution demands a judicial and reasoned study. What may be expected from the May subcommittee was demonstrated during the past session in connection with the bond-issue legislation. The TVA and the governors of the states concerned sought to delay action on taxes at that time because they all were unprepared to make intelligent recommendations without further study. Nevertheless, the committee proceeded to discuss taxes, concentrating on the proposal that the TVA should pay the same "taxes"—or amounts in lieu of taxes—that were formerly paid by Tepco. At first various anti-TVA members of the subcommittee confidently stated, and obviously believed, that such payments would force the TVA to increase its power rates, thus destroying the value of its yardstick. As the hearings progressed, however, it became abundantly clear that the TVA and the associated municipalities and cooperatives could carry the same tax burden as Tepco, maintain low rates, and still show handsome profits. Thereupon the subcommittee executed a surprising about-face and reported out an amendment, later defeated, prohibiting the TVA from paying any taxes whatever to the stricken counties. The "no-tax" idea had never been seriously discussed in open hearings, though Wendell L. Willkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, had remarked that the counties should be left "to stew in their own juice," adding, "A few bankrupt counties would be enlightening." He apparently reasoned that if the counties were not compensated, they would turn against the TVA and public ownership.

Despite these forebodings of trouble, the Tepco deal seems to harbinger happier days, not only for the TVA, but for consumers and participating municipalities and cooperatives as well. Though residents of the valley had unmistakably expressed their determination to get public power, certain minority elements allied with the utilities and associated business interests bitterly contested every step. Now, however, these elements seem to be accepting the new state of affairs without undue bitterness, and in some instances with unexpected cordiality. This attitude will permit the Authority to devote more attention to the major features of its development program—navigation, flood control, and agricultural rehabilitation.

One feature of the deal should contribute materially to a clarification of the issue between proponents and opponents of public power, not only in the valley but elsewhere. Though the utilities have raised the cry that the TVA is "destroying investors," individual investors in Tepco, as well as in the private utilities taken over previously by the TVA, have suffered no substantial losses. Bondholders of the Tennessee Electric Power Company have been paid the full face value of their bonds with accrued interest. Preferred stockholders have received 100 cents on the dollar with accrued dividends. The common stock, of which 99 per cent was held by Commonwealth and Southern, has brought approximately 30 cents. Furthermore, the company has retained valuable ice, water, and transportation properties in the valley; these will be sold and the proceeds distributed among the common shareholders.

The 145,000 consumers formerly served by Tepco will save a sum estimated at $4,100,000 annually, even though they had previously experienced the indirect benefits of TVA's power rates. Before creation of the TVA in 1933 residential rates approximated 5.77 cents per kilowatt hour. Because of the subsequent competition of TVA, they were gradually reduced till last year

they stood at 2.75 cents. When TVA current finally surged through the Tepco system on August 15, the rates immediately dropped to approximately 1.9 cents, the lowest on the continent except in Tacoma, Washington, and Ontario, Canada. Mr. Willkie, in a full-page advertisement that appeared in various metropolitan dailies on the day of the transfer, called attention to the fact that rates in the Commonwealth and Southern system were well below the national average. Investigation reveals that just prior to the TVA, Tepco residential consumers were paying 5 per cent more than the then prevailing national average of 5.49 cents. Last year, however, Tepco's rates had dropped 37 per cent *below* the national average of 4.40 cents. For this rapid decline residents of the valley thank the TVA's yardstick competition rather than the generosity of Commonwealth and Southern.

Finally, the thirty-three municipalities and cooperatives which joined with TVA in acquiring the Tepco system anticipate substantial benefits. During the six years of TVA's existence these communities and their officials have been subjected to the nation-wide propaganda that "public ownership can't work." When the TVA-Tepco deal was in the making last spring, however, two developments occurred which convinced them of the financial wisdom of acquiring their own systems. The first was their ability to dispose of their power bonds on the open market at unexpectedly low rates of interest—proof positive of "investor confidence" in their ability to conduct the business on a paying basis. These low interest rates prevailed not only on the offerings of the cities of Nashville and Chattanooga, but also on the bonds of rural communities which could not expect the same profits.

The second encouraging development was the success of two TVA systems in Mississippi. In the midst of the Tepco negotiations the city of Tupelo, first community in the nation to obtain TVA current, announced that its earnings justified a second rate reduction within a period of a little more than five years. Under TVA Tupelo consumers were saving as much as 66 per cent on their power bills and using five times as much current as formerly. Almost simultaneously the Alcorn County Electric Power Association, the first rural cooperative to enter the TVA, revealed that in less than five years of operation its earnings had entirely paid off a debt of $236,000 incurred to buy and improve the nucleus of its network. Ironically, at about the time of these two announcements a bloc of TVA-baiting Representatives in Congress were prating of the "failure" of the TVA, ridiculing its successes and belittling its accomplishments. However, the thirty-three municipalities and cooperatives in the Tepco area accepted the experience of the Mississippi communities as a demonstration of the feasibility and financial soundness of public-utility ownership, and of what they themselves may expect under the TVA.

Everybody's Business

Behind the Guns

AS I write, fighting has not yet started in Europe, but everywhere men are standing by their guns while more and more reservists hurry to their posts. In modern war it is not only men and guns that count; the decisive factor may be the economic power behind them. It is therefore worth taking a look at the economic reserves which can be mustered by Britain, on which the chief financial burden of the anti-axis front will fall, particularly as their mobilization must affect our own markets in a vital manner.

On land and in the air the axis powers appear to have a clear lead over the Western democracies, but their navies are markedly inferior, and they cannot therefore expect to draw supplies from overseas. Were the new friendship with Russia to extend to unlimited deliveries from that country, this handicap might be overcome, but it is not yet certain that Stalin is prepared to go to such lengths.

Britain and France, on the other hand, are in a position to draw upon the resources of the rest of the world as long as they can cope with the submarine menace. And inevitably they will turn for many requirements to this country, for here are surplus stocks of food and raw materials and unused productive capacity ready to respond to urgent orders. American neutrality legislation will, of course, prevent purchases of arms, ammunition, and airplanes, but not of metal to make shells, machinery to build planes, oil to drive the enormous horse-power which a modern military machine develops.

How will this business be financed? Under the Johnson Act it will not be possible for either Britain or France to float loans here. But both countries have large gold stocks, and Britain has bank deposits in this country estimated at $600,000,000, as well as extensive investments convertible into cash. Recurrent crises during the past year have caused a constant shift of funds by capitalists, foreign and domestic, and put a terrific strain on sterling. Up to last week the British Exchange Equalization Fund had held the dollar exchange rate steady at around 4.68, but only at the sacrifice of immense amounts of gold. With war apparently imminent, the conservation of bullion reserves became the predominant necessity, and support was withdrawn from sterling, which has since dropped sharply. Obviously this step was forced on London and could not be regarded as a move toward *competitive* devaluation. Hence our Treasury officials did not consider it a violation of the Tripartite Currency Agreement.

A good deal has already been done to discourage the purchase of dollar securities in London, and in the event of war such transactions, together with the transfer of private funds to this country in any other form, will undoubtedly be prohibited. British importers of goods from abroad will probably be forced to get all purchases approved before being able to obtain foreign exchange with which to make payment, and in this way the import of non-essential goods will be restricted if not stopped altogether. The outlook for American exporters of such things as women's

apparel, electrical gadgets, luxury food products, automobiles, and, perhaps, tobacco is not very cheerful. On the other hand, sellers of trucks, steel, copper, lead, machine tools, and numerous raw materials may expect a rush business.

During the intensified rearmament race of the past two years Britain has attempted to carry on without the kind of control imposed in Germany. But if war breaks out, gold reserves, although incomparably greater than they were in 1914, become a first line of economic defense which must be stringently guarded. When the last war started, the Bank of England had in its coffers only $165,000,000 in gold bullion—an amount which it gradually increased by calling in gold coins in circulation. On March 31 of this year the Exchange Equalization Fund and the Bank of England together held practically $2,800,000,000 in gold. Exports since may have reduced this sum, but the total still available can hardly be less than $2,500,000,000. In a prolonged war most of this will find its way into our already congested vaults, and although we have very little use for it we can hardly refuse it without starting a train of dangerous repercussions.

Britain's second financial reserve line is the large portfolio of American investments held by its nationals. These holdings are by no means as large as in 1914, but they are conservatively estimated at over $1,000,000,000, and in addition there are direct British investments here with a book value of over $600,000,000. At the outbreak of the last war it was feared that liquidation of foreign-owned securities in New York would demoralize the market, and this was one reason why the Stock Exchange was closed for several months. On its reopening, the prospect of war profits provided strong local support, and the war boom got under way. In 1915 the British government took steps to mobilize dollar stocks and bonds. British holders were invited to exchange them at market price plus a 2½ per cent premium for 5 per cent Exchequer bonds. Alternatively they could lend them to the government to be used as collateral in return for a rate of interest ½ per cent greater than the yield of the security concerned. Under this scheme a grand total of over $3,000,000,000 was handled.

This time the British government has not waited even for the actual outbreak of war. It has already forbidden transfers of the securities of nine countries, including the United States, and ordered their registration at the Bank of England. This means that private dumping of British-owned stocks on the New York Exchange will be prevented and that liquidation will proceed in an orderly manner. Close attention has also been given to this problem by the SEC, but final plans have not been announced. Last spring a plan was discussed for a kind of banking consortium which, under the auspices of the RFC, would take over all securities conscripted by foreign governments. Liquidation could then be timed strictly in accordance with market conditions instead of with the exigencies of the belligerent countries. On the other hand, unless the securities were bought outright, in which case the risks of realization would fall on the consortium, it would be necessary to advance funds against them to the governments concerned. Could this be considered a violation of the Johnson Act?

Here is just one of the knotty financial problems we shall come up against in war time. So many others are bound to arise that the Administration would do well to establish a special interdepartmental committee to grapple with them. For however isolated from a European war we may remain, we are not and cannot be insulated from its economic shocks.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

REVIEWING VINCENT SHEEAN'S "Not Peace but a Sword," for *Harpers,* John Chamberlain accused Sheean of a "tendency, which he shares with John Gunther, Jay Allen, Edgar Ansell Mowrer, Dorothy Thompson, *et al.,* of assuming that what rocks Sarajevo must rock Boise." To which Jay Allen entered a two-word defense: "It did."

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN Bund, whose scorn for democracy is boundless, is faced with a paradoxical problem in its San Gabriel, California, branch. The membership of the West Coast group is on the point of secession for five reasons—chief of which is the national office's alleged "unparliamentary methods."

HEARST'S CHICAGO *Evening American* is engaged in something of an editorial campaign against the movies, which it maintains have become "a battleground for foreign isms," but the circulation department apparently is not taking the crusade too seriously. In the issue in which the *American's* editors find that "the trend [of the movies] is to advocate, wholly or in part, the doctrine of communism and to vilify everything that opposes communism," a front-page eight-column streamer exhorts: "Movie Fans! Get Autographed Photos of Favorite Film Star. Choose Interviews for Ann Marsters. . . ."

LEGISLATIVE NOTES: A bill to prevent refugee physicians and dentists from practicing in California was introduced in the last session of the assembly. . . . The Illinois house considered a measure that would bar movies in which twice-divorced actors and actresses appear.

ONE OF THE largest American machine-tool companies was recently visited by German purchasing agents, bent on placing a sizable order. Explaining that they feared difficulty in getting their money, the company's executives turned down the order and the Germans withdrew. Ten days later they reappeared, this time with the order indorsed by the French steel and munitions trust, the Comité des Forges.

CLEARANCE SALE: "Emmerling's funeral chapel, in business in Hammond for nearly forty years, announces that the firm will feature $70 funerals this week."—Item in the *Lake County Times* of Hammond, Indiana.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE news of the signing of a non-aggression pact between Russia and Germany illumined the darkness of the European scene like an ominous flash of lightning. It will only be his own fault now if any American reader fails to understand the kind of game being played in Europe and especially the character of the men who are playing it. The men, wholly without conscience, who have cemented their dictatorships with the blood of innocents, are outsmarting once more the incompetent, stupid, and too often hypocritical leaders of the democracies. Once more Hitler has shown amazing dash and ruthless daring. He wins partly because he is bound by no dictates of morality or decency or honor or justice, partly because he knows what he wants and dares to take it. At this writing it appears as if Poland would have fallen a victim to his aggression before this article can appear in type. I am just leaving for Europe and shall therefore not be able to revise it in proof. I am further handicapped in my comments by not having had a chance to read the exact text of the document. But what it says will not affect the general judgment that two conscienceless men, supposed to be the deadliest enemies, have come together for mutual advantage. It would seem as if even in Germany there would be some understanding of the utter hypocrisy of Hitler's signing a non-aggression pact with the government that he has denounced as the worst in the world, against which he has rallied Japan, Italy, Spain, and Hungary.

That Hitler was ready to sign a new commercial treaty with the wicked Bolsheviks and to grant them a credit of two hundred million marks shows the straits he was in. One does not help wicked people by increasing their business unless one badly needs help oneself, to the point of being willing to pocket one's scruples. Now the non-aggression agreement will leave him with no excuse for keeping up his anti-Comintern pact. The new alignment in Europe completely wrecks Japan's game against Russia; the reports of consternation in Tokyo are the easiest to believe of all the rush of news that has followed the incredible announcement from Berlin. As for Stalin, he too is revealed in his true colors. Not that I blame him for mistrusting Chamberlain. Millions of Englishmen have little faith in their Prime Minister, and will have far less now after this fresh revelation of his incompetence. Why the Prime Minister permitted the negotiations with Russia to drag on so long no Liberal or Labor editor in London has been able to understand. It was plain that if Russia was to be had for the democratic alliance it could only be on Russia's terms. But of course if Stalin had been honest and sincere he would never have entered into negotiations with Chamberlain. Like attracts like; Stalin and Hitler are not far apart in their general policies—though the great Russian experiment promised much for humanity until it was betrayed.

But what I want to stress today, at the moment of taking ship to observe the effects of this catastrophe at close range, is that the lesson for America is plain. It is that more than ever we must keep out of the whole revolting European mess, out of this conscienceless power-politics game, and free ourselves from the delusion that we have got to back England and France in order to save democracy for the world. The kind of game that is being played over there is one that we cannot play, one that we must not play, if we wish to preserve our integrity. The duty we owe to humanity is to go our way in peace and in honor, bent on perfecting our democracy, on making it work, on doing justice to our underprivileged and exploited people, our share-croppers, our half-starved miners, our itinerant workers. We have problems enough on our own hands without taking on those of others. We have no right to jeopardize what may soon be the greatest remaining reservoir of democracy in order to go to the rescue of people who so mismanage their own affairs.

Let no one think for a single moment that the prospect of a Europe dominated by Hitler, with his brutal aggressions and his vile doctrines, is one that leaves me any peace of mind. But the United States cannot settle the future of Europe; only Europe itself can do that. Not all my tremendous sympathy for the British people and the French people estops my saying today, "America first." I do not speak in any selfish or holier-than-thou spirit; everyone who has followed my life's work knows that I have never been an isolationist except in the matter of war and peace. I have hated the Republican-protectionist-militarist dogma that we should think only of American interests in setting up our tariffs and building up our fleet. I still would have America remain a center of sympathy for the masses who have been betrayed by their leaders. But I repeat that we cannot, if we would, straighten out Europe, and that we must not jeopardize our own institutions by letting ourselves enter the struggle.

As for the Communists in America, their position is really ridiculous. They have been telling us that Stalin was absolutely for democracy and that we must line up with him to save democracy. No wonder the *Daily Worker* could not at first print the news!

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Nazi Nihilism

THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM. By Hermann Rauschning. Alliance Book Corporation. $3.

THE author of "The Revolution of Nihilism" was the first Nazi president of the Free City of Danzig and belongs to the East Prussian Junker class which led imperial Germany into the last World War with a pan-German program in comparison with which the Versailles treaty still looks gentle and just. It was this same group that in 1933 struck with Hitler that fateful bargain which was to turn the demagogic Austrian with his mass appeal in northern Germany into a tool of reactionary and anti-social schemes against the Weimar Republic. Rauschning believed at that time that National Socialism would cure Germany's post-war ills and even joined the Nazi Party. He still entertains "some of the essential considerations that determined his past political attitude." He became Nazi president of Danzig and remained in this prominent post until November, 1935. He even accepted, at least outwardly, the killing of many of his friends in the savage blood-purge of June 30, 1934, not to speak of the atrocities committed on thousands and thousands of workers and intellectuals in the concentration camps. When, however, the party insisted that he should "secure the *Gleichschaltung* of Danzig, arresting inconvenient priests, disfranchising the Jewish population, and suppressing all rival parties," he quit, went into exile, and thought things over.

He spent three years making up his mind, comparing what was happening in Germany with what he had expected when he joined the Hitler camp. It becomes obvious at once that we are not dealing here with an adventurer of the true Nazi type, such as Lüdecke, who wrote "I Knew Hitler," but with a responsible man driven by his conscience. He constantly takes pains to penetrate the surface of events and personalities, avoiding, with taste and responsibility, every trace of sensationalism. His language remains heavy, conveying the difficulties of a strenuous intellectual process.

There are many disclosures and interpretations which will strike home at this particular time with special force. To take only one example of timeliness: Herr Rauschning, writing when anti-Soviet propaganda ran high in the Third Reich, says: "The anti-Soviet policy of National Socialism seems so much a matter of established doctrine that a return to the old pro-alliance conception of the Reichswehr might seem impossible for the Third Reich. But, as I frequently indicated, that is not so . . . it may well be that, sooner or later, Germany will deliberately seek an alliance with Soviet Russia." One would like to go on quoting from the parts of the book which merely relate what the author heard and observed while he was a Nazi. The thorough dishonesty and corruption of Hitler's regime becomes plastic. Many genuine anti-Nazi writers have written to the same end, but here is the first authentic inside story of Nazism. This makes it especially valuable for the skeptics who have again and again ignored similar observations and conclusions as left-wing propaganda.

More important, however, at this juncture, is the former Nazi's political program, which will shortly be applauded from many quarters:

> The elements of a genuine and lasting European order can, however, be brought together only within a new general system of justice and equality. Thus the revolution [of the Nazis] can only be brought to an end by the united efforts of the nations of Europe, not by those of any one nation. But certain as it is that the Versailles order is not a general system that can stem world revolution, it is equally certain that Germany's recovery cannot be established by force or violence.

Nazism is interpreted as new, at least in its scope and its practical application by a great power; it is "the revolution of nihilism," nihilism being "the total rejection of any sort of doctrine," which "must develop of necessity by its own logic into absolute despotism." Nazism and communism—not Nazism and Stalinism, not the ruthless rule of two bureaucracies who want to stay in power at all costs—are taken as the same thing. The old "conservative" conception of the German Junker, which stood for centuries for exploitation and suppression, within limits, and combined for big landowners this attitude with comfortable ethical standards, "still holds."

The author is honest enough to note that these ethical standards were quickly lowered and lowered again until they reached Hitler's level. He speaks of the suicide of the old order, but—rather pathetically—still thinks of the *Herrenclub,* the citadel of aristocrats à la Papen, as a place where the European solution was worked for. These same aristocrats engineered the final surrender to Hitler in order to protect their relatives in East Prussia where the "Osthilfe" scandal was about to be revealed, i. e., the outright stealing of state money. (Not to reveal their names is the only promise Hitler has kept so far.) No, the philosophical implication of Rauschning's concept of conservatism seems to me at the best meaningless—as meaningless as the pious phrases of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, which did not keep them from massacring the Viennese workers and from delivering their country to Hitler. A different concept is needed to solve the European problem—it will not be solved by the mere overthrow of Hitler. The discussion in the French press about the *jour d'après* already poses some aspects of the tremendous task which will confront the world then. If one doubted before that the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg-Rauschning type will be adequate to this task, the well-intentioned vagueness of Rauschning's "solution" increases the doubt.

But in spite of all this "The Revolution of Nihilism" is easily one of the most illuminating and most exciting political works which the German emigration has produced so far. It gives precise, unwavering answers to the origin and development of the Nazi Party and the present and future plans of Hitler. Practical knowledge sustains its restrained but passionate polemic; every line, one feels, carries the conviction

which is acquired in the bitter struggle of an honest conscience. There is a serious finality in this work which demands respect even of one who finds himself unable to follow all its interpretations or may become impatient now and then with an ethical catechism that takes at face value all the nice abstractions which in this world are only applied when they happen to fall in line with concrete material interests.

To conclude with a remark necessary in the face of the uncritical advance press which "The Revolution of Nihilism" has already received: Kurt von Ossietzky, the great editor of the *Weltbühne*, was fought by the old German conservatives in the most vicious way and ignored by the new conservatives (who are interpreting history today with the wishful thinking of disillusioned radicals running for cover). But he had already exposed Nazism and prophesied its course on a really constructive level at a time when the now repentant Nazi Rauschning still wore the swastika on his arm. Why does no publisher print Ossietzky's writings?

FRANZ HOELLERING

The End of an Age

THE YOUNG MELBOURNE. By David Cecil. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

THE fashionable English biographer still finds his best sitters where the sophisticated English portrait-painter of the past found them—in the century and a half between 1688 and the ascent of Victoria. Before the Glorious Revolution the face of man was still murky with fitful lights, unfathomed passions, and daemon-driven wills that made the pose unsteady and the features appalling. After the 1830's his lineaments again became as muddied by nettled egoism, somber humiliations, doubts and horrors as the pictures of Landseer and Watts depict them. But in the interval of Enlightenment and Rationalism, breeding, arrogance, and grace laid their charm upon life, and even where they did not still its violence or arrest its failures, they provided the bold gaze and unruffled poise that enhanced whatever contrast might exist between the exquisite and the brutal, the complacent and the absurd, the avid and the confounded. The note of that precarious grace, which gives its special appeal to the art of Zoffany, Reynolds, and Romney, is what the Stracheyans have attempted to strike in their drawings of the Zélides and Lespinasses, Gibbons, Pitts, and Walpoles that have multiplied on the market in the past twenty years. One of Strachey's own best vignettes in this manner is imbedded in "Queen Victoria," in the sketch of Lord Melbourne. It offers the ideal properties of the type. A child of the old regime, born of illicit passion and parvenu ambition and cursed with the moral sensibility that told him his plight, was catapulted into the passions of the romantic age, pitched between the destroying furies of Caroline Lamb and Byron, driven out of society and political preferment only to be driven in upon himself, and so to find at last, before his pathetic extinction, a momentary happiness in old age as the young queen's first prime minister and tutor in the lessons of disillusioned wisdom he had so bitterly learned. The Melbourne of Strachey's sketch is the old and bitten man of Landseer's portrait; that of David Cecil's present book is the haughty Regency youth of Thomas Lawrence. It is unlikely that Cecil wrote his book without taking Strachey's hint (although he nowhere acknowledges this), but his deft biography is as much a portrait in the Georgian manner as Strachey's glimpse was in the style of embattled desolation appropriate to a sitter who began his career in the age of reason and ended it in an age of confusion.

Cecil's book is by no means of the mill-run competence that stamps most works of its class. It is by the author of "The Stricken Deer," and introduces into the tumult of Regency scandal and Whig careerism the same frailty of conscience and anguish that suited the career of Cowper, though these elements in Melbourne's character are exposed to dramatic situations that never broke in upon the pastoral of Olney. At the same time "The Young Melbourne" is far from being, as Mr. Dobrée claims, the equal of "The Portrait of Zélide," that masterpiece of its genre, as exquisitely Mozartian in its phrasing and design as it is accurate in catching the pattern of frustration that lay beneath the surface of eighteenth-century lives. These Cecil misses, though he writes with ease and decency, is admirable in setting the stage of great Whig country houses and London salons, is unobtrusive but dependable in his critical sense, takes us once more behind the well-worn scenes of Egremont's affair with Melbourne's mother, of Byron's flushed success and Lady Caroline's imbecilities, and puts in the necessary strokes of Whig factionalism, Holland House strategy, and Reform Bill agitation, of a landed aristocracy in decay and commercial interests on the make, that give size and prophetic importance to Melbourne's oddly baffled career. The drawing is done with tact; the problem of character is played up along acceptable Greek lines; the adjectives are moderate and the Stracheyan iteration of contrasts is subdued; and a glimpse is captured and held of the old regime's presumption and simplicity of mind just before it pitched into the heats and violences of a new age of struggle.

All this, conveyed with discreet scholarship and ease, has invited a characteristic spate of encomiums in England and Harold Nicolson's laurel as the work of "the best of all modern biographers." Such superlatives defeat their purpose. The book is all that good sense, tact, and taste can make it, but if it illustrates the best of current biography, it means that the craft has again fallen on lean days, and has sacrificed in weight and historical substance what it gained some years ago in readability and charm. Cecil and "The Young Melbourne" are better unburdened by this groaning tribute. They belong to a tradition of portraiture that graced one of the best periods of English taste and recorded the faces of men and women who shook no worlds and had no great respect for their own, but stood for an enchanted moment firm on their ground, their complacent gaze directed at a future whose fevers and insecurity were largely hidden from them or, if sighted, caught chiefly in the private rancors of their personal lives. It is such a glimpse that "The Young Melbourne" offers, and it derives more credit from its reference to a charming tradition and a restrained art than from its bearing on the world that Melbourne's last political office ushered into existence, and for which all his harrowing experiences in love and society left him unequipped.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Mexican Enigma

MEXICO MARCHES. By J. H. Plenn. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.

THE MEXICAN CHALLENGE. By Frank Kluckhohn. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ANOTHER MEXICO. By Graham Greene. Viking Press. $3.

IF IN any country things are not what they seem, they are even less so in Mexico. There every major event has its antithesis. Parallel trends move toward apparently contradictory objectives. Inconsistencies are delicately balanced to achieve working relationships. In the ensuing confusion one thing is clear: Mexico is finding its way from the past to the present not by following indicated paths of progress but by discovering new and immediate methods to serve its purpose. Many of the resultant procedures, when viewed from different aspects, may be labeled communist, fascist, or democratic with equal validity. But the application of labels is of little importance; what is important is the unraveling of those trends and tendencies which go to make Mexico at once the most backward and the most advanced country on the North American continent. Unless these are all traced to their origins, the kaleidoscopic changes taking place in Mexico today cannot be understood. To this difficult task Mr. Plenn, without attempting too profound a study, has applied himself in "Mexico Marches." He has sympathetically examined the country's major forces and the new forms developed in its desperate attempt to solve century-old problems with modern equations.

"Mexico Marches" deals with such basic problems as land, oil, education, labor, and the church. Current happenings are made intelligible in terms of causal origins and historic background. The chapter on the oil situation presents a readable and ordered account of that tempestuous transfer of the oil fields from foreign to domestic hands. In its vivid depiction of the early days of oil development, intellectual analysis is joined with emotional insight to vitalize the human integers represented in statistical figures. A similar method is used with equal success in the discussion of education and the heroic work of Mexico's rural school teachers. The book also contains a useful statement of increased fascist influence in Mexico, which writers sympathetic to the present government generally like to ignore. A thorough survey of Mexican life today should, however, include a careful consideration of the radical problem, the change in the position of women, public health, and foreign relations, topics to which Mr. Plenn gives scant treatment or which he neglects altogether. The chapter on the arts, on the other hand, might well have been omitted, consisting as it does of haphazard impressions which in no sense provide a measure of the subjects discussed. Too much of the book reads as though it had been written on the run. The style is uneven, but in general it reflects the vivid color and uneven tempo of events described. Journalistic terseness is interspersed with journalistic lushness. When Mr. Plenn sticks to the former he is excellent. When he gives in to the latter, one of his best friends ought to tell him.

"The Mexican Challenge" by Frank Kluckhohn covers essentially the same ground as "Mexico Marches." When the Mexican government expelled Mr. Kluckhohn last January, the official announcement stated that " . . . his dispatches were always filled with inexactitudes, and above all with alarming prophecies in regard to supposed paths of national policy." His recently published book is written in the same spirit as his daily dispatches. I think that in both his reporting and his book Mr. Kluckhohn tried to do an honest and careful job. But although he writes with determined objectivity, weighing the pros and cons of controversial subjects in an effort to produce an unbiased study, his basic prejudices prevent him from accomplishing this purpose. They determine his treatment of every major topic. The technique involved consists of judicious understatement and overstatement, of strategic placing of facts, of slight omissions and elaborations. Most of the facts are correct. It is in the way they are juggled about and in the subtle innuendo that accompanies them that Mr. Kluckhohn has misrepresented the Mexican scene. The oil situation provides a case in point. In a detailed analysis of all its aspects he fails to discuss the obvious link between the boycott of Mexican oil by democratic countries and the Mexican-German barter agreements. Trade relations with the totalitarian states are stressed. The boycott is mentioned as inconspicuously as possible. But the second is never linked to the first as a contributing causal factor except in a direct quotation from Cárdenas which is cited only to be questioned. On the other hand, a direct connection is made between the elimination of American interests and increased Mexican-German trade as though the sequence were inevitable, and without any reference to the intermediate link of the boycott. Labor conditions during the oil boom are neatly disposed of in one sentence: "The inexpert Mexican laborers were paid relatively insignificant salaries." But three whole pages are devoted to a description of labor exploitation that has presumably developed since expropriation.

The instances cited above are not unique. They exemplify a method used throughout the book, the very same method which, in his news reporting, resulted in the author's expulsion from Mexico. In all fairness it must be stated that Mr. Kluckhohn has not tried to strike back. The prejudices evident in his book are prejudices that, I am sure, he took with him among his other impedimenta when he first went to Mexico. Every word he writes is colored by his probably sincere conviction that the United States can help Mexico in a big way if only Mexico will relax and put its faith in the benevolent big brother up north. Mr. Kluckhohn's book has value as a clearly expressed account of recent developments in Mexico written from the point of view of one who believes that Mexico is still a semi-colonial country that can best achieve its destiny through the helpful intervention of a friendly United States Administration.

"Another Mexico" contains no subterfuge. It is frankly written with charity toward none and with hatred toward all things Mexican. Its author, Graham Greene, did not journey to Mexico for the fun of it. He came sniffing for sin, on the lookout for religious persecution throughout the country and particularly in the state of Tabasco. He found what he wanted by focusing his attention on a restricted area of the country and seeing only what he came to see. The book is full of the distortions and inaccuracies that

inevitably result from his almost pathological hatred of the country. His observations on Cedillo, the oil situation, and the Catholic church are inconsequential nonsense. He conveniently forgets why the churches were closed. Yet he cannot well be ignorant of the long history of church corruption in Mexico, of the church's repudiation of the constitution, and of the trains wrecked in the name of Jesus Christ. Needless to say, none of these are mentioned in the book, though they might have found a place, not as an excuse for religious persecutions, but as an explanation of them. In his highly emotional indictment of Mexico Mr. Greene, however, is not encumbered with reason or a sense of reality.

He uses hatred as a barrier against beauty, though there are glimpses of it in the book that have entered through the interstices of his antagonisms. But the flood-gates are open to ugliness and vice. They flow through the book in a torrential stream. The prose itself is stunning because of the economy and impact of its concrete imagery, and the book contains some telling characterizations of the disagreeable features of Mexican life. All its unsavory details are sharply and vigorously etched with a bile-drenched pen. The pity of it is that so brilliantly written a book should be so full of hate and prejudice, so steeped in cantankerous Catholicism.

VIRGINIA MISHNUN

Manhattan

SCRATCH THE SURFACE. By Edmund Schiddel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. SCHIDDEL'S "novel of Manhattan" follows the classic formula for such novels: the style is flip, racy, occasionally lurid, and occasionally shot through with "philosophic" overtones; some of the situations have a tabloid violence; and all the characters are latter-day representatives of the "lost generation," in whom the depression has either modified or exaggerated certain initial behavior patterns. Two of the leading characters, the heroine and her lover, recognize economic necessity to the extent that they have become more competent, more positively cynical, and more determined to survive than their prototypes in the twenties: they exhibit the same recklessness in regard to liquor and sexual promiscuity, but they manage at the same time to hold down responsible jobs at salaries which, to the average citizen, would seem stupendous in any age. The hero, out of a job and forced to live on his wife's earnings, belongs more logically to a depression-ridden world—yet in his attitude toward this situation he suggests all the laissez faire bohemianism, the amiable ineffectiveness of the "lost generation" in its first period: he flounders through the book in an almost continual state of alcoholic stupor, from which he is roused only by a fight with the more successful man for whom his wife has temporarily deserted him.

The title of the book is misleading: Edmund Schiddel does not attempt to scratch the surface of the kind of life he aims to describe; he has not even scratched the surface of a convenient formula for describing it. His characters exist on such a low level of consciousness that they are unable to visualize the world they live in, even in its direct bearing upon themselves—and one is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Schiddel's own understanding of this world is as limited as theirs. Thus his plot, which deals with one of the most crucial and far-reaching situations in modern times, seems to occur in a vacuum, without reference either to its broad social implications or to fundamental human values: for all its drama, and the occasional lucidity of its presentation, it fails consistently to move us.

HELEN NEVILLE

Democracy and Economics

THE ILLUSION OF ECONOMIC STABILITY. By Eli Ginzberg. Harper and Brothers. $3.

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND CAPITALISM. By Maurice Dobb. International Publishers. $3.

SINCE the great crisis of 1929, how to control the economic process so as to iron out business fluctuations has become one of the foremost social problems. Not the least effective weapon of fascist propaganda is Nazi Germany's claim to have achieved full employment while rich America still has millions of unemployed workers. Can a democracy solve the problem of economic stability?

Mr. Ginzberg's excellent study gives a rather discouraging answer to this question, although he does not leave the reader entirely hopeless. Mr. Ginzberg began his investigation by studying what some large business corporations did in this country to stabilize business. Interesting as these experiments were, the author soon discovered that they were of limited significance. This led to the next step, a study of the problem against the background of American economic history, particularly since the Great War. So Mr. Ginzberg's book became the chronicle of the aspiration for an illusory goal; not only do the facts show that economic stability was never achieved, not even during the New Era from 1922 to 1929, but the author also tends to prove that complete stability is incompatible with economic efficiency.

The starting-point for his analysis is the fact that economic conditions are determined by expectations concerning the future, guesses which for their part depend upon the present situation and past experience. Not even the most complete knowledge of past and present, however, could prevent business fluctuations. New industries spring up, the monetary system tends to push both economic advances and retreats beyond their normal course, and human psychology escapes control. Besides, full knowledge does not exist. The business community operates with a set of rules based on many years of practical experience but by no means reliable under all circumstances. Price stability was considered a most trustworthy signpost for general stability. Theory supported this view, and since during the New Era prices were strikingly stable, business confidently expected that prosperity would be permanent. The doctrine of high wages and the stability of profits, measured in terms of capitalization or sales, completed the confidence-inspiring picture.

Wiser after the event, we can now discover the cracks in the walls of prosperity before 1929. We have learned that stable prices concealed a profit inflation and that, generally speaking, wages by no means kept pace with the economic

expansion. The rate of growth in key industries, such as automobiles and construction, was bound to slacken, and this in its turn necessarily reacted upon capital-goods industries.

Mr. Ginzberg believes that many illusions of the New Era are still current under the New Deal. While agreeing with the Administration that an increase in purchasing power was imperative, he questions the basic concept of the NRA, that is, the doctrine of high wages. Not the rising purchasing power of the masses so much as the expected rise in production costs led to the inventory boom of 1933, according to the author. Expectations again determined the course of events.

Other illusions, the author holds, were responsible for the agricultural policy. Mr. Ginzberg supports the spending program, but he does not share the belief that public spending can be a permanent solution. None of the methods used by the New Deal can achieve business stability, because complete stabilization is an illusion. Only complete government control could secure stability, by a regimentation incompatible with the efficient use of available resources. "When Soviet Russia forces kulaks to fish in northern waters and pays them a bare subsistence wage, when Germany conscripts the unemployed to drain the marshes of East Prussia and recompenses them with a mark a day and keep, one may be justified in talking of the full utilization but surely not of the efficient utilization of available resources." All we can hope for is thus to moderate the advances and to check the retreats by using the partial controls at our disposal and by developing new ones that do not interfere with economic progress.

Mr. Ginzberg presents his case in a simple and convincing way although he bases his presentation on extensive statistical research. The theory of expectations, developed mainly by the Scandinavians, is one of the most useful tools of economic theory. However, if expectations rule our ecoonmic life, what explains the violent breakdown in 1929 when optimism prevailed among the business community long after the crash on the Stock Exchange? Aren't there forces at work stronger than psychological attitudes, controlling and even counteracting them at times?

This is partly the subject of Mr. Dobb's book. While Mr. Ginzberg restricted his study to American experience, Mr. Dobb moves in the realm of theory. He confronts Marxian economics with modern works and discusses Marx in a way and with a terminology which make his works accessible to the Anglo-Saxon student. In line with Marx's tendency Mr. Dobb stresses the limits which economic law and institutions set to individual behavior. However, Mr. Dobb acknowledges that certain of the determinants of Marx's prices of production may be affected by a change in expectations, although the determinants of value in the labor theory of value would not be affected. Movements leading away from equilibrium were stressed by Marx in contrast with the tendencies toward an equilibrium which Ricardo emphasized. Besides, the key role of expectations becomes possible only because of what Friedrich Engels called "the unconsciousness of the parties concerned." The uncertainty of each entrepreneur as to the expectations and actions of all is one of the leading premises in Marx's criticism of "capitalist anarchy."

Dr. Ginzberg, basing his judgment upon practical experience, is convinced that complete stability is incompatible with freedom. Mr. Dobb endeavors to merge planning and a market, but neglects to discuss fully whether such a market would be free in any sense of the word. Within these limits, both books are important contributions to a discussion whose outcome is vital for the future of democracy.

ADOLF STURMTHAL

One Man's Fight

IT CAN BE DONE. By James Hudson Maurer. Rand School Press. $3.

JIM MAURER began fighting shortly after he was born. He fought with playmates in the rough-and-tumble, poverty-stricken slums in which he was raised. He fought with his stepfather after his own father had been carried away by smallpox during an epidemic which raged through Reading, Pennsylvania, unchecked by medicine, sanitation, or quarantine. He fought his way from one underpaid job to another. He used his fists for free speech for his friend who was a leader of the Knights of Labor. He fought black list with boycott; treachery with cunning and courage. As president of the State Federation of Labor he fought for factory regulation, accident compensation, old-age pensions, child-labor laws. As a member of the state legislature he fought the boss-ridden political machines of a full generation. He fought for peace in 1916-17 and peace without victory in 1919. He fought the Pennsylvania Cossacks until, finally, they were beaten. As a member of the Socialist government of Reading he fought for clean and efficient government. All his life he has fought for labor and socialism, and with the writing of his autobiography he still urges on the fight from the sidelines.

Child laborer, machinist, theatrical entrepreneur extraordinary, steamfitter, business man, Knight of Labor, Populist, Socialist Labor Party organizer, Socialist, state legislator, president of the state federation from 1912 to 1928, a national leader of the Socialist Party throughout his mature years, Jim Maurer's life is an almost complete vertical section of the labor movement from the Knights of Labor to the present. He tells his story well and simply. His writing is unself-conscious and threaded with a strand of old-school humor. He passes judgment on many men and events. He doesn't like Wilson or Gifford Pinchot. Like Lincoln Steffens he has found the political crooks more reliable than the idealists. Gompers is let off easy. Debs is Maurer's ideal.

Maurer's autobiography is encouraging in two respects. His whole life is a demonstration that "it can be done"—even single-handed at times. But more than this, Maurer's story provides a perspective from which to judge the present state of affairs. After all, the Cossacks have been eliminated. Child labor has been narrowed down to the agricultural industries. Venal and corrupt as our press now is, it will have to go some to beat the press of Maurer's early days. The reactionaryism of 1918-20 was more nearly comparable to the condition of Germany under Hitler than anything which is upon the horizon in this country at present. If war can be avoided, perhaps there is still a chance.

ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

End the Silent Treatment!

In "The Coughlin Terror" which appeared in *The Nation* of July 22, James Wechsler said:

> "New York's experience with Coughlinism has visible national significance. The city has become a laboratory for carefully developed fascist experimentation, nourished by the heterogeneous character of its population and by the timidity of press and public officials. Ultimately, however, the problem is national. ***What the rest of the country can learn from contemporary New York is the failure of the silent treatment.*** For silence has merely encouraged rumors, half-truths, and bizarre reports which create a panic among Coughlin's foes almost as deadly as the hysteria which obsesses his followers. What is needed is swift official attention."

The Nation's intense and sustained campaign over the past weeks has given Coughlin and his followers—the so-called Christian Front—a strong dose of the type of publicity they dislike. Also, there has been marked improvement in the way the New York City police have handled situations created by the Coughlinites.

The subject is still hardly touched by the daily papers, although *The Nation's* July 22 article and editorial have been discussed in the columns of a few out-of-town newspapers and magazines whose editors care for democracy more than they fear pressure groups. Writes *The Churchman:*

> *"The Nation* is to be congratulated on printing this article and editorial. One of the painful aspects of the situation is the failure of the New York newspapers to give any adequate report of what the Coughlinites have been doing in the streets of New York. Here was material for a dramatic series of informative articles, but the series hasn't been printed. Can it be that the daily press fears to become involved with a Roman Catholic priest, however many members of that church are opposed to Coughlin?"

* * *

To place the facts before as many people as possible, and in response to requests from all over the country, *The Nation* reprinted and circulated 30,000 copies of the article "The Coughlin Terror" and the editorial "LaGuardia's Course Is Clear." Hundreds of individuals and organizations have distributed them in large and small quantities among their friends and members. This supply of reprints has been exhausted, but a second supply is being printed now.

Fascism cannot stand the light. We urge you to help in calling the attention of more and more people to the Coughlin menace.

REPRINTS ARE AVAILABLE AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

1-99 copies; 5 cents each 100-249 copies; 4 cents each 250-499 copies; 3 cents each 500 copies or more; 2 cents each

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RECORDS

NEW records not having arrived, I have listened to some very old ones. A few years ago I played again an old Victor record of Frieda Hempel singing "Deh vieni, non tardar," and was astounded by the musical style I had been too young to appreciate when I had heard her sing the aria in the Metropolitan's last production of "The Marriage of Figaro" in—believe it or not—1920. By this time Hempel's records had been cut out of the Victor catalogue, together with almost all the records of the great singers of the past except Caruso's; but record stores still had some, and the Vesey Music Shop had not only the old Victors but imported records from the large historical section of the H. M. V. catalogue; and I have at last got to the point of acquiring a few of them.

Hempel's great record of "Der Hölle Rache" from "The Magic Flute" was temporarily unavailable; but I got the H. M. V. version of "Deh vieni, non tardar," which is different from the Victor, with Hempel's voice coming out clearer (the speed of the phonograph motor should be increased by enough to raise the pitch of the orchestra's first note from b to c). And I also got an old Victor record of Melba singing "Caro nome" from "Rigoletto" and "Ah! fors' è lui" and "Sempre libera" from "Traviata"; and two H. M. V.'s of Hempel singing the same arias. From Melba one hears sequences of small, effortless, and beautiful sounds; from Hempel phrases with the life and character which this music acquires from her extraordinary brilliance of voice and musical style.

There are, then, records from which someone can discover how great an artist Hempel was. But though Matzenauer went on singing until quite recently, there is exactly one record in the present Victor catalogue from which to know that she was one of the supreme artists of a generation—an artist as outstanding in her province as Toscanini in his (and in passing it is a sufficient commentary on the Metropolitan as an artistic institution that of these two artists Toscanini found it impossible to stay, and Matzenauer was dismissed before there had been any considerable decline in her powers). But of Rethberg there are still a number of records; and I strongly urge getting the "Ave Maria" from "Otello," which is one of the finest vocal records ever made.

While waiting I also listened to some more Decca repressings from German Odeon and Parlophone matrices, including a large number of recordings made by Richard Tauber. The drippingly saccharine timbre of his voice is one that I dislike; his singing is full of the exaggerated swells and diminuendos and other tricks of the operetta style; and it is in this style that he sings the songs of "Die Winterreise" and most of the other songs by Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, and Wolf. A few, however, he sings simply and with good effect: Schumann's exquisite "Mondnacht" and "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet"; his "Nussbaum" and three songs of the "Dichterliebe" cycle; his "Ich sende einen Gruss" and "Widmung"; and Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung," with an objectionable orchestral accompaniment, and with affected singing of "Ständchen" on the reverse side.

Lotte Lehmann's voice is fresh and lovely in the coupling of "Freudvoll and leidvoll" with "Der Trommel gerührt" from Beethoven's music for "Egmont"; and she is delightful in the two selections from "Die Fledermaus"; but she is a little shrill in Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben" cycle, which also has objectionable orchestral accompaniments. Bettendorf's singing in Strauss's "Morgen" is excellent, but she does less well with Brahms's "Von ewiger Liebe" on the reverse side. Paul Lohmann's records of Schubert and Wolf songs I advise against. And the same for Kartun's record of Albeniz's "El puerto" and Moriz Rosenthal's of Albeniz's "Triana" and a Chopin Mazurka.

It is interesting to compare recent Ellington records with the early ones reissued by Victor under the sponsorship of Hugues Panassié. The recent "Cotton Club Stomp" (Brunswick), for example, is more poised, more slick, and more elaborately arranged, with even Cootie Williams's solo trumpet held within the arrangement; whereas the simpler scoring of the 1929 "Cotton Club Stomp" (Bluebird) leaves more to be improvised, and to be improvised with greater freedom, and with better results, by Williams, Hodges, and Bigard, and the performance has a spirit that is lacking in the recent version. That is also the difference between the recent and wearisome Hodges "Dance of the Goon" and "Home Town Blues" (Vocalion) and Williams "Black Beauty" and "Night Song" (Vocalion), and the early and interesting "Got Everything but You" (Bluebird). There are exceptions: one encounters an early "Rockin' in Rhythm" (Victor) which is overorganized, an early "Shout 'Em Aunt Tillie" (Bluebird) and others that are uninteresting; but on the whole these early records are simpler, and it is among them that one finds the outstanding Ellington performance: "Saratoga Swing" (Bluebird) and "No Papa No" (on the reverse side of "Rockin' in Rhythm").

Concerning the rest of the Victor reissues and Panassié's booklet I will have more to say later.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Old Yankee G. O. P.

Dear Sirs: Joseph F. Dinneen in your issue of August 12 maintains that Governor Saltonstall of Massachusetts is honest and a liberal.

Governor Saltonstall's record in the legislature showed thirty-seven votes "against" labor and three "for" (compilation by the Massachusetts State Federation of Labor). So his attempt since becoming governor to emasculate the State Labor Relations Act, his pushing through of a merit-rating system for unemployment insurance, and his ignoring of the unions when he has made appointments to positions of special interest to labor have surprised no one.

A liberal is supposed to believe in civil liberties. When Saltonstall was speaker of the house, a bill came up to establish in every community of any size a place where speakers would not require a permit—the so-called Hyde Park bill. It was going through the house with a majority of one vote until Speaker Saltonstall stepped down from the rostrum and voted against it. This most unusual procedure tied the vote, and the bill was lost. As governor, Saltonstall recently ordered state police to South Barre, where a strike was in progress, over local protests.

His excuse was that the chief of police was an employee of the company and involved in the strike! This is the first time that the state police has been so used by a Republican governor. Saltonstall has not lifted a finger as governor to secure repeal of the obnoxious teachers'-oath law.

An honest man is supposed to keep his promises. Saltonstall as candidate promised labor that he and his party would put through an exclusive state fund for workmen's compensation insurance, a state wages-and-hours law, with standards at least as high as the federal, repeal of the teachers'-oath law, and a law to guarantee peaceful picketing. He has welched on all these promises.

Governor Saltonstall belongs to the class of blue-bloods who disdain ordinary graft. The unearned income they have received all their lives seems to them entirely honest. Saltonstall is a fit descendant of a certain Leverett Saltonstall who left the United States to live in England after 1776 because of his sympathy for the Tory cause. This is Mr. Dinneen's honest liberal.

HORACE B. DAVIS

Newton, Mass., August 18

F. D. R. Must Unload Hague

Dear Sirs: Shall justice be forfeited upon the unholy altar of New Deal political expediency? That seems to be the program of some liberal statesmen who are advising that any federal investigation of Mayor Frank "I am the Law" Hague at this time would be injurious to the fortunes of Franklin D. Roosevelt, if he intends to make another attempt at election to the Presidency in 1940. They say that Hague is needed to provide pro-Roosevelt delegates from New Jersey to the next national convention.

If Hague were thoroughly and fearlessly investigated by the federal authorities, the facts revealed would make Tom Pendergast, Jimmy Hines, and Martin T. Manton look like political amateurs.

Some think that because the United States Supreme Court has ruled against Hague in the matter of his absurd denial of civil liberty in Jersey City, the fight against this Jersey Hitler is over. To true lovers of liberty the fight has just begun.

Franklin D. Roosevelt must unload Hague before 1940. The New Deal cannot inspire confidence with America's No. 1 fascist on its band-wagon. There can be no compromise with corrupt Democratic machine bosses who have ruthlessly framed and imprisoned sincere critics, denied civil rights, stolen elections, and prostituted everything decent in American life.

LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Jersey City, N. J., August 13

Textual Criticism of Keats

Dear Sirs: I should perhaps anticipate two comments on my review of the Buxton Forman Hampstead Edition of Keats in your issue of August 12 by saying that my review was written and proofread before the appearance of H. W. Garrod's Oxford edition of "The Poetical Works of John Keats"; that Garrod's initial statement must be respected: "The textual criticism of Keats would be easy—perhaps indeed nonexistent—if it began and ended with the printed texts. Its embarrassments proceed from the astonishing wealth of MS material"; and that the first sentence of my last paragraph might better read: "This apparatus *has* a place, but it should be in separate volumes, and so forth."

Garrod's edition, while having nothing explicit to add to our critical understanding of Keats's art, has reduced the textual apparatus to a minimum and made the critical approach more intelligent than Buxton Forman's obstructing mass of annotations. What both these editions miss emphasizing to the reader of Keats's text as that of a poet is the fact that the poems, with a few minor exceptions, were printed and approved in their final form by Keats in his own lifetime; that his variants are those any poet struggles through toward his finished product; that the published texts must reasonably be taken as the basis for poetic evaluation, the preliminaries being only of such psychological or empirical value as our clearest justice and most improved biographical tactics can make of them; and that "textual criticism" hardly deserves its name when it ignores critical or aesthetic relevance by putting these preliminaries on an equal footing, or obscures their value by clouds of personal and historical conjecture.

I would also say here that I have no wish to play with the pathos of Keats's death by emphasizing the oppressions of his modern admirers and editors. The man who wrote the preface to "Endymion," the thinker and critic who wrote the letters, the character who conceived the Nightingale ode, and the artist who wrote even such a fragment as "The Eve of St. Mark" invites no false sympathy, and the poet who won the praise that Keats has won from his equals—including that in Hopkins's letters—doesn't need it. But Yeats on "The Scholars" has a tonic value at all times, and these two impressive editions furnish a notable example of the bearing of textual scholarship on the critical task. Garrod's edition offers it with greater objectivity than Forman's.

The seriousness of this problem for the modern methods of poetic study is

obvious, and I might add that I hope to deal with it shortly in a fuller discussion in another journal.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Chicago, August 22

Munich and the Labor Party

Dear Sirs: In your issue of July 1 your correspondent, Robert Dell, charged the British Labor Party with voting for the ratification of the Munich agreement in the House of Commons. I should be glad if you would inform your readers that, so far from this being the case, the following amendment was moved on behalf of the Parliamentary Labor Party and after two days' debate was rejected by 369 to 150 votes:

> That this House, while profoundly relieved that war has been averted for the time being, cannot approve a policy which has led to the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia under threat of armed force and to the humiliation of our country and its exposure to grave dangers; and realizing the intense desire of all peoples for lasting peace, demands an active support of the method of collective security through the League of Nations and the immediate initiation by His Majesty's Government of proposals for the summoning of a world conference to consider the removal of economic and political grievances which imperil peace.

The government's motion approving of the Munich policy was carried by 366 to 144, the minority being, in the main, members of the Labor Party.

J. S. MIDDLETON, Secretary

London, England, August 9

Buchman Calls It Harmony

Dear Sirs: Reading your paragraph on Buchman's "moral rearmament" in *The Nation* of August 5 brings to mind some matters which appear to have been forgotten in quarters where they ought to be remembered. Buchman is not merely vaguely in favor of "harmony." He is quite definitely an admirer of Hitler. Quotations which support this assertion are reproduced from the New York *World-Telegram* of a year or so ago in Brady's "Spirit and Structure of German Fascism." If this were better known, I think the New Dealers and labor leaders who have been indorsing moral rearmament would no longer do so.

SIDNEY L. JACKSON

New York, August 21

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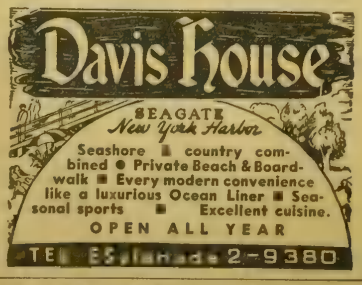
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The Shape of Things

✶

THE OPENING SCENES OF WAR IN WESTERN Europe resembled a slow-motion film. France and England were at war with Germany, but at press time (noon Tuesday) the crucial question of Allied strategy was still unanswered. Would the French undertake a large-scale offensive against the Siegfried line, hoping to relieve pressure on Poland and risking terrible losses to achieve quick penetration? Only preliminary movements have been reported so far. Would they launch an air offensive against Germany before Hitler makes a move in the west? The air force has attacked German ships off Wilhelmshaven, but apart from that the bombardments have been confined to leaflets. Are British planes being flown to Poland to launch such an offensive from the east? No such reports have been received; and the thick fog of censorship which overnight has blanketed Europe has infinitely increased the confusion. For the moment Hitler's course is more intelligible because his alternatives are less tortuous. His armies are pressing their fierce offensive into Poland, and his air force is mercilessly active. While Hitler himself has rushed to the eastern front, his eyes undoubtedly are pinned on diplomatic as well as military moves in the west. If Poland can be brought to its knees—and the reports are so conflicting as to be almost worthless—he may still try to achieve his peace with the Allies; if not, and this is more likely, he can at least cry out, to his own people and those in neutral countries, that England and France fired the first shot. Italy's role as a neutral obviously coincides with this immediate strategy; for the present Britain and France cannot envisage an advance toward the Brenner Pass, although ultimately they may be forced to make Italy declare which side of the fence it is on. Thus for a tense interval there is a kind of suspended animation on the western front. Meanwhile the British fleet has started to enforce the blockade. In the Balkans there is vast uncertainty and fear, augmented by ignorance of the extent of Russia's agreement with Berlin. The first three days of war have far from fixed the pattern of the struggle. Poland alone has had a full and ghastly preview of what all Europe faces.

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THE APPOINTMENT OF WINSTON CHURCHILL to his 1914 post as First Lord of the Admiralty with a seat in the reduced War Cabinet is the most striking feature of the recent ministerial changes in Britain. Churchill's energies seem in no way diminished, and he has qualities of imagination which should prove most valuable in a war waged under unprecedented conditions. Moreover, his prestige in Britain is at a new peak thanks to his early discernment of the true nature of the Nazi revolution and the campaign he waged to awaken the country to its dangers. The other new recruit to the Cabinet is Lord Hankey, who was one of Lloyd George's chief aids in the last war. Of the rest Leslie Hore-Belisha has proved a vigorous Secretary for War who has swept many cobwebs out of his department and has approached the problem of reorganizing the army with an unusual freshness of mind. The Secretary for Air, Sir Kingsley Wood, is an able administrator to whom a good deal of credit for the strengthening of the air force in the past year seems due. The weakest spots in the Cabinet seem to be the Premier himself and those two saboteurs of the League of Nations and apostles of appeasement, Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare. Mr. Eden remains outside the War Cabinet but has been given the post of Secretary for the Dominions. With Eire declaring its neutrality, while South Africa wavers, this job will require all the diplomacy he can command.

*

DESTROY AND THEN DENY IS THE SLOGAN of the Nazis at war (undeclared); it is the logical sequence to the slogan of the Nazis at peace—make promises in order to break them. In some cases the denying is done first; Hitler's denial that his planes would attack open cities came just before, only just before, the bombing of open cities. The denial of the torpedoing of the Athenia, carrying 1,400 passengers, came after the ship had sunk with the loss of at least 100 lives. Members of the crew testify to having seen a German submarine shortly after the fatal explosion. Hitler will understand why the world puts more faith in the word of a British seaman than in that of the great liberator of poison gas. There was no warning; that is also part of the Nazi technique. The sinking of the Athenia indicates a warfare by Hitler designed like his diplomacy to terrorize by its brutality; it also shows a desperation which will be intensified as starvation rations drain the strength of Germans. The terrorization has already failed, though it will yet take many innocent lives; the Athenia disaster has merely galvanized world opinion against Berlin. But Hitler by these methods is preparing for himself one triumph: he will go out in a blaze of hatred that will make the world's feeling against the Kaiser look like mild approval; and the hottest flames will rise from Germany itself.

THE SMALL EUROPEAN DEMOCRATIC STATES have long determined to remain neutral, if possible, in any war between the major powers. But even if they succeed in staying out they are bound to be seriously affected. Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, all offering routes around the Maginot and Siegfried lines, have felt it necessary to mobilize, and as long as war lasts they will be compelled to guard their frontiers at enormous expense. Their economic life will be hopelessly dislocated not only by this fact but also by the interruptions to their vital foreign trade. They may even have reason to fear for their importations of food, without which they would be reduced to semi-famine conditions. Denmark, already conscious of Germany's heavy hand, has no means of resisting any demands Berlin may make—demands, for instance, for cooperation with the German navy in closing the entrances to the Baltic. Yet such submission might well bring it into conflict with Britain. Sweden, Norway, and Finland all depend largely on the British market, from which the last-named may be cut off entirely. Sweden and Norway are more favorably situated geographically and have taken steps to become more self-supporting than they were in the last war, when they suffered greatly from a shortage of food and raw materials. The Russo-German pact has removed the fears of these northern states of a conflict in the Baltic in which they would be the innocent victims. But the coming together of the two bogies brings a new terror to these little countries—the possibility of an arrangement between Moscow and Berlin to divide them into spheres of influence or even to swallow them whole. Despite neutrality the northern countries must hope for Nazi defeat.

*

THE MARQUESS OF LOTHIAN, NEWLY ARRIVED British ambassador, seems to have made a good first impression on the Washington correspondents. With his wide knowledge of this country and his many contacts here he will no doubt represent the point of view of the British government with discretion. At the moment his task is to gain sympathy for the stand which Britain is making against further encroachments of German aggression, and in so doing he is likely to get a favorable hearing. It must not be forgotten, however, that Lord Lothian bears a heavy responsibility for the fact that Europe's only alternative to accepting the domination of Germany is to suffer the agonies of war. From 1935 until well after Munich he was one of the chief promoters of appeasement, operating through the *Observer* (owned by his close friends, the Astors) and the London *Times* (edited by his old colleague in the Milner "kindergarten," Geoffrey Dawson). Indeed, Lord Lothian is reported to have himself written many of the strongest pro-Nazi editorials in the *Times*. In 1935 he went to Germany and

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visited Hitler, who seems to have impressed him enormously and misled him completely. He returned to proclaim his belief in the Führer's absolute good faith, and despite one torn treaty and broken pledge after another he apparently remained of this conviction until Hitler's entry into Prague. How an intelligent and well-meaning liberal imperialist could have been so bamboozled is one of the mysteries of British upper-class psychology. The fact that he is a man of many possessions is insufficient explanation. Perhaps another factor is his devotion to Christian Science, a faith which puts a premium on unreality. Many times in his career Lord Lothian has shown his susceptibility to strong personalities, and in Washington he will come under the influence of Mr. Roosevelt. We have little fear, therefore, that he will put the President under a British spell. The reverse is far more probable.

*

IF YOU'LL TURN OFF THAT PORTABLE RADIO for a minute we'd like to give you a couple of recent bulletins from the American front. They're not as sensational as a European war, they make less noise, especially in the newspapers, than a bombing squadron or the screams of children in a Polish street, but they are significant details even in the early days of September, 1939. First bulletin: On August 11, in New Jersey, seven Negroes, migratory workers in the potato-growing region near Cranbury, were awakened in the middle of the night by a gang of fifteen masked whites. The cabin in which they were living was wrecked and its seven occupants were routed out. All were stripped naked; two of them, a man and his wife, were carried four miles and then covered with white enamel which was beaten into their bodies with a rubber hose. They were told to "head South." At first the state police did nothing; they told reporters it was probably the work of schoolboys who thought it would be fun to scare the workers. Within recent days ten arrests have been made, but the arraignment of the ten was secret and no names were given out. The Workers' Defense League is making every effort to have the criminals brought to justice. Second bulletin: On August 20, in the middle of Jersey City, a Negro whose car *nearly* struck a white couple when the driver swerved to avoid hitting another car, was driven away by a mob that gathered. He went to the police, who sent him back to the scene to get his car. The mob, which was still waiting, set upon him and beat him brutally. The Cranbury mob was obviously inspired by the old slogan of white supremacy. In Jersey City the mob was made up of Italians still inflamed, it is reported, with the anti-Negro propaganda of the Italian-Ethiopian conflict. This bizarre touch only goes to show that anything may happen in New Jersey. The sinister thing is that it usually does.

THE FULL IMPACT OF THE REACTIONARY attack on the WPA at the last session of Congress began to be felt this week as the last of the men who had worked for more than eighteen months on government projects were dismissed, and the new wage scale, which means a loss for many workers, was put into effect. As a result, important works projects throughout the country have been seriously crippled. In New York City the dismissal of some 70,000 WPA employees has caused a grave shortage of skilled workers. Only 26,000 persons have been supplied from the relief rolls to replace them. Twenty projects are being suspended, and scores of others have been slowed down. The great North Beach Airport, one of the largest public-works projects in the country, has been seriously delayed by lay-offs and protest strikes. It must not be forgotten that responsibility for this crisis rests directly with the "economy bloc" in Congress. Every change that this group wrote into the relief bill of 1939 has turned out badly. We have come to depend on the WPA to do most of the construction that was formerly done by municipal, county, state, and federal governments. From the beginning WPA workers have been expected to toil for the country at substandard wages. Now these wages have been further reduced, hours have been lengthened, and a large part of the older, more experienced, and more highly skilled workers laid off. The immediate victims are the workers who have been dismissed or had their wages cut—a group which among all Americans is least in a position to withstand the blow. But the rest of us are losers too in supporting these men on relief rather than employing them in useful and badly needed work.

Munich Bears Fruit

BY FREDA KIRCHWAY

AUGUST, 1938, ended in Munich. August, 1939, ended in war. But, in fact, the new world war was bred at Munich and in the series of surrenders to force and threats that preceded Munich. If August, 1938, had ended in a decision to defend Czechoslovakia as Poland is now being defended, it is possible that no armed conflict would have resulted. Munich persuaded Hitler of the indestructible temper of his nerves, the invincibility of his forces.

This is a strange war. Nobody wanted it, not even Hitler. He wanted, immediately, Danzig and a slice of Poland—but not war. He wanted, ultimately, to overthrow the power of the British and French empires—but without war. I think that he thought he could—not at one bite, but piecemeal, in small and reasonable chunks. He used every subtle and crude method to win world domination without war. He appealed to the uneasy con-

science of British democrats and to the reactionaries' fears of revolution. He shifted his attack or withdrew when he was firmly opposed. He built an alliance that was ideally suited to strategic maneuver. He made promises which were lies and offered alluring, if deceptive, prospects of permanent peace and disarmament. By these means he won each objective in turn. His claims against Poland were modest, superficially defensible, hard to oppose, obviously "not worth fighting a war over." Would nations that had acquiesced in the destruction of Czechoslovakia boggle over Danzig?

But suddenly the system didn't work. The destruction of Czechoslovakia had demonstrated to statesmen in London and Paris what was known to every common-or-subway newspaper reader and what had been asserted by the greater part of the independent press of the world —that Hitler couldn't be bargained with. The British and French had decided that they would probably have to fight or yield everything. Their preparations for war had been swift and effective. When the demand for Danzig and the Corridor came, they were ready. But Hitler obviously believed to the end, in spite of rearmament and conscription and the slowly growing peace front, that he could have his way without war. Perhaps his successful coup in Moscow helped to deceive him. Perhaps he was misled by the tactics of the British, who even after Poland was invaded, until the final, delayed deadline was passed, kept open the door of negotiation through which Munich was reached a year ago. So Hitler remained unconvinced and unyielding—until at last the door was closed, and war began.

The issue is not a romantic one that can easily be dressed up in the camouflage of propaganda. It is simply this: Hitler's struggle for power must be thwarted. The qualified blessings of old-fashioned imperialism must be preserved as a bulwark against the spread of fascist domination. And democracy—even that "pluto-democracy" derided by Hitler—must be defended against a despotism that would crush all attempts to make democracy real. Put in more concrete words, the governments of the Western nations must fight for their existence, and the peoples must fight to hold on to their hard-won political and economic liberties, to prevent the spread of an organized system of persecution.

Grimly, unhappily, the people of France and England are supporting this war of resistance that no one wants. Observers report a mood of fatalism, the absence of any glorification or excitement. The men of Munich are silent. None of the feverish conflict of opinion that divided the left parties in all countries in 1914 can today be found. Socialist and Communist deputies joined in voting the war credits in both France and England. The Socialist intransigents that still survive must be unhappy in their realization that war offers to their comrades in Germany the first real chance of deliverance.

A few voices have been raised in behalf of a decent peace. In London the *New Statesman and Nation* has been urging for months that plans for a new European settlement be made a part of the program of the peace front. Now that war has come, it is even more essential to prepare for peace; the pleas of the British Prime Minister to the German people would sound less hollow if they included promises of a genuine attempt to eliminate the sources of economic and political conflict on the Continent and in the world at large. It is necessary to smash Hitlerism and to eliminate Hitler. No new Europe can be designed to fit the pattern of fascist despotism. But the defeat of Germany will breed a new Hitler unless the powers are able to find a stable basis for European society.

This is easy to say. It will be hard to achieve. War breeds primitive solutions. Vengeance is easier than reconstruction and planning. The hopes of all decent men and women in 1914 were shattered in 1918. A few sentences from an editorial on the war printed in *The Nation* for August 13, 1914, are worth recalling here:

> The one consolation in it all is that if humanity is not to retrograde unspeakably, absolutism must pay for this denial of Christianity. Out of the ashes must come a new Germany in which democracy shall rule, in which no one man and no group of professional man-killers shall have the power to plunge the whole world into mourning.

Those were brave and hopeful words; today they read like an accusation. We know now how difficult it is to build decency on horror; but we know even better than we did twenty-five years ago what are the penalties of failure.

Measures "Short of War"

IN HIS impressive radio talk to "the whole of America" the President made clear his aim to keep this country out of the war in terms that left no doubts about his sincerity. This declaration has been followed by the proclamation of American neutrality in accordance with the requirements of international law and by making operative the provisions of the Neutrality Act. The State Department has also moved to limit the chances of Americans being involved in war incidents by severely restricting the issue of passports.

These are all necessary and inevitable steps at this time, but while they express the present hopes of Americans they do not govern our future actions, which will be determined by the pressure of events on public opinion. In his radio address Mr. Roosevelt said: "It is of the utmost importance that the people of this country, with the best information in the world, think things through." One question about which hard, cool thinking is required

is how far the present Neutrality Act makes effective the sentiments of Americans in respect to the war situation. There can be very little disagreement about what those sentiments are at this moment. Compared to 1914 there is very little neutrality of thought; the vast majority have set their hopes on an Allied victory. Nor is this hope purely disinterested: we have a firm conviction that the domination of Europe by Hitlerism would be dangerous for our national interests. At the same time most Americans believe that this country ought not to become involved in the conflict. The existing Neutrality Act can hardly be said to be a very potent instrument for furthering either of these not entirely consistent views. True, it bans the export of munitions and implements of war, but it leaves belligerents free to buy all other commodities in our markets, including such essentials of modern warfare as oil and copper, and to ship them by American merchant vessels. Consequently there is nothing to prevent our becoming involved in difficulties through the blockades which both the Allies and Germany will attempt to maintain. The Bloom neutrality bill, indorsed by the President and likely to be reconsidered shortly in special session, avoids this prospect by introducing the "cash-and-carry" principle. If it became law, all belligerents would be free to buy whatever goods, including arms, they were able to pay for in cash and to carry away on their own ships. In practice this measure would favor Britain and France since they have the cash and command the Atlantic. But these are factors beyond our control, and it is absurd to pretend that the passage of this bill would bring us any nearer to war. Certainly Germany, whose one hope is to keep us as isolated as possible, is not going to regard such action as a *casus belli*. And if the effect should be to help the Allies to a more speedy victory, that would decrease the danger of our being drawn in, which must grow with every month the war goes on.

Actually the issue of our participation or non-participation is not likely to be much affected one way or another by the existing neutrality law or any other act possible of passage. In Wall Street in the past few days there has begun a boom, not only in aviation and munition stocks, but in steels, coppers, oils, and chemicals, and in all kinds of commodities. Unless we intend to ban all trade whatever with belligerent countries, the war will certainly bring about a demand for goods which is bound to stimulate our economy for a time, particularly those branches which have been most depressed —the capital-goods industries. Thus inevitably we shall acquire an economic stake in an Allied victory just as we have already a moral and emotional stake. Yet neither of these things should prove decisive in swinging opinion toward American entry into the war. If that does come to pass, the basic cause will almost certainly be a fear that the alternative is a German victory.

Hitler's Calendar

HITLER is a liar. He himself would not consider this a reproach, for he expressly justifies the lie as a political weapon in "Mein Kampf"; moreover, he says that it is easier to put over a big lie on the average honest fellow than a small lie. Yet Hitler has never lied about his intentions; Nevile Henderson reported that Hitler told him on August 25 that he "accepts the British Empire and is ready to pledge himself personally for its continued existence." The next step on his ascent to world power, by which the British Empire was to become one of his protectorates, was to get control of Poland. The date-by-date record of his moves since the first days of August makes the pattern clear.

August 8: The Danzig Nazi leader, Albert Förster, confers with Hitler at Berchtesgaden.

August 11: Italian Foreign Minister Ciano meets Hitler at Berchtesgaden.

August 15: In Berlin it is emphasized that "any attempt to minimize the significance of the Italo-German conversation will be a fatal illusion."

August 16: The Hungarian Foreign Minister is received at Berchtesgaden. During the same day German sources assert that Germany will insist on fulfilment of its demands on Poland: Danzig and a road to East Prussia through the Corridor.

August 18: Germany suddenly takes military possession of Slovakia.

August 19: Mobilization of the Slovakian army is announced. Lord Halifax returns from his vacation. In Moscow *Pravda* reprints an article from the British Communist daily, warning against the approach of a new Munich.

August 20: German-Russian trade agreement announced in Berlin.

August 21: Impending conclusion of German-Russian non-aggression pact announced in Berlin.

August 23: Ribbentrop arrives in Moscow; the German-Russian non-aggression pact is signed in record time—twelve hours.

August 24: Nevile Henderson confers with Hitler: "The Führer left no doubt in the mind of the British Ambassador that the obligations assumed by the British government could not induce Germany to renounce the defense of her vital interests." Hitler, it is reported, has ordered his army to be ready for action.

August 25: Hitler makes Albert Förster his *Statthalter* in Danzig.

August 26: It is revealed that, in their meeting two days before, Hitler had told Henderson Britain must abandon its alliance with Poland.

August 27: Hitler, in a "man-to-man" reply to Daladier, who had urged negotiations but pledged France's readiness to fight, says he too loves peace; he then reiterates his "minimum demands." The National Socialist Party "peace congress" is canceled. Germany puts the finishing touches on its mobilization.

August 28: Hitler receives Henderson, who brings a message from London reaffirming its pledge to Poland, but urging negotiations between Germany and Poland.

August 29: Hitler's reply is sent to London; it again demands fulfilment of his "minimum demands" as a prerequisite to negotiation.

August 30: Hitler gets an answer from London which reiterates Britain's refusal to coerce Poland into surrender and again appeals for negotiation. Hitler sets up a council for the "defense of the realm."

August 31: Danzig joins the Reich; Ribbentrop reads to Henderson a "sixteen-point" program for settlement of the Polish issue, but Warsaw reveals that it never received a copy of the terms.

September 1: Hitler invades Poland.

Hitler, then, did not lie about his intentions. But every reason with which he justified his intentions was a lie from beginning to end.

The clearest expression of these lies is contained in his letter to Daladier, and he repeated the same lies over and over again in his war speech before the German Reichstag on September 1 when his airplanes were already bombing open cities in Poland. Hitler stated his case as follows: He made an "offer" to Poland—Poland should give him Danzig and a corridor through the Corridor—but Poland, backed up by England, answered this "reasonable" suggestion with "an unbearable terror, a physical and economic persecution of the Germans." Therefore he must defend Germany's honor and remove "the Macedonian conditions on our eastern frontier." But what even those who should remember tend to forget is that there was no Polish problem last March, before Hitler had conquered Czechoslovakia and was free to turn on Poland.

After Munich Poland was Hitler's partner in crime; it was even allowed to snatch a piece of Czechoslovakia. There had been no friction between Poland and the Third Reich since 1933. Hitler boasted in 1934, on the occasion of the conclusion of the ten-year Polish-German non-aggression pact, which he tore to pieces this spring, that he had made peace overnight between Poles and Germans. This non-aggression pact, at the time of its conclusion, was a great surprise to everyone who had still in his ears the hysterical anti-Polish shrieks of Hitler, the oppositionist, agitating against the Brüning government. Poland was then as now the arch enemy of Germany; a year later Poland was a friend of Germany. It remained a friend for five years, then suddenly became the arch enemy again, this time of a Germany far stronger than the Reich of 1933. (In the same fashion, but in reverse, the Bolshevik arch enemy became overnight a friend.)

It should be clear by now that Danzig, the Corridor, the German minorities in Poland—every reason Hitler gave for going to war—were merely pretexts. His fantastic dream of conquering the world is his only truth. Even Mr. Chamberlain understands that now.

Europe Goes to War

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, September 4 (by radio)

THE issue of course is not Danzig or the Corridor, or even Poland. A life-and-death struggle between Germany and the French and English has begun. Hitler hopes to succeed where the Kaiser failed.

For years I have written that the anti-Comintern pact was not aimed at the Comintern or at Russia but at the French and British empires. In Spain Germany and Italy were not fighting Bolshevism, as they declaimed every minute to the gullible Spanish rebels and their foreign sympathizers; they were attempting to encircle France and weaken England. In Czechoslovakia Hitler was not seeking justice or living space for the Germans; he wished to deprive England and France of a powerful ally in Central Europe.

Now he wants Poland. That country would not solve Germany's economic or population problems. Like Austria and Czechoslovakia, it would merely aggravate them. Poland was a military asset for the Western powers: if Hitler had attacked them, Poland would have created an eastern front. That is why he was bent on crushing Poland first; that is why England and France decided to defend Poland. It's self-defense. England and France have belatedly determined on a preventive war. Anti-fascism is involved only indirectly. For France and England it is essentially a question of national safety, indeed, of national existence. The blood vessels of France run through Poland, and Hitler would like to open them. France is the right arm of Britain. Spain and Czechoslovakia were as an epidermis. Their loss made the British more sensitive to danger and more reactive to bruising. This physiology killed appeasement. The war guilt can be apportioned later. Hitler will have a lot of company.

Hitler used all his wiles to revive appeasement. The invitation to Burkhardt to come to Berchtesgaden, the conclusion of the Russo-German pact, Hitler's proposals for the vivisection of Poland made to the British and French ambassadors during the last week of August, finally his hysterical demand to Nevile Henderson that Colonel Beck appear on the carpet before him within twenty-four hours—all these add up to thwarted appeasement. August, 1939, was for Hitler an abortive Munich.

The moment I arrived in Europe three weeks ago it was obvious to me that Hitler could have his war if he wanted it. At last the English and French governments had decided not to yield. The only hope of peace was Hitler's retreat. Any encouragement to the Nazis at this juncture was therefore a crime and a war stimulant. These are the characteristics of the Russo-German treaty. It is doubtful whether Hitler would or could have halted in any case, but the handshake of Stalin and von Rib-

bentrop made the catastrophe surer and introduced another member into the society of war promoters. Theretofore Stalin had been the only one who didn't live in a glass house and consequently was entitled to throw stones. It is as foolish to say that Russian policy has always been bad because it is bad now as to say that it is good now because it has always been good, or that Chamberlain's policy cannot be good now because it has always been bad.

The Anglo-French firmness in the face of Moscow's defection demonstrates that the instinct for self-preservation is at last operating. The war will be bitter and implacable. The mood in Paris and London today is to fight for a Versailles which will out-Versailles Brest-Litovsk. I understand this sentiment, although I hate it. A Frenchwoman said to me yesterday, "I gave my husband in 1914. He never returned. Now I give my boy." Indeed, men who fought in the trenches for four years are being called up again.

None believed it would happen until the last second. In Germany and here the common man expected some final "twist" to avert the ordeal. Determination will harden when the casualty lists lengthen and when the release of passions banishes the lingering moderation born of peace-time hopes. Yesterday I drove around the streets of Paris and nearby towns; women bit their nails and wept; men were grave but resolute, and already some were generating a gambler's excitement by discussing the prospects.

The Anglo-French problem is to find a battlefield on which to attack Germany. The Allies could help Poland through Rumania. We may see the Turks fighting in Poland. Even a complete occupation of Poland would not be a major catastrophe; the World War lasted four years after the subjugation of Belgium. It remains to be seen how long the Nazi economy and social system can resist the strain. Only the frivolous are sanguine. Experts expect a titanic and prolonged struggle because the Allies must get up momentum and obtain access to German territory; it may be shortened, however, in proportion to its intensity.

Every French person I encounter inquires about material aid from America and—today—about possible American reaction to the sinking of the Athenia. A moratorium has been declared on all phases of internal politics; even anti-Communist sentiment is quiescent for the sake of national unity. (Intellectual courage would serve the Communist Parties better in this crisis than wooden discipline.) But not even bombs and guns can silence the diplomats. Enemies must be forced into neutrality; neutrals into activity. France needs first to make Italy harmless. The axis was welded by the expectation of easy booty through blackmail; it was forged in the smithy of appeasement. Only Anglo-French firmness could ever have broken or bent it. Mussolini will watch the calendar. In September, while the passes in the Alps are not snowbound, France can invade Italy. Before November the hot weather limits the scope of military operations in northern Africa. Mussolini and Hitler may therefore have agreed on a temporary Italian neutrality. But war would bring Italy great harm. The Duce's decision will reveal his estimate of his own strength and also of Hitler's strength. Rome always wants to be with the winner.

Spain also is wavering. The country is tired. It needs the profits of a neutral trader to reconstruct itself. The Russo-German pact has made Franco's war-time propaganda ridiculous and embarrassed his relations with the axis. The English and French are exploiting the new situation, but the German press still hopes for Spanish aid. Whatever Spain does it won't change the fact that Hitler's brazen invasion of Spain fed his paranoiac faith in his invincibility and reinforced fascist contempt for the non-fascist powers. Czechoslovakia was thus doomed in Spain, just as Spain, Russia, and Czechoslovakia were lost at Munich.

During the first stage of the war a diplomatic Rialto will flourish behind the burning scene. Countries will be bought, territories sold. Governments will be courted and terrorized. In the years of vacillation and surrender the Western powers lost prestige, influence, and strategic positions. They must quickly recoup them all. What will Rumania and Hungary do? If Rumania is neutral, Russian supplies can go up the Danube to Germany. With Russia neutral, Sweden and the Baltic states will sell Germany goods under pressure or from friendship. What will Russia do? The September 1 issue of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says frankly that the Russo-German treaty not merely weakens the Anglo-French alliance but constitutes a positive contribution "toward the new order in Europe." Moscow is a dangerous enigma. The pendulum of the Kremlin clock swings fast and never stops halfway.

This war is an irrefutable condemnation of the policy of appeasement. There hasn't been peace in our time, or even for one year. Czechoslovakia was a juster cause and could have had more allies. Spain's salvation would have been an easier task than the defense of Poland and Czechoslovakia and might have made both unnecessary. The irony is that Paris has taken on the face of Madrid and Barcelona during 1936-39: the same blue lights, darkened streets, air-raid shelters, sandbags. Yesterday the treasures of the Prado, painstakingly safeguarded by the Loyalists and sent to Geneva, left France by truck for Madrid. Simultaneously the Louvre is being emptied. The international brigadiers who fought for France in University City and on the Ebro are volunteering to fight Germany again, this time in the ranks of the French army. It is no comfort to have foreseen and written these things during the past three fateful years.

Roosevelt Takes Sides

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, September 1

THE European crisis has pulled enough foliage off the Washington trees to give a clear view of the woods. Frankness induced by tension has cleared up several important questions. For example: Is the Roosevelt Administration neutral? Certainly not. Is there any chance for the United States to stay out of another world war? Practically none. Will the Roosevelt program of liberal reform go on in the event of a general war? It will not. Would such a war solve the country's more pressing economic problems? Temporarily, yes. Would the outbreak of war mean a third term for President Roosevelt? Probably.

The Administration from the President down is sympathetic with the cause of Great Britain and France. It will do everything possible "short of war" to promote their cause. As it sees the issue, the fight is between free institutions, recognition of the dignity of the individual, and the orderly conduct of world affairs on one side and reversion to nationalistic intolerance, race persecution, and international gangsterism on the other. Officials are confessing that, sooner or later, they expect another war to make the world safe for democracy, although they avoid that way of expressing it. Occasionally a doctrinaire isolationist within the New Deal defends the German objective of a united, economically self-sufficient Central Europe, but already this is heresy.

By this time the partisanship of the President and most of his advisers is so self-evident that it is a commonplace. Yet only a few weeks ago it was carefully concealed. Members of the isolationist bloc in Congress would have seized upon any one of several crisis incidents as proof that Roosevelt was "pulling Britain's chestnuts out of the fire again" had they occurred before adjournment. What a frenzy the President's order holding up the sailing of the Bremen would have created, to cite one of them. Obviously the search was unnecessary, despite the President's legalistic explanation, and the real object was to extend the time in which the British navy could keep the liner under surveillance on the high seas as a hostage to peace. In the circumstances it is significant that no influential voice, not even a Republican voice, was raised against the "search for arms" that held the liner in New York for two days. Neither was there a protest against the President's assurance to Lord Lothian that the United States and Great Britain see eye to eye in their quest for a permanent peace.

Still more surprising, no immediate outcry greeted the President's claim that the failure of the Senate to repeal existing neutrality legislation was a factor—great or small—in bringing about the Danzig crisis. Silence seemed to indicate that the Senators responsible for obstruction of the New Deal neutrality program, after listening to the radio with everyone else and feeling out back-home sentiment, had lost their enthusiasm for the fight on foreign policy. Not that Hiram Johnson, Gerald Nye, and Bennett Clark can be expected to surrender without a protest. They will hold out for strict neutrality and isolation, but unless sentiment changes radically before Congress reconvenes, they will have no chance of winning. There is every indication that the country is for Roosevelt's policy of non-neutrality—that it particularly wants to supply Great Britain and France with arms and ammunition. Only in the Middle Western states does the traditional isolationism survive, and here it is weakening. Contrasted with the situation in 1914, when sentiment seemed about equally divided between the Allies and the Central Powers, when pro-German demonstrations were not uncommon, and when the crew of a German submarine was publicly feted in Washington, the present state of public opinion is phenomenal.

The President doubtless believes that sympathy for the democracies can be safely harnessed and made to serve his demand for greater latitude in the conduct of foreign affairs. He has never suggested, unless his program for rearmament is such a suggestion, that this country's help to the democracies will eventually drag the United States into war. The United States is to be a base of supply but not an active participant in the next war. Never has he publicly—or privately, so far as I know—expressed the fear that public opinion, already so greatly aroused against Hitler, may kick over the traces when the shooting starts, when the American radio audience tunes in on bombings of civilians in London and Paris, and when the atrocity stories start circulating. Perhaps Roosevelt can stop with measures short of war, but it isn't a safe bet with radio communication as good as it is and the case for Hitler as bad as it is.

Added to the emotional pull there is, of course, the lure of war profits. Already it is making itself felt. The stock market is poised for flight. Business, still gaining on the strength of the government's 1939 spending program, is eager for more orders. Farmers see a chance to prop up sagging commodity prices. Consciously or unconsciously many New Deal officials would welcome the easy way out. Great Britain and France combined have cash and assets worth about $3,000,000,000 in this

country, according to Commerce Department estimates. All this could be spent on supplies without offending against the Johnson Act. And Jesse Jones, after a recent White House conference, pointed out that the RFC and the Export-Import Bank could extend credits to Europe and still keep within the technicalities of the law. The wages of a war boom is a post-war bust, but that isn't an effective deterrent.

During the boom most of the New Deal's gains would be dissipated. Unemployment would diminish and wages would be high, but labor would be expected to "behave." If this country became a belligerent, the mobilization of resources already planned would bring about an even tighter economic dictatorship than existed in 1917. How ominous such a dictatorship would be is indicated by the fact that General Hugh Johnson said in a recent column that he had seen the prospectus, although it is still secret, and found it good. It would, he said, "revitalize capitalism and the profit system." Looking over the membership of the new War Industries Board, headed by Edward Stettinius of United States Steel, one can guess how far the revitalization would go.

Reform and liberalism of course would be forgotten in the event of war. Indeed, the crisis has been enough to put them on ice. The President is so absorbed in foreign affairs that he has little time for domestic concerns. A war, even if the United States stayed out, could submerge New Deal issues, bring on a spell of national solidarity, and produce an almost irresistible demand for the President to see the country through the conflict.

Mexico Today

III. DANGER ON THE RIGHT

BY WALDO FRANK

THE THREAT OF COUNTER-REVOLUTION

OUTSIDE the capital the new good spirits of the people—who eat more wheat, wear more shoes, begin to sleep in beds, and love their leader—have made for an optimism that is too subjective to be sound; within Mexico City—which opposed the Independence, supported Díaz, accepted the bloody Huerta, hates or distrusts Cárdenas, and suffers from higher prices for imported goods—the prevailing mood is doubt. The bureaucrats see their own vices, the servants their own servility, and project them on the nation. This pessimism also is subjective. But danger is present. The revolution in Mexico is too deep a challenge not to be threatened.

The direct Nazi-Fascist threat is slim—outside the small heads of the oil companies' propagandists. There are about 7,000 Germans in the republic, of whom perhaps 400 are Nazis and another 1,000 Nazi sympathizers. As to the Italians, here as elsewhere they possess few Roman virtues and few Roman vices. (In all Rome's history, there was no blow-hard like Mussolini unless it was Catiline.) The Mexican government sells oil to Italy and Germany, of course—many millions of barrels; it must sell where it can; it will drop the disadvantageous barter system as soon as the "democracies" give it a chance. There are no solid nuclei of Germans, Italians, Japanese in Mexico, like those which Brazil encouraged under the inspiration of the race theories of the Comte de Gobineau, and which the present government is rapidly disbanding or neutralizing. German penetration in Mexico is slight—much slighter than in the United States. The direct Fascist-Nazi "threat" in Mexico is a myth—an even more absurd one than the "Bolshevist menace" in a country whose President, with his syndicalist-liberal notions, would long ago have been liquidated by either Stalin or Trotsky. The Catholic hierarchy, which daily shames Jesus Christ, would gladly flirt with Mussolini or any other scoundrel who promised it the kingdoms of the earth that Christ rejected. But now that the churches are open, now that in the capital's cathedral alone on a Sunday morning you can see more priests officiate than the law allows for the whole town (Cárdenas knows this, of course, and smiles), now that the public schools bloom and the old Catholic "bootleg" schools dwindle even in Jalisco, home of the savagely reactionary Cristeros, there is not enough body behind the hierarchy to make a serious flirtation with the Nazi-Fascists possible.

More of a promise from the Black and Brown standpoint is Mexico's Spanish colony, whose members are still leaders in commerce, publicity, and reaction. Franco's victory has given them the cheap courage of success. They are articulate, comparatively rich; they have a long tradition of traffic—and exploitation—in Mexico; and they speak the same tongue as Mexico's own upper classes.

The term to describe the mood of these classes is "sullen." Two years ago I heard the *señoritos* say openly, despite their aristocratic hate of the gringo: "If we must choose between Cárdenas and the United States, we'll take the latter." They are not saying this now, because they are more hopeful. The elections are coming; the

politics of the succession is confused: they will fish in the troubled waters.

The classes to which I refer are the *hacendados,* to a large degree dispossessed of their great lands, though not landless, who have won small fortunes, mostly invested abroad, from earlier traffic with foreign interests, and who are usually allied with the rich Spaniards; the families that got rich in politics or in commerce allied with politics, from the days of Díaz to the recent days of Calles (the former President Rodríquez, reputed to be worth $15,000,000, is an exception in that he sold out not Mexicans or Mexican resources but Americans—he owns the Casino in Tia Juana); the families of men who have directly and legally served the American interests, perhaps as lawyers or as engineers; and, finally, the gilded riffraff of the big towns, whose wealth comes from hotels, restaurants, brothels.

These sullen classes own and control the important daily and weekly press of the nation. It is rumored that papers like *Excelsior* and *La Prensa* receive regular stipends from Berlin. If so, they are merely receiving help from their natural friends. Successful magazines like *Hoy* and *Novedades* print scurrilous pages on the " Communist Jews" that might be translations from the *Stürmer.* On a popular newsstand in the Avenida Juárez I counted seventeen Mexican publications, daily and weekly, of which fifteen were reactionary or openly fascist; one, being purely pornographic, was above politics, and one was of the left, *El Nacional,* the struggling daily organ of the P. R. M., which is published at a deficit. (There is more to the left press: *El Popular* of Vicente Lombardo Toledano's powerful Confederación de Trabajadores de México, the C. T. M., which has more than 500,000 members; the Communist *Voz de México;* and a weekly comic edited by the D. A. P. P.—all together, they have not half the circulation of one of the large reactionary dailies.)

Why is this? Most of Mexico does not read at all. The fraction that does prefers to pay its centavos for the news and dapper pictures of the "other world," the bourgeoisie; prefers the pepper of the opposition to the sugar of its own party organs, and wants the contact with commerce and with the Great Outside which it can get only in the bourgeois papers.

The total effect of this press is a sabotage which through sheer repetition and lack of competent reply must have its effect on the public mind.* Moreover, the servile servants of this press include some of the cleverest writers and artists of the country: the prostitute "poets" whom Plato properly excluded from his Republic. More than one "literary leader" of ten years ago—imitators of Cocteau and Joyce—today pen poisonous editorials in the great press.

The sabotage has other forms: slander and gossip, for example. One day, after my hours with the Indians in Toluca, I dined with the owner of a nearby ranch whose hospitality I shall now ungraciously repay by telling the typical truth about him. This gentleman had lost thousands of acres to the *ejidos;* about three hundred remained his, in corn and wheat and rice: but I saw no signs of poverty in his mansion or in the feast with which he regaled us. With the generous dishes came the slander: every man in the Cárdenas government was a crook; the President's brothers were robbers; the President's wife had bought a hotel in New York, another in Buenos Aires. While the mean talk went on, like a counter-theme in my mind ran the report I had had the day before, from a responsible source, about the sabotage of my host's class in Yucatán. But for the *agave* that yields the *hennequén* fiber, the Yucatecas would starve. The rich landowners, foreseeing the expropriation of their land, deliberately failed to plant the seedlings sufficient to replace the old *agaves,* which die after fifteen to twenty years of yield. It takes seven years for the seedling to give the fiber. In consequence of this diabolic plan, when the *ejidos* took over the land they faced years of actual want. This spirit of sabotage and the talk of mine host are typical of the "educated" upper classes.

More serious than slander, slanderous press, and open sabotage is the cultural influence of these groups. The humble Mexican has an aesthetic sense of life capable of becoming *vision,* but it is rooted in his instinctive world; when that world goes, before the dangerous, the inevitable modern transition—in which the "democracies" of Europe have foundered—he loses his eyes. Here is an example: When I visited Cuernavaca I admired again the palace of Cortés, marveling at the unspent energy and grace of that great man after the effort of his conquest. And I admired the proud murals of Diego Rivera in the palace porch, overlooking the sweet town and the gorge. The palace now houses the governor of the state of Morelos. He invited me to his private rooms and showed me with pride some recent murals, painted at his orders, that portray episodes of the Emperor Maximilian's sojourn in Cuernavaca. I will not name the perpetrator of these chromos, separated by a wall from the great work of Diego. The Governor boasts of them; one of his assistants told me that they are "part of the Governor's cultural effort to counteract the fantastic muddles of Señor Rivera." The Governor's favorite is a daub of the Emperor on a white horse smirking at a fat Indian girl who rises from the flowered grass behind a tree like

*They are clever with statistics. For instance, *Excelsior* (the New York *Times* of Mexico) recently printed the figures of the increased imports of corn as proof that the collective farms had collapsed. The truth is that the consumption of all foods among the lowest classes has greatly increased: the Mexican peasant is beginning to eat more than the traditional tortilla, frijole, and chile against which experts like Manuel Gamio have agitated for years. And it is true that in the transition to the *ejido* system wheat and cotton have frequently been sown to the neglect of cheaper crops like corn. This is a disease and a disorder of transition. The papers consistently show bad faith in discussing it.

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a varicolored fountain. "That," said the Governor, "is a picture which will prove to my people that the Indians are not an inferior race. For it shows an Emperor in love with an Indian girl." This vulgarity you will not find in the schools or in the *ejidos*, but in strata of the favored workers, in the army, in the offices of the bureaucrats. To the subtle dawning life of Mexico it is more dangerous than battles.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

There are about four hundred generals in Mexico, approximately four to every five hundred soldiers. Most of them are legacies of the violent years after 1910, in which natural leaders sprang up everywhere in the chaotic land, gathered a local force, and called themselves general because they knew no higher title. Some of these generals are still today in the vanguard: for instance, Francisco Mugica, who would be the next President if progress were a straight and not a dialectic line; and Heriberto Jara of Vera Cruz, the beautiful gray-haired leader of the military schools. Some have become pillars of the revolution's "center": for instance, the honest, plodding present Minister of Foreign Affairs, Eduardo Hay. But revolution is cruel to its fathers; its face soon differs from their dream, and its pace disorients them. In Russia they shoot the renegades, the misfits, the weary. In Mexico they have honored these men, given them land—and they hope for the best.

Possibly a majority of the old generals, grown fat, rich, and dull, look on the revolution's present liveliness with ugly eyes. General Cedillo was archetypal, except that his excess stupidity and conceit led him into the trap of open revolt that Cárdenas had baited with his toleration. More intelligent are Generals Rafael Sanchez Tapia and Ramón Iturbe, who with General Joaquín Amaro have openly bolted the dominant P. R. M. Such men and their followers are the hope of the sullen classes.

More sinister is General Juan Andreu Almazán, commander of the military zone of Monterrey. During my six weeks in the republic I saw the various elements of the right crystallize about him. He is known as a good administrator; he professes loyalty to the revolution and to the P. R. M.; he claims to be a friend of Cárdenas, who recently lunched with him in his new quarters. If he is managing his own campaign he is a very clever man.

The fight for the succession will be the fight for the approval of the P. R. M.; and today it lies between Almazán and General Manuel Avila Camacho, who at this writing is far ahead, having the support of both the C. T. M. and the collective farmers. Avila Camacho is an old friend of Lombardo Toledano, who backs him because he thinks he can "run" him. But the type of weak man who is hoisted into power because he can be "run" may be won by other persuasions. The game is dangerous. The recent resignation of Rodríguez, president of the P. R. M., points to Lombardo's weakness with Cárdenas and may in turn weaken Lombardo with the C. T. M. and the entire country. For it is plain that Cárdenas let Rodríguez go in order to prove to the nation that he was not, however indirectly, controlling the party machine for Avila Camacho. It is not inconceivable that Avila Camacho, whose open campaign has lacked the skill of Almazán's undeclared one, may be sacrificed also in order to ward off the opposition of the sullen classes. Almazán, as President, would move to the right as swiftly as he dared. Avila Camacho is imprisoned to the reasonable left of true radicals like Lombardo. If he wins legally, an open rebellion is conceivable. Almazán would be its leader, the chambers of commerce and the Callistas would be its treasurers, and more than half the generals would be its soldiers. If it could count on a reactionary or indifferent government in Washington in 1940, it might succeed.



Lombardo Toledano

Would that mean the end of the Mexican revolution? By no means. But once again the heroic, constructive peace of the Cárdenas regime would break; once again tragic Mexico would plunge into a period of disorder. I described this danger as I saw it to the President. Lázaro Cárdenas nodded and said the army would not march. Through the schools of the children of the soldiers and through the spread upward of officers from the lower ranks, the army is being transformed into a people's army. It is one of the elements of the P. R. M., coordinate with the farmers, teachers, and workers. Moreover, the Old Guard is dying off, and those who remain are losing caste, even in the army. So Cárdenas has faith in it, as has Lombardo Toledano, who, however, to make sure, has put guns into the hands of his trade unions.

My purpose, in these articles, is to present the facts. Let me, however, say this—since judgment must color fact. I have no doubt of the growing solidarity of feeling between soldier and worker, although it is not yet mature. I have no doubt of the ultimate victory of the Mexican people, on whose intuition Lázaro Cárdenas stakes the life of his work, although that intuition also is not yet mature. Is the period of tragic trial and tragic error past? With all my heart, for the sake of all America, I

hope so. But let me recall a talk I had a few days ago in tête-à-tête with José Miaja, defender of Madrid, that generous, candid Asturian peasant who by some miracle became a general in Spain's regular army. I asked him, as a year ago I had asked President Manuel Azaña: "Did you not foretell the military revolt?" "Yes," said Miaja, like Azaña. "But two disasters I did not foresee: that the non-commissioned officers would go out with the generals; and that large bodies of the troops would rebel, *thinking they were defending the Republic.* When they found out their error, it was too late."

If a blow is struck in Mexico by Mexico's representatives of world reaction, I am sure that the majority of the citizens, civil or in uniform, will make the right decision, *provided they know the facts.* No wonder the reactionaries and their servants study the Hitlerian art of falsehood.

POLITICAL DANGERS

A nation politically and culturally mature could laugh at counter-revolutionary threats. But men of good-will in our world do not suddenly grow the wings and the wisdom of archangels. It may hearten the journalists of the Standard Oil to be told that Mexico is a very imperfect country.

Under Cárdenas, who has the apostle's devotion and the apostle's capacity for work—eighteen hours a day, seven days a week—the Mexican government continues to suffer from the bureaucratism, incompetence, and sloth that are Mexico's political tradition. Corruption in public life is ever in inverse ratio to the vigilance of the people. If recently graft has decreased in England and the United States, it is solely because the people have grown proportionately more aware. Mexico has no cogent public opinion. Its politics has been a business for politicians and an emotional holiday for the masses following their *caudillo.* This changes slowly.

Lázaro Cárdenas in my judgment is a great man; he is the one figure comparable, as an effective articulation of an entire people's spirit, to India's Gandhi. I have no space here to analyze his original method, his profound vision and sense of Mexico—far deeper and truer than was that of Benito Juárez. But he has grave defects which become dangers as his regime draws to a close and it appears that he intends to abide by the spirit of the law of non-reelection. If a good administrator is a good delegator, Cárdenas lacks this virtue, so sorely needed because so rare in Mexico. So far as I can see, whatever works well in his government is what he personally touches. He has made poor choices in the Cabinet—Cedillo, for instance, was there for three whole years! He is reluctant to change, perhaps wisely figuring that the cost in instability would be greater than the improvement. All his military selections are good; often it appears that he has not an equal understanding of men in civil life. But I am not sure. The method of Cárdenas is not direct and simple; it is intuitive, organic, truly "dialectic." Many of the younger men today in subordinate office are extremely good men, men superior to their superiors: for instance, Ramón Beteta, Under Secretary of Foreign Relations; Chavez Orozco, former Under Secretary of Education and now chief of the Office for Indigenes; and Gabino Vazquez, chief of the Department of Labor.

Against the a-politicalism of the people, in itself a danger, Cárdenas formed last year the P. R. M., which includes most of the organized working groups of the nation: labor, the organized farms, teachers, students, soldiers, and a vague "popular front" of the petty bourgeoisie. The P. R. M.'s foes liken it to the totalitarian parties of Russia and the fascist countries, which is absurd. There are other legal parties in Mexico, from the Communist Party to the fascist "anti-Communist Democrats." And in the P. R. M. there are many factions whose power has recently been proved by the forced resignation of Rodríguez. Nevertheless, despite this internal freedom which may turn into chaos, the P. R. M. tends to be too absorptive. Mexican politics has not reached the stage of heterogeneous coherence. The United Front of Chile is more mature, consisting of more organic entities; and so should be the United Front of Argentina when the present political revolt against President Ortiz has gained ground.

The great integer within the P. R. M., of course, is Lombardo Toledano's C. T. M. But Lombardo, although honest and devoted, lacks the peasant genius of Cárdenas, and possibly his cunning. There is a good deal of the doctrinaire about Lombardo. Like certain leaders of the Spanish Republic, and for the same reason, he has been perhaps too fascinated by the ready-made discipline, the dogmatic sureties of the Marxists, whose astringent rationalism will never express the Hispano-Indo-American spirit. Lombardo, the good intellectual, has made an efficient "dialectical" partner to the non-intellectual, intuitive Cárdenas. With Avila Camacho, in every way an inferior man, this subtle balance would be lost. The rigidities of Lombardo's thought might in a crisis prove a danger to the organic devious course which Mexico's people, the most gifted and the least intellectualized of all Americans, must follow.

Meanwhile the benefits of his regime are great. Under him the C. T. M. has organized and is educating labor. The Universidad Obrera is too heavily doctrinaire, but it does accord a mental discipline acutely needed. The workers are armed and are being trained against the threat of reaction; and nothing heartened me more than their blue-clad ranks openly marching in the streets. The bourgeois press is full of the incompetence of the railroads and of the Pemex (Petroleos Mexicanos). But to pretend that the men worked better under Díaz or Doheny is insincere. The retreat of the oil interests lost

to the country many a good technician—and also many poor ones who had come to Mexico through favoritism. Mexico's industries are not mature; the freedom to strike is possibly abused; but the workers are on their feet. What I fear more than their temporary disorder and partial competence is the incursion of bourgeois values, such as corrupted British labor.

Compare a company town like the American Smelting and Refining Company's "Avalo" refinery near Chihuahua with the autonomous oil refinery of Atzacopalco, and you will see the growth in dignity and order that full control of the C. T. M. brings. In the "Avalo" the order is dark and dead; a subtle humiliation inheres in the neat houses. Symbolically, the place is without trees, except for the walled inclosure where the foreign bosses live, their houses smothered in foliage. High up in the Sierra is the silver town of Santa Eulalia: dirty, noisy, chaotic, buried in the dust of the bad roads. The workers of "Avalo" must free themselves of an external oppression that has brought spiritual squalor; the workers of the mining town must find a discipline and method for the life within them. This, Lombardo's leadership offers. But it is not enough. It lacks sufficient place for the intuitive processes—not irrational but prerational—which gave birth to the Mexican revolution and whose neglect has given strength to all the counter-revolutions.

[*The concluding article of Mr. Frank's series on Mexico Today will appear in next week's issue.*]

Reclaiming the Dust Bowl

BY KUNIGUNDE DUNCAN

Wichita, Kansas, August 21

TO THE eternal drama of man's struggle with the elements the people of the American Dust Bowl are contributing a scene of victory. These farmers of the high plains have pitted brain and muscle against a six-year drought which was superinduced, meteorologists say, by the fact that the sun, an incalculably strong adversary 93,000,000 miles away, is a variable star. Cyclic drought caused by solar variability, as predicted and charted by Dr. Charles G. Abbott of the Smithsonian Institute, recurs at periods of eleven and a half, twenty-three, and forty-six years, the forty-sixth-year variation being of greatest intensity and longest duration. Fortunately, out of his recent experience in the Dust Bowl, the plainsman has forged weapons with which to conquer the next great drought, due in 1975 by Dr. Abbott's calculations.

The high plains have never had abundant rainfall. But when the annual precipitation of from fourteen to twenty inches decreased to from eight to fourteen, the situation became acute. "Dusters" began to boil up and shut out the sun, and everywhere the question was asked, "What shall we do?" It was a question that remained unanswered for many months while gas engines refused to run and locomotives crawled through a springless, viewless land —a land where people lived with windows weather-stripped tightly with adhesive tape to exclude the penetrating silt; where wet sheets were hung above beds and about the walls to save the lives of the old, the ill, and the new-born; where cattle that had escaped paralysis and death caused by eating drought-spoiled roughage were shipped to a distant grass and water supply or shot down; where paint was ground from wooden buildings by sand abrasion; where water from deep wells after standing an hour in stock tanks bore a blue, oily scum; where a weird purplish sun guided the funeral processions of those who had died of dust pneumonia.

The Dust Bowler, seeking a means of combating these terrible conditions, went first into causes and found that he was having to fight more than super-temperatures, water shortage, and constant wind-whipped dust. He was having to fight the mistakes of his predecessors. The financiers who had pushed the railroads across the prairies had rushed in settlers who, not content with good cow country, had set about growing the crops they were used to "back East" by methods used in abundant-rainfall climates. The cattlemen in the early days of a "free range" had overgrazed the prairies with their enormous herds, banked their piles, and left. The World War demand for bread and more bread had led men to plow under millions of acres of drought-resisting, soil-clamping buffalo grass and sow the land to wheat.

Study brought to light the startling fact that farmers all over the country, greedily cropping to the very brink of streams, had left loose soil to wash away during those months when no crop was growing and had thus lowered the water table in a much larger area than that actually suffering from blowing dust. Real-estate speculators who drained swamps thousands of miles from the Dust Bowl helped to make it. In Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, and the Dakotas the water table was found to have been lowered from eight to forty feet during the first twenty years of "settlement." The high plains suffered a greater drop. Where water had formerly been reached at 90 feet, it was found at 150. In New Mexico ancient Indian wells 250 feet deep went dry.

There seemed to be but two solutions to the Dust Bowl problem: to make more rain fall, or to save every drop that did fall. Church people prayed. A faker raked in dishonest dollars for a while by foisting his battery-and-wire "sky squeezer" upon overcredulous communities. But no rain fell. Higher temperatures, higher winds, more suffocating "black blizzards" prevailed. Harassed on all sides, blamed by suitcase farmers as a "Sahara maker," obliged to exist somehow in his dust-ridden land, with grasshoppers stripping what few crops he could wrest from his blowing fields, this man of the plains, this fellow-of-the-furrow, kept both his head and his courage. Conservation alone remained. He called science to his aid. Meanwhile, he was able to exist with the help of emergency-relief, civil-works, agricultural-adjustment, and rural-rehabilitation agencies working in conjunction with the United States Department of Agriculture soil-conservation service, operating from the agricultural colleges of the states affected—Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Texas. The state governments, too, made liberal money grants.

Yet money and man-power, tractors and food would have been helpless against the scourge had not an Oklahoma farmer, H. H. Finnell, been able to figure out the way to "stop rain in its tracks," as he put the problem. Impressed by prayers for rain at the church where his parents took him as a small boy, Finnell concluded that God was doing his part to make rain fall, but that man was remiss in not using his wits to save and store rain. He later developed the theory that even with the scant rainfall of his part of the world good crops could be grown if men knew how. Working on the experimental staff of Panhandle Agricultural and Mechanical College, he evolved and tested his now famous contour-terrace system of tillage, which has been the greatest single factor in Dust Bowl reclamation. Upon his appointment as Regional Soil Conservator in April, 1935, Finnell and a fellow-Panhandler, Bert W. McGinnis, tackled the titanic job of catching all the rain that should fall upon 227,000 square miles of floury, water-shedding silt, storing it in that soil, and making it produce food for man and beast.

Finnell preached two things: know how to save rain; know how to use it. Rain, to be saved, must be stored in the soil where it cannot evaporate. To make it sink into the soil, terrace and contour tillage can be depended upon for 100 per cent effectiveness. In contour plowing the deep, flat-bottomed furrows follow the contour of the land, as determined by expert engineering. Such a series of furrows will catch and hold, until it sinks in, any run-off from the land which lies between contours. If the land between the contour furrow lines is terraced, that is, made exactly level—another expert engineering job—it will absorb to capacity any rain that falls on it, especially if its surface has been deeply tilled. Where the incline of land is very steep, spillways at alternating ends of successive terraces will cause the unabsorbed water to descend by such a roundabout way that, as one worker explained, "it just gets disgusted and quits."

While some scientists studied South American fields which have been under cultivation by Inca Indians for five hundred years and others searched Turkestan for soil-retaining, drought-resisting plants, Finnell and McGinnis directed twenty-six "demonstration stations" at the worst points in the Dust Bowl. Four years ago these farms were tiny green islands in an ocean of dust. Today these islands are growing into green continents. This incredible feat could never have been accomplished had it not been for the high intelligence of the plainsmen and the giant strength of the tractor. When, after the first year, with the least rainfall yet, these demonstration farms produced crops superior to any grown in normal seasons, farmers stood in line to sign applications for the free services of engineer, surveyor, chemist, agronomist, forester, and range examiner.

When contouring and terracing were not feasible, other modes of reclamation were put into play: strip farming, building lakes and ponds, retiring tilled land to grass, utilizing stubble, using new varieties of crops and breeds of cattle, planting trees, and dozens of minor schemes. Strip farming is planting a variety of crops in strips in the same field, the strips being only a few yards in width. Kaffir, broom corn, and grama grass, which have soil-retaining roots, alternated with cotton and beans, which have loosely growing roots, interrupt the force of the wind against the soil and afford in some soils almost complete control of blowing dust. Ponds and lakes for flood prevention and watering stock are being constructed by the thousands. Sloughs are furnished at their heads with "water spreaders" and planted with tough shrubs and tenacious-rooted plants. Water holes on the ranges have been removed to new sites and additional ones made to permit the new system of rotated, deferred, and seasonal grazing which is giving the worn-out parts of the vast range lands a chance to recuperate. Drainage from uncontoured fields and pastures is being led back on to the fields instead of permitted to flow away and be wasted in highway drainage ditches.

The farmer has become grass-root conscious. The intensive survey which reclamation has entailed has brought out the fact that too large a percentage of the high plains —32,000,000 acres—has been under cultivation. Thousands and thousands of acres of this land are being returned to grass sod, sown to native varieties. Buffalo grass, the native, tenacious, drought-resistant ground cover, has such minute seeds that they must be winnowed by vacuum cleaner. The larger native grasses—blue stem, wild rye and millet, dropseed, and a dozen others—are being harvested and threshed by combine. Excess seed is stored for future use. Retiring cultivated land to grass

means that cattle grazing is to regain something of its former importance. Farmers have learned to leave eighteen-inch-high stubble in the fields, never to burn off fields, never to till fields until just before seeding, and never to permit stock to feed so long in stubble that they destroy the vegetation and give the elements a chance to start a small duster from the trampled soil. Stubble has come into its own as a soil stabilizer when plowed under or left to stand and as a humus maker and moisture retainer when left in the soil.

Bumper crops grown under drought conditions with these new farming methods have stimulated experimentation. Clover and alfalfa, never before considered possible plains crops, are being grown profitably. Contouring has invaded even native grass pastures and ranges, for it can be depended upon to double and even triple the grass yield. Innovations in the way of cattle breeds—in the Indian country of New Mexico, for instance—are proving that smaller herds of better breeds can be as profitable as large herds of poor breeds while using half as much pasture land. With all these changes wild life is increasing. Wild turkeys, plover, quail, wild pigeons, prairie hens, even beaver and foxes are returning.

Aided by WPA and federal subsidy the Dust Bowl people have planted 50,000 seedling trees and are to plant millions more. The six to eight feet of height and branch-spread of the oldest of these trees, now four years old, promise much for the plainsmen of tomorrow. One day they will be pouring humidity into the dry air, adding humus to the soil, breaking the sweep of the incessant prairie winds, and making impossible a return of the "black blizzards."

Thus is man winning his fight against the variability of that mighty star, our sun; against the carelessness and greed of those who preceded him and of his fellows in other parts of the country. His success thus far has been significant enough to assure complete reclamation of the Dust Bowl. His tractor-fought battle has attracted agronomists from Australia and Canada, Palestine and China, South Africa and the Argentine. Meanwhile, in the areas where the dust is still blowing, notably, eastern Colorado, western Kansas, and eastern New Mexico, the battle still rages. Women still seal windows against dust, clean house with shovels, not brooms, protect babies with wet sheets, and endure a scourge more cruel than Indian raids, a scourge which can only be conquered by a courage and an endurance superior to that demanded of the early pioneers.

Astronomers who see Mars as a drying planet, who suggest that its lineal markings are irrigation canals, may be viewing the final scene of the drama of man's battle against the elements. The Earth is far from that stage. Our cyclic droughts are followed by periods of normal moisture. The annual rainfall in the Dust Bowl is on the increase; in places it is already normal or above normal.

In the Wind

WAR NEWS: The British *Sunday Pictorial* reports that the headmistress of the Beckenham County school has instructed her 450 female pupils to learn three funny stories "as an air-raid-precaution measure" and to keep them secret until war breaks out. The stories "must be of suitable character, easy to understand, and they must be funny," the headmistress explained; "the idea is to keep the girls in high spirits through an air raid." One pupil complained that she could hardly wait: "I have three beauties already."

WHEN KING ZOG, Albania's fallen ruler, arrived at Oslo recently with his queen, he found that accommodations had been reserved for them at the Rome Hotel. The King seemed not to enjoy the irony and insisted on waiting at the station until the plans were changed.

TRYING TO prove that party members weren't jarred by news of the German-Russian pact, the *Daily Worker* kept up a steady appearance of optimism in the ensuing days. Even the sports page inadvertently fell into line; it contained a three-column story under the headline: "Reds Not Jittery, Says McKechnie."

LATEST "UNDERGROUND ITALY" *bon mot,* relayed by the *Living Age:* "If we had half as much to eat as we have to swallow, we would lead a marvelous life."

DURING THE bitter fight over the President's lending bill, the Easton (Pa.) *Express* carried this headline: "Economy Bloc Chiefs Lash at Roosevelt." The continuation head was: "Economy Blocheads Lash at Roosevelt."

FROM THE radio page of the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant,* August 29: "7:30 and 9—MBS chain, Raymond Gram swing comment." . . . Picturesque headline in the Columbia (S. C.) *Star:* "Hitler Coils to Strike."

BECAUSE BRITISH libel laws are severe, journalists have developed a language designed to evade them. The most recent example, cited by the *New Statesman and Nation,* was a poster advertising an evening paper's scoop. The poster read: "Mystery Man's Alleged Statement."

FATHER COUGHLIN'S Christian Front is upset by the improved behavior of the New York police: it is reported that Front officials have now protested to the Civil Liberties Union that the police are "discriminating" against them. . . . Robert Dell's description of Anthony Eden in connection with his visit to the United States last winter: "The sweetest Tory ever sold." . . . S. J. Perelman's description of conservative Jews who try to hush-hush anti-Semitism: "The Talmud Tories."

[*The $5 prize for the best item submitted during August goes to L. Robert Joseph of Hollywood for the item about the San Gabriel Bund published last week.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SO WAR has come again, with all its horror and misery. We witness once more the breakdown of the theory that peace may be established or upheld by force. It seems as if that lesson ought to have been learned from the rise of the Germany of Hitler and the collapse of the Treaty of Versailles, with its complete demonstration of the futility of Wilson's proud assertion that German militarism was defeated for all time. Yet for four years now the so-called democracies have been engaged in a mad race against Italy and Germany to pile up enough armaments, call out enough soldiers, and construct enough airplanes to overawe the other fellow. Each side was certain that if it could only be strong enough to terrify the other side there would be no war. Military men the world over have declared—none more emphatically than our own—that if a country piled up arms enough nobody would dare attack it.

Now we see the inevitable outcome. We see the demonstration of the truth of Lord Baldwin's statement that if an armament race began again in Europe it would bring war and not peace. We see once more complete reliance on military force to solve the problems of nations and establish the perpetual peace for which all except the militarists and the Nazis long. Once more we shall be told that this is really the war to end war, and that if the Allies do not win it, democracy will be finished for all time, whereas if our friends win and properly make over Germany, the Kingdom of God will reign on earth. All this will greatly stir people, but it will be just as far from the truth as the similar slogans of 1914-18. The world will not be made over by force; nor will militarism be destroyed in this way; nor will Germany be purified of the unspeakable Nazis and their even more horrible doctrines. Salvation cannot come that way; it can only come with a general recognition that war must be done away with lest it do away with our modern civilization.

The unfortunate and discouraging thing about it all is that human beings will not learn. The surviving numbers of the three million Americans who were called on to fight for their country during the World War have forgotten the feeling of outrage with which they returned from France, realizing not only the horror but the futility of war, and have yielded to the renewed militaristic propaganda. They have again come to believe that the United States must squander boundless treasure upon preparations for war in order to keep a possible enemy from our shores, must so terrify him by piling up our might that he won't think of attempting to raid us. They will not be affected by the results abroad; they and many other deluded Americans will believe with our militarists that if England and France had only started their rearmament a few years earlier, Hitler would never have dared to attack. The folly of it screams to high heaven. Dictators are never awed by the amount of armament piled up by the other fellow. They are driven into war by the nature of their own government. When their economic situation becomes bad, they have to do something to distract the attention of the deluded people from what is happening at home. There must always be scapegoats, if not Jews and Communists and pacifists at home, then the nations which are trying to encircle the country. Against them the dictator gladly takes a chance to win all or lose all by one desperate throw of the dice, or else he imagines, like Louis Napoleon, that he can defeat the enemy even with smaller resources and a smaller army because of his greater cleverness and efficiency.

The outcome is now on the lap of the gods. It will be harder to know what is happening and where the truth lies than in the last war, for the censorship is bound to be more complete, more destructive of the truth. The practice of deceiving their own people and the world at large has been carried to greater lengths by the dictator states than ever before; it has become the normal course with them, not the abnormal. It will become the normal attitude of the democracies now that war is at hand. Hence it is the duty of all good Americans to take everything with a grain of salt and not to permit themselves to be stampeded by their natural desire to see England and France win. Of course we all want to see Germany defeated; on that issue the American people are united as never before, the only dissenters being the disloyal German-Americans of the Fritz Kuhn, German-American Bund type. But that does not mean that we should let ourselves be drawn into the struggle, that we should again become the catspaw of the Allies. If the war lasts long enough, we are only too likely, with the present President in the White House, to be drawn in again—perhaps by the lure of what Mr. Roosevelt has called "fool's gold." But if America keeps sane and really wishes to serve humanity and civilization, it will absolutely refuse to enter a European war again on any plea whatever.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Christian on the Left

THE CLUE TO HISTORY. By John MacMurray. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

PROFESSOR MACMURRAY is one of the most able and most extreme of the left-wing Christians. He believes in God, in the Fall, in history as the gradual realization of God's will, in the teaching of Jesus as the essential clue to the understanding of that history, and in the Apocalypse, that is, the material coming out of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. And there his orthodoxy ends. He does not believe in theology, he does not believe in the churches, he accepts nearly the whole of Marx, and he regards science and communism as being the fullest manifestations of Christianity that have so far appeared.

Starting from the fact that Jesus was a Jew, he contrasts the Jewish consciousness with that of Greece and of Rome. While the Greek was contemplative and the Roman pragmatic, the Jew was religious, which Professor MacMurray defines as monist, that is, he preserved the unity of theory and practice. The Greek could think but not act, so that he was politically defeated by the Roman who could act but not think, so that he had to go on acting blindly till the empire which was the result broke down under its own weight.

Primitive Christianity was corrupted by both. The Greek influence made it other-worldly and spiritual; the Roman influence made it ethical, ascetic, and sad. Rome ruled this world; Greece imagined the next. The apocalyptic teaching of the Gospels was glossed over until restated by Marx. Only the consciousness which can overcome the Greek and Roman dualism, and see thought and action, mind and matter, as one, can enable man to understand the universe and himself and to achieve that freedom which is defined by Dante as "In his will is our peace," and by Engels as "consciousness of necessity." Real Christianity, the Jewish religious attitude fully developed by Jesus, is the leaven in history which has been the cause of all progress.

The teaching of Jesus may be summed up as follows: "I come to redeem man, that is to say, to lead him out of the determined life into the freedom which is consistent with his real nature. Freedom is only realized through right action. Right action is only made possible by correct knowledge. Fear prevents knowledge, for man can only know what he can love. But love can cast out fear, because it is the nature of man to love, not in the limited instinctive way of the animals, but intentionally. He can love all men, irrespective of race or class or character, not because he ought to but because he really wants to. In limiting his love he frustrates himself and produces the opposite effect to what he intended. Whoso saveth his life loseth it."

The second half of "The Clue to History" is a brilliant summary of the last two thousand years in Europe, in illustration of this last text. For instance, the Christian church was corrupted by the secular Roman will to world-power, and the result was the Reformation, the destruction of its own unity and the triumph of the secular, national, capitalist state. This, in its turn, creates against its will international finance and socialism. An intellectual social democracy which professes freedom and equality but has lost the emotional power to achieve them by action goes down before a blind fascism which can act but rejects freedom. The Jews who crucified Jesus for being a pacifist international are now persecuted by Hitler for polluting the Aryan race.

Stimulating and illuminating as he is, I cannot help feeling that his determination to believe in the existence of God leads Professor MacMurray into a kind of Hegelian attitude of "whatever is, is right." His history seems so determined to work out in the long run for the best, and everybody's individual intention is so consistently frustrated, that there seems little reason for doing anything in particular. After all, all study of history is being wise after the event, and I am not convinced that either Jesus or Marx or Professor MacMurray can predict the future with scientific certainty. Progress is probable but not certain. The probability can be increased, but only by conscious human action. Furthermore, belief in God as a conscious agent outside man seems contradictory to the rest of Professor MacMurray's position. He rejects theology as a product of dualist thinking; but so, too, surely, is the conception of God.

For me personally his argument would gain in consistency and sacrifice nothing if he said: "Man is aware that his actions do not express his real nature. God is a term for what he imagines that nature to be. Thus man is always making God in his own image. In so far as Jesus was the first person to make the image correspond to the fact, he revealed God to man. 'My Father worketh and I work,' refers to man and to man only. Neither the universe nor the animals work. 'My Father' is the real nature of man; 'I,' his conscious awareness of that nature. Again, in so far as, in Jesus, this awareness was complete, 'I' and 'my Father' are one. None cometh to the Father, save through me."

W. H. AUDEN

Five Decisions

DAYS BEFORE LENT. By Hamilton Basso. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IT IS hard to determine just what Mr. Basso is trying to prove in his present novel. Five men, of widely different temperaments and from widely different walks of life, find themselves in the days preceding the New Orleans Mardi Gras simultaneously obliged to make decisions which will alter the whole course of their lives. The greater part of the book is concerned with the crisis facing the hero, Dr. Jason Kent: shall he go to India and devote himself to scientific research, or shall he stay at home, marry the girl he loves, and become a small-town physician? In the end he decides on the latter course, and the reader is made to feel that it is

the nobler course; that the "higher life of science" is distinctly inferior to the role of a back-street practitioner, assured of intimate contact with human suffering. So far as the reader is concerned, however, the moral implications of Dr. Kent's choice are invalidated by the decision arrived at by Father Victor Carducci, another of the five protagonists, in regard to a similar problem. Father Carducci wishes to start a producer cooperative among a group of New Orleans unemployed: but he knows that by doing so he risks the disfavor of his archbishop—for whom the whole project smacks of communism—and the possibility of excommunication. He decides, after a struggle, that it is nobler to forgo his plans for the immediate improvement of human conditions and remain in the church, meanwhile praying to God to enlighten the archbishop's soul.

By presenting such widely divergent solutions to problems which are very nearly the same, Mr. Basso may intend to suggest that each man seeks his own salvation in his own way; yet since he seems to approve as warmly of Father Carducci's decision, on its own merits, as he does of Dr. Kent's, this point is never sufficiently emphasized. The decisions reached by the other three characters in regard to their respective destinies have little bearing on these problems and little or no reference to each other. The ambiguity of the book's major thesis is balanced by the obvious mechanics of the plot, the triteness of the characterization, and a florid, overwritten style. "Days Before Lent" adds nothing to the reputation which Mr. Basso has earned by his previous novels.

HELEN NEVILLE

Memoirs of the Civil War

THE ROAD TO RICHMOND. By Major Abner R. Small, Sixteenth Maine Volunteers. University of California Press. $3.50.

I HAVE read hundreds of Civil War narratives, but never a more compact and truthful picture of what life was like in the Army of the Potomac than this posthumous one of Major Small's. If there are members of the oncoming generation who wish to know the history of that heroic army, which was butchered by its own generals far more than by its enemies, but never lost its dogged courage or its will to win, they will get the whole story in this little volume.

For Major Small was the typical volunteer officer from the North. Twenty-five years of age, without previous military experience, he was at Bull Run as a corporal in the Third Maine and then became adjutant of the Sixteenth. With that regiment his experiences were exactly like those of thousands of others. He rose by industry, courage, cheerfulness, and competence where many others were lazy and incompetent. He saw a regiment that was thrown into the army with practically no training, that was decimated by sickness and death, yet acquit itself superbly in its first hard battle. The "sick list was frightful" in the fall of 1862-63 because the regiment was for three months deprived of its overcoats, knapsacks, equipment, tents, everything except a blanket apiece, and campaigned thus in intense heat and in snow and cold—nobody forwarded the supplies it had left behind by order although they were never over seventy miles away!

Adjutant Small was captured in the Wilderness and experienced the usual horrors of Libby Prison, Salisbury, and Danville, to be exchanged finally, when scarcely able to stand, in time to command his regiment in the victory parade in Washington. The whole moving story is delightfully told, for the Major possessed a remarkable literary style. His comments on his superiors are most valuable because of his frankness and the clearness of his judgment, especially where efforts have been made to hide the truth. Thus, his characterization of General O. O. Howard, the religious first colonel of the Third Maine, is in line with Major General Carl Schurz's characterization of Howard as "a pious fraud" who was responsible for the disaster at Chancellorsville. Major Small testifies that the regiment Howard took to the front despised him; yet it is represented by some untruthful writers as being devoted to him. Howard posed all his life as the Christian soldier marching as to war.

Major Small's narrative has been splendidly edited by his son, Harold Adams Small, who put it together out of the manuscript beginnings of an autobiography and notations in a diary, which is also printed as an appendix. But the story is the Major's own. The appendices, with their full explanatory notes of persons, places, happenings, are the skilful and intelligent work of one who evidently knows the Civil War well.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ART

"LIFE IN AMERICA," the show at the Metropolitan Museum (until October 29) provides a feast of the country's past and at the same time a challenge to our interpretation of what that past has been. First come the portraits of early New Englanders. They are not all alike. Some, as presented by the strangely frivolous Blackburn, are as frilled and satiny as if they had just stepped out of the British court. Others, Benjamin West's for example, show only an academicism which had lived too long abroad. Our first interest does not go out to them, but rather to stiff and sincere works like little Robert Gibbs of the century before, which is as crude and serviceable as early American pewter. Hesselius too is wooden and terse and severe. Then there are the traveling "limners," such as Feke, literal perhaps and limited by their commissions, but capable of revealing passages, as in the self-portrait, which is surprisingly free for the period (1725). John Keteltas, by Mare, has this same uninterrupted sincerity, while the Roger Sherman, by Ralph Earl, reveals a peculiar, narrow, rigid power exactly reflective of its subject. All Earl's portraits, by the way, are equally chiseled and unyielding. This whole tradition of honest, if restricted, native portraiture culminated in John Singleton Copley. His starchy old ladies, his children, his more characterful gentlemen are treasurable yet.

In the Revolutionary period there was more mellowness. Here, of course, the best-known figure is Gilbert Stuart. He was at all times a sensitive craftsman. He never had an offending passage. Not searching perhaps, his granite Washington, legalistic Jay, and testy Justice Shippen nevertheless

tell us in a kind of ordered prose what these eighteenth-century men were like. And in the porcelain-complexioned Mrs. John Quincy Adams and the sultry Mrs. Yates he has done something even better. More penetrating was Vanderlyn. His Aaron Burr is egoistic, high-strung, sensitive—an unforgettable portrait. A self-portrait, though glassier, is also impressive, while his landscape along the Hudson, painted at the age of twenty, shows that his gift was as great as his insight.

In the next period fluency increases. Sully does 6,000 canvases, among which his self-portrait and the Emerson are both well-modeled and telling in the traits which they emphasize. Inman's unbending Marshall and his agreeable picture of himself are also acceptable. In John Neagle's Gilbert Stuart we meet an immense, appetitive nose, a lively eye, and a general air of well-being: a man who had lived much and well. Then there are the portraits of Audubon—not to forget his turkey—all surprisingly good. Samuel F. B. Morse, before he became an inventor, displayed a good eye and a considerable warmth in such works as his DeWitt Clinton. And certainly the Cellist, by I. Bradley, is a brilliant piece of Americana, to say the least.

And now daily life becomes more important. Gentlemen were less numerous in the period of Jacksonian Democracy, and the boisterous energy of the people reflected itself in countless genre scenes, as indigenous as anything that had been done in America up to that time. Simple folk celebrate Fourth of July; horse-racing becomes more common. There are school scenes. Politics is discussed in an oyster-house. A whole series by Bingham is like pages from Twain. A good companion to Bingham—more lyrical—was W. S. Mount, with his Long Island scene, eel-spearing, thirsty drover, peddler, and horse traders.

Approaching the Civil War, we meet the politicos, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, all respectably presented. Then the noble Brown, stooping over to kiss a Negro child. Finally the war itself—with four clean-cut scenes by Conrad Wise Chapman, more ambitious but less successful battle panoramas, several generals, a good Lincoln, a better portrait of Brady, the Civil War photographer, and, of course, the sleepy Negro muleteers, the captured Confederates, and the army posts of Winslow Homer. A bit of poetry is furnished by Inness.

In the period following there is greater leisure. Eastman Johnson's numerous interiors have all the placidity and the curious unquestioning quality of the Victorian era. His Corn-husking and his clear, blue Maple-sugaring are even more successful. The other important recorder of this kind was John George Brown, with his happy rural episodes and sunny music lessons. There is a relaxed and charming self-portrait by LaFarge. But the great portrait is Eakin's Whitman—blithe, apple-cheeked, profoundly serene. His women seem constricted by comparison, but his sculling scenes and particularly his Rafting for Rail convince even as they describe. Homer is present in quantity too. Both men seem to be at home when they paint croquet games or red-wheeled four-in-hands. Indeed, until now almost all American painting had had a rural background, or, if not, only the more gracious aspects of cities were presented. No smokestacks appear. Brown alone, in Longshoremen's Noon Hour, painted workers. And even in the country, to judge from the ex-

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amples here present, no great song rose in the throat. Kensett's "slides" are pleasant, it is true, and the camp-meeting of Whittredge has some golden notes through the trees: but *réportage* on the one hand or restrained celebration on the other seemed to be in order.

There is evidence of a change in the last room. Sloan and Luks are both gay and protesting. They paint the slums, the wash-lines, the crowds. Of course Sargent is present with his polite ladies and gentlemen, and the "old maestro," Chase, is still showing us what he can do. But a questioning is taking place, and all the genuflections to Dewey, or Wilson, or the glowering Morgan can't conceal it. More of this social note would have strengthened the show—canvases, if they can be found, which would parallel the various works illustrated in Murrel's recent "History of American Graphic Humor." Moreover, the museum need not, as it did, disclaim the poetical as a reliable objective record. Doesn't George Fuller in his portraits say something about the physiognomy, as well as the soul, of New England? Is the life of Nantucket not in Ryder's canvases? Will the landscapes of Homer Martin, or Marsden Hartley, or Twachtman tell us nothing about American topography? Or Marin's water-colors about the skyscraper? The poet is a recorder just as much as the documenter. If the museum had recognized that, its show would be even more impressive than it is.

JEROME MELLQUIST

RECORDS

THE Indian themes from which MacDowell derived his "Indian Suite" he first altered in the direction of what is expressive and impressive and beautiful in European music, and then subjected to the harmonization and manipulation and structural organization of European music. The result—essentially a work in the European tradition written by an American—if not "one of the noblest compositions of modern times," as it seemed to Philip Hale, is one that uses attractive material effectively. Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony do a good job with it for Columbia (four records, $6); but in accompanying Mitchel Miller's superb performance of the solo part of Handel's Concerto No. 3 for oboe and strings (one record, $1.50) they show the ineptitude they have shown before in performance of eighteenth-century music.

K. 387, the first of those six wonderful string quartets that Mozart dedicated to Haydn, is newly recorded for Columbia by the Roth Quartet (three records, $5). The performance is one of impeccable technical finish, but one that sounds as though it—and the music—had been devitalized by the care and caution with which this technical perfection was achieved.

Also, to Beecham's fairly recent set of Beethoven's Second Symphony Columbia adds a new one made by Weingartner with the London Symphony (four records, $6). The performance is effective in its characteristic directness, but Beecham's is more effective in the degree in which its phrasing is, characteristically, more sensitive and dynamic and colored more beautifully by the London Philharmonic. Using this orchestra Weingartner has made an excellent set (two records, $3.50) of Beethoven's Overture "Die Weihe des Hauses," a work written by a great composer, but not, to my ears, one of his great works. On the fourth side is the pathetic music for the death of Clärchen in "Egmont."

Both the Gigue from Bach's French Suite No. 5 and Myra Hess's arrangement of "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring"—which have been available in Miss Hess's melting performances on an old Columbia single—gain in strength by the simplicity of Gieseking's performances on a new record ($1). There is equally fine playing in his set (two records, $3.50) of Ravel's "Gaspard de la nuit," but also music on which this playing is—as far as I am concerned—wasted.

On a single record ($1) are Palestrina's beautiful "Super flumina Babylonis" and the even more impressive "Ave verum corpus" of Victoria. They are excellently sung by what is described as the male section of the choir of Westminster Abbey (I should have thought Westminster Cathedral); but someone more familiar than I with this type of music finds that it loses by being reduced to the range of a male choir without boys. On another single ($1) are four mildly charming songs by Fauré well sung by Georges Thill. And on still another ($1.50) is a fine performance by Ossy Renardy of a violin sonata by Giovanni Platti that can be neglected.

Basie's sparkling piano-playing and Lester Young's tenor saxophone solo against the distinctively sensitive background of the rhythm section, in the early portion of "You Can Depend on Me" (Decca), are the Basie Orchestra at its best; and in the first half of "How Long Blues" (Vocalion) there are Basie's playing again and the muted trumpet solo of Buck Clayton. "You're the Moment in My Life" (Vocalion) is a song that lends itself well to Mildred Bailey's style in phrasing, to which the Kirby Orchestra provides an admirably complementary style in support, with a beautifully contrived solo on muted trumpet by Shavers. He does not reach the same high level in Billie Holiday's "Them There Eyes" (Vocalion), which is nevertheless one of her better records, with a good solo on alto saxophone. Ella Fitzgerald is delightful when singing nonsense with a sort of agonized seriousness, which is what she does in "I Want the Waiter" (Decca). Teddy Wilson's first record with his own large band offers a beautiful tenor saxophone chorus (by Ben Webster?) in "The Man I Love" (Brunswick), and Wilson's tortuously arid piano-playing framed now in the red plush and gilt of the new band. "Jumpin' for Joy" on the reverse side has more spirit but remains undistinguished.

It seems incontestable that records do not wear down sapphire needles, of which there are now three on the market; but there is still the question of what the needles do to the records. It is a question that has been raised by the experiences of a few people, and that I have been waiting to see answered by the controlled experiments which one of these people, who is technically equipped for the purpose, agreed to make as soon as he could find the time. Until then I cannot say anything beyond what I said once before—that what little I know about the needles has left me unwilling to try them on my own records. As for quality of reproduction, someone with good judgment tells me that after a time he finds it a relief to go back to steel; but that again is something about which I cannot speak from personal experience.

B. H. HAGGIN

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The Shape of Things

*

LARGE NUMBERS OF RUSSIAN RESERVISTS have been called up, and men and materials are being concentrated on the western frontier. What is the purpose of these preparations? It is possible that the Red Army is solely concerned to insure that any Polish soldiers driven across the frontier can be disarmed and interned. The surmise has also been made that Russia fears, despite the Nazi pact, that Hitler may change his objectives and drive on eastward after he has conquered the Poles. This is extremely unlikely. Germany has made sacrifices in order to secure Russia's neutrality and thus ward off the nightmare of having to fight major wars in east and west simultaneously, and now that it is engaged in war with the Western powers it is more anxious than ever to placate Russia. This lends force to a third theory —that Moscow is preparing to occupy some part of eastern Poland, including the Ukrainian district. It may be that Stalin, when he made his pact with Germany, expected that Poland would surrender Danzig and the Corridor and become a docile buffer state. But he must also have considered the possibility that Poland would fight, and have made provision against the contingency that Germany would then extend to the Russian frontier. Certainly it would have been foolhardy to give Hitler carte blanche either to incorporate the whole of Poland in the Reich or to turn the part he did not want into a Nazi "protectorate." Consequently it could surprise nobody except members of the Communist Party if the hints from Berlin of arrangements to "compensate" Russia at Poland's expense turn out to be well-founded.

*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS CANCELED A radio broadcast he had promised to make in honor of "Democratic Women's Day" on the ground that "every utterance of mine in these days of tension [must] be addressed to all of our citizens, regardless of sex, age, or political affiliation." We hope we may be forgiven for thinking the explanation a little unctuous. Political discussion in this country has always been carried on at the top of the lungs, and moderation might be desirable even

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in normal times, but we think it too soon to go to the other extreme and call a halt on all "partisanship." We are not at war, yet, and partisanship is still the mechanism by which opposing points of view are thrashed out in a democracy. We fear that if we are all to be taken into a great camp of National Unity, some of us may be taken in in another sense. Washington is full of rumors of business appeasement. The announcement of the White House staff reorganization was accompanied by an unnecessary slap at the brain trust by Presidential Secretary Stephen T. Early. A disturbing story published by the Washington *Times-Herald* on September 9 reports that William S. Knudsen of General Motors will "coordinate" business, industry, and labor in a new division of the Department of Commerce. Production will be "adjusted" to consumption, and the National Labor Relations Board may be dropped as no longer necessary. We hope the rumor was induced by high fever and does not represent further attempts at coordination. Why oppose *Gleichschaltung* abroad if we're going to have it at home? There is no need to repeat the exuberant polemics of 1936 when Mr. Roosevelt was a "red" and the harmless Mr. Landon a devious "fascist," but let's have no premature moratorium on partisanship.

*

HOUSEWIVES WOULD BE WELL ADVISED TO heed Mayor LaGuardia's advice against hoarding sugar and other foods. As he says, such action will only play into the hands of speculators and multiply the housewives' own difficulties. It was, however, the uprush of prices on the wholesale commodity markets which started consumers besieging the stores, and that uprush seems in most cases entirely inexcusable. Even if the war will mean an important increase in overseas demand for leading foods, this will not become operative immediately, and at present there are abundant supplies. What has happened is that processors and merchants holding stocks have refused to part with them, banking on fear psychology to send prices soaring. The understandable though unfortunate reaction of the public gives them a chance to unload these stocks at a nice profit. When the panic buying subsides and the statistical position of wheat, sugar, butter, and other foods reasserts itself, prices will drop sharply, and the middlemen will be able to replace their stocks at lower prices. Consumers will be left holding the bag, and the farmers, after having their hopes raised, will probably gain nothing from this speculative orgy. It is for this reason that we think Secretary of Agriculture Wallace mistaken in his rather nonchalant attitude toward the commodity-market fever. He is perfectly right in his assertion that prices of most farm products are still low as compared with 1914 or 1929, and he can hardly be blamed for hoping that after their long lean years the farmers' position may improve. But the mad markets of the past week will almost certainly be followed by a reaction and perhaps leave the farmers worse off than before.

*

THE BLACK-OUT IN THE THIRD REICH GROWS more and more complete. The military penal code, introduced just before the Nazi armies marched into Poland, extended the list of offenses punishable by death or long prison sentences; last week this was extended still further. The definition of espionage and sabotage has been widened. Now a worker who remains away from his job voluntarily may be judged guilty of sabotage and hanged. (Women, by some strange quirk of Nazi justice, will be beheaded.) The dispatch bearing the news of the new decrees was followed by another reporting the execution of an unidentified man who refused to "cooperate in security work." Other decrees forbid workers to change jobs without permission; needless to say, they must take any job assigned to them, and it is expressly provided that a worker going from one job to another less well paid cannot demand his former wage. Radios capable of receiving broadcasts from other countries have been confiscated, and there are penalties for listening to such broadcasts or repeating them. Meanwhile former Socialists who have somehow managed to remain at large in Germany since 1933 are being put under "protective arrest," and it is reported that one-third of the members of the National Unity Party, the Czechs' only legal political group, which the Nazis had hoped to use for their purposes, are also in "protective" custody. Add to these restrictions the fact that the whole German nation has been put on rations which if they were fulfilled—shortages of fresh meat and butter and fats are reported—would provide barely a subsistence diet, and one wonders how long even a Spartan nation can go on fighting.

*

BRITAIN IS NOW OPERATING UNDER A WARtime dictatorship almost as stringent as that of a totalitarian country. But while in Germany the masses have been dragged into war without any opportunity to express their views, in Britain it may almost be said that the people coerced the government into refusing more appeasement, freely accepting the probability that the consequence would be war. Moreover, the right of criticism remains and is being exercised in both Parliament and the press. The most drastic use of its emergency powers yet made by the British government is of course in respect to the control of employment. Employers must now get permits to renew contracts with workers or to take on additional ones. The object of this order, which parallels the decree long in force in Germany, is evidently to prevent competition for labor and the resulting increased wages. The British government wants to check

the kind of inflationary movement which occurred in the last war when competition between private and public enterprise for labor and materials sent prices soaring with wages tagging behind. This time prices are being pegged and industry, labor, and foreign trade brought under control from the outset. But if maximum resources are to be freed for war purposes, rigid restriction of profits will also be necessary, and this has yet to be done.

*

THE DIES COMMITTEE SPENT SEVERAL DAYS last week endeavoring to prove that the American Communist Party is subsidized by funds from Moscow. It heard Ben Gitlow, a prominent leader of the party from 1922 to 1929, assert that Communists here received more than $100,000 annually from the Comintern, which operates from Moscow; and it heard Earl Browder, who became general secretary shortly after Gitlow's break with the party, vehemently deny that the party had received a cent from abroad since he became its head. The simplest, if not too plausible, explanation is that both are right and that the American Communist Party's golden age ended with Gitlow's tenure. But the issue itself, especially in the light of the party's current status, scarcely seems a momentous one. Anyone who has watched Earl Browder turn ideological handsprings since the German-Russian pact is unlikely to begrudge him a union wage; moreover, the character of the party's operations here scarcely resemble those of a million-dollar enterprise. And there is singularly little evidence that the party's contemporary policies menace anything except its own existence. Perhaps the greatest danger is that the wave of vague "anti-ism" feeling unleashed by the pact will permit wholesale assaults on wide areas of civil liberties. We say this fully cognizant of the fact that the Communists, by their willingness to mimic the latest turn in Soviet policy, have made themselves especially vulnerable to attack.

*

TWO YEARS AGO MOSES L. ANNENBERG, THE top man in a vast empire of race-track gambling extending into poolrooms in 350 cities in 44 states, declined to start a new tipsheet in an Eastern town because, as he wrote in a private letter, "we simply cannot have everything." "Our position," he went on, "is similar to that of the English nation. . . . We in the racing field own three-quarters of the globe and manage the balance. In other words, the few little nations that are left have to pay us tribute to continue." The "English nation" of Moses L. Annenberg is cracking fast. After an extended investigation a federal grand jury in Chicago has been handing down indictments of Annenberg and a number of his colleagues at the rate of one a week. The counts against the publisher of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* include evasion of income-tax payments amounting to nearly $3,500,000, conspiracy to defraud the government of such payments, and using the mails to further a lottery scheme. But none of these charges should bother Annenberg as much as the grand jury's ominous declaration that no monopoly indictment can be brought because in the jury's view the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was designed to cover only legitimate businesses, not illegal activities. The American Telegraph and Telephone Company, the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, and the Western Union have all been notified of the lottery indictments as a "warning." Those who read F. B. Warren's thorough description of the workings of the Annenberg system which appeared in *The Nation* of July 30 and August 6, 1938, will appreciate the pertinence of that warning; the A. T. and T. took in $555,000 on the arrangement in a single year. But that is small potatoes compared with the Annenberg cut. The weekly take from Chicago's 2,000 bookies alone came to some $160,000.

*

THE RADIO HAS ABANDONED THE NEW world war with almost indecent suddenness. Special broadcasts continue, but they are few in number and most of the war news is jammed into the regular news periods. Comments on developments have been reduced proportionately. A sharp decrease in attention to Europe's struggle was natural when the tension of crisis ended in the tedious horror of war; public interest has lessened, and constant encroachments on the commercial programs must have depressed the sponsors and the radio companies alike. But the change has been too sudden and too complete. For example, John Gunther, speaking from London on Saturday evening, was to be heard on NBC's Bridgeport, Connecticut, station, WICC, but not on WJZ in New York. There a sponsored dance-music program occupied the same time. Important statements by public men have been ignored—including Göring's provocative remarks to the German munitions workers. The public has learned to turn to the radio for spot news as well as comments, and it will, we suspect, resent this abrupt collapse of the magnificent reporting service built up during the pre-war days of crisis. If even one major network would give regular bulletins, perhaps at hourly intervals between general programs, it would perform a public service and would, we are certain, gain enough public support to pay for the venture.

*

NEW YORK CITY IS ABOUT TO EMBARK ON its own little experiment in "war socialism." The LaGuardia administration is on the verge of baling out the bankrupt Interborough and the hard-pressed Brooklyn-

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Manhattan rapid-transit companies in a deal that will certainly end and probably double the long-cherished five-cent fare. "Government ownership" provides the sugar-coating, and the city prepares to repeat the mistake it made before the last war—in a worse form than before. The contracts under which the city-owned and company-equipped subways are now operated were written in 1913. At that time there was talk of a three-cent fare, and the five-cent fare seemed to promise such ample returns that the city agreed to subordinate its own investment to the much smaller contribution made by the companies. The higher prices and increased operating expenses brought on by the war wiped out what would have been the city's share of the operating profits, and fixed charges on the city's investment have had to be paid by the taxpayer. The one advantage lay in the five-cent fare at which the companies were forced to operate. At least the subway rider benefited. But if the city now buys out the companies as planned—particularly at the price agreed upon, which leaves but a fragile margin of profit, even on paper—the burden will fall on the rider. Fares must go up to meet increased operating costs as prices and wages rise. Milo R. Maltbie, now chairman of the New York Public Service Commission, was the sole dissenter on the old commission which approved the 1913 agreements. Judge Reuben L. Haskell, in the face of threatened political reprisals by Mayor LaGuardia, has the honor of being the only dissenter from the approval given the present plan by the Transit Commission.

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THE ALPHABETICAL BATTLE OF THE ACTORS and the stagehands which we tried to reduce to its ABC's in our issue of August 19 was suddenly settled on September 3 with a complete victory for the Associated Actors and Artistes of America (the Four A's). The vaudeville union, the American Federation of Actors, whose expulsion from the Four A's precipitated the row, was permanently thrown into the discard by the settlement, and Ralph Whitehead, its executive secretary, was not even mentioned. The stagehands' union, which championed Mr. Whitehead to the point of giving him a charter to organize entertainers in all fields, thus declaring jurisdictional war on the Four A's, withdrew the charter and presumably promised to keep hands off the actors. Sophie Tucker and Harry Richman, who had followed Mr. Whitehead and as a result had been suspended from Actors' Equity, were reinstated. The settlement prevented the outbreak of an intra-union strike from Broadway to Hollywood which would have been disastrous for the whole entertainment industry and would have thrown first-nighters as well as theatrical employees out of work. The old war between the stagehands and the actors seems now on the way to permanent peace. In order to prevent a recurrence of the controversy, the parties to the dispute agreed that the stagehands and the actors will enter into an agreement similar to that existing between the stagehands and the musicians. It will amount to the formation of an amusement federation within the A. F. of L. This is a sensible arrangement which should have been worked out long ago.

The "Peace" Offensive

HAVING failed to achieve the subjugation of Poland without fighting, Hitler is still hoping to localize the war and thus avoid the risks to his regime that any prolonged conflict must involve. In the nature of the case the strategy devised to achieve this end could hardly be kept secret, and now the inimitable Göring has exposed the trap so clearly that it is almost inconceivable the intended victims can be lured into it.

Blown up by the rapidity with which they have overrun western Poland, the Nazis now boast that in a few weeks their campaign on that front will be finished and they will then be ready to talk peace. Once they have broken the Polish army, they hope to instal a puppet government in Warsaw which will sign on the dotted line. As one government spokesman in Berlin euphemistically puts it: "Now is the time for a competent political leader in Poland to arise, bring control to a demoralized situation, and come to a realistic, just understanding with Germany."

When this part of the program is carried out—and with the main Polish armies undefeated and fighting hard that may take longer than Göring suggests—Germany proposes to approach the Western powers, perhaps with friendly, neutral Mussolini as intermediary. With olive branches almost disguising its bayonets it will ask in tones of gentle reason: "Why should we go on fighting? Now that this Polish question is settled, why should there be more bloodshed? We want nothing from France, and an understanding about the colonies with Britain should not offer any difficulties. Shake hands and we will guarantee your empires for twenty-five or fifty years."

From the German point of view a peace on these lines would be perfect. It would mean plenty of glory at cut-rate prices and achievement of the hegemony of Europe just as certainly as if Britain and France had been defeated in the field. The only difficulty is that the British and French have listened to this siren song before with dire results. This time they have grimly stopped up their ears and lashed their leaders to the mast.

In view of this lack of response the Nazis are now attempting a new tactic. If we cannot undermine the whole allied front, they appear to argue, perhaps we can divide it. Consequently we have Göring breathing scorn at Britain while treating France to soothing syrup. "We want nothing of the French," he said on Saturday: "If Daladier will not believe this, that is his affair. It is the

English government which incites people. We know England will fight to the last Frenchman—remember that, you Frenchmen."

There is no sign that propaganda on these lines is having any effect on Anglo-French firmness. The British press has unanimously declared: No peace with Hitlerism! The British government followed Göring's bombast with the announcement that it was proceeding with its plans on the basis that the war might last three years. The French army is methodically going ahead with its testing of the Siegfried Line; British troops are already in France, and unification of command has been achieved.

Under these circumstances the Nazi "peace" offensive would seem foredoomed unless it can succeed in rallying those elements in Britain and France which have rendered such devoted service to Hitler in times past. But in both countries the Munich groups have been disorganized, and any nuclei that remain are finding it necessary to keep remarkably quiet. The one danger that remains is provided by the continuance of M. Bonnet at the French Foreign Office. In this connection it may be significant that P. J. Philip of the New York *Times*, who so often reflects Bonnet's views, cautiously indicated in a recent dispatch the line which the Munich eers might take toward definite German overtures. A German peace offensive supported by Italy would, he wrote, "find a great many sympathizers among those who have not yet gone through the transition of Prime Minister Chamberlain from the days of Berchtesgaden to this afternoon's speech in the House of Commons. There will be those who will consider that peace will be worth purchasing at what Herr Hitler will undoubtedly seek to make appear a reasonable price." It is a fair guess that Bonnet is prominent "among those" prepared to argue on these lines. Consequently those who feel that no true peace can be made with Hitler must hope that the French rumors of a new Foreign Minister are correct. The removal of Bonnet to a less important position, failing his retirement from public life altogether, would have as tonic an effect as did the appointment of Churchill to the British Cabinet.

American Neutrality

UNOFFICIAL word that Congress would be called into session, presumably early in October, to consider revision of the Neutrality Act followed closely on the heels of a series of emergency Administration steps designed to keep the United States out of the Second World War. In addition to issuing two separate neutrality proclamations—one in accordance with international law and the other as required by the Neutrality Act—the President unexpectedly proclaimed a "limited national emergency" in order that he might have the power to strengthen the national defenses. Orders were published calling for an increase in the army, navy, marine corps, and national guard, as well as for an expansion of the Federal Bureau of Investigation to deal with spying and foreign propaganda.

In issuing two separate neutrality proclamations the President sought to dramatize the inconsistency of America's position with respect to the war. The first reflected our determination to remain out of war, a possibility which is not irreconcilable with our desire for an ultimate Allied victory. The invoking of the Neutrality Act, on the other hand, threw the weight of American policy on the side of Hitler. Already its effects are apparent. Approximately half of the 1,400 planes ordered in this country last spring by England and France have been held up by the decree. Another 1,500 have been ordered subject to cancelation if the embargo is not lifted.

The President has been outspoken in declaring that application of the arms embargo amounts to strengthening Hitler's hand. By allowing ordinary commercial credits and short-term obligations to be extended to belligerents, he has gone as far as his discretionary powers under the act permit to make the burden on the Allies and American business as light as possible. In taking this action the President appears to recognize what should now be clear to everyone—that we shall have to aid England and France by all means short of war. Defeat for the Allies would seriously undermine American security. It would bring Hitler and Hitlerism to our very door. Realistically analyzed, our choice is not between aiding or not aiding Britain; it is whether we are to send ample material aid now or by restricting this aid increase the likelihood of sending men later. For unless we can provide sufficient supplies to hold Hitler in check in the West, the pressure for American participation may well become irresistible.

Mr. Roosevelt has made it clear that the repeal of the arms embargo is imperative. Reports from Washington indicate that a majority in both houses will support the Administration on this issue, although Mr. Borah's statement may be taken as a warning that there will be a bitter fight. For the moment the problem of credits is not a serious one. The Allies can mobilize several billions in foreign exchange for the purchase of needed supplies. But when these are exhausted, the only means of maintaining the flow of goods would be loans through the RFC and the Export-Import Bank, which are not prohibited by either the Neutrality or the Johnson Act.

That Mr. Roosevelt is sincere in saying that he believes America can remain out of the war is shown by the moderate nature of his emergency defense program. The navy is to be increased gradually from 120,000 to 145,000 men; the army is to be expanded from 120,000 to 227,000 men; and the national guard is to be strengthened from 190,000 to 235,000. Additions of this size would be meaningless in preparation for entering the

European war. They are entirely adequate for strengthening America's defenses against an attack from abroad. Mr. Roosevelt has cleared the ground for a realistic and vigilant foreign policy for the United States.

War Chronicle

September 1 to September 12

EASTERN FRONT: Since the opening shot of the war, fired on September 1 at 5:11 a. m. from the "visiting" German battleship Schleswig-Holstein in the harbor of Danzig, the German armies have conquered one-third of Poland. The Polish high command and neutral observers assert that the bulk of the Polish army is intact and is taking up a position behind the rivers Vistula, Bug, and San. If these assertions can be relied upon, the Polish army should be able to halt the German advance, at least temporarily.

Western Front: French troops have occupied German parts of the no man's land between the French and German fortifications preparatory to an attempt to break through the Siegfried Line. They have repulsed German counter-attacks. If they succeed in breaking through—a task which may take weeks—the Germans will be forced to evacuate the Rhineland, at least as far as the Moselle, and it is very doubtful whether they could then hold the northern part of the Rhineland. It is probable that a second French-English drive will soon be made to test the German fortifications across the Rhine near Basle and develop, if successful, into a major action.

In the Air: Germany has demonstrated in Poland the bombing capacity of its air fleet. It has also tested high-explosive and incendiary bombs by destroying entire towns, at the same time giving notice to the British and French of what they may expect in the West. Until now there has been comparatively little activity in the air on the western front, except for the English leaflet raids on German territory, which have probably had more effect in bolstering British morale than in weakening that of Germany, and minor air maneuvers in connection with the movements of the French army in the Saar basin. We may assume that France and Britain are still in process of completing their anti-aircraft defenses before attacking the German hinterland and provoking reprisals against London and Paris. An attempt to destroy the Rhine bridges from the air is to be expected soon in connection with French-English land actions in that region.

On the Sea: The English and French navies have blockaded Germany with a thoroughness achieved only toward the end of the war of 1914-18. German merchant ships have already been swept from the seas. Only in the Baltic are German ships and the German fleet still safe. The sinking of the Athenia was the beginning of German submarine warfare, and Germany has announced that it will use "every means" to prevent war materials and food from reaching Britain.

Home Front: In France and England complete unity has been achieved. Even local fascists and the Communists support the announced war aim of smashing Hitler. No sign of appeasement is visible anywhere, though it may still lurk in the breast of Bonnet. Both France and England know, if not what they want, at least what they don't want. They also know what they are up against. It is different in Germany. It is reported that German troops in Poland know nothing of the war in the West or of the declaration of war by France and England. The German people only now are beginning to realize the seriousness of the situation. For the first week of the war the slogan of the German high command was "All quiet on the western front," though in that week it lost some 200 square miles of German territory. The propaganda has been designed to make the German people believe that a quick general peace will follow the "punitive action" in Poland. Reports of anti-war reactions in Germany must be discounted; opposition cannot be expected until Germany understands that Hitler's policy has maneuvered the Reich into a general war despite all promises to the contrary. The advantages of organization achieved in Germany by years of totalitarian rule have been reduced by the stern measures taken in all fields by the governments of France and England, which are today virtually military dictatorships.

Neutral Front: Of the twenty-eight European nations twenty-four are still neutral. In none of them is a desire for German victory apparent. Even in Italy, Spain, and Hungary, the so-called axis partners—the word axis was one of the first casualties of this war—there has been no spontaneous show of sympathy for Germany. The neutral countries wish to avoid being dragged into the war but realize that they must be prepared not merely to defend their neutrality but to resist German economic demands which will come when the blockade begins to be felt. Without gold or foreign currency Germany will be able to pay for raw materials only in promises, but Hitler will not take no for an answer. He may also believe that he can conquer Rumania and Yugoslavia before the French and English divisions can cross the Rhine. More than mere speculation on this point will be possible when Russia's attitude has become clear. Today Soviet policy remains the leading subject of controversy. Rumors which are characterized in French-British quarters as German propaganda say that a non-aggression pact between Russia and Japan will soon be concluded and that Italy will enter the war on Germany's side. In this connection the Fascist press in Italy is cooperating in the attempt to drive a wedge between the British and French, but, significantly, there has been no mention of the German-Italian alliance since the war began.

The American nations will discuss the many problems

which the war presents for the Western Hemisphere at a conference to be held at Panama City on September 21.

Diplomatic Front: The Italian Foreign Minister, Count Ciano, has been conferring daily with the French and English ambassadors. Rumors of a French-Spanish treaty of friendship are circulating. Intensified conversations are going on among the Balkan neutrals; Italy is obviously trying to dominate the Balkan bloc in order to strengthen its own bargaining power; the Allies are working through Turkey to keep the bloc neutral. There is no news of the activities of the group of Russian officers in Berlin which the German press calls a military mission; the Russians say they are merely military attachés of the Soviet embassy. Göring, speaking to munitions workers on September 9, made peace overtures to France. The Germans are obviously preparing a campaign to separate the French and the British and at the same time are manufacturing alibis for the moment when the German people discover that they face a new world war.

Peace Front: Positive formulation of the war aims of the British and French is so far missing, but feeling is rising that the slogan "Smash Hitler" is not enough.

1939 Is Not 1914

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE impulse to consider the present war in Europe in the fading light of 1914 is irresistible to anyone old enough to remember the start of that struggle. And the tendency to find parallels is almost as strong. The recurrent rivalry between Britain and Germany, the antagonism of Teuton and Slav, the calculating aloofness of Italy, the threat of German absolutism, even the benevolent neutrality—to the Allies—of the United States, all have been reviewed in the past few weeks in phrases which too frequently obscure the facts that make the new war a unique struggle. For this tragedy, like all the great tragedies in history and literature, has elements common to every other, but a theme and an inner meaning belonging to it alone.

During this first week of war I have been reviewing the issues of *The Nation* for July and August, 1914. It has been an enlightening experience and has sharpened my sense of both the parallels and the divergences between the two struggles. In those days *The Nation* printed almost no signed articles; its editorial comment covered eight or more pages of close type, and included a careful summary of the week's news along with editorial paragraphs and leaders. Then as now it was deeply preoccupied with foreign affairs. I mention these facts to give added point to what follows.

An editorial in the issue of July 2 discussed the assassination of Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo. It said that while the incident undoubtedly had serious political implications "it is the personal aspect of the tragedy which first makes appeal. This new blow to the aged Emperor . . . evokes world-wide expressions of sympathy. . . ." Then it analyzed the political tensions which had been created within the empire, and in Serbia as well, by the forcible annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. But the editorial concluded firmly that, in spite of the existence of this ill-will, Europe's chancelleries would be more concerned "with personal and dynastic changes which may follow in Vienna than with any possibility that Austria will be shaken out of her orbit. . . ."

A week later nothing bearing on the aftermath of Sarajevo was printed in *The Nation* except an eight-line news note on the funeral of the Archduke and Duchess. Two weeks later, on July 16, the leading editorial discussed the President's current difficulties with the Senate. The second editorial dealt somewhat humorously with Mr. Wilson's attempts to "woo big business." The third, called Rhapsody and Revolution, dismissed as foolish and disingenuous a recent theoretical attempt to swing the middle class to the support of labor and revolutionary change. The fourth strongly opposed the militarist propaganda of American army and navy men. The final editorial discussed the difficulties of making a useful census of the workers of the country. Not one word appeared about Europe or the tempest that was to sweep over it within two weeks.

On July 23, less than a week before Austria declared war, one short paragraph in *The Nation* discussed the troubles in Ulster; one, the fact that Albania was, for the moment, the *enfant terrible* of Europe. And that is all. Of the six long editorials, only one mentioned Europe; entitled Losing Our Scorn for "Abroad," it described the growth of tolerance in this country for Europe's ways of doing things! In this same number three "letters" from European capitals appeared. In London *The Nation's* correspondent discussed the acute Irish situation and the general problem of political leadership. The Paris letter described the neglected tombs and exhibits in the Pantheon. From Berlin came an account of increasing government pressure on the Socialists and the collapse of the charges against Rosa Luxemburg. These letters came by mail, but they were dated as late as July 12.

And in the next issue the imminent war was abruptly announced. An editorial, War Madness, described the rapid spread of excitement throughout Europe and the final exchange of notes between Austria and Serbia. But to me the most illuminating sentence is this one: "The shock caused by the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand was fully realized in this country [the United States], but the later dispatches gave us . . . very few premonitions of the sequel." That premonitions were few even in some places closer to the scene of conflict was indicated in a letter from London dated August 5,

the day after war was declared, and printed in a later issue. A friend of the correspondent had the night before called upon a friend, "a woman of education" living in a suburb of London. He was surprised to find her completely calm. "His surprise became amazement when he learned that she was unaware that anything was happening out of the common. She had heard somehow that there was trouble somewhere in Europe between two of the powers, but did not know which."

Compare this summary of the state of mind that existed before August, 1914, with the record of the weeks and months just past. Read your back issues of *The Nation* since Munich, and before. Recall the warnings that have preceded and the "premonitions" that have followed each step in Hitler's implacable march toward the monstrous showdown now in progress. Recall the days of tension that lie just behind us, when whole populations waited hour by hour for some word on the air or in the press to say that at last Hitler was to be stopped.

Ever since 1914 historians have argued about the responsibility for the World War. Will they debate the causes of this war as long and as inconclusively? I don't think so. The new war has old causes. It has roots in the age-long desire of Germany to become a world power equal to Britain; it has fresher roots in the Versailles treaty, the last shreds of which are being trampled into the bloody earth of Poland. But its nearer causes lie in the Nazi doctrine of corrupt and despotic force. The power that crushed Austria and swept Czechoslovakia out of existence is the same power that has turned a million Jews into hunted exiles in their own lands and wiped out all the familiar, accepted forms of freedom. Hitler has invented a mythology more potent, as it is more fantastic, than the pan-German dream that led to the trenches of 1914. This sharp difference, riding above the surface likeness of ends and methods, stands out clearly as you read the story of the first days of the last war. The Kaiser was denounced as an absolute monarch in *The Nation* of 1914. But he tolerated parties and shared power with a parliament. The labor unions were strong; the Socialists controlled a large block of votes; and revolutionists ran into trouble only when they directly attacked the government. Read the story of Rosa Luxemburg's trial for a clear picture of the limitations on the Kaiser's "absolutism." No mania of race persecution dominated the first Reich. Its imperialism was based on honest greed—like that of England. And though the professors of the day rushed to support the cause of Germany in the first weeks of the war, they did it of their own mistaken will; they were not ordered to vote *Ja.* The blight of fascist coordination had not withered learning and free expression. Even the press said some of the things it thought. What existed in Germany was a lusty, ugly, grasping militarism backed by a strong, centralized state organization. What exists today is the same thing twisted into a monstrosity.

The outcome of the war must remain in doubt as one recalls the military picture in 1914 and compares it with that today. Then as now Italy's role was enigmatic. Its alliance bound it to Germany and Austria; but Austria was the old, long-hated enemy. *The Nation* on August 6, 1914, discussing Italy's attitude, recalled a story about Metternich. "There was talk of an alliance between England and Austria, and Metternich was asked if it might not be a good thing. He replied: 'Certainly. So might an alliance between a man and a horse. But it is important to know which is the man and which is the horse.'" Italy did not relish the idea of serving as Austria's horse twenty-five years ago, and it seems to shy from Germany's bit today. But it may well be that the Reich leads Italy with a firmer halter than the Triple Alliance proved to be. We shall know better when the center of struggle moves to the Western front.

In 1914 the German army was a magnificent military machine, far larger, better equipped, better trained, and better led than the French or British. Today, except in numbers, the situation is reversed. In 1914 the British navy was superior to the German; today it is vastly superior. But in 1914 Russia was a heavy force on the side of the Allies. Inchoate and poorly equipped, its sheer numbers held a great German army in action—until the revolution ended the war on the eastern front. Today the Allies have forfeited two strong armies: the army of Soviet Russia and that of the Czechoslovak state. The retreating Polish forces are a poor substitute for these—in spite of their desperate courage.

Feeling against Germany didn't exist before August, 1914. After the war began, general opinion in the United States held the Kaiser to blame for Austria's ruthless handling of Serbia. But it was not until the invasion of Belgium that anti-German feeling grew hot. And even then pacifist sentiment remained. To millions of Americans the great war was just another engagement in the unending struggle for power among the nations of Europe. *The Nation* believed in the guilt of the ruling group in Germany, but it opened its columns to vigorous dissent. Today we would have to go far to find the same opinions openly expressed. Even honest Socialists, like Norman Thomas, who stress the imperialist basis of the present struggle, make no effort to defend Hitler's Germany. Dissent is all but dead, here as in Europe. Pacifism is a small voice, and pro-German feeling is limited to the few pro-Nazis among us. Hitler had created an all-but-universal fear and hatred of the Nazi state years before his bombs fell on Warsaw. Every word he speaks now in behalf of peace carries the onus of every lie he has told in the past. He might better be silent and stick to his guns.

Will Rumania Fight?

BY JONATHAN GRIFFIN

Bucharest, August 24

THERE were rumblings before the thunderbolt. Rumanian Foreign Minister Gafencu had been saying frankly for some weeks that a non-aggression pact between Russia and Germany was as good as signed. The articles which the German legation in Bucharest hawks around to the Rumanian newspapers, incessantly but for the most part in vain, struck a new note early in August when they said that Soviet Russia must surely find more affinity with the Third Reich than with capitalist and royalist England. In July the Turkish government had found that the Russians were no longer keeping it informed about the negotiations with France and Great Britain. Rumanians have not forgotten the years 1917 and 1918. They have not forgotten what the German occupation was like, and they are therefore as anxious as anyone to stop Hitler. But they also remember that Russian help was almost as bad as the German occupation and that it ended in desertion. This memory reduced not only the surprise but the dismay which the thunderbolt of August 22 caused in Bucharest. Everyone sees that Rumania's situation is serious; officials and ordinary people alike admit that, if left alone to face Germany's full strength, Rumania could not resist. But what most Rumanians want is to stop Hitler without Russian help.

Can it be done? That depends on Britain and France. If these two powers attempt it, Rumania's part will be important. For in Rumania lie the only large oil wells in non-Russian Europe. Hitler wants to get those oil wells, and to get them intact. He will therefore try to do without armed invasion—try to make Rumania, by simple threats, produce and deliver oil to meet his needs. As the owners of the oil, and others too, must be reluctant to destroy this great source of income, both private and national, there will be strong support for capitulation. But many Rumanians will see that Hitler's demands are bound to grow and grow, that he will send technicians to raise production, that the certain end of this will be a German occupation of Rumania, especially since Germany will soon be unable to pay for the oil. If at that point Rumania decides, with British and French help, to resist, it will be essential to defend Rumania effectively against invasion; should the defense be ineffective and the oil fields have to be abandoned, then destruction, however scientifically it was carried out, would deprive Hitler of the oil for only a few months. Could Rumania hold out against a large-scale attack from the axis long enough for effective assistance to arrive?

London and Paris have tended to think of Rumania as doomed. Many take this view because they remember that in 1918 Rumania was quickly overrun. They forget to ask what were the causes of that defeat and how far these still exist. The chief reason for the Rumanian defeat of 1916 was that the Germans were able to join the Bulgars and attack from the south. Today Yugoslavia stands in the way. The Bulgaria of 1916 had behind it a friendly Turkey; this spring the Turks threatened to attack Bulgaria if it attacked Rumania, and they might still do so—though I hear, as I write this, that there is talk of neutrality in Ankara. Above all, Rumania is now a different Rumania. The Rumania of 1916 was a little country of 7,500,000 inhabitants fighting a war on two fronts; the present Rumania has nearly 20,000,000 inhabitants, of whom a good 75 per cent are loyal and reliable. It has, therefore, twice as much manpower to defend only one front. It has also the whole of Transylvania through which to fight a delaying action on interior lines, before falling back to the Carpathians. And unless Turkey defaults, the Straits are open.

The Rumanians are of course inadequately equipped. As the mobilization of last March showed, they badly need uniforms and boots, airplanes and anti-aircraft guns. These are just the things that Great Britain this summer could not spare, and unfortunately the British would not let Rumania buy them elsewhere with British credit. Moreover, the extreme corruption of Rumanian politics, which had its origin in the practice of the Ottoman Empire of farming out the government to a succession of Greek tax-gatherers, made the French and British slow to give credits. If Rumania is to resist now, they will have to find the equipment for it, and quickly. Yet even in the matter of equipment Rumania is far better off than it was in 1916. In 1916 it mobilized 850,000 men but only 500 machine-guns. Today there are machine-guns in fair quantity and of the latest Czech type, and heavy artillery has been coming through from Skoda all summer under a secret clause of the German trade agreement. Some 350,000 men, by a conservative estimate, have first-rate equipment; the stocks of arms accumulated in the last war are in good repair; and the army is confident that it could hold up large-scale infantry attacks. About mechanized attacks there is less confidence, but a large part of the country is mountainous, wooded, and roadless.

What about morale? In the West most people think

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of the Rumanian as a poor fighter. The Germans do not. The Battle of Marasesti, in which Rumanian peasants defeated Mackensen by stretching their thin line out to take the place of company after company of Russian deserters, was one of the most heroic struggles of the first World War. It won Mackensen's praise; and a recent German military handbook also praises highly the courage of the Rumanian soldier. There was a time when Rumanian officers were as notorious for their corruption as for their corsets, but those officers were largely liquidated in 1917, and one does not see the type now. The agrarian reform has made the Rumanian peasants likely to fight even better next time than last, for many more of them actually own the land they will be defending.



King Carol

But what about the minorities? There are in Rumania some 1,600,000 Hungarians, about 9 per cent of the population. The agrarian reform appeased many of the peasants, but it made the expropriated landowners absolutely implacable. The Germans number about 700,000, or 4 per cent of the population. In Transylvania the Germans voted to be included in Rumania in 1918, but the rise of Hitler has turned the heads of the younger men. In the Banat and Bukovina they are still more solidly Nazi. They have been systematically organized—those of Bukovina by the German consulate in Cernanti. The Third Reich spent 40,000,000 lei on the Iron Guard in one election campaign. When King Carol visited London last year, the Germans blew up several bridges in Rumania. They tried to buy shares in the small Rumanian oil companies until the government decreed that all oil shares must be bought and sold through the National Bank. The Rumanian government has had to cancel most hunting licenses because the Germans were using them to amass firearms. Rumania is crawling with German agents, more than one of whom was active in Prague at the time of Munich.

There are more Jews than Germans in Rumania—about 5 per cent of the population. Rumanian anti-Semitism is old and deep-rooted, and the part played by the Jews in helping the German occupation of 1917 and 1918 intensified it. Since Rumania doubled in size at the end of the war, the needs of the new state absorbed the whole output of the universities for some fifteen years, during which time the Jews gained control of about half the country's commerce and industry; but after 1932 Rumanian graduates began to need jobs, and this at a time of economic crisis. A wave of anti-Semitism was therefore inevitable, and Hitler encouraged it. Goga's short-lived government deprived about 300,000 Jews of Rumanian citizenship, but most of them are getting it back, and it is thought that only about 75,000 of them—immigrants from Galicia at the end of the war—will be left disfranchised. Last March, during the mobilization, even the Jews deprived of citizenship joined up with enthusiasm. Germans and Hungarians were then also called up, but there were many desertions—in Arad there was fighting, and the Hungarian flag was raised. This August few Germans or Hungarians are being called up, and those few are mostly set at semi-civilian work. In fact, the minorities in Rumania are a limited weakness, closely watched.

A greater weakness is the corruption and inefficiency of Rumanian public life. The government is trying hard to end this—for instance, by replacing the political prefects with soldiers and by retiring many civil servants who owe their jobs solely to the spoils system. But the trouble still is that nearly all Rumanian officials are so underpaid that without *baksheesh* they and their families would starve.

In short, if Rumania joins the anti-Nazi bloc, it can perhaps hold out. But dare it try? If Russia is so far part of the axis as to attack or to let German troops through, then Rumania's position is hopeless, just as it was after the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk. And even if Russia stays neutral, the situation is dubious. There is a widespread distrust not only of Russia but of France and Great Britain as well. It began when the Allies promised in 1916 that General Sarrail would help Rumania by taking the offensive from Salonika; Rumania went to war but the offensive never materialized. Again many Rumanians feel bitterly toward the Poles for having betrayed the Czechs. For these reasons, and because for a small power defeat would mean extinction, Rumania is certain to try for "neutrality."

But that is not the last word. The peasants of Rumania know which side they are on. They are so anti-Nazi that on the rafts that float down the Bistrita River they use the word "Hitler" as a term of abuse which they shout from raft to raft. What is more, at the great testing-time in September last year the Rumanians had the courage to stand by the Czechs although they were worse equipped than they are now. They even had the integrity, when Colonel Beck came to Galati to invite them to join in the partition of Czechoslovakia, to send him home with a flea in his ear, refusing to take the Rumanian villages of Ruthenia even though these asked to be taken. If not now, then on the day that the spirit of liberty splits apart the great totalitarian empires as a growing tree can split a wall, these facts will be vital.

Maverick Defies the Mob

BY GEORGE LAMBERT

San Antonio, September 7

STATEMENT by Maury Maverick, mayor, on the subject of civil liberties in San Antonio:

> Background of particular case: Emma Tenayucca, a Communist, has made application for a permit to use the municipal auditorium. The permit has already been granted.
>
> Because the Bill of Rights guarantees freedom of speech, right of peaceable assembly; and because the Fourteenth Amendment of our Constitution says specifically that no states "shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens," and further says that all persons are guaranteed due process of law, as well as equal protection under the law, . . . the permit is hereby affirmed. (Signature.)

Statement by A. J. Drossaerts, Archbishop of San Antonio:

> Our people may well wonder if our city authorities, in renting the municipal auditorium to that persistent propagandist of communism Emma Tenayucca, have forgotten that, after all, self-preservation is the first law of nature. . . . Playing with a rattlesnake is ever done at the fool's risk of the fool's life.

Statement by Herman G. Nami, spokesman for a joint committee of San Antonio veterans' organizations opposing the Communist meeting:

> Veterans do not recognize that Communists have any standing at all. If you notice a rattlesnake, you are not going to pick it up and see if a poison sac is in its mouth. You will knock it in the head, and we feel the same way about communism.

Statement of the County Commissioners, Bexar County, Texas:

> There is no place in Bexar County for a Communist Party of San Antonio.

Statement of the Floresville, Texas, Post No. 38, American Legion:

> We pledge support to San Antonio veterans' organizations even to the extent of joining veterans' organizations physically to prevent this meeting.

These statements appeared in San Antonio papers during the three weeks following the granting of a permit by the city of San Antonio to the Communist Party for the use of a wing of the municipal auditorium for a meeting on August 25. On that night a mob of more than 8,000 broke through a cordon of 180 policemen using tear gas and fire hose to keep them back and smashed into the auditorium. Some seventy-five persons who had entered the building to attend the meeting had fortunately been evacuated through a side door by the police before the mob, shouting "Lynch the reds," could reach them. Led by a Catholic priest, a Jew (the commander-elect of the American Legion post, who was later congratulated personally for his part in the riot by Nicholas Rodríguez, leader of the Gold Shirts of Mexico), a Ku Kluxer, and a former Republican candidate for Governor, the mob, which was largely made up of youths between sixteen and twenty-five, held a mass-meeting in the auditorium. To the accompaniment of fascist salutes and shouts of "Down with Maverick," "Tear down his house," "Ride him on a rail," speakers denounced the Mayor. They said: "Mayor Maverick is the only man in San Antonio who has stooped so low as to champion the cause of communism"; and "When they told you it was necessary to turn this auditorium over to the Communist Party or be in contempt of the Supreme Court, they didn't tell you the truth. When they joined the Communist Party they wrote themselves out of the Constitution, and they aren't entitled to free speech or anything else."

Afterward about 4,000 members of the mob left the city auditorium, leaving in their wake seventeen injured and damages amounting to more than $3,000. Led by Father M. A. Valenta, secretary to the Archbishop of San Antonio, they then paraded to the Alamo. Valenta with upraised hands alternately encouraged and restrained the vandals as they boarded passing cars and threatened to mob pedestrians who did not remove their hats as the flag passed by. At a street intersection a policeman pulled a gun and tried to stop the parade. Valenta walked toward him. The policeman was obviously afraid to shoot a priest. As Valenta reached him, the rioters closed in and took the officer's pistol and cap. The mob wound up the evening by hanging an effigy of Mayor Maverick in front of the City Hall, with a placard attached which read, "Hanged that Americanism might live." On the same night a band of fifteen hooded Klansmen appeared at Maverick's ranch just outside the city, but withdrew when they found he was not there.

During the hectic three weeks between the issuance of the permit for the meeting and the night of the meeting, Maverick carried on the fight for free speech in San Antonio virtually by himself. Not a single rabbi, priest, business man, labor leader, or prominent citizen raised a voice to support him. The organizations attacking him included the Catholic church, the Ku Klux Klan,

the Elks, the Breakfast Club, all veterans' groups, and the Texas Pioneers. Newspapers in other Texas cities supported his stand for free speech, but San Antonio's papers joined in condemning him. Persons who wrote letters defending him to one of the San Antonio papers report that, although their letters were not printed, men representing themselves as war veterans asked them in threatening tones why the letters had been written.

Maverick is probably the only prominent political figure in the southern United States today who would not have backed down under such a barrage of criticism. His political opponents—San Antonio reactionaries and Texas reactionaries generally—have made the discrediting of Maverick their chief objective since he staged his amazing political comeback this spring and became Mayor of San Antonio. These reactionaries welcome Maverick's stand for free speech for Communists as the best possible weapon in their fight to ruin him politically and keep him from being a threat to the Garner Democratic machine in 1940.

That Maverick has been hurt politically in Texas and particularly in San Antonio by his stand for free speech is undeniable. He had been elected after a campaign in which his opponents claimed that the chief issue was "communism," represented by Maverick. Now they are saying, "I told you so." And to a large number of San Antonians, including some of those who voted for Maury, the fact that a public official would permit Communists to hold a meeting on public property or anywhere else is *prima facie* evidence that he too is either a Communist or so close to one that the distinction is not worth making.

The political motives of the rioters' leaders were noted by Don Politico, the widely read political commentator of the San Antonio *Light*, who said in his column on the day after the riot: "Now one thing impresses the Don considerably. Most of the active minor and major politicos he viewed at the demonstration have consistently been anti-Maverickos." Significantly, the leaders of the "anti-Communist" riot have since turned into leaders of a Maverick-recall movement which, though it can hardly succeed in removing him from office, can probably impair the success of his administration.

Three days after the riot the San Antonio newspapers announced that John Nance Garner would break all precedents and interrupt his vacationing in Uvalde to appear with Martin Dies at an "Americanism rally" in San Antonio sponsored by the local Elks. This left one inclined to wonder whether at least some of the instigators and leaders of the mob that wrecked the auditorium and hanged Maverick in effigy were not bent on delivering to Garner the solid Texas delegation at the next Democratic national convention rather than on saving San Antonio from the Communists.

Mexico Today

IV. THE DEEPEST DANGER

BY WALDO FRANK

STUDYING Mexico's dangers, we have moved inward from the largely fictitious threat of external fascism—independently unimportant so long as fascism has not conquered Europe—to the weakness of Mexico's own military, political, and economic structures. Now we come to the heart of the country's danger and of its hope—to the people. The reader will understand that many of the defects I note are defects of virtues.

I have named the doctrinaire rigor of the C. T. M. It is not absent from the constitution. As I entered the dignified reception hall of the Escuela Politécnica, I saw on a tablet on the wall a paragraph of the constitution (1917) dedicating the schools of the republic "to create in the youth a rational *and exact conception of the universe* . . ." (italics mine). This is sheer demagoguery, the kind of unconscious arrogance which inspired the fanatical extremes of the Cristeros. In villages north and south I have seen the poor teachers impose doctrines on the Indian children that meant even less to them than the Catholic catechisms which the priests once made them parrot. There is a lack of adequate teachers in Mexico. I suspect that the nature of the curriculum is one of the causes.

The spirit of Lázaro Cárdenas is so alien to this intemperate rigidity that it appears, at times, to go to the other dangerous extreme. Many good men attack his libertarianism as quixotic and as encouraging license. David Alfaro Siqueiros, for instance, the genial artist who commanded a regiment in Spain and now heads a school to renovate the methods of Rivera, which have fallen into the picturesque, and of Orozco, which he claims have become too introspective, says that Cárdenas runs the risk of Francisco Madero, whose faith in loving kindness fell before the murderous reaction of Huerta. Freedom of the press, says Siqueiros, is one

thing; freedom for open plotters of counter-revolution is another. I confess that Cárdenas's methods often amaze me. I have seen in his *comitiva* dangerous enemies of the republic. Does he deem them less dangerous under his eyes, perhaps in office, than in the free wilderness of open enmity? The next year or two will tell whether he is right. No country in the world has a tradition of more violence than Mexico; yet there is no country where more freedom is granted to the fomentors of violence. And in no period of the country's history has violence been less common. If my hope is justified—that Cárdenas is weakening the forces of reaction by letting them speak and work in the open—and if a peaceful organic continuity succeeds his regime after 1940, even if at a slower pace, he will have contributed to the art of statesmanship a form as important as the contribution of Mexico's great fresco masters to the art of painting.

The Cárdenas plan is to give to Mexico a number of loosely autonomous organisms, predominantly agricultural, with the industrial, educational, and administrative bodies constellated about the *ejido*. This system is supposed to work by national intuition more than by an imposed method. The whole march of Mexico today is a largely unself-conscious intuition. The method is an agrarian syndicalism, new to the world and, I suspect, to the theorists. That is why able doctrinaires like Juan Marinello, the Cuban leader, distrust it; and why honest intellectual liberals like Alfonso Reyes, Mexico's first man of letters, fear for it. It is an organic order growing from within. I know that Cárdenas at least is conscious of it, for one day at length he explained to me its methods and his confidence in its future.

It is my duty to expose its dangers. This order is tentative, tender, subject to panic and deviation. If for any reason, for any length of time, it should fail to provide sufficient food and security for the people—because of the internal sabotage, the internal lack of discipline, and the international boycott of oil and money—this fragile order might succumb to demagoguery. No open foe of the revolution will prevail; a subtle traitor—who, for instance, advocated breaking the collective farms into small private holdings, the first step to the return of the *hacendados*—might fool the people.

There are dangerous traits in this people. The empire of the Aztecs was a loose, unstable control of economic exchange, with a prestige of success, something like the moral hegemony of the United States today. This empire must not be confused with political structures like Rome's or that of the Quechuas (the Incas), who forged a mighty social unit in what is now Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, and parts of Chile and Argentina.

Maya and Maya-Quiché, Zapotec and Toltec, to a lesser degree the Mixtec and the like, were Mexican nations with great cultures superior to the Aztec. But they were all decadent when the "foreign" Aztecs—probably around 1300—arrived from California. The Aztecs symbolized and stratified their decadence; for this was a sick people soon after it settled in Anáhuac. Its mixed cult of flowers and blood is one of the great pathologies of history—a more recent one prevails today in Germany. The Spaniards shrewdly profited by the unrest in Mexico and the resistance to the Aztecs; Cortés was a political more than a military genius. Now, for nearly three hundred years, a colonial slave culture distinct from Spain's lived literally *on* the Indian, reaching greatness in 1600, stabilized by 1700, rotten by 1800. The transformation of the Spanish arts by the natives indicates the almost somnambulistic life of the Indians in this period. But the Independence of 1800 brought them not reconquest but chaos. The great Zapotec President, Benito Juárez, merely reaffirmed this chaos, saving it from the further curse of the French invasion and establishing, if only in theory, the right of the Indians over their brutal church. Porfirio Díaz, a Mixtec mestizo who powdered and painted in order to appear white, clamped a carapace of artificial order—he called it scientific—over the chaos of Mexico. He ruined the lovely colonial capital with architectural monstrosities inspired by France; and then delivered up the land's wealth and the workers to a new scourge, American imperialism. Mexico's chaos, within this succession of historic traumas, writhed and groaned, bringing inevitable lesions to the sick, sensitive people.

The chaos is not past. It will take more than six years of rule by the first Mexican President with an organic sense of his people to overcome a disease already old when Cortés conquered, and rendered almost chronic by the succession of tragic centuries. The Mexican through his very capacity for joy, fruit of his sensibility, as we have seen, has become morbid—gifted and intelligent but morbid. His love has wound itself about his misfortunes, as does the thwarted, neurotic child's. In every Mexican there lives a masochist. He draws emotional satisfaction from pain; unconsciously, under the *alegría* which we have found in him, he defends the frustrations that bring pain, despite his conscious will to end them.

The Spaniard is traditionally gifted with the sense that life is tragic. This has made for his depth of vision, since human life *is* sacredly, eternally tragic. But in the Mexican this tragic sense, nourished by too much disaster, is often masochistically sustained.

Another danger: the Indian's nature—as I tried to make clear in my book "America Hispana"—differs essentially from the white man's in that the focus of his ego is collective. As I have also tried to show, it was the European's individualistic will emerging from the Middle Ages, not his intellect, that created the machine. To impose the machine interpreted by the white man's

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culture of the machine on Mexico will fail, because the Indian must reject what we imply as the machine's values. The machine's potential benefits must first be modulated into a form assimilable to both the Indian's group-ego and the Spaniard's personal will: for both coexist in the Mexican—whence his conflicts and his potential greatness.

This problem the Mexican intellectuals, oscillating between the psychological crudities of Russian Marxism and the softness of individualistic liberalism, do not realize. Doubtless a hint of the true process of assimilation lives in the intuitive agrarian syndicalism of Cárdenas. But Mexico is a long way from understanding the depth of the problem; Mexican literature—with the temporary exception of one or two men like José Vasconcelos, whose derangement into reaction is an intellectual tragedy for all America Hispana—appears to be barely conscious that the problem exists. (A few young men among the poets may, if they grow, refute this.) Meanwhile the lethal clouds of counter-revolution gather.

Mexico, profoundly Indian, is also profoundly Hispanic. And it inherits the Spanish weakness in creating social order, in organizing social justice. The founder of international law, a century before the Dutch Grotius, was the Spaniard Victoria: Spain ignored him. The greatest of all defenders of the Indian was the Spaniard Las Casas: Spain in her empire betrayed him. The Hispanic genius in the arts of personal expression has been supreme. But it is not by chance that Spain's best-known prophet of social justice is a mythical, thwarted, half-comic character named Don Quixote. The last years are proof that even now Spain has failed to transfigure this "ridiculous Christ"—the deepest character in all European letters—into a modern action. Don Quixote still comes to grief against the windmills.

Mexico is like a genius in its family of nations. It inherits *all* the family traits, good and bad, and all intensified. Mexico's life is precarious, because Mexico's promise is great.

But the regime of Lázaro Cárdenas is already an intrinsic cultural achievement for his people, for the Americas, and for the world. In Cárdenas Mexico has produced a major prophet deeply original in vision and in power. His motive is social health; his method is the method of the artist and apostle rather than of the conventional statesman. Whether, despite his far more practical mind, like Spain's Don Quixote and like Don Quixote's great forebear, Jesus of Nazareth, he will suffer crucifixion, I do not know. What is sure already is that Cárdenas has integrated in Mexico's ethos a new working tradition of justice. Perhaps reaction will write the next chapter, in Mexico as elsewhere. But that tradition will survive—and will create.

[*This is the last article in Mr. Frank's series on Mexico Today.*]

Hymn for New Jersey

By McALISTER COLEMAN

TO THOSE who for one reason or another think of New Jersey as no more than a bird-of-prey sanctuary devoted to the protection of such dubious characters as the late Dutch Schultz, the organizers of holding companies, and the disciples of Father Coughlin, there is a refreshing revelation of the true spiritual qualities of the state in the recent action of the legislature at Trenton. There is, of course, a crisis in the affairs of the Garden State. It is faced with what is euphoniously called "relief bankruptcy." Ways and means of raising enough money to keep the Jersey unemployed from starving to death on some of the most expensive highways in the country have plagued both houses at Trenton. How inspiring, then, to discover that even amid such storms and pressures the solons still find time to cultivate the flowers of poesy within their garden close. In short, the legislature offers a prize of cash money for the best official hymn celebrating New Jersey.

Already Jerseymen have for their official flower the violet, the inspiration for which was no doubt derived from the self-effacing qualities of the Honorable Frank Hague. They have their official flag. Up to now they have had no state-wide official hymn, though various sections of the state honor their local minnesingers. There is, for example, the unfortunately anonymous author of the Bergen County Song who in these stirring lines celebrates the environs of Hackensack, Ho-Ho-Kus, and Englewood:

> Bergen County, we're true to you,
> Nature loves you, we know that is true;
> Hillsides green,
> Woods serene,
> Here's where Colonel Lindbergh came
> To get him his queen.

But though Bergen is set apart not only by nature but also by certain parties interested in the now legalized pari-mutuel betting as the logical site for their initial venture, Bergen County is by no means the state.

It is evident that the official hymn must be far more than the average chauvinist ululation. Nothing short of an epic is required in the case of a commonwealth so uniquely favored by nature, the New Deal, and the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which has already in New Jersey alone spent more than one-half of its funds paying off insured depositors in busted banks and making loans to other banks currently tottering toward mergers.

The aspiring hymnologist must first survey his material, in this instance surprisingly abundant. In the lean and quixotic figure of the Mayor of Jersey City there is the opportunity for a trumpeting prologue. Hague would

enter to an opening chorus of pay-rollers, runaway sweatshop bosses, and salesmen for *Social Justice*. Here the Shelley touch is indicated:

> Heil to thee, blithe spirit!
> Broke thou never wert . . .

The Mayor could then rhythmically introduce the other member of his axis, the Honorable Harold Hoffman, former Republican governor, now slated for reelection with the warm approval of the vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and New Deal enthusiast, Frank Hague. (Fortunately the hymn-writer need not explain the origin of that remarkable politico-schizophrenic, the Hague Republican.) Now Happy Harold has himself been to Parnassus, and a quotation from his masterpiece "Where's My Daddy?" which he wrote for the National Safety Congress, may be taken as the Hoffman theme song. It runs in part:

> A cheery little home with glistening window panes,
> Outdoors—the early gloom, wet and chilly rains.
> . . . . . .
> Coffee steaming hot; a happy youngster's cry.
> Breakfast for the three—as love stands by.

With the approach of heavy-footed tragedy (for as you may have guessed that happy home is to be stricken ere "the evening shadows creep darkly o'er" by the loss of Daddy, who, apparently driving his car "under the influence," was smacked amidships by a truck) it becomes necessary to supply the comic relief. This will be furnished by the introduction of the McFeely clan of Hoboken, who have just signed a new contract for the removal of the city's garbage. To all save the taxpayers of Hoboken, who by now have filled the coffers of Mayor McFeely and his fellow-garbagemen to the extent of more than a million dollars, the McFeely interlude should prove hilarious.

The exaltation of Jersey justice is next in order, and here, indeed, the most accomplished pen might falter. With what pomp and circumstance does one portray the elevation of the heir apparent, Frank Hague, Jr., to the state's most important tribunal—proof positive, if one were needed, that ignorance of the law is no bar to judicial eminence. Historical reference might be made to the dignity with which such famous cases as the Hall-Mills and the Hauptmann murder trials were conducted, together with short poetic mention of the famed decision of the Vice-Chancellor to the effect that if scabs wanted to go to work there was obviously no labor trouble and therefore no excuse for pickets.

It is to be hoped that, charmed by the music of the official hymn, the underfed unemployed, the overburdened taxpayers, and the overcharged consumers may rest more contented with their lot and gratefully continue in office those representatives whose vigilance on behalf of culture in New Jersey has once more been shown.

Everybody's Business

The Boom Is On

NOW we know what it takes to inspire business confidence and bring risk capital out of the funk-holes into which it has allegedly been driven by the New Deal. War in Europe has cured the speculators of their sulks and started them in full cry after profits. Their thought is that, even if the present neutrality-law ban on arms shipments is maintained, foreign countries will still be in the market for vast quantities of metals, steel, machinery, oil, foodstuffs, and other commodities, and in their desperate need will gladly pay through the nose. And of course domestic consumers, remembering the last war and fearing shortages, can also be induced to pay higher prices. Already we have news of housewives attempting to stock their larders and of wholesale quotations for foodstuffs rising sharply, while large holders of such commodities as sugar and leather have withdrawn from the market and are sitting on their supplies waiting to see how far prices will go up.

On Sunday, September 3, the President in his solemn radio address to the nation said: "I cannot prophesy the immediate economic effect of this new war on our nation, but I do say that no American has the moral right to profiteer at the expense either of his fellow-citizens or of the men, women, and children who are living and dying in the midst of the war in Europe." Next morning Wall Street, disregarding sentimental nonsense of this sort, went wild. Stocks with any conceivable war equity bounded up points at a time, and nearly all commodity quotations advanced the permissible limit, with hosts eager to buy and few willing to sell.

This boom may seem strange in view of the fact that every war scare in the past two years has caused weakness on the Stock Exchange. But that weakness has been largely due to selling by investors who remembered what happened at the beginning of the last war or felt that uncertainty was the worst thing for business. All through the summer liquidation due to these causes has been going on. On the day Germany marched into Poland the market opened weak, anticipating increased selling. When this failed to appear, speculators took it as a signal to jump in with both feet. A further encouragement to the bulls was the mobilization by the Allied powers of American securities belonging to their nationals, thus insuring that there would be no dumping from that source.

During the Labor Day week-end amateur and professional operators everywhere began to see visions, and orders poured into the brokerage offices. The boom was on, with the action of commodities inflaming the stock market and vice versa. After the first hectic day trading quieted somewhat and profit-taking checked the upward rush of prices, but it is likely that we have as yet seen merely the beginning of a new war bull market.

How far is this sudden blowing up of values justified, and what will be its consequences? So far speculative arguments are being based rather on what happened twenty-five years ago than on the facts of today. It is just as well to remember that Britain and France, which are supposed to

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furnish the orders on which the war boom will be based, are much better prepared than in 1914. Both have large stocks of many essential materials and need not be cornered into paying hold-up prices. Moreover, in their economic organization for war they are starting where they left off in 1918. Rationing is being introduced from the start. Domestic stocks and prices are being rigidly controlled, and there will be no competitive bidding by importers for supplies as there was at the beginning of the last war. Moreover, while in 1914 world stocks of many basic commodities were rather below normal, today the long depression and the drive toward autarchy in many countries has led to the piling up of surpluses. Take wheat, for example. Only a few weeks ago there was so much wheat in sight that prices sank to their lowest point in centuries. The advent of war caused sellers to withdraw and sent prices shooting upward. But there is no reason to suppose that the war will result in an abnormal consumption of wheat in those countries in a position to buy in overseas markets or that existing stocks will rapidly melt away. The same is true of sugar, of which Britain, incidentally, now grows from a quarter to a third of its requirements, whereas during the last war it was wholly dependent on imports.

In the case of other commodities, too, America no longer occupies the predominant position it did twenty-five years ago. Since the last war immense resources of copper have been developed in Rhodesia and Canada, and the former, at any rate, are capable of very rapid expansion since output has been deliberately restricted in recent years. In regard to oil the situation is more favorable from the American point of view, for this country is still by far the greatest producer in the world, and the military need for oil has increased immensely. However, stocks are large and productive capacity is enormous, and the restrictions on private motoring which have already been enacted not only in the belligerent countries but in most neutral European states will partly offset the war demand.

Under these circumstances any runaway market in basic commodities seems entirely unjustified. It will seriously disturb our own economy, add to the cost of living, and put a brake on the normal recovery which was developing before the war broke out. It is to be hoped that the government will not hesitate to use the many controls at its disposal to prevent all speculative excesses. It should, for instance, be prepared to release stocks of commodities which it holds if an attempt is made to create artificial scarcities.

The arguments used here are not meant to imply that the war will not act as a temporary stimulant to our economy. Almost certainly it will bring increased orders to many industries, the effects of which will be magnified by new capital investment undertaken as a result of or in expectation of such orders. Business confidence will probably revive in many fields not directly connected with war goods, for that tender plant feeds on the hope of rising prices and flourishes in the hot sun of speculation. But we have an immense amount of slack to take up, and our economic troubles are not going to be cured overnight. And however much temporary economic benefit we may gain from Europe's tragedy, it must almost inevitably be at the expense of increasing the unbalance of our economy and adding new problems to those which a war boom may shelve but cannot solve. KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

THE BITTERNESS of John L. Lewis's attack on F. D. R. last week may have startled newspaper readers but came as no surprise to intimates of the labor leader. According to these sources, Lewis is not only critical of important White House policies but has voiced definite—if still private—hostility to a third term.

FROM VIENNA via London comes this story of the newest affront suffered by the celebrated Viennese Philharmonic Orchestra. It is said that when Göring last visited Vienna, Nazi aides there decided to have the orchestra play at the restaurant where he was to dine. Playing in a restaurant was bad enough, but Göring himself delivered the final blow. At the height of the performance he sent word to the orchestra leader to "tone down the music" because it was interfering with his conversation.

FIRST TYPOGRAPHICAL tragedies of the war: The New York *Sun,* commenting on Göring's elevation to Hitler's newly formed Defense Council, pointed out that he had held a long list of important posts, including "Premier of Russia." . . . The New York *World-Telegram* reported at the time of the pre-war crisis that Hitler's "face is always serious" but his "entire attitude is one of claim."

THE *NEW LEADER,* Social Democratic Federation weekly, is circularizing the 400 liberals who published a statement just before the German-Russian pact listing "ten major differences" between the two countries. It is asking if they have changed their minds. . . . The outbreak of war in Europe may have stopped General George Van Horn Moseley's rise as a native fascist leader; the War Department, it is reported, has told him to keep quiet. . . . The FCC is investigating the action of the Detroit radio station WJR in barring an anti-Coughlin speaker from the air. . . . The Workers' Defense League is planning to distribute 500,000 copies of a leaflet denouncing Paul McNutt as the "Hoosier Hitler" and attacking his Presidential ambitions.

TWO MORE blows were struck last week in the war between Heywood Broun and Roy Howard. The Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram,* which runs Broun's column, carried a cartoon on the plight of "parlor pinks" as a result of the German-Russian pact; the figure in the cartoon was an unmistakable caricature of Broun. Three days later *Broun's Nutmeg* carried on its front page a column which the *World-Telegram* had rejected. (Roy Howard has frequently insisted that he never interferes with his columnists.)

LAST WORDS on appeasement: When Britain momentarily delayed declaring war on Germany, a well-known American journalist commented: "If Chamberlain sells out Poland the way he sold out Czechoslovakia, I'll never speak another word of English."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London Black-out

London, September 4

CRIMINAL lunacy on the one hand and almost incredible ineptness and weakness and diplomatic folly on the other have brought about a new World War. No man today can foresee when or how it will end, or what it will produce. We only know that another deadly train of events has been started. Whether the present capitalist system or, indeed, civilization itself will survive this struggle depends chiefly on how long it lasts. Stanley Baldwin told a group of London business men and bankers in 1935 that if another war of nations took place there would be "few of our stripe left." And what of the rest?

Today we can only see clearly how unnecessary the resort to arms is. Its coming has been carefully prepared ever since 1931—yes, ever since 1919 and the Treaty of Versailles—and was made inevitable by Munich and the subsequent handling of international affairs. It is too early to pass judgment upon what happened in the last seventy-two hours. As at the same stage in 1914, there are points still to be cleared up. Why did the French seek to delay matters at the end; was the published explanation that France needed more time to perfect its preparations the proper one? Why was the expiration of its ultimatum set for a different hour from that of England? Just how far did Mussolini go with his five-power-conference proposals? Why was Parliament so obviously in bad temper with Chamberlain on Saturday and so angry that he postponed until Sunday the announcement of a state of war? Was there perfect cooperation between Warsaw and London? These are things upon which we need more light.

But whatever the record, the Allies start with the moral initiative. Theirs is the righteous cause; they were willing to negotiate; the records show that Hitler went to war lying and in haste. The horrible odium of having produced this war is his. Certainly the blood of all who die on either side will rest on this man's head. If fate wills that the doctrines of so unspeakable a monster shall triumph, then decency and morality and justice and humanity will be at an end in Europe.

Certainly this war by itself will cure nothing. If the Allies win and repeat Versailles, the consequences will be even worse than before. The danger will be that the desire to make impossible another recurrence of this struggle will create an irresistible demand for exemplary vengeance. Already one hears talk of the necessity of separating North Germany and South Germany once and for all. Hence it is gratifying to find in today's London *Times* an appeal from Dr. Maxwell Garnett, formerly secretary of the League of Nations Union, for an immediate statement of England's actual war aims—without, let us hope, any secret treaties in the background—and for them to be so shaped that a genuine new world order will arise. To this is added a demand from A. A. Milne that England continue to differentiate between the German people and the German government, precisely as was done, notably by President Wilson, in the last war. These are hopeful signs. Will they disappear as the horrors of the war pile up, as grief and rage at the losses warp men's minds? Surely the Germans have set a swift pace by the abominable sinking of the Athenia.

All these things lie in the future, behind the most awful of clouds, the darkest of nights. The mind cannot today forecast; it merely reviews the years 1914-18 in tortured night hours and wonders what greater horrors we shall see. My only relief is to watch what is going on under my eyes here in London. For what I see is wonderful—a calm, a resolution, a resignation, a certainty of the right that compel one's complete admiration. I should unqualifiedly say that this is humanity at its best did not one thought force itself upon me: if these indomitable people would only bring their great qualities to bear upon their government and foreign policy and demand greater and wiser statesmanship, such calamities would not befall them. As I sat in Parliament on Friday, September 1, to hear Chamberlain announce that war was at hand unless the Germans accepted his ultimatum—and he was sure, he said, that they would not—I could not help recalling how many such fateful scenes had taken place in that historic chamber, how many times English leaders had ordained there the deaths of multitudes of their fellow-citizens because of their own stupidities and blunders or in order to carry on imperialistic policies of their own, long since pilloried by history.

It was a scene to remember as long as I live. Yet I believe I have seen in that very House of Commons moments of greater excitement, of more profound emotion. Mr. Chamberlain spoke earnestly, sincerely, at times passionately in his justified indignation. Munich was far behind him. Yet neither his address nor those of Arthur Greenwood for Labor and Sir Archibald Sinclair for the

Liberals sounded emotional depths, nor did the last two stir their Parliamentary hearers to more than perfunctory applause. It was all over in twenty-five minutes. And it left me far from feeling that I had witnessed one of the most fateful scenes in all history; I have surely, at other times, seen a larger attendance of members—perhaps a number are already in service—and the London *Times* was incorrect in saying the galleries were crowded, for the side galleries were in the main empty.

As for the public at large, whether it is stunned, or numbed by the months of expectancy of the worst, or lacks imagination, or is trained to accept what its political leaders hand down to it, or whether it is inspired by a glorious courage and traditional faith, its attitude moves you to tears. I was near tears when I visited two stations to watch the evacuation of the children, and saw the quiet, unobtrusive sorrow of the mothers saying goodby. For the children it was a grand excitement—no more school and an adventure in the country. I wondered once more whether we should honor the Wright brothers for teaching us to fly or bewail their fatal invention of a machine which brings death to whole populations.

Fifteen minutes after I heard Neville Chamberlain announce over the radio that a state of war existed, the sirens screamed and people ran for the air-raid shelters. At the first one I came to, it was "women and children first"; the second, near my hotel, was full, so I sat outside, convinced that it was a trial alarm. Soon after the "all's well" we had another alarm. Last night I was waked at 2:45 a.m. with the insistent demand that I descend to the cellar at once, and when I refused to hurry a porter came for me: "It's orders, sir." So there we sat in a cellar hallway, in all kinds of costumes, with gas masks on laps (except a few of us), but everybody calm and cheerful and no one showing any trepidation. Indeed, in the daytime the only persons to show concern are the mothers whose children are still here—far too many remain in the city. The spirit of cooperation is really wonderful; everyone wants to do his or her share, and everyone is so courteous that it seems quite unnecessary to post signs telling what constitutes good manners in an air-raid shelter!

The streets are full of new constables; all, old and new, wearing "tin hats," the new men still in "cits" but with armbands. There are innumerable new auxiliary firemen, fine-looking fellows in dark blue uniforms, and a thousand taxicabs have been supplied with trailers and transformed into quite powerful fire-engines equipped with axes, hose, rope ladders, and the like. There are air-raid-protection wardens galore. Every other car has a sticker to show that it belongs to the fire service, or A.R.P., or the transport or evacuation branches. Signs everywhere call for volunteers to fill the sandbags—millions must have been filled already. The sky is full of beautiful silver-gray balloons, the "balloon barrage" that is counted on to entangle any invading aircraft in the steel cables which hold them in place. At least fifty can be seen from my window as I write. Nothing else is overhead; not an airplane ever passes.

If there is much to cheer and hearten, if the thoroughness of the organization is astounding, if there is every evidence that England begins this war as far along as it was, say, in 1915, and even later as to conscription, ominous signs of what is to come are on every hand. You cannot help starting when you read the placards telling you where to get gas masks for "children under two." You get a shock when you unexpectedly pass a first-aid station and read the notice, "Walking casualties this way." And you cannot get used to seeing store windows blocked out by sandbags or completely boarded over. But what moved me most was a visit to a great 700-bed hospital from which every patient who could be moved has been moved. All its scientific work has stopped; its whole life has been made over; and here it stands, empty but in such complete readiness that it gives you a sinking at the pit of your stomach: in the front hall are thirty tables for the first to come, with a huge morgue not far away. It was night when I visited it, and the building of course was dark. The chief nurse radiated joy over the completeness of everything—even over the rubber boots the staff will wear when the gas cases come in.

Two kindly surgeons took me up on the roof. There was London in the dark—incredibly more majestic, more thrilling than by day or with its usual lights; more mysterious, more questioning of the why and wherefore. A hundred feet above the street, we could see only a few light spots and the faint, will-o'-the-wisp lights of buses and motors. "I wonder," I said to myself, "whether London has been as dark as this since Will Shakespeare walked the Strand." My astonishment never ends that I walk the streets of London with a shaded flashlight to find my way as if I were on a Berkshire hill. I wonder if I too should be able to pilot a car through the dark with only parking lights and those well wrapped, while the "Stop" and "Go" greens and reds and ambers have shrunk to little shaded crosses. Every night not London alone but all England down to the smallest village is blacked out. Just now every place of amusement is closed. Piccadilly Circus is as quiet as a hamlet in Kent. And in these black and murky streets everybody is eager to help everyone else, to put the stranger in the right bus, on the right road.

"We shall win," said my doctor friends on that hospital roof. To the west tremendous flashes of lightning, the rumbling of thunder gave just the atmosphere the moment called for. "We shall win," said the doctors, "because every man and woman in this hospital is at his or her post in the dark—quiet, determined, efficient, prepared for the worst, uncomplaining, certain that we shall win in the end. And as they are, so is England."

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Has Democracy a Future?

DEMOCRACY—TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Eduard Benes. The Macmillan Company. $3.

AT A time when 10,000,000 men are under arms and the guns are roaring, when even in the democracies dictatorial power has been bestowed upon governments, it is not easy to indorse the conclusion of Dr. Benes that "the meaning and the importance of the World War will be characterized as an advance of democratic, equalitarian, humanistic, and pacifistic spirit in the history of Europe and the world." And yet strange as this statement sounds today, it may be the truth of tomorrow.

Nowadays more books are written on democracy than ever before, and in the multitude of words the clear conception is being drowned. Dr. Benes offers in his book no definition at all, but democracy as defined by Lincoln in the Gettysburg address seems in his view to depend largely on the trinity of intellectual, economic, and political freedom. Lord Bryce wrote in his standard work that the defects of democracy can be redressed only by more democracy, which, however, can develop only in the atmosphere of free discussion. Modern democracy was really born in the conference between Colonel Rainboro and Cromwell's officers on October 27, 1647, when the former said: "I verily believe that the poorest man in England has the right to live his own life as the richest, and no one should be subject to a government on which he has nothing to say." This is why the late President Masaryk defined democracy as freedom of discussion, and it would be disrespectful to suppose that his most faithful collaborator attaches a different meaning to the term.

Two years ago, at the International Congress of Philosophy in Prague, Dr. Benes pointed to the outstanding problem of our age—the reconciliation of the trend toward collectivism with the growing desire of the individual for more personal and political liberty. As a counterpart to this problem Dr. Benes emphasizes in his book the question of "how to transform the political liberal democracy into a new kind of social and economic democracy." This is certainly the core of the problem, for the capitalist democracies would not have watched the growth of dictatorships with such composure and complacency had they not believed that Bolshevism was the only alternative to Hitler's and Mussolini's "capitalism."

From this historical and sociological perspective Dr. Benes explains the downfall of post-war democracies in Europe and sustains the hope of democracy in its struggle against "modern anti-democratic ideologies." I am afraid, however, that not everybody in this country will share the author's view that the World War was fought mainly to make the world safe for democracy. Even Dr. Benes points to the anti-democratic inconsistencies of the peace treaties.

The European post-war democracies suffered, as Dr. Benes shows, from a congenital defect. They were unprepared and immature. They had to destroy conservative survivals of the past. Both communism and an exaggerated fear of a communist revolution accelerated their downfall. Dr. Benes omits to stress, however, that the post-war democracies, with the exception of Czechoslovakia and Austria, were democracies only in name. Therefore little effort was needed to demolish their ramshackle structure. Dr. Benes himself emphasizes that pre-war pan-Germanism "was the negation . . . of the principles of democracy." In the Weimar republic "the democrats did not themselves live up to their ideal." Very little was done to change the pre-war mentality. Whereas the Socialist government successfully stifled the Bolshevik attempt, it gave Hitler every facility to write "Mein Kampf" in his cozy prison; and the democratic Prussian government that overlooked Hitler's private army put in an appeal to the Supreme Court in Leipzig against the coup d'état of the Prussian Junkers.

In a concise and scholarly chapter on modern anti-democratic ideologies the author expresses the view that "there is no political system but democracy which is capable of solving justly and rightly this eternal problem in human society." I think, though, that he pays too great a compliment to the illogical twaddle of "totalitarian" theories in calling them a return to medieval despotism as advocated by Hobbes and De Maistre, who at least believed in God and human dignity. Nor does the racial theory that the Nazis are supposed to have added to the German *Lebensphilosophie* deserve the serious discussion which Dr. Benes gives it. It is simply a misinterpretation of Gobineau, who argued the supremacy of the Germanic race but used his thesis as evidence for the superiority of the French people, because, as he wrote, "les Allemands ne sont pas d'essence germanique." Dr. Benes is correct in emphasizing that the racial theory is aristocratic, while "in theory communism is nearer to democracy." In practice, however, as recent events have proved, communism is not far distant from "aristocratic" Nazism.

No one can help being thrilled by the last chapter on the future of democracy. The author absolutely denies the possible coexistence of democracy and dictatorship—"Either one or the other of these regimes must disappear"—and he leaves no doubt about the inevitable final collapse of dictatorship It may disappear by war, by revolution, or by both. In accordance with a general law of social evolution Dr. Benes hopes that, just as post-war revolutions developed a reactionary rule, the contemporary revolution, too, will develop a reaction against its own principles. This may, however, take some time. And though some reaction always succeeds a dictatorship, it is not necessarily democracy.

Certainly "a kind of United States of Europe will be in the end the only solution which can save Europe from complete and final collapse," but so far no sign is visible that "this exaggeration [of nationalism] will in the future kill the exaggerated nationalism." Dr. Benes quotes Grillparzer's pre-war slogan which said, "From humanitarianism via nationalism to bestiality." It took, as we know, nearly three

centuries for Europe to reach this undesirable goal. We do not know how long the way back will take, but there is no sound reason to suppose that the millions obsessed of chauvinistic megalomania would be willing, immediately after another war, to follow Bentham's advice to count heads instead of smashing them. This seems as improbable as the materialization of Benes's ideal democratic leader, who combines "great intellectual culture and scientific erudition with keen intuition and instinct, quick action, and physical and moral courage."

In making this ideal the object of democracy Dr. Benes, the statesman, the ex-President of a republic, the chairman of the League of Nations, reminds me of the Abbé Lantaigne, one of the heroes of Anatole France, who, on being recognized, in spite of his laic garb, by a courtesan as a priest, mumbled to himself: "Tu es sacerdos in eternum." In spite of his having been a potent factor in European politics for twenty-five years and in spite of his having written a political book, Dr. Benes is still a professor. However, he is not a weathercock professor like many of his Nazi and fascist colleagues, who change their opinions with the wind of power, but a dauntless student of truth. By this professorial yet readable book he has again augmented the high esteem he enjoys as a philosopher, a statesman, and a typical representative of his homogeneous, democratic nation.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

Children of Lead

SOUTH OF JOPLIN. By L. S. Davidson. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

THE worlds that make the United States are so varied and so numerous, so far apart in time and space, that to call the total by one name is to make an understatement on which many overstatements have been based. Every country has its variety of worlds of course, but the mere geographical range of the United States is almost unique. And for other reasons Paris and Brittany are less disparate than New York City and, say, the tri-state region south of Joplin, Missouri, the scene of this vivid book by L. S. Davidson, which reads like fiction but is in fact a realistic picture of one American world.

Miss Davidson grew up in the tri-state mining region, where her father was a mining engineer. It is peopled by "early Americans" with a scattering of Indians. All have been exploited by the mine owners, who have taken fortunes out of the lead and zinc mines that run like catacombs under the section where Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma meet. It is not a pretty world. The landscape is covered with chat mounds and the shacks of mining towns dead or alive. The Indians, most of them, have been cheated out of their rich mineral lands, and the other name for the inhabitants who are proud of their early American ancestry and still sing Elizabethan songs is the "children of lead." They live from lead and die from it, for silicosis and lead poisoning are the diseases of the district. And they are preyed upon by loan sharks, patent-medicine men, and company stores. To cap it all, the National Association of Manufacturers has done its ironic bit with full-page advertisements in the local papers bearing the slogan, "Americans Have More Because They Earn More: Two Billion People Envy You."

Miss Davidson had lived there as a child; she had taught there as a young girl. She went back again in 1935 in direct response to a postcard from an old prospector named Zeck, who is one of the main characters in "South of Joplin." The postcard, which arrived as Miss Davidson was leaving for a trip abroad, read: "I heerd you was acrossin' the pond. Ain't you afeard of the furriners? They air about to git us."

The "furriners" who were about to "git us" turned out to be the American Federation of Labor. A strike was on, and Miss Davidson, notebook in hand, watched the struggle, with occasional trips to New York, until she became convinced that even she, a native, had better get out.

The day she arrived in Picher, Oklahoma, tear-gas bombs flew and one union man was killed. There followed the whole sequence of the Mohawk Valley formula, with additions peculiar to the tri-state diggin's: the company union, the terrorization of "furrin" agitators by the "Hoods" (the Klan), martial law, burned shacks, and even more ingenious persecution of natives who joined the alien union. Meanwhile, the daily life of the tri-state district went on. For relief, but not much, there are frenzied revival meetings and the icy baptisms of undernourished children, a company picnic where for once the half-starved miners and their children might get a square meal and a company dance where the caller of the square dance yells:

> Ladies to the center, form a star
> Kill all furriners near and far.

Midway in the struggle the C. I. O. appeared, whereupon the Blue Card Union (company) joined the A. F. of L. according to the now classic pattern, the better to fight the new menace. We also get an insight into the attitude toward labor of the former candidate for President, Alf Landon.

It is a terrible yet thrilling story. Its progress is personified in Zeck, who, beginning as pro-company—"we're one big family"—becomes a partisan of the C. I. O. when the terrorization becomes too much for his old-fashioned Americanism. In Zeck, Miss Davidson has created a character who would be real even if he were not. And through the whole book runs the flavor of a unique community. The old Gold Rush song is sung in Picher:

> The miners come in forty-nine
> The whores they come in fifty
> The native sons in fifty-one
> And now they're fifty-fifty.

Local feuds give rise to bar-room fights and tall tales about them. "Tell me the next mornin' you could pick up eyeballs like shelled grapes all over the Bloody Knuckle." There are many excellent scenes: the company dance, the death of Dan from silicosis, the flamboyant home of Liz, who asks "What is hit like to be as good as anybudy else?" (She is married to a rich Indian who, thanks to her, has not been robbed and who belongs to the Hoods! Like Zeck, Liz comes round to the "CIO-ers.") The courage of the lead workers who stick to the union against tremendous odds of illness, hunger, and terror runs like a red thread through the book, and from Picher the impersonal National Labor Board appears as an avenging angel over the mounds of chat.

One New York reviewer has suggested that Miss Davidson overdramatizes. Perhaps. But Picher, Oklahoma, is not New York City, and the "children of lead" live in a world so brutal that reality itself is melodrama.

MARGARET MARSHALL

Our Good Neighbors

AMERICAS TO THE SOUTH. By John T. Whitaker. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

TO AN increasing extent our opinions are being molded by journalists rather than historians. Shrewd, sophisticated assayers of men and events return from a year of hectic travel to present America with the insides of a continent. Often their acquaintance with archives is passing, their understanding of the economic currents that shape nations superficial, and their views concerning the cultural patterns of these distant continents such as may be gleaned from hurried interviews and secondary sources. The compensatory advantages are that these journalists are able to make quick syntheses and to extract the urgent from the merely interesting. The standard of American foreign reporting is extraordinarily high, and such men as Gunther and Whitaker have helped fortify our democratic processes by their compact, intelligent presentation of the raw material for popular decisions on foreign policy.

After Munich John Whitaker went to Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Peru, and Mexico to test his assumption that the totalitarian powers were prepared to conquer a substantial portion of the Latin American world. His findings are presented in this argumentative, informative, and exceedingly readable book. Whitaker has superb skill as an interviewer. He was able to extract the underlying philosophy of Chile's Aguirre Cerda and Cárdenas's views on Mexico's stand in a European war in the course of a few hours' conversation. His pen portraits—for example, that of the Mexican crown prince, General Avila Camacho—are incisive and certain. The analysis of the economic scene in these six countries is, generally speaking, accurate and realistic. Although the author evidently spent most of his time with statesmen and foreign business groups, his sympathies are with the under-dog. There is a strong plea for cooperation with progressive Chile, and a well-rounded picture of Mexico's contemporary social revolution. Each chapter presents a clear analysis of many of the forces that are molding the continent. For the intelligent lay reader who has no patience with the picturesque I can think of no better book on the contemporary problems of Latin America. Even when one disagrees with Whitaker, one is impressed by his acumen and fairness.

Now for unfavorable criticisms. The work is marred by a few mistakes of spelling and fact. For instance, Whitaker tells us that Mexico "had always been a heavy exporter of cereals," but was obliged to make big imports as a result of the agricultural crisis under Cárdenas, and that consequently "wage increases have been more than wiped out." As a matter of fact, Mexico has been a net importer of grains almost continuously for the past forty years. Retail food prices were held constant during the year just preceding the completion of Whitaker's manuscript. There is no conclusive statistical



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evidence concerning real wages in Mexico, but the meager indexes available indicate that labor has made gains.

Whitaker makes sound criticisms of the Hull brotherly-love fiesta and the effort to fight Aski marks with the David's slingshot of reciprocal trade pacts. He offers a program to aid Chile with short-term credits and to threaten the Argentine government with discriminatory duties. He believes that bad neighbors, such as Bolivia, will not be weaned from fascism with the milk of human kindness.

Apparently Whitaker assumes that the expropriation of American corporate holdings is by and large an evil process. Consequently, his analysis of the effects of economic imperialism and the roots of Latin America's contemporary epidemic of nationalistic reprisals is weak, nor can one agree with his essentially trade-balance view of the battle against fascism. I feel that Mrs. Carr is more realistic when she suggests in her "South American Primer" that the real task of Washington is to aid those Latin American forces which are striving for democratic and progressive government.

Whitaker overemphasizes the military aspect of fascist penetration. Few informed observers would agree that Brazil faces "a more-than-likely attack from Germany." The author proposes that we form "a non-partisan board of national strategy" to deliberate in utmost secrecy about the plight of our southern neighbors. He feels that if such a board had been formed, Washington might have been spared its Mexican headache. "The Standard Oil Company, the C. I. O., and the Roosevelt Administration," he observes, "were all working at cross purposes. . . . The three should have come to an agreement." Thus the Achilles heel of the Whitaker program is that of the Good Neighbor policy—the assumption that class conflicts, regional struggles, and the variety of alignments that cut across national frontiers can be politely exorcised in the interest of the abstractions of continental power politics.

NATHANIEL WEYL

Cottonville and the Race Problem

AFTER FREEDOM, A CULTURAL STUDY IN THE DEEP SOUTH. By Hortense Powdermaker. The Viking Press. $3.

IN SCIENCE as in the arts the pressing nature of the race problem has stimulated a constantly increasing number of realistic analyses of the interracial situation as it bears on the lives of American Negroes and whites. "Cottonville," the locale of the most recent study of this kind, is situated in Mississippi. It is a small town, its population of about 3,000 being divided almost equally between the two racial groups. It is the county seat and as such is the center of an area marked by a cotton-growing economy reared on the share-cropping system, with some 30 per cent of the inhabitants white. Sleepily Cottonville lives its life, the folk of both races adapting themselves as best they can to the handicaps imposed by the ever-present factor of group relationships based on inequality in power, privilege, and social position.

Miss Powdermaker, an anthropologist, conceived her study "as an experiment" in applying "to a segment of contemporary American society the training and methods of a cultural anthropologist and whatever perspective had been gained through field work in civilizations other than our own." Whether the methods of studying foreign cultures can be transferred *in toto* to the analysis of our own society is a point that need not be discussed here; in this particular case the culture of Cottonville is made available to us in a suggestive manner.

We are first shown the modes of life and the attitudes of the dominant whites, and especially how their point of view, operating through their preferred legal, economic, and social position, checks and irritates the underlying Negro population. We see how violence follows on repression, shootings and other forms of physical encounter occurring among the Negroes themselves, while the constant threat of lynching acts as a deterrent on any direct Negro protest. In the county at large the relationship between the poor whites and the Negroes also appears as a highly significant element in the total picture, especially where economic rivalry is exploited as it manifests itself in mutual distrust on the part of those who have most to gain by joining forces against a common foe.

The details of Negro life in towns and on the plantations are next set forth; they give background for the consideration of certain special sociological and psychological problems. These have to do with the nature of the Negro family in Cottonville, the forces that make for its formation and its relative ease of disintegration, and the place of children in it; the forms of Negro religion and the manner in which the more hysterical forms of Negro worship are matched by the practices of certain white sects; and the place of education in Negro life and aspirations. A frank statement of Negro attitudes toward whites and a description of the processes of change which loom so important—and so unrealized—in determining the future of Negros and whites alike, conclude the book. The discussion throughout is documented with case materials and is noteworthy for the way in which women's reactions are taken into account.

As an anthropological work, the book is to be classed as a "functionalist" study, which is to say that the author's major interest is to understand the interrelation of the various aspects of the culture considered rather than their historical development. It is in the awkwardness with which Miss Powdermaker handles such historical discussion as she includes, therefore, that we find the essential weakness of her book. Does Negro history really go no farther back than "before freedom"—to slavery times? It is undoubtedly true, as Miss Powdermaker states, that "the Negro did not come here culturally naked," and that "a large part of his aboriginal culture was of necessity lost." But certainly this did not occur to an extent which justifies our interpreting all Negro life as though pre-slavery experience had never existed. Negro children are regularly punished in Africa by beating—but reading the explanation of a like custom among Cottonville Negroes solely in terms of the punishment given slaves, one would never suspect it. The possession scenes described as taking place in Negro—and white—churches might have occurred during pagan rites anywhere in West Africa today or in the West Indies. The importance of the mother in the lower-class Negro families of Cottonville was undoubtedly encouraged by the historical circumstance of slave life, but what was reinforced was a typical West African attitude

deriving from the importance of a mother as against a father in the aboriginal polygynous households.

Such matters are by no means only of academic interest. For the idea that Negroes have no history that antedates slavery and the failure to probe carry-overs of an earlier tradition not only throw explanations of present-day Negro behavior askew but help to perpetuate one of the two or three myths that act as major imponderables in warping thought and attitudes of Negroes and whites alike when they approach the interracial problem. It is to be hoped that Miss Powdermaker will go on with the work she has commenced in this book; but it is also to be hoped that her future studies will take into account the requisite historical background and thus give depth and greater meaning to the present-day modes of life and points of view of the folk treated in this volume.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Guides to Political Thought

POLITICAL THOUGHT. THE EUROPEAN TRADITION. By J. P. Mayer. The Viking Press. $4.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL DOCTRINES OF CONTEMPORARY EUROPE. By M. Oakeshott. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THE NEW DEMOCRACY AND THE NEW DESPOTISM. By Charles E. Merriam. Whittlesey House. $3.

POLITICAL thought was comparatively at rest, as far as the general public was concerned, for the half-century between 1870 and 1920. Then it seemed that the political theory of liberal democracy was firmly intrenched. In the twenties and even more in the thirties of our century a lively and widespread interest in political theory has made itself felt and has become a symptom of the general unrest characteristic of our time. The new interest produces a growing crop of books, of which each of the three under review fulfils a definite need. Mr. Oakeshott's volume attempts to give to the reader, in the original or in English translations, the most significant texts on five political theories which he thinks compete today in the world—that of representative democracy, of Roman Catholicism, of Marxian communism, of fascism, and of National Socialism. The book can serve well as a textbook. In the nature of the case it was most difficult to find appropriate expressions for the presentation of liberal democracy, for liberal democracy has no authoritative spokesmen, such as Roman Catholicism or the modern totalitarian creeds possess. The texts for democracy are entirely confined to nineteenth-century thinkers. Even so it is to be regretted that Thomas Jefferson is represented not at all and Abraham Lincoln only inadequately, and that the text of the Bill of Rights and of the Declaration of the Rights of the Man and the Citizen are not included. The most satisfactory sections are those on Catholicism and communism. There is no direct translation from Hitler's "Mein Kampf," but there are some highly intelligent notes summarizing his doctrines and furnishing a very valuable guide to a deeper understanding of "Mein Kampf." It is to be regretted that National Socialism and fascism are not illustrated by more excerpts from theoretical writings, which would have given a much clearer understanding of the issues involved than is obtained from



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the translations of some of the legislation of the new regimes.

Mr. Mayer and his associates undertook an equally valuable and useful task. Their preoccupation is historical: they wish to map the road which the political thought of Europe has traveled down to our time. After all, as Professor Tawney reminds us in his Introduction, Europe is a mature civilization not to be struck stupid with terror because some frantic dervish offers conversion or the sword. There are, in this Introduction, some sentences which need quoting because they say what cannot be said often enough concerning the fundamental difference between the democratic and the fascist regimes.

> It is true that, whatever its ostensible creed, no society lives up to it. It is one thing, however, to accept a system of ideas which gives these values a high place, while failing to act with consistency upon it. It is quite another to affirm that they are poison, not food, and to fall prostrate before a counter-system which makes an idol of their opposites. Man is condemned to live in twilight; but darkness is darkness, and light is light. What matters is the direction in which his face is set. When slavery is a powerful vested interest, established in a society which pays lip-service to freedom, it is shocking but not fatal. When it is declared to be not merely a regrettable necessity but a loftier form of civilization, the springs of political morality are poisoned at the source. In the collective affairs of mankind bad doctrines are always and everywhere more deadly than bad actions. The latter are the sins of the wicked, the former of the good. The latter destroy life; the former make it not worth while to live. . . . The continued spectacle of atrocious actions, and the incessant preaching of atrocious doctrines, insensibly weakens the repugnance felt for both, even in minds which still recently regarded them with horror.

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The book itself is divided into two parts. The first gives the history of political thought in Europe from Greece to the seventeenth century. The second, in chapters by different contributors, discusses separately the political thought in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, America, and Russia down to the present day. The different chapters are of course of unequal value, but all of them will help to a deeper understanding of the European tradition, which the editor sums up as the ethos of reason.

> Our task is to hand it down to the generations to come, even if we should have to defend it on the field of battle. Apart from this spirit the idea and the fact of Europeanism lose their significance: we destroy the ground on which we have built and hope to build. Without reason the European would sink into barbarism.

A wide circulation of this book among thoughtful readers will help to establish a truer perspective of the values which we are called upon to defend if Western civilization is to survive.

More practical and more directly turned toward present needs is the book by Professor Merriam, in which he vigorously confirms his faith in a rational democracy. He emphasizes the conscious control over the development of our social life as against mere laissez faire, and believes that democratic social planning wisely conceived would be directed toward the release of human capacities for creative purposes. He turns against the new glorification of force and violence as a contributing factor to modern advancement, but he adds, significantly and in my opinion necessarily, that if force and war are the arguments used by the opponents, they can be and will be effectively answered in their own terms by democracy. And, in my opinion again correctly, he repudiates any overemphasis on economic factors.

> Our problems involve forms of behavior, value systems, ideas, and institutions beyond the bounds of economics in any ordinary use of that term. Our age is an industrial age, but our problems transcend industry.

This restatement of liberal democracy in the terms of present-day life is a book for the student and the general reader alike, combining the advantage of mature scholarship with the clarity of diction of the teacher.

From three different points of view, by three different methods, the three books approach the same subject, trying to be a guide through the maze of the confused political thought of today. But the ultimate decisions will not come by imitative competition, by economic improvement, or even by reasoning alone, for as Mr. Oakeshott rightly observes, democracy cannot look to modern authoritarianism for any relevant and constructive criticism. The total of their relevant criticisms is absurdly small.

> Indeed, modern skepticism as to the efficacy of thought is unambiguously reflected in most of these doctrines. They do not trouble to hide their tendency to descend from reasoned statements to mere assertions and from thought to febrile activity as a substitute for thought.

They can be met only by unflinching firmness and conviction, based upon the rational principles of Western thought. No concessions, no compromise, no ambiguity can help. The books by Mr. Mayer and by Professor Merriam are noteworthy because both radiate that firmness which is so much needed today.

HANS KOHN

FILMS

CLIFFORD ODETS'S stage play "Golden Boy" has been turned into an interesting prize-fight picture (Columbia). I remember the play as a minor work in which a little spark of an idea and a central character of a special hysterical type were smothered by a routine plot and kept alive for a theatrical evening by tricks of dialogue, poetic moods, and melodramatic short cuts. I left the theater with the rather unpleasant feeling that a talent for recording bits of life and laudable though still immature ambitions had been wasted in the dramatization of a slick-paper magazine story. There were moments of higher reality and truth, in which the special conditions of a milieu and its people became typical of the common fate, but as a whole the drama remained limited to effects.

Of course, one could not expect the movie industry to develop and heighten the real values of the play. Hollywood took the story of the youth who deserts his violin for a pair of boxing gloves and is torn between the two for the remainder of the play, assisted by a dame from Newark who "does not like the ceiling." First, in the service of another man, she persuades him to become a champion, but afterward, when he has knocked out Chocolate Drop forever, she saves him from commiting suicide and tells him that his business is to play the violin. In the picture the love story follows more conventional lines than in the play. And in the end the lovers do not die in a symbolic automobile accident. Instead, the girl brings the boy home to his father's idyllic grocery store—to onions and pretzels, chess and music. And this happy ending, be it said, fits the story better than the tragic curtain of the play.

It would be unjust to criticize the picture "Golden Boy" on the basis of the play's abortive ambitions. Nevertheless, these ambitions, thinned out though they were in Hollywood, add enough to the movie version to make it more than the usual prize-fight opera. Remarkably enough, the better spirit of the play is contained in a sequence which has no model in the original. The scenes of the fight in Madison Square Garden are easily the best of their kind ever done by a camera —exciting, precise, packed with social criticism. The work of the director (Rouben Mamoulian) is spirited and makes use of the means of movie art, whereas in most cases the scenes of a stage play are merely photographed. The newcomer, William Holden, as the golden boy suffers under the complexity of his part, but has some convincing moments in the second half of the picture. Barbara Stanwyck, working in understatements, reveals without talking about it the whole life of a girl tossed from pillar to post. She and Adolph Menjou, who plays the hard-boiled boxing manager with a longing for a home and kids, are, among the whole cast, most true to life. Especially for those who saw or read the stage play the picture will be interesting, partly for its added scenes, partly as a good example of the timid approach and inadequate methods which still prevail in the attempts to translate stage literature into cinema.

"Lady of the Tropics" (Paramount) is a delightful picture

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if you know how to take it. See it, if you must, with the idea that the author, Ben Hecht, has written a satire on Hollywood. I skip the story so as not to give away its surprisingly conventional turns. You may also look at Hedy Lamarr *en face*—a little turn, a profile, and the mysterious beauty is gone, as it is when she opens her mouth. (How wisely she was used in her first American picture, "Algiers"!) Here she plays the part of a half-breed, wild and sinful and noble, with a yearning for Paris. Opposite her you will find Robert Taylor somewhat comic as a tragic American husband who loves and loves. His subtle savagery when he finds out that he has been betrayed may be a little slapstick, but this will not kill your laughter. One performance does not fit into the whole. It is Joseph Schildkraut's portrayal of the half-breed Delaroch—a fine characterization by an excellent actor.

"Our Leading Citizen" (Paramount) is not merely a stupid picture but a piece of anti-union propaganda of the most unscrupulous and hypocritical kind. At the beginning you wonder why in a Hollywood picture a manufacturer who cuts the wages of his workers is drawn in so unsympathetic a fashion. But soon the cat is out of the bag. The workers strike, and an out-of-town organizer arrives. He is, in talk and gesture, the devil himself, and he is interested only in stirring up unrest and violence. When the manufacturer restores the wage cut, the organizer, nevertheless, wants to prolong the strike. He even joins hands with the leader of the professional strike-breakers the manufacturer had imported. The whole social conflict is pictured without reference to reality: the workers have no idea what to do and are mere pawns in the hands of false leaders; the innocent girl who has incited the strike in good faith learns the lesson which the producer wants to put over—keep to the middle of the road, mistrust agitators. "Our Leading Citizen" is an anti-labor picture in disguise and should be boycotted.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

VICTOR, whose practice has been to make a special release of a large number of imported recordings once or twice a year, begins this month to issue a few of these recordings at a time in what it calls a connoisseur's corner of its regular monthly list. This increases the number of recordings issued each month, but I find that preferable to the annual or semi-annual avalanche. And as it happens, two of the outstanding sets of this month are in the special, additional group.

The year 1828, that incredible last year of Schubert's life—the year of the C major Symphony, the String Quintet Opus 163—was the year also of the last group of piano sonatas, the posthumously published Sonatas in C minor, A major, and B-flat major. And the incandescent musical powers, the matured feeling, the spiritual sublimity that are experienced in the symphony and quintet are to be found also in the sonatas. The C minor was recorded recently for Gamut in a powerful but somewhat feverish performance by Webster Aitken; the sublimity of the B-flat is negated by the nervous and mannered performance of Ernst Victor Wolff on Columbia; but this work has been recorded abroad by Schnabel, whose performance of it last winter was one of those feats of revelation that only he among pianists seems able to accomplish; and his performance of the A major, now offered by Victor (4½ records, $9), is an achievement of the same order. (The people for whom a detail like his bunching together the groups of three sixteenth notes into a broken chord, at the end of the scherzo, will count for more than all the wonders of his phrasing and structural delineation throughout the work, are people for whom the flaw in the Oriental rug must count for more than the riches of color and design.)

In connection with this set Victor has made another welcome departure from past practice: swallowing its pride it has reprinted the H. M. V. notes on the sonata. They are welcome because of their evident competence and understanding of what they deal with; but they were written by a man who does not seem to have considered that the set would be bought by a number of people equipped with the musical sensitiveness to appreciate the work, but not with the technical knowledge to understand some of his observations about key relations and structure, nor with the ability to read the printed score of the sonata and discover there the passages he discusses—a man, then, who did not think of making any adjustment to these readers, such as to tell them exactly where on a record they could hear the passage he was referring to. This is something which Victor might have done when it reprinted the notes, but which it did not do.

In contrast with the Schubert sonata is the rarely heard Symphony No. 86 of Haydn (three records, $5)—not without moments of exquisite tenderness and deep seriousness, but characteristic rather in its high spirits and playfulness, and wholly delightful. The lighter movements are done to perfection by Bruno Walter with the London Symphony; in the slow movement I am aware of a slackness in the performance where others may hear dulness in the music. If the test of a performer is his slow tempos, that is because in fast music the sounds are brought into relation to one another inevitably by the mere rapidity of their succession, whereas in slow they must be brought into this relation by proper values of time and force which must be estimated and executed with precision and control. It is these values, achieved with this controlled precision, that create the life that is in a slow movement played by Toscanini or Schnabel—even in one like the second movement of Mozart's Concerto K. 595, which one may feel Schnabel is taking too slowly. And it is the lack of these precisely achieved values that makes the slow movement of Haydn's No. 86 sound dull.

The third set of the connoisseur group offers the unfamiliar Violin Sonata of Guillaume Lekeu, who died in 1894 at the age of twenty-four, and who may have promised much to his French contemporaries but turns out to say nothing of significance today. The work is played by the Menuhins (four records, $8), of whom Hephzibah continues to be the more impressive artist. On the other hand, among the regular releases is another of the powerful and individual works of Ernest Bloch—the Viola Suite, superbly recorded by William Primrose and Fritz Kitzinger (four records, $8). The rest next time.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

That Nazi-Soviet Pact

Dear Sirs: Loud cries of anger and dismay have risen from the liberal ranks as a result of the Soviet-Nazi non-aggression pact. The democracies shout "Communist trickery" and "double-crossing" while they boil with self-righteous wrath at their betrayal at the hands of the Bolsheviks. Double-crossing in a game whose only rule is opportunism? Trickery in a struggle between cynical gamblers whose only objective is to win? Before signing the non-aggression pact Russia was threatened by the anti-Comintern pact and merely tolerated by the democratic group because of its power to restrain Germany and maintain the status quo so dear to affluent democratic hearts. Russia can now bargain with England and France. It is no longer forced to side with them because of a common enemy.

Have not the Communists predicted that the imperialistic powers would eventually be forced by their predatory economies to engage in a titanic struggle for markets in which they would destroy themselves? Would not this, to the Communist, inevitable process be accelerated by encouraging Germany to throw itself against England and France? And how better do this than by tempting promises of neutrality and economic assistance to Germany? Of course if either the Germans or Russians saw an opportunity to further their ends by breaking the treaty they would not hesitate a moment to do so.

The cries of moral indignation sound pathetically childlike. There has merely been another shrewd move by two of the several claimants to European or world hegemony. This is a game "for keeps" in which sensitive idealists had better be prepared for severe shocks.

A. MILLER

New York, August 28

Dear Sirs: Your statement that the Hitler-Stalin pact will cause bitter disillusionment among the left forces here and abroad is somewhat inaccurate because it completely identifies left forces with the Communists and their fellow-travelers. A great many of us on the left were long since thoroughly disillusioned with Stalin and the Communists; and to us the pact between the two totalitarianisms is not disillusioning, but rather confirms our distrust of communism under Stalin.

We have seen for many years that the Communists and the various associations, leagues, and committees in which they participated faithfully changed as Russia changed—from advocating dictatorship to rendering lip-service to democracy, from denunciation of all capitalist imperialism to advocating collective security, and now back again to Russian isolation which is as non-neutral in its aid to Hitler as our own so-called neutrality legislation.

The obvious drift of Stalin's policy from working-class internationalism to Russian nationalism and now to actual economic alliance with Hitler, and the way in which Stalin forced acceptance of his changes of policy on all those whom he could reach combined to disillusion long ago a great part of the "left forces."

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

Boston, Mass., August 31

The Pacifist Position

Dear Sirs: To the editors of *The Nation* and numerous other journals of opinion the present international scene is variously described as "democracy versus totalitarianism" or, as it affects America, "collective security versus isolationism." May I suggest that the basic issue to many of us is militarism versus pacifism. Freda Kirchwey says in your September 2 issue that "war would be preferable to another deal with Hitler, and war would be preferable to the continued struggle of nerves and diplomacy that has exhausted the peoples for the past months." I am amazed at the ease with which Miss Kirchwey urges mass murder and destruction.

War is sin! War is hell! War is organized atrocity! War *is* totalitarianism! War is reactionary! War is anti-labor! And that is what you prescribe to cure a case of "nerves."

The word aggression which throws you into such a militant mood is part of the vocabulary of militarism, which some analysts prefer to call imperialism. Armed conquest of new territory is as old as Europe itself.

The time has now come for all genuine progressives to make a clean break with the war system. I care not whether it is the dynamic imperialism of Germany, the mysterious militarism of Russia, or the static imperialism of Great Britain. I call upon the people of the world to renounce their false faith in armed might and take up non-violent resistance against red, brown, black, and British militarists.

Pacifism, properly understood, is not passivism. It is a way of a life, a process dealing with the problems of justice and readjustment. Since war under the guise of aggression, imperialism, anti-aggression, defense, and other holier labels has given us this kind of world, why not break this vicious circle of fighting evil with evil?

As long as magazines like *The Nation* simply select particular wars to support, balancing one set of status quo aggressors against a hungry group like the Nazis, the world will continue to have the jitters. Unless we oppose all wars, international and civil, injustice will mount and civilization will perish.

Both of us, I believe, have essentially the same objectives—justice, a healthy people, a robust culture, and genuine security. These things cannot be achieved by the methods of Hitler, Mussolini, Chamberlain, Daladier, Stalin, or any other national leader using streamlined murder.

DONOVAN E. SMUCKER,
Youth Secretary, the Fellowship of Reconciliation

New York, September 6

Who Got the Licking?

Dear Sirs: When I first read the title of Kenneth G. Crawford's article in the August 19 *Nation,* for some reason I accented the second word of "So *Roosevelt* Got a Licking." And it occurred to me that a fine article could be written bearing the same title but describing instead the licking the people of the United States took in the last session of Congress. Especially the "One-Third Ill Fed" so ably presented by Leslie Epstein in the same issue.

So Roosevelt got a licking? How about the million or so that will be dropped from the relief rolls? How about the thousands of families that will *not* be saved from the anti-social

diseases of slum areas that were slated to be cleared up by the FHA and the United States Housing Authority? How about the WPA workers deprived of their last bit of self-respect and forced to accept charity; not to mention the actors, writers, and musicians who have found their most appreciative audiences in those who cannot afford to support them?

Personally I cannot comprehend how any intelligent, educated member of the "economy bloc" in Congress can stand before his mirror in the morning and not drop his eyes in shame. Not one of them, if compelled to visit the home of a family on relief, would be anything but appalled at the condition in which the family must live. Very few of them would fail to dig into their own pockets to help the unfortunate members. And yet they calmly vote, before the eyes of the whole world, to take away from that selfsame family the woefully insufficient pittance, the absolutely necessary minimum, for hope and even life itself.

What possible excuse is there for that pitiful word "economy" in the face of such need? Do we as individuals want to economize at the sacrifice of human life and values? I cast my vote for more and ever more relief so long as relief is needed by one person. If we are headed for bankruptcy—and I believe that is nonsense—let us all go bankrupt together. HAROLD J. FREEMAN

Philadelphia, September 6

The Case of Pete Panto

Dear Sirs: Almost two months ago a young Italian-American, Peter Panto, disappeared. For two weeks only the most routine search was made for him. But more recently William B. Herlands, Commissioner of Investigation, assigned one of his ace investigators and legal aides, J. Roland Sala, to the case. Mr. Sala has promised startling relevations.

Pete Panto was a dock worker. He came home from his work on the Moore-McCormick piers on Friday, July 14, told some friends he was going to meet "two guys I don't trust," and has not been seen since.

Pete Panto was a man with a sense of justice who was fighting to wipe out the rackets on the Brooklyn docks which bled his compatriots white of their hard-earned wages. Pete was also anti-Fascist—he'd been back to Italy since the advent of Mussolini. Two thousand dock workers believed in Pete and his ability to help them free themselves. Obviously Pete was dangerous to certain groups.

These dock rackets are not a new story. They have been the talk of the waterfront for a good many years. When Thomas E. Dewey was appointed special prosecutor by Governor Lehman, he intimated he would do something about it. He scratched the surface and turned away. Was it too much for the racket buster?

Yet these rackets must be endured by men who earn an average wage of $15 to $20 a week and are terrorized into patronizing specific groceries, barber shops, saloons, and even houses of prostitution if they wish to retain their meager living. Father Swanstrom, in his book "The Waterfront Labor Problem," gives dozens of case histories of dock workers forced to apply for charity in order to live. A United States Department of Labor Report states: "At the present time a very conservative estimate would probably place more than 50 per cent of all longshoremen on the relief roles."

Pete Panto was impatient with those who said nothing could be done about it. He knew that this was a country where a man had a right to be free to spend his wages as he wished. He wanted to arouse his fellow-workers to assert their democratic rights. He was succeeding when he disappeared.

I hope your readers will write to John Harlen Amen, at Borough Hall, Brooklyn, urging him to investigate Pete's disappearance and these rackets.

MURIEL DRAPER, Chairman
Waterfront Committee for
Democratic Action

New York, September 5

Dear Sirs: I am the fiancee of Pete Panto, longshoreman, who on July 14 left his home and never came back. He never did that before, and I am sure he did not do it then of his own free will. Something horrible must have happened to him. That is why I write to you. I want you to help me find him. His father, who is old and ailing, and I appeal to you to use your influence with the Mayor and police to help find our Pete.

Perhaps you have read about Pete in the papers. Walter Winchell—my heart goes dead when I think of it—says maybe he's at the bottom of the East River. Whoever took him away did it because he was a good man. He tried to help the longshoremen, to save them from the gangsters and racketeers on the waterfront, to break the kickback system, and to make the union a better union for the men. The longshoremen liked Pete. The last time he called a meeting hundreds came. They wanted to go his way because they knew his way was right and he was for them. That was why he was taken away.

We were to be married this October coming. I am a poor girl. I don't know how to go about doing the things that will find Pete. I am hoping you can do something, write to the Mayor or to the police asking for a thorough investigation into the disappearance of our Pete. I am hoping that you will appeal to your readers to do the same. Please, I beg you to do everything you can.

ALICE MAFFIA

Brooklyn, N. Y., September 8

CONTRIBUTORS

JONATHAN GRIFFIN, author of "Lost Liberty?" is now traveling in the Balkan countries.

GEORGE LAMBERT is the Texas organizer of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

WALDO FRANK has recently returned from an extensive tour of Mexico. His most recent book is a novel, "The Bridegroom Cometh."

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RUSTEM VAMBERY was professor of sociology and criminology in the University of Budapest. He is now living in the United States.

NATHANIEL WEYL has made a close study of conditions in Latin America and will shortly publish a book on Mexico.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS, professor of anthropology at Northwestern University, is the author of "Accultration: The Study of Culture Contact."

HANS KOHN, professor of modern European history at Smith College, has recently published a book on "Revolution and Dictatorships."

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The Shape of Things

✶

THERE HAD BEEN NO FIGHTING OF ANY importance along the western front for two days as we went to press, although a violent artillery duel had provided sensation-hungry newspapers with an excuse for using their big type. The German U-boat campaign had registered its most startling victory by sinking the British aircraft carrier Courageous, with a reported loss of 500 lives, and there was little consolation in the recollection that twenty-five years ago, on September 22, 1914, German submarines sank three British cruisers within a few minutes of each other. On the eastern front the end was in sight. The Polish government had fled. Only an ever-shrinking ring between Kutno and Warsaw still held out against the Nazi invaders. It seemed that the next great battle of the Second World War would be fought not in the field but on the propaganda front. It was momentarily expected that Hitler would publish a "peace offer" designed to make it appear that Britain and France, if they rejected it, would be guilty of senselessly prolonging the war. If the offer should be accepted, which seemed unlikely, "peace" would leave Poland partitioned and Hitler strengthened for new forays and alarums, perhaps in further cooperation with Russia. Moscow reiterated its neutrality toward the rest of Europe while its troops occupied the Polish Ukraine and White Russia. London and Paris were inclined to take the Soviet Union's word at its face value. The volatile stock market seemed to think that the Führer would be successful in obtaining peace, and war stocks were falling. Italy was still on the fence, ready to fall into the arms of the higher bidder. The Rome correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* reported that if Congress maintained the embargo on arms shipments, Italy would be strongly tempted "to take the chance of a possibility of reversal of the European balance with the entire Anglo-French empires as the reward."

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HITLER WILL BE ADDRESSING CONGRESS AS well as Europe if he makes his expected peace bid, and the historic session which opens the day this issue of *The Nation* appears is likely to become a propagandist duel between the President and the Führer. Mr. Roose-

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velt, for all his lapses and his present flirtation with big business, remains democracy's world spokesman, towering above both the Munichеers still in power in Western Europe and the Moscow Machiavelli who suddenly found peace as divisible as the Polish plains and marshes. On the eve of the session one can safely say that neither side in the coming Congressional debate desires to see a Nazi victory, though the Bundist fringe is naturally for maintenance of the arms embargo, and the Communist Party—at the pull of Stalin's string—is somersaulting into isolationism. Germany's best strategy would be to let the minority opposed to revision of the Neutrality Act fight out the issue on the basis of American interests, just as it was the Republican Party's best strategy to let opposing factions within the Democratic Party fight out the court issue. The best the Nazis can hope for is delay in lifting the arms embargo. But a cautious waiting game does not fit in with Nazi "dynamism," and the official news service, Dienst aus Deutschland, is already threatening reprisals against the United States if the arms ban is repealed. Threats will strengthen Mr. Roosevelt's hands, and he is still master of the situation. Lindbergh's plea for isolation was compromised by his failure to disavow any sympathy with the Nazi regime, his implication that Hitlerism is no menace to civilization, and the Nazi medal given him last year by Göring. Landon and Knox at their White House conference with the President seemed unlikely to offer strong opposition to Mr. Roosevelt. Senator Borah's much too hasty assumption that "come and get it" sales of arms would necessitate our entry into the war has likewise helped the President. It seems to us that lifting the embargo will help keep Italy off the axis, give Moscow pause, and isolate Germany. That would tend to shorten the war, and the shorter the war the less likely our participation.

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THE ARMISTICE IN THE SOVIET-JAPANESE "vest pocket" war along the Mongolian-Manchurian frontier has upset all calculations in the Far East once again. It was obviously signed in order to free the Soviet troops for action in Poland, but in the absence of information either on the terms of the agreement or the outcome of the fighting which preceded it, the exact significance of the pact is difficult to establish. If it was preceded, as previous Moscow reports indicated, by an overwhelming Soviet military victory and occupation of the disputed territory by Mongolian troops, the pact may be interpreted as part of the Abe government's program for minimizing friction with the foreign powers. But if the Japanese military claims are accurate, the armistice followed a defeat for the Soviet government. There is little evidence that the agreement represents a fundamental shift in either Soviet or Japanese foreign policy. Its terms are almost identical with those which ended the Changkufeng dispute a year ago. Soviet supplies are still pouring into China's Far West, and the Japanese are vehement in denying that the pact will be followed by a general treaty of non-aggression. Even a temporary truce is bound, however, to leave its mark on Far Eastern relationships. The Japanese have already brought pressure on the British for "new defense arrangements" at Shanghai. And after six months of inaction the Japanese army has launched a new drive against Changsha. The Chinese, meanwhile, have not been idle. Reports from Chungking indicate that China's military strength has doubled since the beginning of hostilities two years ago, and that its reserves are fully ample for all emergencies.

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WALL STREET'S ENTHUSIASM OVER THE prospect of war profits has abated somewhat, and both commodities and stocks have lost part of their recent gains. More consideration is now being given both to existing surpluses of goods and to the wide margin of potential production. The government's action in suspending the sugar quotas checked the unjustifiable gamble in that commodity and gave rise to salutary reflections on the extent of available controls. Moreover, Wall Street is, understandably, finding the European situation extremely confusing. Having committed itself to the thesis that war is the medicine for debilitated business, it is apt to be alarmed by any suggestion of peace. Hence the latest Russian moves east and west produced a reaction in prices on the theory that the Western powers might be so discouraged by these developments as to lend an ear to Hitler's "peace" suggestions. Meanwhile, industry has made a definite spurt. Orders are pouring in as a result partly of efforts to build up inventories in anticipation of higher prices and partly of genuine commitments for increased capital expenditures. The railroads, for instance, having long kept renewals at or below the safety limit, are now hastily ordering equipment so as to be able to cope with the expected increase in traffic. The most promising news of the week is that a number of leading industries, including steel, chemicals, rayon, and newsprint, are resisting the temptation to advance prices. This is a wise decision. All these industries stand to increase profits as the result of greater volume. To raise prices now might cause additional scare buying but would probably speedily cheek domestic consumption and lead to a new inventory crisis.

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THE BRITISH MINISTRY OF INFORMATION, headed by Lord MacMillan, a distinguished lawyer, with Lord Perth, former ambassador to Rome, as second in command, has spent its short life in justifiably hot water. Its task is both to supply news and to censor it, but its hastily recruited staff, apparently taking as its motto "no

news is good news," has concentrated on the latter job to the serious neglect of the former. The British public is complaining bitterly about the black-out of information, and foreign correspondents are being handicapped not only by the difficulty of getting news but by the long delays imposed by unskilled censors. Several big stories have been badly mishandled. In the case of the daring air raid on the German fleet, the first communiqué was so uncommunicative that it suggested total failure. Slowly further details were allowed to be printed, but only after eleven days did the ministry release a thrilling first-hand account by pilots engaged in the action. There seems no reason why this story should not have been given out within twenty-four hours, in which case it would have received far more attention. News that a large British force had been safely ferried over to France was published only after a bureaucratic imbroglio in the course of which the information was released, canceled, and released again. The Minister of Information has now apologized for this performance and promised better coordination between departments and less delay in the censors' office.

*

THERE HAS BEEN ONE GERMAN CASUALTY that will give satisfaction even to people who pity German war victims as well as those of other nations. Gustav Streicher, supreme Nazi master of the pogrom and publisher of the obscene anti-Semitic paper the *Stürmer,* is reported to be in "protective custody" in a sanitarium near Berlin. It is also said that he has been dismissed from all his positions and that his fortune—acquired by means of robberies less well disguised than those of his colleagues—have been confiscated. The alleged reason for Streicher's fall is a quarrel with Göring. But it would be naive to assume that this alleged reason is anything more than an occasion to get rid of a man whose brutal services are not needed just now when Jews are being restored to their jobs and are even allowed to eat at the same table with the Gentile slaves of the Nazi regime. Streicher's disappearance from the public scene may be not only a concession to the needs of war time but also part of the attempted *Gleichschaltung* of Russia and Germany. And there is still another, older reason. At the beginning of the rise of radical nationalism in Germany after the last war Streicher was the vindictive competitor of the less well-known Adolf Hitler, whom he accused of every common crime. Streicher in those days used to adorn his meeting halls with posters reading, "Jews, Dogs, and Followers of Hitler Not Allowed." The two came to agreement; Hitler needed the services of men like Streicher. Since Hitler stepped upon the world scene, he has been purging periodically those who helped him in the petty conquest of Germany. Streicher is probably only the first victim of the newest purge. There are already rumors of the arrest of Goebbels.

What Americans Want

By FREDA KIRCHWEY

WHAT a majority of the American people want is to be as unneutral as possible without getting into war. That is the simple fact, and it should be said clearly. Talk about "legal" neutrality and "real" neutrality only serves to confuse an issue that must be stripped of confusion for the sake of our country's whole future. The present Neutrality Law does not establish neutrality, and an amendment lifting the embargo on shipments of arms and munitions will not turn it into a neutrality law. The embargo must be ended not to make the United States neutral but to enable it to sell to the Western powers the goods which may save them from defeat by Germany. And a desire to save France and Great Britain is not a neutral desire; it is a partisan desire based on a profound and almost desperate belief that the survival of the democratic way of life depends upon the defeat of Hitler.

But the American people don't want to go to war. This great fascist drive is far off. It is directed against France and Great Britain and their empires. It is not our fight—yet—and we want to stay out of it. Not only do we want to save our youth from destruction; we want also to save our political institutions and our economy from the bludgeoning effects of modern conflict. If we go to war we will lay down many liberties as well as many lives; and we want to avoid that sacrifice. The United States is determined to protect its own interests in the face of a struggle for power and survival that is rapidly engulfing whole continents; we will stay out of war unless we become convinced that those interests can only be protected by going in.

On this almost everyone is agreed. No considerable opinion in any party or section of the country would today support the idea of sending an army to Europe. Only one circumstance would weaken this determination: if England and France faced defeat by Germany, the United States would almost certainly decide to go to war. This is not because we cherish any special trust in the British or French government or support the present structures of empire on which their nations rest. It is because their survival is fatally bound up with the hope of freedom on our continent as in the whole world. Even the widespread belief that we should not have fought in 1917 would fail to hold us out if the alternative seemed a sure triumph for Hitler. This seems to me evident in spite of polls and newspaper opinion and the words of statesmen to the contrary.

Isolationists argue that to ship arms to the Western powers when Germany is cut off from such supplies is to invite reprisals and increase the risk of war. To this

there are two answers. One is that already, under the present law, we are sending them every sort of war supply except guns, explosives, poison gases, and airplanes. The materials we are shipping are considered contraband by every warring nation. To add munitions to the list is to increase the danger by only an insignificant degree. When Senator Borah hurls his rhetorical gas bombs at the proposal to lift the arms embargo he is talking nonsense. If he really wanted to protect us from the perils of trading in war materials, he would demand an embargo on cotton, copper, oil, wheat, steel, machinery—as well as on arms. Neither he nor any of his fellow-diehards is demanding this. Why? Is it because farmers and business men would bitterly oppose such a change?

What does endanger the peace of the United States is the present use of American boats for shipping war supplies. The cash-and-carry provision advocated by the Administration group would eliminate the danger to our peace that lurks in every submarine patrolling the Atlantic. Whether we ship only "secondary" war supplies or arms as well, we should ship them in foreign bottoms, and American ships should stay out of the war zones. Why do the isolationists give such mild support to this proposed addition to the law? Is it because the Administration wants it?

The conflict of interests within the Western nations, their uncertainty and lack of courage, allowed aggression to gain its present terrifying momentum. A stand was made at last only as a counsel of desperation. Throughout the years of democratic retreat the United States played an equivocal and ineffective role. We vaguely cheered on the democracies while refusing to take any positive steps to support or encourage resistance to the fascist drive. Now, when the issue is resolved in war, we can no longer hold back. It is too late to save the peace; we can only use our preponderant power to influence the outcome of the struggle. Even in advance of debate it is plain that in the end American help will be offered to the anti-totalitarian states. But the debate will drag on just the same, and the real issues will be obscured by the language of camouflage employed by both sides.

It no longer matters much that Congressional wrangling encourages Hitler to believe American opinion is divided; that was important only before the war. The harm that will come as the result of delay and a partisan struggle is more concrete. Our chance of staying out of the war depends in great part on the amount of equipment we can ship to Britain and France and the speed with which we can get them there. The more guns we send and the sooner we send them, the better the chance that we shall not have to send men as well. It is this that should be made plain to Congress.

Jobs After Forty

DISHEARTENING evidence of the degree to which men and women—particularly the latter—past the age of forty are handicapped in searching for jobs is presented in a pamphlet published by the Public Affairs Committee. The pamphlet summarizes hitherto unpublished material assembled by the staff of the Department of Labor for the Committee on Employment Problems of Older Workers, and thus contains what is probably the fairest and most complete picture available of the plight of middle-aged workers. It shows that the age at which men are most likely to be employed is the early thirties. From the age of thirty-five the proportion of unemployed begins to rise, at first gradually, then, after forty-five, more steeply. The skilled worker holds his own to forty-five or more, but the unskilled worker begins to feel the handicap of age some ten years earlier. Women, also, are affected earlier. For them the decline in employability sets in at thirty instead of thirty-five, and it increases much more rapidly.

Comparatively few employers admit having a rigid "firing line," or age at which they discharge employees. But a large number of concerns—no fewer than 95 per cent of the large corporations—confess to a more or less rigid hiring age. Even in establishments which have no definite age limit, it is admitted that not many workers over fifty would be hired, and that younger men would ordinarily be given preference. Government agencies, because of civil-service regulations, are often more discriminatory than private employers. The tragedy of these age restrictions is that they catch men at the period in life when their family responsibility is the greatest. Men in their forties are more likely than not to have children in high school or college. And the children cannot quit school and go to work, because jobs are even scarcer for young people in their 'teens than for men in the forties.

This discrimination against men and women in the prime of life is only partially explicable on economic grounds. Employers have advanced four arguments in defense of discriminatory hiring ages: (1) that older workers are less productive than younger employees; (2) that they are more prone to have accidents; (3) that they add to the costs of group insurance; and (4) that they undermine private pension plans. Investigation has shown that none of these arguments is wholly valid. Age is an unreliable standard of efficiency. Some men are more efficient at sixty-five than others at thirty. A study made by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a number of New England plants found "no tendency for output and earnings to diminish materially with age except possibly above sixty." The chances of a worker being involved in an accident decreases rather than increases with age, although older workers tend to be laid

up longer than younger ones. There is no evidence that the employer's costs of compensation tend to rise with the age of his employees, and the cost of group insurance is increased by only a negligible amount. The cost of private pension plans rises only if the plans are not drawn in line with the best insurance practice.

Far too often the blame for this tragic discrimination against the middle-aged is laid on the machine. But the facts argue strongly against this contention. There are still many types of work in which the experience, dependability, and caution of middle-aged persons is a definite asset. If they are barred from these jobs, the blame rests primarily on the impersonal, rigid hiring policies of large corporations. Unfortunately, this is not the sort of thing that can be remedied by legislative action. It is the kind of problem labor should handle directly through collective bargaining. But first organized labor must be made to see that these discriminatory practices threaten all it has achieved in the past fifty years.

The Mystery of Moscow

THERE is really nothing surprising about the Red Army's invasion of Poland: the desperate condition of that unhappy land and the advance of the Germans toward the eastern frontier provided an opportunity which no opportunist could neglect. Let us pass over the rather sickening explanations that Moscow is merely performing "its sacred duty" by stretching out "a helping hand to its brother Ukrainians and brother Byelo-Russians." Such apologetics are altogether too reminiscent of the Hitler technique in Austria, the Sudetenland, and Poland itself—a technique which, except in the last instance, was nowhere denounced with more moral fervor than in Moscow. The apparent joy with which the peasants in the eastern provinces greeted the Red Army testifies to the miserable treatment of the poverty-stricken minorities by their Polish overlords, as well as to their desire for peace. But it does not prove Russia's disinterested passion for their liberation. There can be no doubt now that, as *The Nation* suggested last week, an understanding about the partition of Poland accompanied the conclusion of the Russo-German pact.

It may be, of course, that the Soviet government had expected Poland to hold out longer so that it might get its troops across the border before the Germans were uncomfortably close. But we do not expect, as some wishful thinkers in Europe appear to do, that this proximity will lead to clashes. It seems certain that there has been prearrangement of the respective zones of the two armies so that the new border will be fixed without friction. Neither Germany nor Russia can afford to quarrel at this juncture, though in time to come a common frontier may well prove a grief to both.

The chief question which now arises is whether a similar squeeze play has been worked out between Moscow and Berlin for application to Hungary and Rumania. Certainly these two countries will now become more subservient than ever to Hitler's wishes, for both must know that if they risk Nazi displeasure they are liable to be stabbed in the back by the Soviets. Hungary, owing to its seizure of Carpatho-Ukraine from the moribund Czechoslovakia, has within its borders "brothers" who might cry for deliverance, and the Bessarabian province of Rumania might easily be found in need of "protection."

While the Russian march into Poland was clearly to be expected, the rapprochement with Japan is a more startling move. Three weeks ago we understood that one reason Moscow had provided for neutrality in the west was to free its hands for action in the east. Now the wheel has turned full circle, and an armistice is arranged with Japan so that Russia may be untrammeled in Europe. It also leaves the Japanese in a position to intensify their campaign against China by shifting some of their crack divisions which have been maintained in Manchoukuo to cope with Russia. At the same time Tokyo will be able, if it so desires, to renew its pressure on Britain, a development much desired by Hitler, who has worked hard to bring Russians and Japanese together.

It remains to be seen, however, whether the armistice in Manchoukuo can be converted into a more enduring instrument. There are, perhaps, dreams in Berlin of a grand alliance of totalitarian powers which would shatter the "pluto-democracies" forever, but there is no positive evidence that this bright vision is shared by the Kremlin. For while Stalin's coups astonish the world they provide little clue to his final aims. This is the mystery of Moscow today. What does Stalin conceive Russia's role in the new war to be? Is he solely intent on keeping the conflict outside Soviet borders, or is he about to revive the imperialism of the Czars? How far is he prepared to go in assisting the aggrandizement of Nazi Germany? Does he agree with Hitler that if the world is to be made safe for dictatorship, democracy must be crushed? Or is he planning to look on while fascism and democratic capitalism encompass their mutual destruction and pave the way for a Union of Eurasian Soviet Republics?

These are questions which are being asked not only in the outside world but within Russia itself, for if Moscow correspondents are to be believed, Soviet citizens are as much bewildered by the Kremlin kaleidoscope as anyone else. From one hour to the next they do not know whom they may hate with safety. Of course, the answer may be that Stalin has no larger plan than the maintenance of his own power, and if this is so, a succession of twists and turns may be expected.

In the light of this theory it will be interesting to see

the reaction of Moscow to the Nazi "peace" offensive which, after lagging for a week, seems about to take on new vigor. The armistice in the Far East and the Russian action in Poland are both likely to be used as arguments to persuade the Allies that their situation is hopeless and further fighting futile. There are reports that large numbers of German troops will shortly be transferred from the eastern battlefields to the Italian frontier, there to serve the dual purpose of keeping Mussolini in line and threatening a flank attack on the west through the French Alps. Then it is suggested Britain and France will be asked to accept the *fait accompli* in Poland as a basis for a peace conference which will settle Italian claims against France and German claims for colonies. Were the Allies to accept such proposals Germany would have won the domination of Europe, and Britain and France, hopelessly discredited, could have no further voice in European affairs.

Is Stalin, too, working for a "peace" of this kind? Is he ready to bring still further pressure to bear on the Allies —through Turkey, for instance—in order to help Hitler gain this end? His recent actions suggest that this is his object, and to this extent the claim of the Communists that Russia is "working for peace" is justified. But there is no evidence that Britain and France are prepared to swallow their announced aim of making an end of Hitler and accept instead terms that would rivet his chains on Europe.

Russia Goes West

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, September 18 (by radio)

WHO will now be foolish enough to continue to defend the Russo-German "non-aggression" pact? On March 10 Stalin promised that he would support states fighting for their independence. He has broken that promise. On August 31 Molotov declared, "We have a non-aggression pact with Poland." Today he says there is no Poland. Hitler said that about Czechoslovakia, but Russia's attitude then was different. Even after Hitler's seizure of Bohemia and Moravia the Soviet government continued to grant diplomatic privileges to the Czech minister in Moscow, Dr. Fierlinger. These were withdrawn several days after the pact with Germany was signed. That pact is even worse than it seemed at first. Everybody suspected that it was concluded at the expense of Poland. But China will also suffer. Nothing remains of the traditional Soviet policy. Why Stalin should want Polish marshes I cannot understand. Lenin cheerfully offered them to Poland in 1921. Stalin may think that what czarist Russia lost in the first World War he will restore in the second. But the Czar also lost his head.

After Russia's unkind kick at its bleeding body, Poland naturally will be crushed. But how much is Hitler's position improved thereby? Hitler will be forced to keep a large garrison to watch the Poles; he will need a big force to guard the Russian frontier lest the Red Army moves too far west. Moreover, he may soon have reason to invade Rumania. Germany's eastern front remains.

Russia cannot play a role on the western front. Russian troops could not reach it except through Germany, and I don't suppose Hitler would let them in unless he were on his last legs. Moscow will therefore be tempted to operate in the Baltic and the Balkans. This may provoke friction between Russia and Germany.

The determination of England and France remains unchanged by Russia's military move. Bonnet was removed from the Foreign Office because his presence there was incongruous rather than dangerous. Appeasement and war don't mix. There are three obstacles to any policy other than the resolute prosecution of war: the French army, the French people, and the British government. Daladier's tentative Cabinet reorganization brought in no giants and left none out. Clemenceaus are rare, but that does not matter yet. The army commands.

I find that the Allies' conduct of the war thus far has had the touch of genius. Dilettantes expected France to attack violently on the west, but the French general staff exercised a restraint unusual to the military mind. Anglo-French strategy consists in obtaining an economic strangle-hold on Germany by means of a blockade and a cautious coming to grips with the Reichswehr on German soil. The longer decisive combat is postponed, the better prepared will be the Allies, whose rearmament started late, and the worse off Germany will be for want of vital imports. Moreover, no country manufactures as many airplanes as are lost in intensive fighting, and both sides have therefore been anxious to save their machines for the time when the battle waxes hot. Whichever nation starts bombing enemy cities will invite destruction of its own. The German air force has not attempted to interfere with French and British mobilization or the meticulously planned transport of the first large British contingents to France. These essential operations might have been hampered if Allied aircraft had dropped more

than "confetti" and thus diverted Nazi machines from Poland. The Poles of course suffered, but Gamelin and Gort have discounted Polish resistance from the beginning, and in a letter Chamberlain sent Hitler on August 21 he warned the Führer that Poland's defeat would not shorten the war.

The French and British have got off to a flying start in organization. The ocean-convoy system introduced in the summer of 1917 is already functioning; conscription came in the summer of 1916, but it antedated present hostilities; the Allied Supreme War Council was set up in 1917 after endless friction and waste, but the council's first meeting in this war was held last week. The British military contribution on the Continent will be larger than in 1914. The French rejoice in not having war on their territory.

Nations and armies fight on their stomachs as of yore, but in addition modern motorized warfare lives on factories, and factories have gigantic maws which demand endless quantities of raw materials. This war is above all an economic struggle. The British announcement that the war will probably last three years was an inspiration; it frightened the Nazis, still dreaming of a one-front lightning war in Poland. The blockade is irritating them after only a fortnight. The German merchant marine has been swept off the seas, and while submarines can sink ships, they cannot carry freight. The Allied navies are also stopping the neutrals from provisioning Germany. Germany has little money. Russia and Yugoslavia have announced they will deliver only for cash. Italy is sending heavy supply trains directly and through Switzerland. Germany has been paying Italy with Saar coal, but the French advance is interfering with Saar coal mining. Italy is too impoverished to grant credits.

In 1938, according to official Reich statistics, the average meat consumption per person per week was 1,970 grams. The compulsory rationing system instituted on August 28 lowered this to 700 grams, and before a fortnight of war had elapsed, it was officially reduced to 500 grams, including bones. The food ration in general is 30 per cent under the peace-time norm, which was low enough. Industrial plants are on a similar starvation diet of raw materials. The blockade now complements the ravages of Hitler economics. The British dictatorship on the sea has struck a serious blow at Hitler's dictatorship of Germany.

Poland cannot supply the deficit of commodities. Churned up by cruel invasion, seething with national resentment and guerrilla warfare, this poor country, whose living standards were always miserable, is less likely than ever to furnish large surpluses. If Polish industries could not supply the Polish army with adequate equipment, they cannot be much of an asset even under more expert German management, with sullen Polish labor. Germany therefore will hardly be able to resist the temptation or avoid the necessity of occupying Rumania. That would put Hungary in peril. Hungary has not yet announced its neutrality. Csaky says it is unnecessary. He may look forward to taking a bite of Rumania. He should beware of the fate of Beck, who took a bite of Czechoslovakia.

Nor can Russia fill all Germany's needs. Petroleum and manganese are bulky and are mined in the distant Caucasus. The Soviet railways could carry only negligible quantities. The normal route of the Mediterranean is closed by His Majesty's navy. The Danube is not very navigable. Rail transportation through Rumania is scarcely feasible before another year, if then, owing to the shortage of rolling stock in Rumania and Germany. Germany can get Russian timber, flax, woodpulp, grain, and arms if Stalin has any to spare and if his charity goes to the extent of making gifts to the Nazis. Should this be the case, or should Russia accept German economic tutelage, the world will witness a titanic struggle between two locked-in powers and two sea powers. Many essential metals and materials are available only overseas.

The Allies are the stronger, financially and industrially. They will get aid from the colonies and dominions, and they hope from America. I do not think France and England want or require active United States military participation. The chief problem of this war is materials, not men. The Allies can continue the war alone for years; indeed they intimate we might embarrass them in peace if we joined them in war. All they ask is goods sold for immediate cash (France has two tons more gold than in 1914) and carried in their own ships. That is the least America can do and all it need ever do. This ought to remove the primary objection to raising the embargo —that commercial sales would drag us into the firing line.

The neutrals in Europe, on the other hand, are a nuisance. Some obstruct military operations. Armed millions in Italy are unemployed while the French and British staffs yearn for a second battlefield in Germany. The Allies are ready to pave the road to it with gold before it is covered with snow. The Italians are ready to accept gold but are bargaining for deserts, mountains, and black tribes. Does this reflect an honorable intention to repeat the 1915 betrayal or procrastination until the date fixed for belligerency? The Allies will want to know very soon. The answer will affect the war roles of Yugoslavia, Spain, and Turkey. Turkey is also looking toward Moscow. The longer the war, the fewer the neutrals. The stronger the Allies, the shorter the war.

Meanwhile the practice the Germans had at Guernica and elsewhere in Spain makes them perfect in Poland. Hitler promised not to make war on women and children; he promised not to make war on Poland; he also promised not to take the Czechs. His last promises were given to Stalin.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Washington in a Squirrel Cage

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, September 18

BARRING sudden outbreak of peace in Europe—a remote possibility with the Berlin-Moscow-Tokyo axis piling up successes—President Roosevelt seems certain of winning his fight for repeal of the arms embargo at the special session of Congress. Every incredible instalment in the story of double and triple cross that comes out of the belligerent capitals plays into his hands. So far as American public opinion is concerned, all the world's cutthroats are now in one mob, and any move by the Administration to help the international posse trying to bring them to book is certain of popular support. Such a move is the President's proposal to lift the prohibition against the sale of arms, ammunition, and implements of war to belligerents.



Senator Borah

The elaborate rationalization by which the emerging Roosevelt policy is justified in the name of neutrality appears unnecessary even now and probably will be dropped later. At the moment there is a considerable body of public opinion against "getting into the European mess." But it will almost certainly diminish now that the yellow peril has joined Hitlerism and communism in the fearsome triumvirate opposed by the democracies.

Leaders of the misnamed isolationist bloc in the Senate have pressed too far into territory they are not prepared to defend. Borah, Bone, Nye, neutrals from the Northwest, can afford to fight it out where they are, perhaps. Their constituencies are strongly isolationist. Not so Vandenberg, Johnson, and Clark, who are too far committed to retreat. Vandenberg's Presidential prospects are likely to be buried in the ruins of unfortified cities. Johnson may be able to wriggle out of his predicament by playing up to California's feeling against Japan. He can point out that the policy which helps the Allies will hurt China. He also can balance his isolationism with his shouts for a bigger navy. Clark has no out, and his political future is probably behind him.

The lost battalion of neutrals will not only be raked by the frontal fire of European news and propaganda as the session progresses, but will be pounded from behind by the war-born prosperity at home. Even the Northwestern nucleus will feel the pressure of rising farm prices. No member of the House or Senate will be immune from the agitation of the property lobby for a policy that gives every branch of business and industry a chance to take full advantage of war-trade possibilities. The President obviously has decided to make his peace with business in the interest of national unity, and the bitterest of his old enemies will now be his most enthusiastic allies. He has, to be sure, warned against profiteering and, in the case of sugar, actually done something to frustrate the crude plot which doubled retail prices almost overnight. But in general he is encouraging war profits and rising commodity prices. His attempt to limit the special session to the narrow issue of the arms embargo makes it plain that he has no intention of swimming upstream against the forces let loose by an inflationary war economy.

If he succeeds in forcing such a limitation, as apparently he will, the battle of the special session will be no more than a sham battle for a symbolic rather than a material objective. If Americans are to be permitted to sell the Allies wheat, cotton, copper, chemicals, and steel, it is relatively unimportant whether they also sell guns and explosives. Yet Borah, in his disappointing radio speech, defined the issue as arms embargo and nothing else. He had previously talked of insisting upon consideration of such questions as profiteering. In his speech he airily dismissed even cash-and-carry as a side issue. But if Congress wishes to prevent American involvement in the war, cash-and-carry is more necessary than an arms embargo. If American ships are torpedoed, it will make slight difference whether they are carrying finished guns or steel. Where American ships are permitted to go is infinitely more important in the development of a peace policy than what they may carry.

Borah's position is by no means an isolationist one. Neither, it can be assumed from their statements, is that of most of his colleagues. They are unwilling to face the implications of their own policy. If we are to put an embargo on arms and ammunition, why not on everything else? Or, at least, why not limit trade in other commodities to peace-time quotas? But such a program would be opposed by farmers, eager to dispose of their surpluses at a good price, as well as business men, who

look forward to a boom of major proportions. If it is unneutral to sell munitions to only one side, which it is, why isn't it just as unneutral and dangerous to sell other supplies? To give an honest answer to these questions the Borah bloc would have to propose a far-reaching program of social and economic adjustment at home—heavy government spending to prime the home market, heavier taxation to pay the bill, and a period of rough going while that program was developed. Most of the neutrals—La Follette and a few others excepted—won't do this. Unless they do, they will deserve defeat.

The easy out proposed by some isolationists, the out given a nod by the Administration in calling the Panama City conference—increased trade with the Americas to compensate for loss of European markets—is not good enough. South and Central American countries can pay for American manufactures only with agricultural raw materials and some metals. Except for coffee and bananas, most of these commodities are competitive, and American farmers will yowl if they are imported in quantity. Moreover, development of South American markets calls for big credits, and the very isolationists who talk loudest about pan-Americanism oppose such credit extensions.

The trend in Washington is like nothing so much as the gyrations of a squirrel in a revolving cage. Roosevelt's sincerity when he says his primary objective is to keep the United States out of war is unquestionable. But his policy is almost precisely Wilson's with the tempo accelerated. The Allies are to be sold everything we can sell them. Presently there will be a demand to implement the trade with credits. Temporary domestic prosperity results. There is talk at the White House of turning off the brain trust, fountainhead of liberal thought; the big men of business file in and out of the President's study, now decorated with war maps; according to Secretary Early there will be no censorship of press and radio "yet"; the President himself talks about hunting down radicals; Attorney General Murphy appeals to citizens to spy on their neighbors. Take 1914, 1915, and 1916 calendars, tear a month off every hour, and you have Washington in 1939.

Chamberlain's Russo-German Pact

BY I. F. STONE

I

A GLANCE back over the newspaper reports and news of the past two years may help to clarify current discussion of the Russo-German non-aggression consultation pact. One way to judge the pact is to recall the cries of "canard" that rose from the pro-Soviet press when the first hints began to appear that an agreement of this kind was a possibility. The Communists were not alone in rejecting these reports. All of us who felt that the Soviet Union was the core of the world front against fascism shared their indignation and contemptuous disbelief. If a non-aggression pact were indeed a way to "stiffen the democracies" and "prevent a Munich"—I quote some of the apologists-after-the-fact—it is odd that no anti-fascist met these early speculations by asking whether a Russo-German agreement might not be a feasible and clever maneuver. On the contrary the idea was dismissed as either the propaganda of reactionaries or the wishful thinking of oppositionists who felt—as we all did—that a pact of this kind would discredit the Soviet Union. All this may seem elementary. It is already being forgotten.

I have been able to find three stories by foreign correspondents during the year 1938 which speculated on the possibility of some kind of rapprochement between the U. S. S. R. and Nazi Germany. On May 28 William Bird cabled the New York *Sun* from Paris that too little attention had been paid to the resumption of normal diplomatic relations between the two countries. He said the return of von Schulenburg to the German embassy at Moscow and the nomination of A. T. Merekalov as ambassador to Berlin "cannot be regarded as simple routine. There is no doubt that Russo-German relations have taken a new turning. . . ." Bird felt that "the important thing for Germany is to get access to the wheat fields of the Ukraine; the important thing for Stalin is to have the German machine-shop at his disposal when war comes in the East. It is no accident that a specialist in steel is the new Soviet ambassador to Berlin." This dispatch was discounted on the ground that the *Sun* is anti-Soviet. Similar reasons made it easy to brush aside a cable sent by H. R. Knickerbocker from Prague on June 18, 1938, to the Hearst-owned International News Service. Knickerbocker said there was a report that von Schulenburg was trying to negotiate a pact with Stalin. He wrote that "on the surface" this was to be a new pact of non-aggression, but a non-aggression pact of such a nature as to cancel the Franco-Soviet pact. The agreement since signed exactly fits that description. Knickerbocker went on to say that both countries denied this report and that the Czechs regarded it as an attempt to frighten England into giving Germany a free hand

with Czechoslovakia. "One odd feature of the projected plan in its present version," Knickerbocker declared, "is that Hitler is said to have laid down two conditions. First, that Maxim Litvinov must resign as Soviet Foreign Commissar; second, that Gregori Dimitrov, of Reichstag-fire-trial fame, be removed from the chairmanship of the Communist International." Knickerbocker seemed skeptical of his own story. "Acceptance by Stalin of the plan itself, much less its conditions, is believed in authoritative circles to be absolutely excluded."

The next hint came not from a Hearst correspondent but from Walter Duranty, who had come to be regarded as an unofficial spokesman for the Kremlin. In a cable from Paris to the New York *Times* on October 10, 1938, he said, "There remains a possibility—I do not say probability—which makes the present leaders of France and England sleep uneasily at nights, namely, a Russo-German rapprochement, cooperation instead of war." Duranty declared that when one got down to "brass tacks" the only obstacle to the policy of Russo-German collaboration Bismarck had always advocated was "Hitler's fanatic fury against what he calls 'Judeo-Bolshevism.'" There followed a sentence that was cynical and shocking: "But Hitler is not immortal and dictators can change their minds and Stalin has shot more Jews in two years of purge than were ever killed in Germany." Duranty said that should Hitler decline to imitate Napoleon and prefer the iron and coal of Alsace-Lorraine to the "distant riches" of the Donetz basin, "there is no reason to believe that Russia would refuse collaboration with Germany or shed tears over the ultimate fate of France and the British Empire." Was this a wink from Moscow to Berlin? Or was Duranty off on some queer tangent of his own? At the time the latter alone seemed a plausible explanation. Any unpleasant taste was removed a month later by Dimitrov's speech on the twenty-first anniversary of the revolution. Dimitrov did, indeed, warn against "the policy of warlike agreement between the fascist aggressors and England and France," but made no suggestion of rapprochement with Germany as a way out. "Nothing can be accomplished," he cried, "with mere pacific declarations [non-aggression pacts?]. Active opposition against armed fascism is necessary to show the mailed fist of the people."

But the "canards" did not end. The first of the current year came on January 19. On that day the New York *Daily News* ran a copyright cable dated from London but declaring that "in Berlin tonight" economic and military collaboration between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany "was envisaged." The *News* is a tabloid. Tabloids are sensational. The owner of the *News* is anti-Soviet. Union Square read and chuckled. The *News* said the first step would be taken the following week at a conference between German and Russian representatives either in Stockholm or Copenhagen. It declared the new move had been initiated by the Führer himself when he "astounded diplomats at his New Year's reception" by singling out the Soviet ambassador for a prolonged private conversation. Hitler had asked an exchange of views, given assurances on the Ukraine. Stalin had consented. "Maxim Litvinov's failure to attend the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva, it was learned, was due to his opposition to the Hitler proposal. Stalin, it was said, ordered his chief foreign adviser of years past to remain, literally a prisoner, in Moscow." Germany, the *News* said, was ready to abandon its tie with Tokyo; Russia, "deserted during the September crisis by Great Britain and France," was ready "to cement new alliances." This cable, with its "it is learned's" and "it is said's" seemed a typical example of what is known on a newspaper as "a dope story."

Soon there came hints from Moscow itself. On January 31 *Pravda* quoted without comment the London *News-Chronicle's* warning that it would be "extremely unwise to suppose that the existing disaccord between Moscow and Berlin will necessarily remain an unchangeable factor of international policy"; and the Associated Press correspondent in Moscow noted, "The fact that *Pravda* failed to reject indignantly the suggestion of a possible Soviet-German rapprochement increased its significance to foreign observers." On March 11 in his speech before the eighteenth All-Union Congress in Moscow, Stalin accused enemies of Russia of trying to foment war between the Soviet Union and Germany, and the Associated Press correspondent in Moscow voiced what many felt—that "in its emphasis upon a lack of any genuine basis for war between Germany and Russia, his speech sounded almost like a rapprochement between these two countries." To that correspondent the speech seemed "strikingly reminiscent" of Stalin's speech in 1934 before the seventeenth All-Union Congress, the year before the adoption of the Popular Front line. At that time Stalin said the real issue in so far as Russo-German relations were concerned was not the new fascist regime. "Naturally we are far from enthusiastic about that," he said, but Russia had enjoyed good relations with Italy despite fascism. The real issue, he declared, was the struggle within the Reich "between advocates of cooperation with Soviet Russia and opponents of that policy." Note that he said "cooperation" and not merely good relations. It is, in fact, "cooperation" with the U. S. S. R. that one wing of the Nazi Party, of the Reichswehr, and of German industry has always wanted.

II

Stalin's speech was made on March 11. German troops occupied Prague on March 15. March 15 was the Continental Divide of British policy. From that day on "appeasement" became overwhelmingly unpopular, and the demand in Britain for a Russian alliance rose in volume until it included even the London *Times*, the

Cliveden set, and the formerly pro-Nazi *Observer*. I think two conclusions are possible on the basis of what we now know, though we are far from knowing all that occurred. The first conclusion is that by March, 1938, the idea of a Russo-German agreement was not absolutely excluded by the Soviet Union, and by agreement I mean a non-aggression pact, even a non-aggression pact which would prevent the U. S. S. R. from entering the peace front against fascism that it had so long sought to erect. The second is that London needed no corps of spies in Berlin and Moscow to inform it that a Russo-German rapprochement of some kind was a possibility. On the contrary, if so much had appeared in the press, it is safe to assume that at least a little more was known to the British Intelligence Service and therefore to Chamberlain. If Chamberlain had shared the popular revulsion in Britain against Munichism, these scattered hints alone would have been sufficient to make him hasten negotiation of a pact with the Soviets.

But if one goes back day by day over the news reports, one finds strong reasons to suspect that Chamberlain, although he finally bowed before popular pressure, did not share the general reaction after Hitler took Bohemia and Moravia. Although the London *Times* called the invasion "a crude, brutal act of oppression and suppression" and there were bitter questions in the Commons on March 15, Chamberlain's statement that day could hardly be described as fiery. "I have so often heard charges of a breach of faith bandied about," he said, "which do not seem to me to be founded on sufficient premises. I do not wish to associate myself today with any charges of that character, but I am bound to say that I cannot believe anything of the kind that has taken place was contemplated by any of the signatories of the Munich agreement. . . . But, finally, do not let us be deflected from our course." What did he mean by "our course"? "It was clear," Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., wrote in his dispatch to the New York *Times*, "that he intended to pursue his policy of 'appeasement' whether Germany gave him any encouragement or not." On March 16 in the Commons Chamberlain was asked to tell the Führer that British indignation would be intensified if there were any attack "on the lives or liberties of leaders of the Czech people." He replied, "I think it would be wrong to assume that the German government has any such intention." When Lady Astor leaped to her feet and asked the Prime Minister to let the German government "know with what horror the whole of this country regards Germany's action," Chamberlain showed himself many degrees cooler than Cliveden. He made no reply. It was not until March 17 that the Prime Minister recalled Sir Nevile Henderson from Berlin "to report" and made the famous speech in Birmingham in which he protested that Germany had extinguished the liberties of a "proud, brave people" and asked, "If it is so easy to discover good reasons for ignoring assurances so solidly and repeatedly given, what reliance can be placed upon other assurances which come from the same place?" Chamberlain was referring, of course, to Hitler's assurances, not to his own.

In itself this emotional lag on the part of Chamberlain might not be sufficient to support the conclusion that he still favored "appeasement." Mr. Chamberlain's nature shows little tendency toward the passionate. There are other indications that "appeasement" had not been abandoned. The day the German troops marched into Prague the Federation of British Industries announced that its delegates at Düsseldorf had concluded an agreement with its Nazi counterpart, the Reichsgruppe Industrie, for joint exploitation of export markets. The news provoked protest, but not until four days later did Halifax announce that the government approval necessary to make the agreement binding "had to be and must be indefinitely postponed." Postponed, not abandoned. Two days afterward Chamberlain dropped a hint to the Reich that the postponement might not be too extended. He told the Commons, "There is no desire on the part of His Majesty's Government to stand in the way of any reasonable efforts on the part of Germany to expand her export trade. On the contrary, we were on the point of discussing in the most friendly way the possibility of trade agreements which would have benefited both countries when the events took place which, *for the time being at any rate*, put a stop to these discussions." The italics are mine. Nor were indications of a desire to "appease" absent in the hectic months which followed. In May, after Chamberlain had called the story a "mare's nest," the Commons learned that the Bank of England had indeed handed over five million pounds in Czech gold to the Reichsbank. In July the government first denied and then admitted that Robert S. Hudson, head of the Board of Trade, had tried to "appease" Germany with a billion-pound loan, and Hudson escaped with the mildest of rebukes. Chamberlain's long delay in making clear that Danzig was included in his pledge to Poland must be regarded as significant: the pledge to Poland was made on March 31; Danzig was not specifically mentioned until July 10. The long haggle over the five-million-pound cash loan the Poles needed to buy rifles was hardly calculated to stiffen Polish resistance; the loan never was granted. Sir John Simon was "standing firm" against the five-million-pound loan to Britain's ally, Poland, at the very time that Hudson was discussing a billion-pound loan to Britain's enemy, Germany.*

* It is an indication of how far we may trust a government headed by Chamberlain that the Federation of British Industries agreement would have hit American export trade; that the billion-pound loan to Germany would have required the cooperation of the American money market; but that one reason for denying Poland a cash loan was that "the British were afraid that it would go to the United States and have a weakening effect on the pound." (Robert P. Post dispatch from London, New York *Times*, July 27.)

Chamberlain's desire for further "appeasement" is shown, above all, in the interminable delay in negotiating a Soviet pact. For as the opponents of his policies stressed over and over again in the Commons, the pledge to Poland was worth little without Russian aid. The corollary, openly put forward in Berlin, was that without Russian aid Poland would be unable to resist and would be forced to surrender Danzig and the "corridor across the Corridor." The conclusion, after reexamination of the day-by-day record, seems to me inescapable that Chamberlain did not want a Russian pact, and that he did not want it, among other reasons, because he hoped the failure to obtain the pact would lead the Poles to surrender. I believe that certainly until the fall of Litvinov and probably for many weeks afterward the British could have had a Russian pact if they had wanted one, even though I also believe that the Kremlin was at the same time prepared to come to an agreement with Germany as an alternative.

The sequence of events before the resignation of Litvinov is instructive. The Russian proposal on March 20 for a nine-power conference against German aggression was countered by a British suggestion for a three-power declaration, but one which would be a warning rather than a pledge to fight. Negotiations dragged on from that point. On April 23 Chamberlain suddenly sent Henderson back to Berlin. On May Day, while Communists marched in London with flaming banners proclaiming "Britain and Russia—the Hope of the World," the New York *Times* ran a dispatch from Berlin, "Another 'Little' War Believed German Aim. Victory over Poland Without a Break with Great Britain Would Meet Hopes of the Nazi Regime." On May 3 the British Cabinet decided to reject the Russian offer of an alliance, and Chamberlain told the Commons he was ready to exchange non-aggression pledges with Germany. On May 4 Litvinov resigned. On May 8 Otto D. Tolischus reported from Berlin (I quote the headlines in the New York *Times* the next day), "Deal with Stalin Sought by Hitler. Reich Would Neutralize Soviet by Non-Aggression Treaty and Then Move on Poland." Tolischus wrote, "To facilitate the desired development the German government has issued orders to the press not to attack Russia and to go lightly even in the 'holy crusade' against Bolshevism."

I cannot at this time review in detail the tangled events that followed. It is sufficient to note that while the German press, and to a certain extent the Italian, set out to woo the Russians and to pave the way for an agreement, and while British opinion grew more and more restive at delay in obtaining a pact, Chamberlain pursued a policy certain to offend and exasperate Moscow: the vacation ostentatiously spent by Chamberlain with the anti-Soviet pro-Japanese retired diplomat, Sir Francis Lindley, at a crucial moment in the negotiations; the dispatch of an underling instead of Halifax to Moscow; the stories continually emanating from London of fear that a Russian pact might drive Mussolini closer to the axis, that it might antagonize the Japanese, and that it might offend the Vatican, Spain, Portugal, and "certain South American countries"—all this while the German press spoke more and more openly of its hope for an agreement with Russia. I think there is but one explanation for the Prime Minister's conduct, and the clue is provided, I believe, by a dispatch which Guido Enderis sent to the New York *Times* from Berlin under date of July 21.

Enderis said the Nazis still expected the peaceful and unconditional return of Danzig. Either the British would force the Poles to surrender as they had the Czechs or, Enderis wrote, "the other alternative in the unofficial German view is based on the conviction that Britain, failing to conclude a pact with the Soviets, would be in an even stronger and less prejudicial position to intervene in the Danzig crisis. Freed of automatic entanglements by a tri-power pact, Britain, so runs the private German thesis, would with greater freedom proceed to convince Poland of the futility of her stand on Danzig by warning Warsaw that it was confronted with the specter of Russo-German rapprochement, or, at any rate, with a neutral or negative military factor in Russia, leaving her at the sole mercy of a powerfully armed opponent in Germany. Such a development, it is believed here, would considerably enhance Britain's prospect of influencing Warsaw. . . ." The night Tolischus wrote that dispatch the Moscow radio announced that trade negotiations were under way between Germany and the Soviet Union. It is my belief that Chamberlain knew a Russo-German agreement was a possibility and did all he could to further it in the hope that it would make for a new Munich or "a little war" between Germany and Poland. I think that this also provides the clue to his delay in declaring war and in prosecuting it.

III

Under date of September 11 G. E. R. Gedye cabled the New York *Times* from Moscow that the Russians were worried over the German advance. "Originally," he said, "they believed that the Soviet-German non-aggression pact would make impossible Franco-British backing for Poland and that the Poles would be compelled to surrender Danzig and the Corridor and war would be postponed indefinitely." There I believe is the true reason why Moscow signed the pact, for this was the only reasonable estimate of what would happen if Poland were deprived of Russian help. London surrendered Czechoslovakia in the hope of pushing Hitler east; Moscow handed Danzig and the Corridor to Hitler in the hope that he would go West. I think that Stalin will be as rudely surprised as was Chamberlain *unless Moscow is prepared to ally itself with Berlin.*

Will the Blockade Succeed?

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

TWO factors gave the victory to the Allies in the World War of 1914-18: superiority in raw materials, weapons, and ammunition; and a food supply adequate in quantity and quality for both the army and the civilian population at a time when there was hunger in Germany. The blockade, which grew more effective year by year, was finally decisive. This was recognized in Germany immediately after the war, but many years later the reactionary groups and still later the National Socialist opposition gained support with the catchword that the military defeat was the result not of the superiority of the Allies in material, men, and food but of the "stab in the back," the Socialist agitation against the war which disrupted the morale of the fighting troops.

The German army tolerated this legend of the stab in the back, and even encouraged it, as long as National Socialism was in opposition, because it gave support to the Nazi plans for rearmament and the new militarization of the German people. After Hitler had come to power, however, and rearmament had been achieved at forced tempo, the army began to see the danger in the legend of the stab in the back. This legend threatened to deceive the nation as to the real reasons for the final defeat; and at a time when preparations for a new war were going forward in every field, the luxury of self-deception was not permissible. This is the background of an article by Lieutenant General A. D. Marx which recently appeared in the *Militär Wochenblatt* under the title The Reason of All Reasons. "Every Thursday evening," the author wrote, "I read the *Militär Wochenblatt* with enjoyment, but seldom have I been so delighted as when I read the article, Food Supply for the Troops in War, by Captain Lenz, in Number 43. Here at last the answer to the question why our offensive was repulsed in 1918 is made absolutely clear—our hungry troops could not be forced beyond the captured food depots." He continued:

> Whoever has not had this experience himself is inclined to underestimate the influence of the food supply; he is not likely to understand and therefore excuse the breakdown of morale. But even greater, in my opinion, is the danger that we shall continue to underestimate this influence, that we shall pass over such considerations with a *Nichevo,* and go on saying that it was not hunger that defeated us, not the lack of food, but merely the lack of the right slogan, the right propaganda. If we should ever again have to fight under similar conditions against an enemy with six times as much artillery ammunition and twice as much capacity to relieve his troops, against soldiers living in a fairyland as far as food and equipment were concerned (we lived on moldy bread, turnips, and dried vegetables in the last years), and if our youth should not only keep on for four years but should continue to fight and win victories in spite of the fact that a new great power with millions of fresh soldiers appeared in the fourth year, then but only then would I say that General von Metzsch is right in maintaining that we were beaten in 1914-18 by the wrong spirit and not by the failure of the food supply.

General Marx is saying that the youth should be told: "The generation of 1914-18 achieved tremendous things, greater than had ever before been achieved in war, but in the end defeat was inevitable because of hunger and exhaustion."

Marx, who is no longer in active service, is not the only one in the German army who holds these views. If the army leaders did not agree with him, his opinions would not be printed in the *Militär Wochenblatt;* moreover, the same views are expressed by other officers in active service. General Thomas, chief of the Department of Economy in the War Ministry, speaking before the World Economic Society on the seemingly academic subject of War and Economy in History, said:

> In the field of food supply as well, it is absolutely necessary to plan. The basis of every peace-time policy and still more of every war-time policy should be the nourishment of the population. The food situation in war time is the result of the food policy of the peace years immediately preceding. I do not need to remind you of the period of suffering in our homeland during the World War, and I can say openly that we had already lost the war when we went into the turnip winter of 1916-17.

Thus in the opinion of General Thomas, too, the blockade decided the outcome of the World War. What is the situation today? How does it differ from that of the World War years?

In the first place, it must be stressed that the consequences of a blockade are not felt very early. During the World War it took years for the blockade to bring about the decisive superiority of the Western powers. But the situation is different today in many important respects. In the present war the blockade began a few days after the outbreak of hostilities, and it is already more complete than it was in the World War. German ships have been driven from the seas; the English fleet is

so superior that Germany cannot challenge it. Then the big powers went into the war with the idea that it would soon be over. Today everyone expects a long war. Furthermore, the economic war and economic factors in general did not at first play an important part. Every combatant entered the war economically unprepared; only gradually did the English learn to use the tools of economic war to forge the weapon of the blockade. Germany was regarded as a fortress under siege, but in the years 1915 and 1916 it was not yet under siege because German imports were still very large. Only in 1916, after two years of war, were fats, meat, and bread rationed.

Two questions arise: (1) What does Germany need to import? (2) Which imports can be cut off by the blockade?

Modern war is a war of machines and industry. Germany leads Europe in industrial production and in armament production as well. But to feed this industrial plant and to assure its functioning, a vast supply of raw materials is necessary. Germany produces not more than two-thirds of the raw materials it needs, and the four-year plan could not better the situation, especially in respect to the most essential materials. Germany needs iron ore and oil. Aside from coal, iron ore is the most important requirement of the iron-and-steel industry, which means the war industry. The necessity of oil in modern war, in which airplanes and tanks play such an overwhelming part, need not be stressed. Furthermore, Germany lacks a sufficient food supply. Its official reports show that even in peace time it must import about 20 per cent of the food it needs. In war time the situation becomes worse for a variety of reasons. Agriculture production is reduced because farmhands must become soldiers, because in war time the whole economic body lives on its capital, because fertilization is diminished, because machinery cannot be replaced, and so on. The German generals know this. In an article, Basis for an Estimate of Germany's Economic Capacity for War, Major Beutler wrote:

> No state can take away from agriculture its best and most productive skilled workers, its horses and machines, and still expect agriculture to produce the same as before. How great a reduction must be allowed for as a result of this military interference depends on the economic structure of the given country. In Middle Europe we shall have to count on a reduction of at least 20 per cent. Adding to that the doubtless increased consumption in war time, which the greater demands of the army alone create, and keeping in view the importance to morale of sufficient food and food of good quality, one must count on a reduction of 20 per cent more. In other words, only that state is self-sufficient which produces at least 40 per cent more than its average consumption of agricultural products.

But Germany's agricultural production is not 40 per cent higher than its average consumption. On the contrary, it must import 20 per cent even in peace time, when the population is not adequately fed. Instead of the 140 per cent which the military economists demand, Germany produces only 80 per cent of its requirements, which means that during the coming war it will produce only a little more than half of what the soldiers, the munitions workers, and the general population should have. We must not forget, of course, that the country has accumulated reserves of oil, iron ore, and foodstuffs. In the first months the conduct of the war will not be hampered by want of materials. But what will happen after a few months or, if the war lasts, years?

The English blockade is only a sea blockade, preventing Germany from getting goods by way of the Atlantic or the Mediterranean. What weight has this overseas trade in the total of German imports? Overseas trade does not play the first role in German foreign trade as it does in that of England. Imports from Europe constitute about three-fifths of German foreign trade, overseas imports two-fifths; the blockade, therefore, hits only 40 per cent of German imports. That is, however, an important proportion, and there are other consequences. The English fleet cannot prevent goods from entering Germany from Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries; but England and the British Empire have economic weapons they can use against these small countries to make them keep their exports to Germany as small as possible.

In this respect the situation is very different from that of 1914. Then the sea blockade was frustrated for some time because the small western and northern European states increased their trade with Germany. Only slowly did the Allies realize this fact and through long and difficult negotiations achieve the reduction of trade between Germany and the small neutrals. Since the English economic general staff has studied very carefully the consequences, direct and indirect, of the World War blockade, we may today expect this trade to be reduced drastically and soon. In consequence, the sea blockade will stop not only the 40 per cent of German imports coming from overseas but much more.

It is obvious that the Third Reich will attempt to find an answer to this economic war. It will increase its pressure against the east. It will take as much as possible from Poland. It will try to force the southeastern European states to fill the gaps made by the blockade. It will try to expand its economic relations with Soviet Russia. Assuming that the Third Reich succeeds in conquering a great part of Poland and holding it for the duration of the war, to what extent will this conquest counteract the effects of the blockade? The population of Poland is 80 per cent agricultural, and this fact has led to a widespread belief that Poland has a great surplus

of farm products. That is not the case. Poland is so backward in agricultural technique that it has no surplus. The Third Reich can get foodstuffs in appreciable quantities from Poland only if it lets the Polish population starve. But this policy can be carried out only in the cities; if it is applied to farmers, agricultural production will be automatically reduced. Poland can no more supply the food deficiencies of Germany today than it could from 1914 to 1918. And what about other raw materials? Poland has a surplus in only one field, coal. Here the conquest of Poland can materially help Germany. But Poland's oil production is very small, and so is its production of iron ore. The three principal deficiencies of the German economy will not be changed by the conquest of Poland.

Hitler's Germany will therefore strengthen its pressure on the southeastern European countries. Can these states make Germany independent of the sea blockade?

Germany proper, plus the former Austria, has a population of about 75,000,000. If in peace time it must import 20 per cent of its foodstuffs, it must now find ways of feeding some 15,000,000 people. The annexation of Czechoslovakia made no change in the agricultural resources of Germany, for according to the German Institut für Konjunkturforschung Czechoslovakia's exports of agricultural products are offset by its imports. To what extent can the food difficulties of Germany be reduced by the southeastern states? Using the figure 100 to represent equality between agricultural imports and exports and anything above to show the excess of exports, the Institut gives the following figures for the southeastern countries: Yugoslavia, 106; Bulgaria, 109; Rumania, 110; Hungary, 121. If we wish to arrive at an exact estimate of the extent to which these countries could supply German food needs, we must take their population figures into account. In the latest census figures available the population of Yugoslavia is 14,000,000, of Bulgaria 6,000,000, of Rumania 18,000,000, and of Hungary 8,500,000. Yugoslavia, with a population of 14,000,000 and a surplus of 6 per cent, could supply 840,000 more people; Bulgaria, with 6,000,000 people and a surplus of 9 per cent, could supply 540,000; Rumania, with a population of 18,000,000 and a surplus of 10 per cent, could supply 1,800,000; and Hungary, with 8,500,000 people and a surplus of 21 per cent, 1,785,000. On the basis of official German figures, these four countries, if their entire agricultural surplus should go to Germany, could feed about 5,000,000 of the 15,000,000 for whom food is lacking in the Reich.

What about other raw materials? Rumanian oil could play an important part in the German war economy. In peace time Germany used six to seven million tons and produced 2,700,000. The war consumption of any great power is estimated to be three times as great as its peacetime consumption. That means, in Germany, fifteen to twenty million tons. Last year Rumanian oil production was about six million tons. If Rumania could be forced to give to Germany its entire oil production, Germany would find the conduct of the war essentially easier. But six million tons a year would not satisfy its needs in a long war.

The case is even worse with iron ore. The rich raw-material resources of Southeastern Europe, particularly of Yugoslavia, have often been stressed. But it would take decades of work to make these raw materials available in amounts which would really aid Germany. In Yugoslavia, for instance, the production of iron ore in the last year was about one million tons; German imports of iron ore were twenty times as great.

And Russia? Cannot Russia, with its tremendous resources, counterbalance the English blockade? In answering this question it is easy to put down figures: Germany needs so and so many million tons of raw material and foodstuffs; Russia produces so and so many million tons. Therefore Russia's help would be sufficient to torpedo the English blockade.

But Göring's calculations are false in one decisive respect. One cannot balance German needs with Russian production; one must put German needs beside Russian exports. After France, Russia has the greatest iron-ore production in Europe, almost 30,000,000 tons a year, but it exports almost none. Russia is the greatest oil producer in Europe—its production in the last year was about four times that of Rumania—but it exports much less than Rumania because its own needs are so much greater. The U. S. S. R. is becoming, like Germany, an industrial state; even the increased productivity of its agriculture has been brought about by mechanization. And tractors use oil, much oil. Russia has a certain surplus of agricultural products, but its exports of the foodstuffs Germany needs most—meat and fats—are very small. This is because the Russian peasants, in their opposition to collectivization, killed most of their live stock before they entered the collective farms. In 1933 the number of cattle had been reduced from 70,500,000 to 38,400,000, and the number of pigs from 26,000,000 to 12,100,000. These losses have only lately been replaced, and there are still fewer cattle than in 1928. At the same time the population has increased by 15,000,000 since 1928, and consumption is correspondingly greater. And so the question must be asked: Will Russia reduce its own consumption in order to help Germany's war economy? I think this is not very probable. Stalin's policy is to secure a balance of power in Europe; he is not interested in seeing Hitler become master. He may deliver something, but he will not deliver in such amounts as to weaken Russia's power. Furthermore, preparation for war will greatly increase Russia's own consumption of oil, iron ore, and foodstuffs.

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To sum up: Poland can deliver coal to Germany; Southeastern Europe can give foodstuffs; Rumania can give oil; Russia can contribute oil and foodstuffs. The blockade of Germany is made more difficult by these possible sources of supply. But the blockade will be successful in a long war just as it was in the last war, when Germany had conquered Poland, Southeastern Europe, a part of Russia, Belgium, and a part of France. In the end these conquests did not help; Germany lost the economic war. The blockade is a weapon which takes time. If the Western powers have enough staying power, the final success will be theirs.

What Our Warships Cost

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

VAST and far-reaching have been the changes in public opinion during the past ten years, but nowhere has the alteration been more complete than in the attitude toward national defense. In the last session of Congress a naval bill totaling nearly eight hundred million dollars was approved by overwhelming majorities not only of "big navy" men but of liberals, economy advocates, and erstwhile pacifists. So complete was the approval that little attention was paid in either house to the details of the bill; the newspapers scarcely commented on it, and the general public was indifferent. Ten years ago such a bill would have aroused violent opposition. The advocates of increased armaments were then in the minority and were unable to present a convincing case, while their opponents were both numerous and vocal. The change brought about by spreading and continued international lawlessness is indicated by recent polls of public opinion which show that a greatly increased navy is favored now by about three-fourths of the American public.

If so little consideration has been given to the huge sum appropriated, will any particular interest be taken in its judicious expenditure?

Many Americans naively assume that with the close of the war, profiteering at the expense of the government very largely ceased. Others believe that the revelations of the Nye committee caused the disappearance of many of the more objectionable features of arming. Actually, so far as naval rearmament is concerned, the exact opposite is the case. The most expensive battleship now in the navy is the Maryland, constructed during the World War period of cost inflation at the then excessive cost of $27,564,481. The Pennsylvania, a slightly smaller ship, cost only half as much owing to her completion before war prices prevailed. Let us compare the cost of these ships with that of the battleships now being built, contracts for which were drawn in a period unaffected by war prices or war profiteering.

When bids were opened for the first battleship to be constructed for the navy since the war, everyone was surprised but the shipbuilders. The bid of Bethlehem stood at sixty million, that of New York Shipbuilding and Dry Dock at only slightly less. Since this price was exclusive of armor and armament, estimated at from twenty to twenty-six million, it was obvious that the new ships, if built by private shipbuilders, were going to prove exceedingly expensive. Fortunately, the navy had directed its yards at New York and Philadelphia to prepare estimates of the cost of a sister ship. Both of these estimates were in the neighborhood of thirty-seven million. Under these circumstances President Roosevelt ordered both ships to be built in government yards. This step, however, proved to be more or less of a gesture which could not be repeated owing to the limited capacity of navy yards. When four battleships were authorized in 1938, navy yards could not take care of them all. Private yards were then given the contracts for three of them at prices ranging from forty-nine to fifty-three million apiece. It would seem that the private yards had become momentarily apprehensive, as their bids were only from twelve to sixteen million higher than navy-yard estimates. Estimates of the ultimate total costs of the ships range from seventy to one hundred million each, or about three times the cost of the most expensive battleship built previously. The cost of battleships of the same size building in Great Britain is around forty-three million each.

Granting that there are some improvements in the new ships over the Maryland and her sisters, such superiority can scarcely explain a three-to-one differential in price. The new battleships are to be of 35,000 tons and to carry nine sixteen-inch guns. The armor will be very heavy and the estimated speed about twenty-six knots. The Maryland is of 32,600 tons, has a speed of twenty-one knots, and carries eight sixteen-inch guns. Her exceptionally heavy armor is probably equal to that of the newer battleships. In other words, the newer ships provide an increase in gun-power of about 12½ per cent, in speed of about 25 per cent, perhaps a slight increase in protection, and an increase in cost of 250 to 350 per cent.

And not battleships alone cost an excessive amount. In a recent issue of the *Proceedings of the United States*

Navy Institute, a semi-professional magazine read largely by naval officers, it was stated that the new American destroyers of 1,500 tons are probably the best vessels of their size and class afloat. They should be. Whereas British vessels of the same type cost less than two million each, the American ships cost more than four million, a figure which American naval officers themselves regard as absurdly high. Nor is this the worst. The lowest bid for destroyers of the 1938 program on a fixed-price basis was entered by Bath Iron Works, which bid $5,627,000 for one destroyer or $5,153,000 for each of two. (In 1933, 1,500-ton destroyers were contracted for at $3,400,000 each; in 1934 at $3,430,000; in 1935 at $3,675,000; and in 1936 at $4,125,000—the amount given in each case being the figure of the lowest bid.) Destroyers at eight million each are not improbable if present trends in the cost of shipbuilding continue. World War destroyers, a fifth smaller than those now being built and constructed under cost-plus contracts which permitted extensive profiteering, cost on the average about a million and a half each.

What is true of battleships and destroyers is true in varying degrees of every other type of naval vessel. Airplane carriers, cruisers, submarines, auxiliaries—all show a rise in cost entirely disproportionate to their natural increase in size and offensive power. The price of 10,000-ton cruisers, as measured by low bids from private shipyards, increased from $8,196,000 to $15,525,000 between December 14, 1932, and August 8, 1935. Submarines have shown a smaller increase in price, but since the Electric Boat Company has for years possessed a monopoly of private submarine building in the United States through its ownership of all the patents, it is safe to guess that the most recent bid, $4,657,000 for a single craft, leaves a large margin of profit.

What is the cause of the extreme cost of American naval building? Are American naval architects more wasteful and prone to make blunders than members of their profession abroad? Is the productivity of American labor too low, or have wages and the cost of materials become unreasonably high, as is claimed by shipbuilders? In the main the answer to these questions is a negative one. Naval planners do occasionally make mistakes which necessitate an alteration of plans on ships under construction, with consequent delay and expense. However, naval architects abroad are not immune from making the same mistakes. American labor is the most productive per unit of any in the world. While the cost of labor and materials is somewhat higher in the United States than abroad this cannot account for the entire difference. Clearly we must look elsewhere for the major cause.

A significant clue is obtained from an examination of successful bids for the construction of American warships in any particular year. In 1927 the building of six cruisers of identical type was authorized. The successful bids were as follows:

Bethlehem	$10,675,000
American Brown Boveri Electric Corp.	10,815,000
Puget Sound Navy Yard	8,395,000
Mare Island Navy Yard	7,539,000
Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock	10,567,000

It should be noted that the successful bids from private yards were from 25 to 30 per cent higher than those from government yards. The comparable charges for battleships have been previously considered. The Nye committee in 1935 reported that the average difference between private-company and navy-yard costs of destroyers was around a million dollars.

The percentage of profit on these vessels, although not definitely known in most cases, is high. At the time of the Congressional munitions investigation in 1935 the only figures of profit available ranged from 22 to 38 per cent. Since that date more naval building has taken place, and bids have risen steadily. As profits usually go up when there is a demand for ships, the percentage of profit probably now exceeds that of former years.

At this point the average citizen is likely to ask a question: Why do not navy yards enter bids on all vessels and so force the prices of shipbuilders down to reasonable levels? The only answer that can be given is contained in the statement that the Navy Department for some years past has followed the practice of awarding at least half the contracts for the building of naval vessels to private yards regardless of the amount of the bids, the theory being that hard-hitting competition among bidders would force bids down to reasonable levels.

Such a theory presupposes the existence of a large number of shipbuilding firms, all avid for profit and without mutual agreements or understandings regarding the distribution of prospective business. Unfortunately these conditions have not existed for years in the shipbuilding industry. The Big Three—New York Shipbuilding, Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock, and Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company—are the only firms in the United States with facilities for building large battleships and airplane carriers. With one or two exceptions they have also built all cruisers awarded to private shipyards. The building of destroyers has been largely confined to the Big Three and the Little Three—Bath Iron Works, Federal Shipbuilding Company, and United Dry Docks. That these firms have at least "understandings" which enable them to avoid competition is proved by several facts. Testimony before the Nye committee indicates that conferences of shipbuilders were held before each important bidding on naval vessels. On occasion one or more of the prospective bidders have known which bidders would get the various vessels long before the bids were opened.

Probably the best-known method of avoiding com-

petition is identical bidding. For several years this device was employed by the three firms manufacturing armor plate for war vessels. Bids are always made at a high enough level to assure a profit. Although all ship builders are required to make an affidavit that they are not in collusion or agreement, collusion is almost impossible to prove unless the prima facie evidence of identical or questionable bids is accepted.

During the last several years identical bids have been going out of style, and the protective bid has become more common. In July, 1933, when the first contracts for warships were awarded under the New Deal, shipbuilders of all types were eager for work. It was interesting, therefore, to note that not only were the bids almost evenly divided among the Big Three, but Bethlehem was low bidder for a cruiser at a price of $11,720,000, although on December 14, 1932, the same company had bid $8,196,000 for a very similar ship. This rise in price could not have been caused by the higher cost of labor and materials, for at the same time Bethlehem bid lower for two destroyers than it had bid for ships of identical type less than two years before. Why the increased price for cruisers and not for destroyers? Senator Trammell of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs perhaps supplied the answer when he urged that the bids be rejected as showing collusion since the only two other companies competing for cruisers had apparently bid needlessly high in order to protect Bethlehem in its bid. Firms able to build destroyers were more numerous, and here real competition might be feared.

Use of another device to defeat competition and insure large profits was admirably illustrated recently. In March, 1939, the government opened bids for a 20,000-ton aircraft carrier, a shipbuilders' prize second only to a battleship. Oddly enough only one firm, Newport News, entered a bid. This bid, nearly thirty-five million, was far from low, but since it was the only one entered, Newport News obtained the contract. In order to divide the work and keep up the price each yard bids only on certain vessels. If orders for six destroyers are to be placed, each yard bids on two, and at a fairly high figure. Thus ships of the same type in a given year may cost very different amounts. In actual practice, during the last twenty years large ships have been almost equally divided among the Big Three.

In the larger classes of warships as in submarines, the monopoly is nearly air tight. Occasionally, however, there is a threat of competition. In 1933 the shipbuilding industry was thrown into a panic by the appearance of a new firm, Gulf Industries, Inc., of Pensacola, Florida. In order to buy more equipment, the firm applied to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for a large loan. At this point the shipbuilders decided upon action. Governor Moore of New Jersey and the entire New Jersey delegation in Congress were begged to use all the influence at their command to prevent the granting of the loan. Letters were hastily dispatched to James Farley and President Roosevelt urging that Gulf Industries be given no government help. The loan was not made.

Despite this disappointment Gulf Industries entered the lowest regular bid for the construction of destroyers in 1933. Yet it failed to receive any business. At the same time the company stated that it was prepared to submit bids on cruisers which would save the government millions of dollars a year. Although the navy was being charged three and a half million more than for the last previous ship of the type, Gulf Industries got no attention. Two years later the president, L. R. Wilder, testifying before the Senate committee investigating the munitions industry, stated that he had been advised to get in touch with A. P. Homer, who for a fee of $250,000 could secure him contracts worth from ten to fifteen million. Mr. Wilder did not follow this advice and did not get any contract. In 1935 Mr. Homer sued Bath Iron Work for $50,000 which he asserted was owed him for activities designated to bring naval business to that concern.

Undeterred by its failures of the previous year, Gulf Industries in 1934 submitted a cruiser bid more than a million dollars less than that of the next lowest bidder, Newport News, which got the business. In the same year three comparatively new firms—Gulf Industries, Los Angeles Shipbuilding and Dry Dock, and General Engineering—submitted bids for destroyers that were considerably lower than those of the companies securing the contracts. Senator Hiram Johnson of California protested against the unfairness of refusing contracts to West Coast firms when their bids were lower and their location was more convenient for the navy. However, his request for reconsideration received no response.

The position of the navy itself in regard to shipbuilding has not always been above criticism. On June 23, 1933, C. L. Bardo, at that time president of the New York Shipbuilding Company and later of the National Manufacturers' Association, wrote to the chairman of his board: ". . . I know from my talks with some of the representatives of the navy who are keenly interested in this work, that they are desirous of finding some substantial reasons for awarding this work to the largest possible extent to private yards. . . . There was also expressed to us the desire that the builders themselves should get together and agree as far as we could upon what each would bid and then bid on nothing else."

One of the reasons for the high cost of naval vessels built in private yards is to be found in the system of bidding now in use. Firms entering bids on warships may do so in one of two ways. A bid may be made on a fixed-sum basis or with an adjustment provision to the effect that the government will protect the contractor from loss resulting from any changes in the prices of labor and

materials during the period of construction. The latter is generally termed an alternate bid. Bids made on a fixed-sum basis without adjustment provisions are made large enough to cover all possible sources of extra expense and give a large profit besides. But high as they generally are, they have certain points of superiority to alternate bids. When the navy awards contracts with an agreement to protect the company against changes in the price of labor and materials, it immediately faces the likelihood of inflation of costs. The Nye committee found many indications that increased overhead and other expenses were being added to the expense accounts of naval vessels as additional costs for labor and materials. Without an army of auditors constantly busy during the construction of a vessel, prevention of such "mistakes" is nearly impossible. Bids with adjustment provisions mean absolutely nothing with respect to the ultimate cost of a naval vessel. Fixed-sum and alternate bids have one common denominator: the government loses.

This situation has existed in the shipbuilding industry, though to a lesser degree, for several decades; only the administrations of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt have investigated conditions or made serious efforts to improve them. The munitions investigation of 1935 revealed some exceptionally malodorous conditions in munitions. Not wanting were indications of collusion, high-priced lobbying, and bribery, with the navy itself often serving as a willing tool or at best as an indifferent spectator to the machinations of the shipbuilders. After these disclosures Congressmen fell over themselves in the effort to introduce drastic legislation designed to take the profit out of war and war preparation. Most of these measures, however, were quietly pigeonholed in committee. That there has been no genuine improvement in conditions is due to two factors—public forgetfulness and the apathy of Congress. President Roosevelt showed a willingness to deal with the problem in 1937 when he violated precedent by awarding contracts for both new battleships to navy yards. In February, 1938, urging a 20 per cent increase in naval strength, he also recommended legislation to do away with profiteering and equalize the burdens of the cost of a possible war, saying with considerable irony, "Such legislation has been the subject for many years of full studies in this and preceding Congresses."

This last recommendation received next to no mention by the press. Congress accepted the President's plan for a 20 per cent naval increase but failed even to consider the important issue of profiteering. The 1939 session of Congress was equally barren of legislation against war profits. Meanwhile munitions firms are running overtime, and prices for naval vessels and war materials of all sorts are shooting skyward. If no questions are asked about the price, how far will a mere eight hundred million go in the provision of naval defense?

In the Wind

THE "WAVERLY," a handbook issued to freshmen at the Washington Square College of New York University, carries brief descriptions of various campus organizations. Of the Socialist Club it cryptically reports: "Discusses and teaches the principles of socialism. Indorsed by *Good Housekeeping*."

A WEST COAST magazine called the *Guardian*, organ of the "Owners and Lessees Apartment House Association," runs this notice to potential contributors: "Short, constructive typewritten articles by members and other responsible citizens invited for possible publication. No MMS returned unless you send your chauffeur after them."

SPORTING NEWS: Secretaries of sporting clubs throughout Massachusetts are receiving propaganda from an organization calling itself the "Industrial Defense Association," with headquarters in Boston. The association warns that a "red revolution" is on its way in the United States and pleads: "Is it not time for Christian sportsmen to take defensive measures against such an uprising?"

VISITING THE Dies committee hearings recently, Mary B. Gilson, distinguished Chicago University economist, patiently watched Dies chew gum, then irritably sent him this note: "I am a Midwesterner with a good deal of respect for our government and its elected representatives. You don't realize perhaps how gum-chewing seems to my naive self not in keeping with Congressional dignity." A moment later she got back a penciled reply: "It so happens I have just been compelled to quit smoking after twenty years, due to heart trouble. If you ever tried to quit smoking you would know when chewing gum is necessary."

NO LESS disturbed than American Communists by the Nazi-Soviet pact, most Hitler sympathizers in the United States are trying to explain it all to their followers The frankest comment appears in *Liberation*, William Pelley's Silver Shirt journal. "Chief" Pelley writes: "I cannot see eye to eye with Adolf Hitler in his economic alliance with communistic Russia, and had I been in his position—based upon such knowledge of the alliance as I now possess—I would have spurned Russian aid in any form whatever rather than tarnish my anti-communistic principles."

THE JUNE issue of the German periodical *Monatshefte* carried this deft apology for a tribute to King Zog that had appeared in its May issue: "The May number was already printed and bound when the swift and surprising intervention of the Duce put an end to the splendor of King Zog of Albania and showed him up to the world in his true light. We regret to state that, for that reason, it was not possible to recast the passage in accordance with the actual facts now revealed. We do not doubt that our readers, enlightened by the daily press, will have made the necessary corrections of their own accord."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.* —EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The United States and the War

London, September 8

TO ALL of us American correspondents over here it seems as if the United States were taking this war far more excitedly and tragically than the people of this country, whose amazing calm I have already stressed in this correspondence. We are told that various American admirals and generals have, as usual, burst into print to declare that the only lesson for the United States is that it must arm at once, still more. It must not be content with the $2,000,000,000 voted by the last Congress but must add another billion just as soon as Congress reassembles. There is certainly not the slightest reason for this unless the United States intends at once to enter the war. Actually, from the purely military point of view, the security of the United States has been increased by the outbreak of war. And the longer war continues, the safer the United States will be, if it ever was in danger. For with each day that passes, the exhaustion of the contestants will become greater—through the piling up their debts, the sinking of their ships, the ruination of their trade, the steady impoverishment and demoralization of their peoples.

But, I can hear the admirals and generals saying, what if Germany wins? Will not Hitler then promptly come over and conquer us and South America? The answer is emphatically no. Hitler has not enough ships in the German merchant marine to move even a hundred thousand men with the necessary arms and supplies, and his navy is insignificant in strength in comparison to our own. If he wins, he will have an exhausted people, half-starved and ready to rebel at any suggestion of further conquest. And all Europe will have to be held down by huge German forces. Hitler certainly will not be able to take over the British navy and use it against us. He will never get his hands on it; any more than the English got the German navy at the end of the last war.

If Hitler loses the war, there will have been removed the one country in Europe that could be considered an enemy to the United States. The only possible enemy remaining is Japan, which at the moment is so disgusted with Germany for betraying it that it will be less inclined than ever to start hostilities with us. And once more, for the hundredth time, I wish to stress the fact that Japan cannot physically make war upon us nor we upon Japan. On this page I have repeatedly quoted opinions of high naval and military officers to this effect, including the positive opinion of the commander-in-chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt himself, uttered when he was not in office and not in a position to indulge himself by playing with and commanding a huge fleet. Will somebody mention a third nation which might in any way menace the United States? Certainly both France and England will have been bled white if this war lasts any length of time; and Italy will never be in a position to menace the United States. And why should it? Its eyes are on Africa. It wishes to dominate the Mediterranean. It could no more attack the North American Colossus than it could undertake an expedition to the moon. Moreover, Mussolini, like Hitler, is a scoundrel who has to hold down his subjects by force.

No, the truth is that if reason and logic, and not sentiment, hysteria, and self-interest, were applied to this question, the American army and navy would take the lead in advocating disarmament—always provided that we are not going to be so insane as to go to war in Europe again. I am even hoping that my friends the editors of *The Nation* will now turn about and join me in exposing the needless waste of the terrific military expenditures we are now making, to say nothing of the steady militarization of the country. I hope they will also give a great deal of space to recording the very important movement under way over here, led by the London *Times*, the Manchester *Guardian*, the *New Statesman and Nation*, and many distinguished individuals, to bring about a prompt statement of Allied war aims. If these aims are just, they will be the best possible propaganda to drop within the German lines.

So far, every proposal that I have seen calls for the scrapping of the League of Nations and the building of a Federal State of Europe; it is believed that the continent cannot continue to live and develop in an atmosphere of crisis after crisis, war alarm after war alarm. In this the United States can help enormously, and it has already been suggested that President Roosevelt be asked to sound out neutral opinion everywhere on the form the new order should take. Here is a better opportunity for American leadership than any to be found in wasting more money on absolutely needless armaments. My fellow-countrymen can sleep in peace. They are not being got out of bed, as we are here, by the air-raid sirens, and there is not the slightest danger that they ever will be. They are not awaiting the inevitable destruction of life and property in the city in which they live. Let them be calm, and work for a new world and a decent one.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

A "Superheated Observer"

A VICTORIAN IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Hutchins Hapgood. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

THE modern world into which this passionately experimental Victorian emerged and which he experienced with the naive and innocent fervor of a Dostoevskyan character, though at the same time observing himself in the spirit of a Dostoevsky, is already crystallized into a past bursting with personal revolt, unlimited social faith and reforming energy, and much happy creative foolishness.

No one could communicate better the seething quality of the pre-war world of metropolitan American radical-bohemian liberalism than Hutchins Hapgood. He was a good seether and he knew all the other seethers. Yet he was never a joiner, rather "a superheated observer" as Leo Stein remarked, always "looking for God in every dust bin," as Mabel Dodge recorded, and finding him oftener there than anywhere else. An explorer of human nature, he was the reporter, friend, and interpreter of the most advanced views and personalities in labor, art, and personal behavior, of the oppressed and exploited, of the eccentrics and misfits of civilization, for whom he had a special sympathy untainted by reforming zeal.

Looking for life and literary material he discovered the East Side and wrote "The Spirit of the Ghetto"; discovered radical labor and wrote "The Spirit of Labor" (with Anton Johannsen) and "An Anarchist Woman"; hungrily studied the human values of toughs, bums, drunks, spielers, and thieves in Bowery saloons and dance halls and wrote "The Autobiography of a Thief" and "Types from City Streets"; looked into his own heart and wrote "The Story of a Lover," unfortunately suppressed for its unconventional inclusiveness.

Thronging figures of the many worlds he touched mill about in these pages in striking and fragmentary glimpses, portrayed with a disarming blend of critical forthrightness and warm human acceptance. His brothers Norman and William are here; William James and Santayana of the Harvard days; study and loafing in Europe with the Bernard Berensons and the Steins, Leo and Gertrude; the "movers and shakers" of the Mabel Dodge salon; John Reed, Lincoln Steffens, Josiah Flynt; Dreiser, Hemingway, Max Eastman; Emma Goldman, Berkman, Bill Haywood; the Provincetown group, Neith Boyce, his wife, Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook; the Armory Show; the new generation of radicals and fanatics, with their differences from his own; these are only some of the ingredients in this rich brew.

This is a kaleidoscopic, chaotic, and ingenuous book. The first half has a unity, felicity, and poignancy which are necessarily dissipated in the second, to which it is the prelude and key. For here the author performs the somewhat magic feat of drawing the reader into the core of the inner conflict that built up a childish personality of excessive sensibility to emotional and aesthetic experience, violent and shy, dreamy, combative, and gentle, savoring the expanding consciousness of life with a lyric bewilderment and intensity and groping toward contacts and security along such detours as the blocking of a main road leaves possible. It was blocked, apparently, as much by the lack of spiritual sustenance in his parents' mild agnosticism as by his father's contempt for music and dancing. Whatever the obstacle was, it developed a romantic individualism, a mysticism, which the boy whose best friend had been a young idiot to whom he could unfold himself with a freedom that deserted him among the normal, recognized as already his own when many years later he came to read the great Russian novelists who taught a whole generation to prostrate itself before the saintliness and vileness of the human soul. He had always had this strange love for those who existed on the verge of insecurity, social, moral, or intellectual; the depraved and stunted seemed closest to the great inner reality which escaped him.

Everything had a symbolic quality in which physical sensation and spiritual insight fused and heightened each other, and any experience which increased the sense of self seemed about to disclose the great secret. Drinking to excess and sexual promiscuity were gestures of a noble revolt to the last Victorians, while their children, having no sense of guilt and a more impersonal social fervor, do as they please without remorse or exhibitionism. But the individualism that sometimes wallowed with God in the dust bin was also dedicated to ideals of social freedom that valued life above opinion and sought the harmonization of its varieties rather than the power to crush them.

Mr. Hapgood's story is a period piece that vividly retains the surface gleams and forms of the society that produced it. There is nothing one can say for or against that way of life that he does not say himself, thus saving one the trouble. He is as amiably ready to say *mea culpa* as he is to grant himself absolution. Maybe he wasted his life, he remarks, enjoying it so, but he did enjoy it. And people who enjoy, who approach life as artists and lovers, do not persecute. Maybe there is something in that.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

Winston Churchill as Prophet

STEP BY STEP. 1936-1939. By Winston S. Churchill. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

MILLIONS of Britons were cheered when, as their country took the plunge into war, the news came through that Winston Churchill was to be in charge once again of the navy with a seat in the war Cabinet. No more effective signal could have been given that the battle against Hitlerism was going to be pursued with the utmost determination. For Churchill, alone among leading British Tories, realized long ago the kind of menace that the Nazi revolution offered, not merely to Germany's small neighbors, but to European civilization, to democracy, and, not least, to the

British Empire. Year in, year out, in Parliament and in the press he urged the building up of a system of collective security and the simultaneous strengthening of British defenses. It is partly due to his crusading that these defenses are now in a comparatively formidable state. But he was not able to win acceptance for the first and more important part of his program until too late; and the present catastrophe is the result.

From March, 1936, to May of this year Churchill contributed a fortnightly article to the press commenting on international affairs. In this book these articles have been reprinted exactly as they appeared, and now that their Cassandra-like prophecies have been fulfilled to the letter they form a tragic but valuable record. They begin with Hitler's repudiation of the Locarno Treaty and military reoccupation of the Rhineland. Churchill argued that this was the occasion for the League of Nations to establish its authority for all time by passing judgment on Germany's action and mustering overwhelming force to make that judgment respected. "Stop it! Stop it now!" he demanded. "The world, nay, Europe alone, is overwhelmingly strong compared to any single member of its family. But there must be Concert and Design guided by farsighted unselfishness and inexorable resolve. This is no task for France, no task for Britain, no task for the Locarno powers or any group of powers; it is a task for all." But while insisting that German aggression must be curbed, Churchill also urged that collective action should be taken to meet genuine grievances and anxieties.

Again and again in this book we find him hammering at this theme. He recognized the dangers that collective security involved, but, he pointed out, how much greater were the perils of drifting, of yielding to blackmail. In the middle of last September's crisis he wrote: "Why should we wait until the worst has happened before being ready to run risks? . . . If this moment is lost through hesitancy, however well-meaning, and war should come, as come it may, perhaps quite soon, how vain will be reproaches and regrets, how vast the tragedy of mankind."

And now that the worst has happened, Winston Churchill is called back from the long political exile to which his party's traditional distrust of brilliance condemned him, to help Britain overcome the most dangerous enemy it has ever faced. Behind him he leaves half a dozen careers and a record of great achievements marred by equally great errors of judgment. But at this hour he is the white hope among British statesmen, and if he can rise to the opportunity he may yet rank in history with his ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Thomas Craven's Favorite Prints

A TREASURY OF AMERICAN PRINTS. Edited by Thomas Craven. 100 Aquatones with Biographical Notes and Introduction. Simon and Schuster. $3.95.

FOR several years now Thomas Craven has been posing as the spokesman of what is truly American in art. He continues this performance in the present collection of contemporary prints, of which he is the editor. Once again his favorites—Curry and Grant Wood and the drawling Benton, the Manhattan-recorder Marsh, and the gentle, humorous Sloan—dominate the collection (27 out of 100 plates). To them he has added Peggy Bacon (5 plates), no doubt because he likes her tart little "remarks." Then he has some secondary favorites: Adolf Dehn with his lithographs of city and country, John Costigan with his sentimental etchings, Lauren Ford with her incidents and fragments, Gropper with his meaty satires, George Grosz with his hates, and Harry Wickey with his scenes of occasional song. These, together with his first choices, take 51 of the plates, which leaves a bare half for all the rest of the Americans.

And what of them? The distinguished Marin is given one plate, the same as the unknown Lee Townsend. Eugene Higgins, that Ryder of the workingman, likewise with one, is placed on the same footing as the pinched and ineffectual Lucioni. The sensational Cadmus, on the other hand, receives as much as Marin and Higgins together. Paul Clemens, who all too evidently hasn't forgotten his Daumier, is apparently considered just as important as that proved and intelligent experimenter, Charles Sheeler. The inept Francis Chapin should not have been included at all, while two plates are at least one too many for the academician Locke. Two plates are also given to de Martelly, whose woebegone figures of starvation look as if they had been dressed up in garments of masquerade and then set to posing for their picture. Incidentally, these two academicians are rated the same as the merry Waldo Peirce and the rippling Wanda Gàg (whose notes on her work, by the way, are the best in the book). It is misemphases such as these that make one distrust the soundness of the editor's judgment, even when one has no quarrel with the individual selections.

But more glaring are the omissions. Where is that "naturalist who just happened to be an etcher," Frank Benson? Where is the scrupulous and indefatigable John Taylor Arms, whose etchings have long ranked him among the leading practitioners in his medium both here and abroad? Where is Kerr Eby, whose New England snow scenes are, in their way, excellent Americana? Why the omission of J. J. Lankes? What of the etchings and woodcuts of Allen Lewis, who has been a pioneer and man of discrimination for many years? Where is Benjamin Kopman, with his "singing" blacks and whites? All these are Americans too, and recognized ones. How can a book which omits them pretend to be inclusive?

And what claim to authority can it have when it attempts to dismiss John Marin as an "eclectic"? It would be gratifying if Mr. Craven would name one work in the last thirty years which justifies this epithet. It would also be interesting to know what he means by including Heilige Nacht and The General, both admirable works by George Grosz in his German period, in an *American* collection. And while he is at it, will he explain why the presence of Hodler, a Swiss, is always intruding itself in the supposedly 100 per cent American works of Grant Wood? These questions are posed merely because Mr. Craven has been insisting so splenetically on the unadulterated Americanism of himself and those whom he favors. And it might be well, just as a matter of art criticism, to know why he admires the clumsy drawing of Curry, and what prompts him to support the statement that "most woodcuts are transparently ephemeral in quality"? One wonders, indeed, why Mr. Craven was chosen to edit

this collection in the first place, for he is the man who once wrote that "Rembrandt's etchings are almost the sole excuse for the existence of the finical and laborious process of scratching smudged pieces of copper."

In any case, this is a depleted treasury. Some day another selection will be made which will be more truly representative of America. In such a book our two premier etchers, Sloan and Marin, would be put where they belong, at the head of the list. One pities the folk in the cities; the other sings the glory of the Maine coast and the skyscraper. Benton would be present, for the hill-billies and "crackers" and local Twains speak through him. The tawdry, spotted city of Marsh would have a place. So would the workers of Gropper, the snippy ones of Peggy Bacon, the wheatfields of Dehn, the striving fishermen of Higgins, the peasant-like gaiety of Wanda Gàg, and the lurching of Peirce. All these are American. So, too, are the soaring ducks of Benson, the social passion of Kopman, the Yankee meticulousness of Arms, the Robert Frost black-and-whites of Lankes, the silent New England snowfields of Eby. Broad and high and minute and wonderful, America lies waiting for such presentation, but not at the hands of Mr. Craven, because, despite all his protestations, he champions not America but merely that limited part of it which is composed of his own favorites.

JEROME MELLQUIST

Studies in American Culture

LIBERAL KENTUCKY, 1780-1828. By Niels Henry Sonne. Columbia University Press. $3.

JEDIDIAH MORSE, A CHAMPION OF NEW ENGLAND ORTHODOXY. By James King Morse. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

THE EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM IN AMERICA. By James Dombrowski. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

A CHANGE, long overdue, seems to be taking place as to the consideration of religion as a factor in our history. The earlier tendency of historians was to close the discussion at the point when religious freedom was written into the statutes. But the political power of many of the sects, particularly during the formative years of the republic, is now pretty fully recognized, and the varied forms of religious expression are seen to represent significant phases of our cultural life. A few years ago we had T. C. Hall's admirable "Religious Backgrounds of American Culture." Now the first three volumes in the newly initiated Studies in American Culture describe distinct episodes in religious or sectarian thought and activity.

Mr. Sonne portrays a long and relentless conflict in Kentucky, extending over a period of forty years from 1780, with Transylvania University as the prize. On one side was a small group of Presbyterians who conducted an unscrupulous campaign, employing slander, anonymous attacks, and political chicanery. On the other was a rich complex of social and intellectual thought which had a notable place in Lexington during these years, appearing most conspicuously in Buchanan, Holley, and a few others now less known. No adequate history of Transylvania exists, nothing more than a biographical sketch of Holley. Mr. Sonne has had to do a solid piece of pioneering to develop his materials, and he has done this exceedingly well. His detail is rich and much of it is new. As to his sweeping and undocumented conclusions we may enter a few queries. Holley was forced to resign, and Mr. Sonne believes that the orthodox Presbyterian contingent henceforth governed education in Kentucky. But there are signs even among the orthodox, notably in the Peers report, of fertile ideas astir. As to Transylvania, the view that the university went into a hopeless decline after Holley's resignation is the conventional one. The controversy had been on religious grounds; the teaching of science and the law, for which Transylvania was justly famous, was hardly touched by it. As late as 1840, to go no farther, creditable work was being done there with excellent equipment.

It was hardly to be expected that the Unitarianism represented by Holley, a thorough New England product, would take root in Kentuky. Nor was the harsh struggle an isolated struggle. Puritanism was now strongly embattled on many fronts. The evangelical sects were all on the rise, nowhere more positively than in Kentucky, the scene of the Great Revival. Quite apart from the controversy over Transylvania, these forces were bound to exert an increasing influence upon education. On the liberal side Mr. Sonne also fails to take general forces into account. One would not guess from his narrative that the free-thinking intellectualism in Kentucky had had its broad base in the East, and particularly in the colonial South, or that it made an essential groundwork for contemporary thought in this whole period. Yet a discussion of these interrelationships would seem essential if the movement in Kentucky is to be fully understood, if its losses and gains are to be appraised.

The geographer and Calvinist minister Jedidiah Morse makes a frame on which to drape an unpleasant episode in the battle of Old Lights against New Lights in Massachusetts during the same era. We have Morse between his geographic and his Indian periods, and even within these limits the outlines are blurred. Significant items sink into footnotes; often, as in the case of the Hannah Adams controversy, they are unexplained. The author says that Morse had "the habit of saying one thing in public while he was doing just the opposite." This is to put it mildly. The word "cant" takes on a fresh meaning from the fragments of Morse's letters and sermons. The *odium theologicum* was a medium in which he almost sensually sported. If he concentrated a phase of American culture, why not let us have the dimensional portrait? A broadly drawn psychopathic study might have social and perhaps cultural values. As it is, we have only the minutiae of a miserable antagonism.

"The Early Days of Christian Socialism in America" begins at a point in time nearly a hundred years later than the other two volumes, in the early eighteen seventies: Mr. Dombrowski describes the socialized religious philosophy of Henry George, Ely, Bellamy, Bliss, Lloyd, Graham Taylor, Herron, and others, with a chapter on related ideas as these were developed in theological seminaries. Though the materials are not new, Mr. Dombrowski has humanized them in his portrayals, and also by the way in which he lights up motives and emotions and ideas as these appear in related movements and counter-movements. And the emphasis is

new. In recent criticism the religious background of these figures has usually been scanted; Mr. Dombrowski shows it to have been formative and essential, though he suggests other influences in the rise of sociology and social psychology and by his well-integrated account of the contemporary labor movement.

This is a useful book, handily put together, but curiously suspended in mid-air. It presents no scrap of material on the religious communes in flower when the theologians who dominate the other two volumes were sharpening their tomahawks. These communes multiplied in succeeding decades, and some of them, notably the Shakers, still existed in strength during the period which Mr. Dombrowski discusses. Surely they bear some relation to his subject. His book closes abruptly at the end of Herron's career. Did social Christianity expire with Herron? Why not suggest the further outcome up to the time when Father Coughlin began to garble the phrases of this group? Above all, why not evaluate these ideas and activities? Were they a flash in the pan, or have they left a substantial residue? We are left in the dark as to Mr. Dombrowski's conclusions.

These books are all sharply segmented. The sense of relative values, the free play of judgment and allusion are absent. This reviewer believes that a richer, more liberal treatment is essential if such studies are to be brought under the heading of American culture. One is reminded of Mr. Sonne's statement that the intellectual forces in Kentucky failed because they did not enlist the popular imagination. A similar outcome can occur in the realm of scholarship. This is not to ask for a rough-and-ready popularization; but surely descriptive work of this character exists to be appropriated. Whatever may be given it by way of orientation widens understanding of the whole field. It may be contended that breadth of interpretation is not aimed at, that the worth of these studies is factual, perhaps that the time has not yet come for interpretation. The argument is familiar; indeed, the dissenting view belongs to a controversy as deep—we will hope not as angry—as any between New Lights and Old Lights. Here at any rate is dissent. Approaches in these volumes are constrained. As they stand, it would be easy to consider many of the issues of which they treat transitory or sterile.

In format these books are exceptionally well designed: plain but handsome, they are so well manufactured that they might well provide a standard for all but ephemeral publications.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

Horney Versus Freud

NEW WAYS IN PSYCHOANALYSIS. By Karen Horney. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

IN PROPER technical usage, psychoanalysis has reference only to the psychological theories and practices of Sigmund Freud and his close followers. This group of individuals undoubtedly constitutes a "school," but of all the various schools dealing with psychopathological phenomena it is the most scientific, in that it deals in systematic fashion with nearly all the vital psychological problems. On laying down Karen Horney's recent book I have severe doubts that she is still to be called a psychoanalyst in the technical meaning of the word. True, she claims that "the purpose of this book is not to show what is wrong with psychoanalysis, but through eliminating the debatable elements to enable psychoanalysis to develop to the height of its potentialities." Surely this is a most laudable if extraordinarily ambitious program. All serious students of psychology hope for further refinements in psychoanalytic theory, but its highest "potentialities" are not going to be developed in any single essay.

In any case, Horney pours out the baby of basic theory with the bath water of debatable elements. She repudiates or drastically revises Freud's theories of instinctual basic urges, psychosexual development, the Oedipus complex, the structure of the personality, and the repetitional patterns in life histories. Now it is exactly these theories which distinguish psychoanalysis from other modern theories of personality. She retains the idea of strict psychic determinism, the idea that actions and feelings are largely determined by the unconscious, and the theory that the emotions are the chief motor forces behind behavior. These ideas are undoubtedly sound, but no one of them was completely original with Freud. Freud's great service has been in proving their validity. In addition, these ideas are accepted by practically all modern psychopathologists and have become basic postulates of most of the deviate schools like those of Jung, Adler, and Rank. Consequently it is hard to follow Horney's assertion that her work is not "meant to be the beginning of a new psychoanalytical school." From the introduction and first two chapters it is clear that Horney is making a sharp break with psychoanalysis.

The remaining fourteen chapters cover much of the theory of psychoanalysis, each one following the same definite pattern. Horney presents the orthodox viewpoints, subjects them to sharp criticism, and ends with her own views, which, more often than not, are markedly discordant. The book turns into a fourteen-round ring battle between the "new ways" (Horney) and the "old ways" (Freud). More accurately described, it is fourteen rounds of shadow boxing because it is Horney who sets up the Freud—and not always accurately—whom she later attempts to knock down. I cannot in a brief review give a round-by-round account of this battle. As referee I would award three rounds to Horney (chapters headed Feminine Psychology, Death Instinct, and Culture and Neuroses), seven rounds to Freud's shadow, and call four rounds draws. So Freud wins the decision. In fact, Horney's discussion of therapy in the last chapter is based on such dubious arguments that one might call it a technical knock-out by Freud.

Horney's criticisms hinge in final analysis on three points: the instinctual nature of Freud's basic urges cannot be demonstrated; psychoanalysts have underestimated the role of culture in molding personality; and they have overestimated the importance of childhood development at the cost of neglecting the contemporary life situation. The first two of these points I believe to be unimportant for the systematic significance of psychoanalysis, and the third I do not believe to be valid. Whether the basic drives are instincts is of great importance for the implications of psychoanalysis for sociology but of practically none for the psychoanalytic theory of both the normal and the sick personality. Freud himself calls the

instinct theory "our mythology" and uses it simply as a starting postulate. What follows in his theory can be demonstrated quite adequately without this bias. In recent times many analysts have realized the neglect of cultural factors in the psychoanalysis of the past. Horney herself has done notable work here. With her insistence on the importance of the present life situation I agree, but I do not think this in any way invalidates the beautiful dialectics of the theory of psychosexual genesis. This theory in itself combines cultural and psychological factors to show exactly how in our culture the child is the psychological father of the man. Change the cultural factors and, as the anthropologists have shown, you get behavioral differences, but these are not as great as the behavioral similarities which remain. Although some of Horney's individual critical points are well taken, in the final analysis the "old ways" retain their great significance and the "new ways" turn out to be rather meaningless.

That Horney's position is nearer Adler's than Freud's is most clearly indicated in her last chapter on therapy. Freud long ago pointed out that a psychoanalysis is complete only when the individual has relived the traumatic infantile experiences in the so-called transference situation. The function of the analyst is simply to guide the individual in this reliving; so that actually it is the individual who cures himself. There is good evidence—some of it based on actual experiments—that of all the therapies only a psychoanalysis of this sort changes the basic structure of the personality. Horney's "new" technique emphasizes the present life situation of the neurotic and leaves the genesis of the neurosis in the background. She does not hesitate to give up the passive role of the analyst and make active suggestions. By so doing she claims to have better results. We have known for many years that there are easier ways than psychoanalysis to help some neurotics. Suggestive psychotherapy, hypnosis, Christian Science, Couéism, and even events in real life, like inheriting a fortune or losing one, all these effect "cures." The demonstrable trouble with these cures is that they are pretty short-lived. I am afraid that many of Horney's cures with the "new" method may turn out to be short-lived, too.

J. F. BROWN

FILMS

"THE END OF A DAY," the French picture with which the excellently managed Filmarte Theater in New York (Jean Lenauer) opened its new season, deserves and will easily have the same great success as its predecessors, "La Kermesse Héroique," "Mayerling," and "The Grand Illusion." Again there is a new theme and a refreshing absence of the Hollywood formula for bringing everything at forced speed to a clear-cut ending, happy or otherwise, as life never does. Many episodes in this French picture could be eliminated without harm to the "plot," but they serve a higher purpose and are rightly elaborated with great love by the actors and the director (Duvivier). I should not like to do without any one of them. It is not true that the effect would be heightened and the picture gain by their absence. The leisure with which this story of a milieu and a group of people is told is a means of art for revealing the general world by the portrayal of a particular one. One need not be an old actor to understand the deep moral of this picture about old actors. In their exaggerations of true feelings and pretense one sees one's own ambitions and shortcomings, and one leaves the picture not only aware of having been entertained in the best fashion but even a little wiser.

The scene is an old actors' home somewhere in southern France. With the exception of a young waitress who plays a small part, the cast consists entirely of older people. There is Cabrissade, the lifelong understudy, who is always pretending and acting in life and writes his own obituary to be read at his grave. Michel Simon plays this character with such perfection that alone he provides enough excellence for one picture. But there are others; in fact, everyone in the cast is equally satisfying. Victor Francen as the too intellectual, too considerate actor who could never win public favor, Louis Jouvet as the *homme du femme* who sends himself love letters, the old couple holding hands and talking of their children and children's children till it comes to light that they

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Next Week in The Nation

BRITISH LABOR AND THE WAR CABINET
By Harold J. Laski

MOSCOW AND THE AMERICAN LEFT
By James Wechsler

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

were never married (their final wedding, with the speech of the tolerant Catholic priest, is a highlight of the picture and as mature a scene of ironical delight as one could wish)—a whole gallery of characters is presented in the framework of a casual story almost flawless in its suspense and beauty. Julien Duvivier, who with Charles Spaak wrote the script, directed the picture with the eyes of a poet who lets the camera serve his vision. He achieves complete unity. No wonder he left Hollywood because he did not want to be constantly interfered with by producers with set commercial formulas. One has only to compare the nightmare he was forced to concoct in Hollywood last year, "The Great Waltz," with this outstanding work to agree that he has proved his point.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

SOME people have told me that when part of Wagner's "Ring" was broadcast from Bayreuth recently they found it unendurable. They were people who had had ears only for the impressive sound of the music at a time when other listeners, aware of what the extraordinary musical resources were being employed to express, not only had found the grandiose philosophical conceptions absurdly infantile and muddled, but had feared the minds which such conceptions impressed. And during the recent crisis the people I first mentioned were suddenly aware of the sense in the sound—a sense which had the menace of the minds it had influenced, the events it had helped to produce.

For those who still can listen to Act II of "Die Walküre" I will report that the new Victor set (ten records, $20) offers the music excellently recorded by Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, and less familiar but good singers, the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Seidler-Winkler, and the former Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter. There is almost none of the reverberation that was so noticeable in the recording of Act I; but in my review pressing there are occasional faulty surfaces.

Whereas Koussevitzky's old set gave only excerpts from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," Stokowski's new one (four records, $8) gives the entire work, and with tonal splendor that is recorded with present-day spaciousness, richness, and fidelity to timbre, but also with a nervous excitement that is alien and disadvantageous to the work. Thus, Stokowski rushes through the beginning of the fourth scene as he does through the Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser"; but whereas the submerging of detail in the flood of sound is a gain in the Bacchanale it is a loss in "Petrouchka"; and there is a loss also through Stokowski's impatience in the pauses and silences that Stravinsky prescribes.

Elgar's expertly contrived, least rhetorical, and most enjoyable work, his "Enigma Variations," has been recorded by the B. B. C. Symphony under Boult (three records, $5). The performance lacks the sensitive warmth that Harty puts into the work in an older Columbia recording, which does not sound shabby by the side of the new Victor.

On a single record ($1.50) Lotte Lehmann imparts a characteristic emotional warmth to Beethoven's exquisite "Ich liebe dich," where Flagstad's sensitive phrasing achieves an effect of quiet intimacy. Paul Robeson is enjoyable in a Negro folk-song "No More," but shows little taste in his choice of Lily Strickland's "Jes Mah Song" for the reverse side of the record (75 cents). And I find the singing of the Siberian Singers a little too tricky in the folk-songs "In the Village" and "Beneath the Snow My Russia Lies" ($1). The Scarlatti-Taussig "Pastorale" and "Capriccio" and Beethoven's "Rage Over the Lost Penny" are well recorded by Brailovsky ($2).

A few *New Music Quarterly* recordings made by Musicraft and distributed by Bennington College Cooperative Store have accumulated on my shelf: six songs by Charles Ives (1412); Edgar Varèse's "Octandre" (1411); Edwin Gerschefski's New Music for piano and Gerald Strang's Sonatina for clarinet (1312); Paul Creston's Suite for saxophone and piano (1313); Harrison Kerr's Study for unaccompanied 'cello, Robert McBride's "Warm-up" for English horn, and his "Let-down" for English horn and piano (1314). Creston's suite is mildly engaging; but I have not been able to discover anything in the other works to explain why anyone should have written them and have thought anyone else should listen to them.

The good jazz records reissued by Victor under Panassié's sponsorship—to say nothing, for the moment, of the poor ones—include Charlie Johnson's "The Boy in the Boat" (Bluebird), with Jimmy Harrison on trombone and Sidney De Paris on trumpet; Fletcher Henderson's "Hocus Pocus" (Bluebird), with Buster Bailey on clarinet and Coleman Hawkins on tenor saxophone; the McKinney Cotton Pickers' "Gee, Ain't I Good to You" (Bluebird), with Joe Smith and De Paris on trumpet (it is, I believe, De Paris who has the melody in the first chorus, not, as Panassié thinks, Smith); and "Fats" Waller's "You're Not the Only Oyster in the Stew" and "Dream Man" (Bluebird), the second with Bill Coleman on trumpet and Eugene Sedric on clarinet. Waller's recent "Honey Hush" and "I Used to Love You" (Bluebird) are good of their kind; and I have liked the Bud Freeman "I've Found a New Baby" and "Easy to Get" (Bluebird), the Benny Carter "Blue Light Blues" (Victor), and Earl Hines's "Piano Man" (Bluebird), which gives an impressive demonstration of his rhythmically intricate style. The boogie-woogie pianists leave me cold; but I can hear that Pete Johnson's performances for a new company called Solo Art (1600 Broadway) are among the best of their kind. And General Records (also 1600 Broadway) has issued a twelve-inch record of the "Pins and Needles" company in their "Red Mikado" scene.

B. H. HAGGIN

Next Week in The Nation

AUTUMN MISCELLANY—SEVEN POEMS

By Wallace Stevens, W. H. Auden, John Peale Bishop, and Others

Selected by John Berryman

This is the first of a series of collections of contemporary verse edited by Mr. Berryman which will appear at regular intervals in *The Nation*

Letters to the Editors

Antediluvian Liberalism

Dear Sirs: The Letter to "All Active Supporters of Democracy and Peace" brought to my mind an antediluvian article in the *Yale Review,* spring, 1938, The French Bourgeoisie and Communism. The "enlightened liberal bourgeoisie" (Blum, Herriot, etc.) has been defeated but not destroyed.

> Between fascism and even the extreme forms of communism the enlightened liberal bourgeoisie in France does not hesitate. The obvious evils are the same on both sides: a ruthless dictatorship prevails in Russia as well as in Germany. The advantages are the same on both sides: petty squabbles are silenced, collective pride and enthusiasm are fostered, material efficiency, in certain fields, is increased in a spectacular way. Russia is still immeasurably behind Germany in economic development, but Russia has progressed far more in this respect under the Bolshevists than Germany under the Nazis. Both systems are brands of socialism, in the broad sense, and the individualist may reject them both, deeming the spiritual price too heavy for the material advantages. But between Nazism and Bolshevism there are radical differences. For the Bolshevist, party dictatorship is said to be a war measure, purely temporary; for the Nazi, personal dictatorship, *Führertum,* is announced as the final stage.
>
> Then, too, communism, like Christianity, is international and interracial. It recognizes, in theory if not in practice, both the essential unity and the infinite variety of mankind. It fosters local cultures, and does not seek to impose the supremacy of any ethnic group. Fascism is founded upon national exclusiveness and racial pride, and these are the causes of eternal war between states. . . .

Whatever may be the wobbling policies of individual men and small party groups, I still believe these radical differences hold good.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Stanford University, Cal., September 13

If America Intervenes

Dear Sirs: It would be indeed impertinent for a foreigner (a British Indian) to advise the American people on what attitude they should adopt toward the European conflict. But suppose American intervention in any form did take place; it is unthinkable that it could be a pure and simple intervention without any conditions laid down beforehand. What should be those terms? Among others I would suggest these:

1. Removal of British troops from northern Ireland; a free, unified, and independent Ireland.

2. A free, autonomous India and Burma.

3. A federation of free Arab states, with facilities for Jewish immigration throughout the federation and not exclusively into Palestine.

4. Internationalization of the African colonies, with Americans participating in the civil and military administration. Facilities for emigration of American Negroes to such colonies, for they of all peoples are best fitted to guide their African cousins to a progressive life.

Rejection of such terms would, of course, mean refusal to intervene.

RABINDRA MOHON MAITZA

Paris, September 10

Overheard in Moscow

Dear Sirs: Your readers may be interested in a few first-hand observations on the reaction of the Russian people to the German pact. The populace received the news calmly and, in many cases, even with enthusiasm. In the subway and in the buses and street cars one heard remarks like "That's fine—the Germans are no worse than the British, and we don't want a war." Recent articles in the Soviet press have attacked Britain or rather the present British government in no ambiguous terms as being dishonest and demagogical, not only with Moscow, but with its own Parliament. The year-long Russian propaganda against the Nazis has not gone deep enough with the population to preclude amicable relations with Germany practically on a moment's notice.

A typically sane position seems to me to be that of a friend of mine, a history teacher in Moscow, not a party member, just a simple, honest, and intelligent Soviet citizen. "We want peace," she said, "that is the most important thing. It looked for a while as though the main menace to peace was German fascism, which openly talked about attacking us and taking the Ukraine. We talked with the English and French until we found that they were double-crossing us whenever they felt they could, and were, in a sense, almost ready to perpetrate a war in order to maintain their empires and their position of world domination. So now we'll talk to both sides, and maybe we will be able to stall off a war altogether."

In my opinion, one can go even farther than the history teacher, and point out that Russia is inheriting Britain's old position in Europe. Russia is now the most powerful single country on the continent, and has the prerequisites for playing the same game that Britain used to play—never commit itself, talk with both sides, and maintain a balance of power. There is one necessary element which the Soviet Union has been thought to lack—that is, a competent set of diplomats and statesmen, capable of holding their own against the long experience of the British and the French. Now it seems that in spite of the trials and the removal of Maxim Litvinov, there are several people in the Kremlin who have been making very sharp analyses of the situation and have learned how to utilize their own assets and find the weak points in the enemy's armor. If Molotov continues to be as astute as he has been since he took over the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, the Soviet Union can now start a period of balancing and juggling in Europe while expanding and strengthening its own internal industrial and political organization.

JOHN STEVENS

Moscow, August 24

Paine's Words Still Valid

Dear Sirs: I do not know of any words more pertinent to the present situation than these of Thomas Paine:

> If there is a sin superior to every other, it is that of wilful and offensive war. Most other sins are circumscribed within narrow limits, that is, the power of one man cannot give them a very general extension, and many kinds of sins have only a mental existence from which no infection arises; but he who is the author of a war lets loose the whole contagion of hell, and opens a vein that bleeds a nation to death.

Above the entrance of a very large industrial establishment appears the words "World Peace Through World Trade." Thomas Paine expressed this in slightly different form when he said:

> War can never be the interest of a trading nation any more than quareling can be

profitable to a man in business. To make war with those who trade with us is like setting a bulldog upon a customer at the shopdoor.

The author of "The Rights of Man" knew that the medieval types of government, whether monarchies or dictatorships, which existed in some countries of Europe would rob and enslave the people and continually plunge them into war. That is why he strove so hard to bring about a more equitable representation for the people in governmental matters. If the principles of government and the philosophy of life laid down by him were established by the governments of Europe, they would prevent the rise of a maniac like Hitler and insure a firm foundation for a lasting peace among the peoples of the earth. Paine said:

> An army of principles will penetrate where an army of soldiers cannot; it will succeed where diplomatic management would fail; it is neither the Rhine, the Channel, nor the Ocean that can arrest its progress: it will march on the horizon of the world and it will conquer.

JOSEPH LEWIS

Purdys, N. Y., September 11

Dewey Research Fellowship

Dear Sirs: Professor Sidney Hook has announced a contest for the first award of a $750 fellowship for a piece of original research work on a labor problem or a constructive analysis of such a problem. The judges will be Professors John Dewey and Sidney Hook, and Julius Hochman, well-known labor leader. The name of the winner will be made public, and the chosen manuscript will be published by the John Dewey Research Fellowship, of which Professor Hook is chairman.

The fellowship was founded by friends and admirers of Professor Dewey in honor of his approaching eightieth birthday, in appreciation of his contributions to the labor movement and to human progress, and in the hope of stimulating wide interest in the labor movement. The contest is open to everyone under the following rules:

1. A full, detailed outline of a proposed manuscript, the latter to be preferably of book size, must be submitted on or before November 30, 1939.

2. The outline is to be signed with a nom de plume. The real name and address of the contestant should be placed in an attached sealed envelope, with the nom de plume on the outside.

3. The manuscript must be completed within one year after date of award.

4. One-third of the fellowship ($250) will be presented to the winning contestant on acceptance of the outline, the balance ($500) on acceptance by the judges of the completed manuscript.

Outlines should be mailed to me at the College of the City of New York, 17 Lexington Avenue, New York.

HILLMAN M. BISHOP,
Secretary of the Committee of Award

New York, September 12

Citizenship for Dr. Kang

Dear Sirs: We would like to call to the attention of *Nation* readers the position of one of America's prominent authors and scholars, Dr. Younghill Kang. Dr. Kang, a graduate of Harvard University, is at present serving as a professor of English at New York University and as a staff member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He was formerly a member of the editorial staff of the Encyclopedia Britannica and was twice given the Guggenheim Foundation award in creative literature. He is the author of two well-known books, "The Grass Roof" and "East Goes West." Both his accomplishments and his cultural abilities identify him intimately with the American scene.

Dr. Kang, however, is not a citizen of the United States and cannot become a citizen under our present naturalization laws because of his race. He was born in Korea, but has been a legal resident of the United States for the past eighteen years. His wife and two children are American-born citizens.

The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born strongly feels that Dr. Kang should be an American citizen. Two bills in his behalf have been introduced in the Seventy-sixth Congress by Representative Kent E. Keller, of Illinois, and Senator Matthew M. Neely, of West Virginia. If these bills are passed by Congress, Dr. Kang can fulfil a lifelong ambition and become an American citizen.

We wish that readers of *The Nation* would write to their Congressmen asking them to support the bills that will enable Dr. Younghill Kang to become an American citizen. We want to appeal also for financial support for our campaign. Contributions may be sent to the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 79 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HERMAN F. REISSIG,
Chairman, American Committee
for Protection of Foreign Born

New York, September 15

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LOUIS FISCHER, who has served as *The Nation's* correspondent in Russia and Spain, is now sending us from Paris frequent first-hand reports on the European war.

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J. F. BROWN is the author of "Psychology and the Social Order."

Correction: In the article Reclaiming the Dust Bowl, which appeared in our issue of September 9, Kunigunde Duncan wrote: "Aided by WPA and federal subsidy the Dust Bowl people have planted 50,000,000 seedling trees and are to plant millions more." Through a misprint the figure appeared as 50,000. —EDITORS THE NATION.

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The Shape of Things

✶

WARSAW, LIKE PARIS IN 1870, IS GALLANTLY holding out against the German invaders. The first heroes of this Second World War are the anonymous masses of the doomed Polish capital and their courageous mayor. Abandoned by the colonels who could rule Poland but not defend it, given nothing but verbal encouragement by their Franco-British allies, short of ammunition and subjected to horrible bombardment, Warsaw is still unconquered after nineteen days of siege. Walter Lippmann, commenting on the report that the city's resistance is being conducted by a Socialist emergency government, suggests the possibility "that the defenders of Warsaw have been waiting for the Russians to arrive." If the Polish capital evokes memories of the Paris Commune from which Marx drew lessons later applied in the Bolshevik Revolution, there is historic irony in the cooperation between Marx's Russian followers and the besiegers of Warsaw. Guido Enderis reports to the New York *Times* from Berlin that Warsaw may be turned over by agreement to the Russians. Budapest claims that the Red Army is avoiding any participation in the siege of Warsaw and that the city's defenders feel insured against attack by it and are throwing all their strength against the Germans.

✶

WAR TEMPO IS SPEEDING UP IN THE WEST and in the east. As we go to press, Soviet troops are massed on the Estonian frontier, and one hundred Red Army divisions are reported advancing toward Rumania's Bessarabian frontier. The border has been closed. The British announce that they have dropped 22,000,000 leaflets on Germany, and the guns of the Maginot line and Westwall are pounding away at each other along an eighty-mile front that had been almost as peaceful as a picnic since the war began. The Allies are accusing the Germans of preparing to violate the neutrality of Switzerland and Belgium in order to outflank the Maginot line, and the Germans are accusing the Allies of preparing to violate the neutrality of Switzerland and Belgium in order to outflank the Siegfried line. Each side claims that its mobilizations along the Swiss and Belgian borders are purely precautionary and defensive. Although Goebbels

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has declared on his honor that the Germans will not go through these neutral states, that is not the only reason to believe that the Nazis may be lying. The Allies can fight a defensive war. Hitler's only hope is a quick offensive. No quick offensive is possible without an attack through unfortified neighboring states.

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THE SMALL BALTIC STATES, WHICH HAVE led a precarious existence between the mutual hostilities of Germany and Russia, are beset with dangers now that those two great powers have come together. Are they marked down for early "liberation" by the Red Army, which now surrounds them, or if they are permitted independence, what will be the price? It is well known that Russia has long been dissatisfied with its cramped approach to the Baltic and would like to have an ice-free naval base. So far no definite indications of action in this region have come from Moscow, but there have been ominous portents. The escape of a Polish submarine from internment at Tallinn, capital of Estonia, was followed by a threatening communiqué in the Soviet press and reports of "measures" by the Soviet navy to prevent further incidents of the kind. Now the Estonian Foreign Minister, Karl Selter, who went to Moscow for the purpose, it was said, of negotiating a commercial agreement, has rushed back to Tallinn without explanation. There are rumors of political demands on the small republic, including some kind of control of the fortified islands of Dagoe and Oesel, which command the entrance to the Gulf of Finland. The Neva River, which flows through Leningrad, is being closed to Finnish shipping under an agreement which gave Russia the right to take such action in case of "war danger." Troop concentrations and hasty fortifications along the Soviet border have been reported. Perhaps the fears these preparations indicate have no foundation and the Soviets will honor the non-aggression pacts they have signed with all the Baltic states. But if Stalin wants to claim the Baltic heritage of the Czars, there is little now to stop him.

✶

THE PLEA FOR PEACE WITH WHICH IL DUCE broke his prolonged silence was more than a friendly gesture of support for German political strategy; it was, despite all the stout words which embodied it, a cry of anguish expressing the horrid dilemma of a fence-sitting dictator. It is difficult for Mussolini to stay out of the war, but it is dangerous for him to get in with the mood of the Italian people so clearly opposed to fighting for Germany. If the war is fought to a finish and Hitler wins, there will be scanty pickings for a tepid friend. On the other hand, if the Allies are victorious and Hitler is overthrown, the survival value of Mussolini's dictatorship will be slight indeed. His one hope, therefore, of deriving a profit from the situation lies in a peace made now on the basis suggested by Hitler in his Danzig speech. Such a peace would leave the Allies weak and dispirited and form a promising background for an early renewal of Italy's Mediterranean demands. Unhappily for Il Duce, the response of both France and Britain to his suggestions has been flatly negative. The "peace offensive" seems, indeed, to have failed before it was properly launched, and although Berlin will keep on trying, it will be chiefly in the hope of convincing the German people that Britain is the real aggressor. Meanwhile Mussolini has a new cause for worry in the advance of the Red Army to the edge of the Balkans and the sudden recrudescence of Russian influence in an area which he had marked out for his own. The reduction of the Italian garrison in the Dodecanese Islands suggests he has found it advisable to make a friendly gesture to Turkey, owing to that country's close association with Russia, and at the same time to offer Britain visible proof that his neutrality will be maintained.

✶

THE DEATH IN BATTLE OF A TOP-FLIGHT general is so rare an occurrence in modern war that the end of General Werner von Fritsch will inevitably arouse skepticism. It is true that this former commander-in-chief of the German army was serving in a comparatively subordinate capacity. The communiqué which tells of his death says that it occurred while he was "carrying out a dangerous reconnoitering operation" and speaks of him as "chief of artillery regiment number 12." This hardly dispels the mystery. Artillery regiments are not normally in the forefront of a battle, nor are advance reconnaissances among the usual duties of the commanding officers of such units. The explanation may be that von Fritsch, bitter at his demotion from the direction of the army he had done so much to create, sought out a post of danger and welcomed the releasing bullet; or perhaps the order which sent him to his death was akin to that which King David gave to Uriah the Hittite. Yet another possibility is that the official report was designed to conceal from the army, with which he was very popular, the true facts about the General's death. In view of the complete antithesis between the soldier—a conservative, an aristocrat, and a devout Lutheran—and the upstart dictator, and remembering the long-standing feud between them, one cannot dismiss as entirely fantastic the theory that von Fritsch has been "liquidated."

✶

THE WAR DRAMA ON THE WESTERN FRONT is failing to provide enough action to please some safely situated critics in the American row of the stalls. Senator Borah has asserted that "there is something phony about this war," and a number of military "ex-

perts" of a few weeks' standing appear to agree with him. Among the complaints against the Western powers are their failure to send a large air fleet to Poland, their reliance on leaflets instead of bombs in raids on Germany, and their unwillingness to launch an immediate full-blown offensive against the Westwall. Reinforcement of Polish air strength would have meant the dispatch of a large number of long-range bombers without the assurance of adequate ground forces for their service and without the protection of fighting squadrons. The Allies have not yet caught up with Germany in the manufacture of planes and at this early stage in the war cannot afford to dissipate their air forces. Reluctance to start bombing military objectives behind the German lines is also understandable. Such bombings must inevitably cause civilian casualties and produce an adverse effect in neutral countries. Moreover, they would almost certainly increase rather than diminish the strength of Hitler's domestic position. The decisive factor in this war may well be the undermining of German morale, and so long as the Nazis refrain from aerial warfare leaflets may do more good to the Allied cause than bombs. Finally, military strategists of experience rejoice that the French army is not repeating the dashing and dangerous tactics with which it entered the last war. To have hurled all available troops against the German lines in an effort to make a quick break through would have been to court disastrous defeat. In modern warfare patient organization, dull as it may seem, is the essence of strategy when the strength of opposing forces is evenly divided.

✶

THE COMMON INTEREST OF THE AMERICAN republics was never more evident than in the Pan-American Conference on Neutrality which opened last week in Panama City. Despite intensive Nazi propaganda accusing the United States of desiring to establish protectorates over them, the Latin American countries appear to be convinced that Germany is the main source of danger in this hemisphere. Plans for the defense of the neutrality of the Americas are being framed on this unstated assumption. The most spectacular proposal, said to have met wide support among the delegates, calls for the creation of a 300-mile-wide "area of primary defense" around the Western Hemisphere in which all belligerent activities—notably submarine warfare—would be prohibited. Schemes have also been suggested for a joint naval patrol of South Atlantic and South Pacific waters. Trade problems growing out of the disruption of European markets are likewise on the agenda. The occasion is one of great opportunity and greater responsibility for the United States. If this country is prepared to aid in the defense of the Latin American republics and to tide them over the period of economic dislocation caused by the outbreak of war, it will be in a position to expand its trade materially. And in the process it will be strengthening the defenses of the Western Hemisphere against the inroads of totalitarianism.

✶

WITH ORGANIZED MINORITIES DELUGING Congress with letters in opposition to lifting the arms embargo, the unorganized majority had better get busy and do some letter-writing of its own. We do not often urge our readers to write or wire their Congressmen and Senators, but we think there is grave danger that pressure groups for the embargo may do serious damage unless general opinion makes itself felt. The best way to keep America out of war is to hasten a Franco-British victory by selling arms to the Allies. The letters expressing a contrary opinion seem to be coming largely from organized peace groups and the pro-Fascist and pro-Nazi elements led by Father Coughlin. That Berlin is taking a hand directly or indirectly seems clear. On the other hand, the peace organizations under Communist influence which could have been counted on a few weeks ago to fight for lifting the embargo have gone "dead" on the issue under the influence of the Russo-German pact and the Communist Party's new "imperialist war" line. It is still a war against fascism, despite Mr. Chamberlain, and anti-fascists should urge repeal of the embargo.

✶

THE STRIKE OF AMERICAN SEAMEN FOR special compensation for duty in war zones has been settled, temporarily, by a partial granting of the strikers' demands. Among the requests granted were a 25 per cent increase in pay, a $150 allowance for clothing and other personal effects lost as a result of the war, and continuing pay in case of internment by a belligerent nation. No action was taken on the seamen's request for a special monthly war bonus or the protection of war-risk insurance. The government's role in the strike was anything but a happy one. Captain George Fried, supervising inspector of the Bureau of Marine Inspection and Navigation, allowed actions to be brought, under federal statutes, charging the strikers with "unlawfully disobeying the commands of their captain," an offense punishable by suspension or cancelation of their sailing certificates. Although the charges were "ended" as part of the settlement, the incident is bound to leave a permanent scar on waterfront relationships. Nor is the settlement likely to be a lasting one. The extra pay can hardly be considered adequate compensation for the risks these men are called on to take. Should a few American ships be sunk by submarines, the dispute would arise again in aggravated form. Early passage of the revised neutrality law barring American ships from belligerent zones would ease the situation, but it would be unsafe to assume that submarines will confine themselves to zones laid down in an American law.

WHEN THE FEDERAL ART PROJECTS WERE thrown upon the mercy of local sponsorship, there were sorrowful predictions that this was a first step toward the liquidation of the genuine value of these projects. The process seems to be well under way in New York City. The United American Artists point out that in spite of an understanding that judgment as to the qualification of artists would remain in the hands of the Federal Art Project, regular WPA officials without any special competence in the arts are passing on the skill of applicants. According to one rule set up by Colonel Somervell's administration, painters and sculptors will not be rated as "artists" unless they can prove five years of formal schooling, five years with an art agency, and eight years of professional experience. It is doubtful whether many of the accomplished artists whom the Federal Art Project was instrumental in discovering or having recognized could pass all these tests—the younger ones would be ruled out by the mere years of study and performance required. On the other hand it is reported that although many of the arts workers fired because of the eighteen months' clause have been certified for relief and are therefore eligible to apply for jobs on the project, the Somervell administration will not honor requests for specific individuals, but insists on blanket requisitions which are filled without regard to special training or experience. We are told that artists are sometimes asked to prove, in thirty minutes, that they can turn out a mural or a sculpture, and some of the case histories of applicants and the treatment they receive read like burlesques of genuine attempts to establish their eligibility for jobs. The Federal Art Project has done some excellent work. Now that its funds have been curtailed, the principles and standards on which it was organized and which brought such good results should at least be maintained.

✶

SIGMUND FREUD DIED AT THE AGE OF eighty-three in England, where he was forced to spend the last year of his life as an exile from Vienna. The news of his death was not less saddening because it came over the air with the thousand-fold death messages of the war. The listener could not but feel that one of the greatest spirits of a slowly emerging new world had closed his eyes at the moment when its atavistic enemies were set on destroying it. That an exceptional life had been lived fully—though its natural end was hastened by Hitler's march into Austria and its cruel consequences—is some consolation. Sigmund Freud's career was one long demonstration of courage in the service of truth; and there is solace in the knowledge that his work, which freed the human mind of many of its most crippling taboos, will live on when the high priest of barbarism has long since perished.

War in Washington

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE western front has moved, temporarily, to Washington, and nothing is quiet there. This week the isolationists, few in number but vocal and backed by energetic if mixed cohorts, are opposing a majority determined to put through a bill designed to lift the embargo against shipments of arms to belligerents, prohibit the carrying of goods in American bottoms, and require that purchases of war supplies be made for cash or on the basis of short-term commercial credits. The debate will be rhetorical, long-winded, and noisy. The flood of mail that has swamped Senators and Representatives may create an impression of popular support for the embargo, even though a substantial proportion of the letters come from obedient followers of Coughlin, Kuhn, and W. R. Hearst. But after the votes are counted, it will be found, I believe, that the will of the Administration has been made law.

Some people fear the effect of this legislative free-for-all on the "national unity" we are supposed to display in a period of tension. I disagree. Unity is of the heart or it is nothing. Isolationists are citizens like the rest of us. Congress should battle through its differences on national policy, and every group should have its say; then the result, whatever it may be, will have the genuine strength that comes from popular support. In any case let us not worry too much about what the Nazis may deduce from our democratic wranglings. That is our way of doing our public business, and the day we give it up in favor of any artificial or forced appearance of unity will be the day of real victory for Hitler.

A much more disturbing feature of the struggle is its air of unreality. As long as fear and official propriety inhibit the President and the Representatives from talking openly about the only valid issue, so long will the debate sound like rhetorical shadow-boxing. Isolationists and anti-isolationists mutually oppose war, mutually give lip-service to neutrality and the dictates of international law. They cannot wage a genuine fight over whether an embargo against arms but not against other war supplies is a necessary corollary to those positions. Their real point of difference is on the question of American support, by all measures short of war, for the armies of the Western powers. This issue will emerge now and then from under the legalisms and the oratory. But I wish it could be made the focus of debate.

I sometimes wonder what isolationist Senators and Representatives think about the war and the world that will emerge from it. The United States must continue to live in that world; and today in Washington our legislators are helping to decide what kind of place it will be. When Senator Borah talks about a "phony" war and

contemplates with democratic disgust the intrenched power of the British Empire, does he also consider the sort of Nazi empire that will succeed it if the British are defeated? When he criticizes the shortsighted, reactionary policy of the Chamberlain government, does he compare that government with the Nazi regime or the lot of the British subject with that of a follower of the Führer? When he considers, if he ever does, the results of a possible Nazi victory, does he imagine that the United States can insulate itself against the influence of a Western world dominated by Nazi ideas and Nazi force—in which the political and social habits that make up the democratic way of life have been crushed out of existence as they have been in Austria and Czechoslovakia and now, under a rain of bombs, in Poland?

I know well enough that the Western allies may win and then make a bad peace. But they need not do so. In both France and England thousands of men and women are determined to bring about a peace that will create no more Hitlers. Perhaps they will fail; but they will try, and they have both good-will and numbers on their side. Their position is put clearly on another page in an article by Harold Laski. The task they have set themselves must be backed by liberals and democrats in every country. In issues to come *The Nation* will discuss a wide range of proposals for the next peace—especially those put forward by British labor. But before liberals can win the peace, the Western powers must win the war. That is the issue behind the oratory in Congress.

Dictators at Work

THE future of Russo-German relations is a no man's land into which the prophet ventures at his own risk. More than one seer has been blown to bits, and most of us are already shell-shocked. "Danger—Dictators at Work" is the warning of recent events, and perhaps one is safe only in expecting the unexpected. We suggest, nevertheless, that three points of reference may be useful in finding one's way around in the flood of propaganda and the trickle of news on Russia's intentions. The first is that Turkey is the keyhole to Moscow, and that what Turkey does, particularly in its dealings with Britain and France, will be the best indication of what the U. S. S. R. intends to do. The second is that most of the dispatches purporting to explain Russian policy are coming from Berlin and London rather than Moscow and should be read in the light of what the two warring capitals want the world to believe. Cables from Berlin give the impression that Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia are very friendly. The correspondence from London —Sir Philip Gibbs and Augur, both British propagandists, are examples—picture Hitler as Stalin's dupe. As for Moscow, it is playing the cards close to its chest. The Kremlin doesn't seem to care what the world thinks.

Our third suggestion is that it is wise to estimate Russian policy as one would the policy of any other country, on the basis of its own interests and the interests of the men who constitute its government. Russian military strategy is still determined by Russian geography, and the geography remains the same under communism as under czarism. Whatever one may think of the Stalin dictatorship, it remains a revolutionary force just as France remained a revolutionary force even under Napoleon. Revolutionary ideology will be used now as then as a means of aggrandizement abroad and inspiration at home; and where revolution does break out, the Comintern will make sure that it is led and controlled by Communists of the orthodox Stalinist variety, lest it encourage opposition elements within the Soviet Union. The revolutionary factor is likely to prove especially potent among the land-hungry peasants of the Balkans. The Nazis reached them with propaganda for division of the large estates; the Russians are actually dividing the estates in the Ukraine and in White Russia, on the very border of East Prussia. The East Prussian Junkers helped bring Hitler to power; he has brought Bolshevism to their doorstep.

If one studies the events of the past week in Eastern Europe not in the light of morality or sentiment but on the hard-boiled basis of power politics, the situation begins to make sense. One is forced to conclude that Stalin is playing a lone hand, that his peculiar kind of "non-aggression" in this peculiar war may prove the Führer's greatest danger, and that Stalin has already won the first round. The sudden truce with Japan and the mobilization of 4,000,000 men on Russia's unmolested western front seems less puzzling in view of the generous portion of Poland ceded the Soviets by Berlin. The Russians, by obtaining the whole of the Polish Ukraine, have taken from Germany the fulcrum with which it hoped to pry loose the Russian Ukraine. Their new territory separates all of Rumania and most of the Hungarian-held Carpatho-Ukraine from the Reich. In cutting off Rumania it establishes a barrier against Germany's expansion through that country to the Black Sea. Hitler has opened to Stalin the door into the heart of Germany's own natural economic and geographic *Lebensraum,* and the haste with which Hungary and Yugoslavia are patching up diplomatic relations with Moscow attest it. As we go to press, the Turkish Foreign Minister has just arrived in the U. S. S. R., and the outcome of his visit will be of the greatest significance. Berlin has reported that Russia threatened to occupy the Dardanelles unless Ankara broke off its pact with London and Paris. But the news from Turkey seems more plausible. It is that Russia did not object to Turkey's mutual-assistance pact with Britain and France so long as it was confined to the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean. Turkey

is linked with Yugoslavia, Greece, and Rumania in the Balkan Entente. An attack on any one of these four countries by Germany or Italy would presumably bring the others in, and Britain and France would be obligated to assist Turkey, as would the Soviet Union. But Turkey would not be obligated to assist Britain and France so long as the war was confined to the west. It is natural to conclude that Stalin sees the mutual-assistance pact between Turkey and the Allies as additional support for a neutral bloc in the Balkans under Russian influence. In this context the assassination of the anti-Nazi Rumanian Premier Calinescu seems the last desperate flare-up of the Hitler-subsidized Iron Guard in Rumania.

But if the new Russian territory between Rumania and the Reich is a bulwark against Germany's expansion to the southeast, it also serves another purpose. Hitler obtained a price for the Polish cessions to Stalin. The Allies cannot strike through Rumania at the Reich's backdoor without crossing Russian territory. Thus a "neutral" Balkan region under Soviet hegemony serves the same purpose as a "neutral" Italy. The Reich in either case has a source of supply without the need to defend additional borders or to prop up incompetent and unreliable allies as in 1914-18. The Führer has reduced his commitments to a minimum and, no longer fearing "war on two fronts," is staking everything on a *Blitzkrieg* in the west. Should he win that, he will settle accounts with Russia later. Hitler's power to strike at the west has been enormously strengthened by his deal with Stalin, whatever its ultimate effect may be.

Japan Mends the Axis

IF WE are to judge by the events of the past fortnight, the new Japanese government has abandoned hope of patching up affairs with the Western powers and has returned to the axis. The reversal in policy has been almost as sudden as that following the signing of the Soviet-German pact. Only about three weeks ago it was announced that the Japanese military mission under General Count Terauchi which had been sent to the Nürnberg Congress, presumably to conclude a military pact between Germany and Japan, had been instructed to cancel its visit to the Reich. Last week it unexpectedly appeared in Berlin, accompanied by Italian army officers, and was given a rousing welcome. Almost simultaneously a resolution was adopted by the Japan Bar Association declaring that the presence of British and French troops in the Shanghai, Tientsin, and Amoy concessions was in conflict with Japanese neutrality. And at about the same time the Japanese press began a concerted attack on Great Britain and the United States, warning this country that the imposition of an embargo on war materials would create a "war crisis" in the Pacific. The threats were the strongest that had been directed against the United States since the beginning of the Japanese invasion of China. While they may be discounted to some extent as attempts to justify another substantial increase in the Japanese naval budget, they can scarcely be reconciled with recent bids for American friendship.

Great Britain and France are undoubtedly in a vulnerable position in China. With their naval and land forces concentrated in Europe, they could not possibly hold Shanghai or Tientsin against a Japanese attack. Britain might even have to yield Hongkong and retreat to its Singapore base. But it happens that the United States is also deeply involved in the Shanghai and Tientsin concessions. Both cities contain detachments of American soldiers. Despite the recent violent attacks on American policy, it is doubtful whether Japan wishes to run the risk of open conflict with this country.

Moreover, the policies of the Abe government apparently differ from those of its predecessor in that it has rediscovered China. It seems determined to crush Chiang Kai-chek before resorting to open military action against the West. And in this it is aided by the truce along the Mongolian-Manchurian border, even though China has been promised that Soviet assistance will continue. A large-scale offensive has already been launched against Changsha—the first important military operation to be undertaken against China since the capture of Nanchang last March.

At the same time the Japanese have resumed efforts to form at Nanking a unified puppet government amalgamating the present Peiping, Hankow, Canton, and Hainan local regimes. Whether this can be achieved is still an open question. The probable leader of such a government, Wang Ching-wei, is so discredited among Chinese that he may be a liability rather than an asset to the Japanese. Furthermore, the leaders of the local puppet governments have such a stake in maintaining the status quo that they have thus far successfully sabotaged all efforts to set up unified rule. The possibility of overcoming these obstacles is closely linked with the success or failure of Japanese arms. And such triumphs as Japan has achieved to date in Kiangsi have been fully offset by China's victory in northern Honan, where the important town of Lanfeng was recaptured from the Japanese.

China seems to have made good use of the breathing spell granted it while the Japanese sought larger game. But its defense will unquestionably be hampered by the shutting off of supplies from the European belligerents. This leaves the United States holding the key. At the moment this country is rendering far more economic aid to Japan than to China. A reversal of this situation through an embargo on the shipment of war supplies to Japan might not only save China from further invasion but ease the growing task of protecting our legitimate interests from axis aggression.

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Senatorial Follies of 1939

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, September 25

THE Senate is putting on one of its big productions. The rehearsals are over, and by the time this appears in print the curtain will have risen on the opening tableau. Everyone is letter perfect in his part; there will be no ad libbing. It will be a great show, and the advance publicity has assured a long run. It will be important in the same way that the late Flo Ziegfeld's shows were important—as a tribute to the American genius for lighting effects.

There have been disagreements about the script, but all these have been resolved. Democracy as it now operates—through the Gallup poll—has asserted itself. Everybody knows what the public wants and everyone is ready to deliver.

Hiram Johnson, as usual, will impersonate Hiram Johnson. That fine old trouper will bare his breast, defy the lightning, and deliver the speech about keeping out of war even if it means death by torture for Hiram Johnson. Borah will play Borah. Bob La Follette and Bennett Clark will impersonate their fathers. The President's followers will hate "wah" with as much vehemence as the isolationists. They will call the opposing faction Hitlerites and Coughlinites. Before it is over, the newspapers will report that nerves are frayed, tempers short, and everyone emotionally exhausted.

It is all over but the orating. The President has agreed to a rigid cash-and-carry provision in the revised neutrality law. He entered into this agreement reluctantly, and even when he delivered his opening address to Congress he hoped for latitude to permit delivery of war materials in American ships, to allow Americans to travel on belligerent ships, and to sanction extension of war credits — always at the risk of the individual. This was implicit in his speech. But Senate leaders rebelled, pointing out that an at-your-own-risk policy would be essentially the same as Wilson's neutrality. The President became convinced that the kind of elbow room he wanted was not to be had. Having learned the lesson of the court-reform fight, he compromised while he could.



Senator La Follette

By last week-end, therefore, spokesmen for the Senate and the White House had reached an agreement on all the essentials of the new law except the arms embargo. By mutual consent the relatively unimportant question whether arms and ammunition are to be sold to belligerents was left unanswered. A decision on this point would have left no excuse for dramatics. But anyone who thinks that war or peace for the United States depends upon taking or refusing orders for ammunition and guns is deluding himself.

The neutrality issue has been sliced so thin that it is almost meaningless. Each side has taken up its position on a postage stamp. The larger questions have been ruled out of order.

The Gallup poll last Sunday showed that an overwhelming majority of Americans sympathize with Great Britain and France and want to supply them with materials, including armaments. It also showed that a majority, remembering the experience of the last war, want to sell these materials for cash and to keep American ships and citizens out of the line of European fire. Members of the Senate, most of whom are no dopes, already had figured out that this was how public opinion lined up. Accordingly, they had taken positions for or against lifting the embargo on ammunition and implements of war. A majority were against the embargo. A minority, most of whom by that time were irrevocably committed, agreed to the policy of selling everything Great Britain and France could pay for and carry away except arms and ammunition. They figured that dissent on one detail would mark them as brave men and, in the long run, would be forgiven by their constituents.

No one in the Senate, as of today, has had the nerve to stand up and advocate real isolation from Europe's difficulties. No one has said that the United States should forswear all war trade and look to its unexploited home market for expansion. Nobody has been brave enough to suggest legislation to control war profiteering except Representative Jerry Voorhis of California, who has announced his intention of introducing a bill to lay an 80 per cent tax on abnormal profits. His bill, of course, will get nowhere.

When Congressional leaders arrived in Washington in advance of the special session, along with Alf Landon and Colonel Frank Knox, to plan for national unity, they found the President eager for a blank check on foreign affairs. They were willing to get together but not on the President's terms. The result was that the isolationists won their principal point. The President receded from his give-me-a-free-hand position. When this happened, the real fight was over. What remained was the sound and the fury. This might have been disposed of in short order but for the prompt action of the concessionaires in billing sideshow attractions.

Father Coughlin got in on the ground floor with an isolationist mail barrage, a marvel which immediately transcended the burlesque performance he had put on in connection with the first government-reorganization debate. Then came Colonel Lindbergh, who could advise the country that the Atlantic is a broad ocean because he had flown it; Henry Ford, who could set himself up as a foreign-relations expert because he, like Lindbergh, had been honored by the Nazis; Eddie Rickenbacker, because he once could fly an airplane well; Mr. Hormel, because he makes good onion soup, and so on. It was all enormously diverting but wholly irrelevant. The parade of industrialists who don't want any of those nasty war profits was particularly interesting. Freaks of this kind, as Barnum realized, are box office for no other reason than that there are so few of them.

Except as a spectacle the Senate debate on neutrality won't be anything much. No one need worry about the outcome. A strict cash-and-carry bill permitting France and Great Britain to buy anything they need in the United States provided they pay on the barrel head and make delivery in their own ships will be enacted by a safe margin; the whole performance may take five or six weeks. But when Congress reconvenes in January, agitation for changes in the law passed at the special session probably will make amendment necessary. Before it is over, war economy will probably have produced an irresistible demand for extension of war credits to the Allies and animosity toward Hitler will have enervated the keep-out-of-war sentiment.

British Labor's War Aims

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, September 12

BRITISH labor had no alternative but to support the government's determination to resist Hitler's aggression against Poland. For long years it has insisted that there could be no peace in Europe—or, indeed, in the world—unless the policy of surrender to the dictators was abandoned. While it believes that the responsibility of the Chamberlain government for the development of the situation in which Hitler decided upon this evil gamble is a heavy one, it believes also that to have given Hitler a free hand in Poland would have been fatal. To have done so would merely have whetted his appetite for further conquest. It is impossible to live in a Europe in which a fascist power precipitates a major crisis every few months, with war as the alternative if it is not "appeased." The British government, therefore, in the labor view has taken the only possible decision. The destruction of Hitlerism is essential to a world in which there shall be the prospect of constructive peace.

But British labor has decided to maintain its political independence. It does so for obvious reasons:

1. It cannot have confidence in the Chamberlain government in the light of its past history. It must therefore retain complete freedom to criticize and, if necessary, to attack, in the light of the policies, domestic and international, pursued by that government.

2. Such freedom would have been gravely hampered if the party had accepted Mr. Chamberlain's invitation to enter a national government. Labor would have been the junior partner, outvoted at every point of difference and possibly committed for the sake of its survival to a policy in which it did not believe.

3. The existence of an opposition capable, at least, of becoming the major partner in an alternative government is not only pivotal to the working of the parliamentary system but essential to labor's task of putting before the country its own view of the way to wage the war and its own view of desirable peace terms. Consideration of these is already well on the way, and in each aspect it has already become clear that independence assures a much more complete attention to the labor view than entrance into the government would have secured.

4. The existence of a strong opposition limits the danger of an abuse of powers by an immensely strengthened central authority. It assures that week by week the government's actions will be subject to the closest scrutiny. On this head, labor has already exercised great influence in relation to evacuation, the terms of military service, and the methods of information and propaganda.

It must be reiterated that British labor stands completely by its assertion that it has no quarrel with the German people. It will insist on the cessation of hostili-

ties as soon as there is a German government in power able to negotiate in behalf of a free people in Germany and willing to recognize the independence of Czechoslovakia and Poland and to agree that Austria must itself decide whether or not its future is to be within the German Reich. Labor will insist that the frontiers of Poland and Czechoslovakia be determined by a peace conference justly negotiated between equals, and that there must be no annexations anywhere and no punitive indemnities.

But in the labor view it is not enough to secure the *status quo ante* the aggressions of Hitler. Labor will demand therefore, as soon as such a peace is ratified, the reorganization of Europe on the basis of a federal democratic union. This would make impossible the use of war as an instrument of national sovereignty and make possible both effective disarmament and the end of that economic nationalism which has done so much to destroy European prosperity and, therefore, to facilitate the conditions for aggression. It will seek to secure the internationalization of colonies and the mitigation of the transition from war to peace by great schemes of national and international public works. It will insist to the electorate that the post-war economic and social problems can only be solved by a great instalment of socialization of the vital instruments of production in all the great states.

What attitude the National Government in Great Britain will take to these issues we do not yet know. That makes it all the more vital for labor to remain free of commitments to it. We are convinced, so far, that Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues will make peace at the first moment that peace offers prospects of a stable Europe, and that they will lend no ear to the idea of punitive measures against a free Germany. But the real debate must come on the larger questions. In our view, while Hitler must be smashed, we must also prevent the recurrence of the causes which led to Hitler. That is no longer possible in a capitalist society. We must take the risk of rebuilding European foundations; to this we see no alternative. Unless we do so, all the inherent causes of war will still persist in the European system. Hitler is a symptom of a disease. He is not himself the disease. A wise peace depends fundamentally upon that understanding.

The Russo-German pact has, in the Labor Party's view, had a grave and deleterious effect. While we believe that the British government has a heavy responsibility for it, while, also, we understand the Russian suspicions of Mr. Chamberlain's *bona fides,* while, also, we admit that it has its compensation in calling the bluff of Hitler's pretense of being a bulwark against Bolshevism, nevertheless we are compelled to conclude:

1. That the timing of the pact was disastrous. It could not but be a signal to Hitler that this was his best moment to attack Poland.

2. It prolongs the war by offering Germany the prospect of Russian supplies as an offset to the British naval blockade.

3. It signalizes the abandonment of the Russian thesis —strongly supported by the Labor Party—of the indivisibility of peace.

4. It abandons the historic role of the Soviet Union as the leader in the fight for collective security against fascist aggression. Soviet neutrality, on any showing, is an immense accession to Hitler's strength in his war against the democracies.

Granted all that can be said against the British government in this contest, what would the Soviet Union have said had it been suddenly announced, during the Anglo-French-Soviet military conversations, that Great Britain and Germany had concluded such a pact, that Herr von Ribbentrop was flying to London for its signature, and that the Croydon aerodrome was decorated with swastikas for the occasion? It may be that the Soviet Union has an adequate answer to all these points. Certainly that answer is not to be found in M. Molotov's speech of August 31, or in any subsequent Communist explanations. There is some evidence for believing that, after Munich, Soviet statesmen concluded that there were no circumstances unconnected with the direct interests of France and Great Britain for which Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier would fight, and that the treaty would therefore be an assurance against the possible isolation of the Soviet Union. After the signature of the Anglo-Polish pact this was bound to be a grave miscalculation. It remains difficult not to conclude on the facts so far available that the Russo-German pact, though not of course a primary cause of the war, was the incident that precipitated it. The triumphant attitude of Herr Hitler and his colleagues on its conclusion shows that they interpreted it as a signal to go ahead.

British labor has entered upon this war with no illusions about the difficulty of its task. It has to fight on two fronts. Abroad it has to keep alive that spirit of international good-will which makes for the earliest conclusion of hostilities and for a peace unmarred by the errors of Versailles. At home it must pursue unremittingly the task of convincing its fellow-citizens that without socialism an enduring peace is no longer available in Europe. Obviously, once the war begins to assume the form of major operations in the West, even more when air raids begin, the task will be hard indeed. Perhaps I may venture to say here that it is at this point that neutral, and especially American, influence will be decisive. If all their energies are devoted to the defense of the democratic faith, in every aspect of its possible application, the neutrals will do a noble service in keeping alive the little flame of reason. It is only in the degree that they succeed in doing this that we shall be able to achieve the hazardous adventure of using this grim tragedy for creative ends.

Stalin and Union Square

BY JAMES WECHSLER

FOR two decades American radicals have participated vicariously in the triumphs and retreats of the Soviet regime. Events in Moscow have molded their thinking, overshadowed native politics, conditioned their emotional level. The ten days of October that John Reed chronicled were to influence American radical thought for a generation; and in August, 1939, the ten days that elapsed between Berlin's announcement and Moscow's ratification of the German-Russian pact seemed equally momentous. Certainly not since the advent of Hitler had there been an equivalent period of tension, so deep a premonition of change. A month later one can still only hint at the possible repercussions among those who, for better or worse, had been wedded to the fortunes of the Russian Revolution.

This article, written in the immediate chaotic aftermath of the event, aims to give an outline of what representative radicals and liberals were thinking in this period of upheaval. There was, I believe, wide agreement that final judgments must be suspended and even tentative theories held subject to change without notice. One can only reproduce the immediate picture and suggest the eventualities which would prove decisive. Put simply: if the pact is the forerunner of a full-fledged military alliance against the West, its effect in American leftist circles will be overwhelming. If no such sweeping and permanent accord emerges, there is likely to be a period of prolonged ferment in which new alignments will be indefinitely delayed.

The major concomitant of the line of the "democratic front" adopted by the Comintern in 1935 was the creation of a multitude of non-Communist groups. They carried the banners of anti-fascist unity among "men of good-will"; they preached collective security against fascist aggression; their programs bore little resemblance to the sectarian dogmas identified with the "third period." The extent to which these organizations were "controlled" by Communists has been a permanent source of debate; the important fact is that they were enthusiastically supported by large numbers of non-Communists who felt varying degrees of affection for the party itself and were bracketed under the classification of "fellow-travelers." Few voices were raised against Communist participation in these groups because, by and large, Communist policy from 1935 to 1939 harmonized with the position of large numbers of independent progressives for whom the growth of fascism was the central fact of political life. Then on August 21 a European dispatch suddenly shattered the framework within which this unity had flourished.

At once there were several important defections from the company of fellow-travelers. Turmoil was perceptible in bodies like the League for Peace and Democracy. It was evident that the stir would be most pronounced in those groups where liberal, middle-class, intellectual elements predominated. Undoubtedly the party will minimize such defections in terms of those adjectives. But certainly they define the circles in which the Communists have made their most impressive inroads during the last four years. The names of the casualties are less important than the fact that most of them had ardently identified themselves with popular-front objectives. Heywood Broun, who had steadfastly condemned attacks on Communists and affirmed their value in progressive groups, has announced that "we want neither Stalin nor Coughlin here." Paul de Kruif is quoted as declaring that "the only red in me is red, white, and blue." James Waterman Wise, in an article in *Opinion,* passionately denounces the "Russian betrayal." While these have been the loudest declarations of divorce from well-known fellow-travelers, others are impending or have been uttered privately. Within the American Student Union, Joseph P. Lash, its executive secretary, has sharply criticized the pact; similar reactions have been voiced by other pro-Soviet executives of "democratic front" movements.

Such developments are undoubtedly manifestations of a far-flung trend. But they do not constitute the whole story. There is probably an equal body of opinion still unprepared to render a final verdict; its chief characteristic is bewilderment. While almost universal dismay is felt over the timing of the pact, there is considerable reluctance to believe that it foreshadows an ideological alliance or that the primary guilt is Stalin's rather than Chamberlain's. And because this is true, the full fury of left resentment at the pact was not unleashed on Moscow. A considerable disposition still exists, moreover, to hope for a turn as swift as those which have already occurred. Among those most distraught by such events as the Moscow trials, the most pessimistic views are heard; among those less disposed to question earlier developments, there is less haste in rendering judgment; and among the most permanently devout fellow-travelers, persons like Corliss Lamont, whose faith in Soviet policy has never wavered, one finds a quick adjustment to what

is cryptically called "a new situation." Vincent Sheean, who has warmly espoused Russian policy in foreign affairs, has also affirmed his confidence in the new policy.

These shadings of opinion could be enumerated indefinitely, but one reaction is almost universal among popular-front intellectuals. It is prompted less by the actions of the Soviet Union than by the utterances of the American Communist Party, the succession of ambiguous, frequently conflicting, but no less dogmatic statements which streamed out of party headquarters in the days after the signing of the pact. The *Daily Worker's* twenty-four-hour silence was at worst pitiable; it assumed an almost dignified aspect in contrast with ensuing somersaults. There was, first of all, Earl Browder's prophecy that the pact would contain an escape clause; it didn't. There was the assurance voiced by Israel Amter in the pre-war hours that if Poland really fought, the U. S. S. R. would come to its aid. There was the fervid plea for help to Poland carried by the *Daily Worker;* a fortnight later the same paper rejoiced at the political death of Poland's "semi-fascist clique." And throughout this period there was the slow emergence of a new foreign policy in the editorials of the Communist press, an evolution never accompanied by recognition of earlier errors. Each day, it appeared, the party was ruthlessly advancing to a position which the next day's events compelled it to abandon. To those asking for leadership it offered only the most desperate and unpersuasive rationalizations. And it offered them with neither humility nor reticence.

I found, in conversation with a host of individuals heretofore sympathetic to the party, that this tragic blundering had left a deep scar. They were almost unanimous in feeling that the party had been reduced to the role of a social secretary for Moscow, sending out apologies for its employer's antics without any comprehension of what they meant. This reaction was not a crude complaint against a "Moscow gold arrangement" for services rendered; it was a reaction against the lack of independence, self-reliance, and native reorientation allegedly revealed by the performance. Fundamentally it expressed revulsion against an institution in which intellectual consistency appeared less important than maintaining the doctrine of Soviet infallibility.

And as the new party position has crystallized, a further area of distrust has been opened. For four years the party had argued that even the admittedly imperfect capitalist democracies of Western Europe were incalculably preferable to German fascism. When its critics accused the party of false devotion to the democratic system, it pointed to the Communist defense of republican Spain. Then, overnight, the party press shifted its attack from fascism to "imperialist democracy," proclaimed that it had no favorites in the new "imperialist war," and rediscovered the plight of British colonial subjects. I emphasize again that those who are critical of this intellectual somersault share a good measure of Communist skepticism toward the present French and British governments. What they resent is the party's soft-pedaling of previously accepted distinctions between these regimes and Nazi rule. In the light of these altered policies many liberals and radicals see only the bleakest future for the "united-front organizations" in which the Communists have figured so prominently. Can these organizations survive without Communist inspiration? Conversely, can they survive if the Communists seek to impose their newly acquired policies on them? I have heard that within the League for Peace and Democracy there is a 40 per cent bloc critical of Russian policy, the remaining being either neutral or sympathetic. On what platform, if any, can these divergent views be united? Will there be a shift toward the isolationism now manifest in Communist policy? Will the drive for repeal of the embargo be pressed as vigorously as it would have been before the Communist reorientation? Will the Communists slowly retire again to the position of relative obscurity which they held before the new line was adopted? And if they do, will the organizations which they helped to create survive their departure?

The deepening uncertainty has, momentarily at least, produced a new kind of refugee—the homeless radical. In the past he has been identified with efforts in which the Communist Party played a vital role. He has belonged to groups and leagues and committees which were pro-Soviet, anti-fascist, and dedicated in an immediate sense to the protection of bourgeois democracy. He may have been socialist in ultimate conviction, or committed to nothing more drastic than reforms within the framework of capitalistic democracy. He is now confronted with the necessity of evaluating his own position, rediscovering some organizational ties, or fleeing into a lonely isolation. Where does he go from here?

I have already encountered tentative groping toward a new alignment. Its most likely form would be a loose, flexible body comparable to the "New Beginnings" group which emerged in post-Hitler Germany, a group socialist in ultimate objective but committed to no orthodox doctrine or to any International, and unwilling to assume the shape and functions of a political party until its strength has been established. It would strive to revitalize native currents in American radicalism, formulate a declaration of American radical independence, and shape a program for the unorganized American left as the war develops. Its most immediate goals would be the defense of civil liberties, especially as they are threatened by "emergency decrees," and protection of the social gains achieved under the New Deal. Neither the form nor the content of such a grouping is any clearer than I have indicated, nor has its organization advanced beyond the discussion stage. The usefulness of such a project probably depends upon the existence of a time

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interval here, if not in Europe, in which some measure of reconstruction can be achieved. What it would primarily offer is an immediate alternative to individual flight.

If the ranks of those who had allied themselves with "democratic front" groups without accepting the credo of the party have been depleted, no comparable movement is evident within the party itself. Tumultuous debates at unit meetings have been followed by threatened resignations and these in turn by reconversions, but by and large the ranks have remained firm, even as the line wavered. There is no simple explanation for this phenomenon. It is deeply rooted in the habits of mind and the attitude toward society that pervade the Communist ranks. The cardinal factor, most observers agree, is the survival of the "faith." And the major article of this faith is the incorruptibility of the U. S. S. R. For two decades Communist policy throughout the world has veered sharply, often in opposing directions; but loyalty to the Soviet Union has remained fixed.

But this is not the only explanation of the party's solidity. While the Communists since 1935 have abandoned a good many of their most sectarian habits, they have retained a half-veiled suspicion and distrust of the world beyond the party. It was not a "respectable" party even when its position conformed most closely to that of the moderately respectable New Deal. Then suddenly, with the signing of the pact, the peril of its own isolation loomed again. Now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. They did.

Shortly after the invasion of Poland a mass-meeting was staged in Madison Square Garden. Beforehand there was considerable speculation: would the Garden be half empty, would the meeting be listless, would there be large-scale heckling? In fact the Garden was jammed, the crowd almost frenzied in its enthusiasm, dissenters nowhere in evidence. Not that ideological clarity had been miraculously restored. The crowd appeared at times uncertain as to whether boos or cheers were called for in the light of the new policy. The most bitter jeers were inspired by reference to the Trotskyites and Lovestoneites, toward whom the party position was obviously unaltered. Except for Earl Brower's address the speeches dealt with trivial details: Mother Bloor talked of old times and of making New York a finer city; Charles Krumbein talked endlessly of many minor matters; there was a good deal of singing and cheering, and old revolutionary songs, reminiscent of the "third period," were once more restored to prominence. The thing that stood out in the meeting was the almost desperate huddling together of people confronted by a monumental world crisis, taking refuge in a reaffirmation of their own solidarity. One felt that what was said from the speakers' platform was less important to the audience than the reassuring knowledge that 20,000 people agreed with it.

There is a final factor which explains the ease with which at least a section of the party has adjusted itself to the new line. It must be remembered that even in the era of the popular front there were many "old Bolsheviks" within the party who maintained a cynical reticence while outwardly embracing capitalist democracy. The party never developed any systematic elaboration of a democratic credo. To many of its adherents, even amid the most rhapsodic devotion to the New Deal, the dictatorship of the proletariat remained a far more glowing emblem.

But in some circles, within the party as well as outside, neither official rationalizations nor the appearance of stability in a crisis, both of which the party offers, have sufficed. Already it has been reported that Granville Hicks has resigned from the party and is publishing a statement of the reasons for his withdrawal in the *New Republic*. Robert Forsythe's name has been removed, at his request, from the masthead of the *New Masses*. Richard Rovere, one of the *New Masses'* younger editors, has also withdrawn. Inevitably, of course, such defections were bound to occur first among intellectuals, not necessarily because they are "intellectuals," but because their task is the verbal refinement of party policy. And it is this task which has been rendered so grotesque in recent weeks. There have been other resignations both among writers and among the rank and file. But the bulk of party writers is likely to remain devoted, at least pending some even more spectacular development. The most primitive interpretation of this fealty is that they have a "vested interest" in the party's existence. In a sense they have; but it is above all an emotional investment. The same condition prevails in the higher realms of the party leadership, from which no reports of defection have emanated.

A Communist leader cannot easily find another political foothold; no other left groups are clamoring for his services, and an effective revolt within the party cannot be readily engineered. Under these conditions men seldom resolve their doubts; they steel themselves against having them. It is still premature to say that no split may ultimately evolve out of the present ferment. But in both its ideological tenacity and its organizational structure the Communist Party is singularly well equipped to avert that development. Not that the party rank and file will remain permanently intact. It never has even in less troubled moments. The annual "turnover" in membership has always been large. Present events are likely to increase the ratio of this turn-over. The real question is whether, as in the past, it will be compensated for by new recruits or whether these developments will prevent the filling of the gaps created by slow and unspectacular defections. Not even the party leadership knows the answer.

There is of course a group within the party which has never felt too much enthusiasm for the official words of

party chieftains and has resented their intellectual double bookkeeping. But its members insist that such vulgarities of method and presentation are subordinate to the need for a disciplined movement in an era of crisis. Their position is a compound of rigid faith in the U. S. S. R., of hope for its eventual fulfilment of international pledges, and of charity toward a movement which has weathered so many tempests. Genuinely perturbed by defections around them, they calmly recite Lenin's prophecy: When the locomotive of history takes a sharp turn, only the steadfast cling to the train.

While the pro-popular-front liberals grope for their bearings and the bulk of Communist Party members remain fixed in their devotion, the other left parties have tried, not too effectually, to strengthen their ranks. In this camp the three outstanding groups are the Socialist Party, led by Norman Thomas, the Independent Labor League, led by Jay Lovestone, and the Socialist Workers' Party, following Leon Trotsky. Typical of the smaller groups is the League for a Revolutionary Workers' Party. All these organizations have been consistently and fiercely "anti-Stalinist"; all of them have assumed the corrupt nature of the Soviet regime and now interpret the Russo-German pact as a vindication of their Cassandra-like warnings. Their utterances since the pact reflect relief at the fulfilment of their prophecies. Not that joy is unconfined; it would be inaccurate to suggest that they are unaware of the darkness of the world scene. The pact's effect on their policies, however, is far less striking than its effect on the Communist Party. Before the pact they insisted that the coming war was a struggle between rival imperialisms, and they still say so. To that extent, paradoxically enough, their position roughly coincides with the new program of the Communist Party. But the heritage of factional strife, even among these anti-Stalinist groups, is so bitter that no unity has been achieved; and their broad agreement with the Communist position on war is unlikely to obscure the more passionate discord over Russia's role. Meanwhile, the Social Democratic Federation, through its organ, the *New Leader*, remains virtually alone among organized groups in advancing the position that Hitlerism must be smashed, that this war is an anti-fascist war, and that if American military intervention is necessary, it should be forthcoming.

The central fact is that these are moments of transition among radical and liberal forces. If the issue of Russian policy has once more troubled and divided them, it must now be seen in the context of the greater issue of the war itself. And the attitude of the left toward the war is still not finally crystallized except in the ranks of the official parties. Numerically the left in America has never constituted a formidable bloc. It has had significance as an intellectual *avant-garde* bringing fresh and challenging insights at a time when traditional doctrines were being repudiated. Its fulfilment of that function now depends upon its own clarity and the accord which it can achieve within its ranks. The darkest aspect of the present period is the confusion which has gripped so large a section of the left and the internal warfare which destroys its efforts. Its immediate survival may be threatened by an onrush of repressive legislation in Washington. Its ultimate direction may still be determined by the future course of Russian policy.

Portrait of a Dollar-a-Year Man

BY I. F. STONE

THE dollar-a-year men are beginning to arrive in Washington. The first since 1917 were appointed by Secretary Morgenthau on September 5. W. R. Burgess, vice-chairman of the National City Bank, will advise on government financing. Tom K. Smith, president of the Boatmen's National Bank of St. Louis, and a past president of the American Bankers' Association, will be "a sort of coordinator of all banking problems for the Treasury." Earle Bailie, chairman of the Tri-Continental Corporation and the leading partner in J. and W. Seligman and Company, will help the Secretary of the Treasury "on international monetary matters." These appointments are typical of the new men being brought into the government under cover of the war crisis. I wish to call attention at this time to only one of these appointees, Earle Bailie. For the case against the choice of Mr. Bailie as a Treasury adviser rests on more than surmise, and he may serve to illustrate the influences that will intrench themselves in the capital if the current *Anschluss* with Wall Street is completed.

Part of the story I have to tell has never been told before, but there are Senators who know the unpublished document on which it is based, a memorandum submitted by the late Senator Couzens to an executive session of the Senate Finance Committee on January 4, 1934. The day after that meeting the New York *Times* carried a story from Washington saying that "it was understood" that Senator Couzens had protested to the President against

the appointment of Bailie as Morgenthau's special assistant in charge of fiscal affairs. It was also "understood," according to the *Times*, that the Senator had "sought to obtain from Mr. Morgenthau information as to the exact date when Mr. Bailie would relinquish his post." Morgenthau had been Acting Secretary since the death of Mr. Woodin. His nomination as Secretary was before the Senate Finance Committee. Senator Couzens took the position that he would oppose Morgenthau's appointment unless assured that Bailie would resign. On January 6, two days after the executive session, Mr. Bailie tendered his resignation, and Mr. Morgenthau's nomination was favorably reported to the Senate.

Senator Couzens's chief objection to Mr. Bailie will stir unpleasant recollections among many small-town American bankers and investors who were unwise enough to buy Peruvian bonds in 1927 and 1928. Mr. Bailie's banking firm and the National City Company headed the syndicate which floated an issue of about $90,000,000 in Peruvian bonds in this country. When Senator Couzens addressed the Senate Finance Committee, these bonds were selling at less than six cents on the dollar, and even today they can be bought for less than eight cents on the dollar. Their precipitous decline was explained when a Senate committee in 1932 investigated foreign bond flotations in this country. The committee found that the employee sent to Peru by J. and W. Seligman to make an investigation before the bonds were issued, warned that they would be in default in five years. The National City received, and likewise ignored, three warnings from its representatives. A vice-president called Peru "an adverse moral and political risk." The company's overseas manager described the government of Peru as "a president surrounded by a group of rascals." National City's representative in Peru reported the Peruvian treasury was "flat on its back and gasping for breath." Yet the bankers were so anxious to get the bonds that the Seligman firm paid the son of President Leguia of Peru a commission of approximately $415,000 to arrange for this high-class engraved Peruvian wallpaper. "The bonds were sold to the public," Senator Couzens's memorandum says, "without any statement by the bankers of the warning which they had received."

Senator Couzens did not seem to think that Mr. Bailie was away fishing while this $90,000,000 bond issue was arranged and sold. Mr. Bailie had been a partner in the Seligman firm for ten years when Senator Couzens objected to his appearance in the Treasury, and the Senator told the Senate Finance Committee that Mr. Bailie was not only an important partner "but in fact has been in command, and at most periods actually first in command" during those ten years. Senator Couzens explained that the most important member of the firm, Frederick Strauss, had been "inactive for large periods of time during the past ten years, and the main authority has therefore fallen to Mr. Bailie as second in line." Senator Couzens further declared that Mr. Bailie's importance could be judged by the fact "that the half-dozen investment trusts controlled by that banking firm are under the direction of Mr. Bailie, as chairman of the board or president of each investment-trust corporation, and in most cases as both chairman and president." Of these investment trusts Senator Couzens asserted that they "are arranged in the dangerous crazy-quilt fashion that marks such situations as the Insull utility holding companies and pyramids." He referred to the fact that one of these interlocking companies had made a contract with another for "investment service"—"the same sort of dangerous practice that public-utility holding companies engage in when they provide management service to public-utility operating companies controlled by the holding companies." Senator Couzens pointed out that on the board of directors of Tri-Continental, top holding company of the Seligman pyramid, Mr. Bailie had associated with him Wiggin of Chase National and Groesbeck of Electric Bond and Share. Senator Couzens did not feel that these associations recommended him for a post in the Treasury—particularly so soon after Mr. Roosevelt had driven the money changers from the temple.

Senator Couzens said he thought it essential "that a man with an important place in the United States Treasury shall have (1) ability, (2) disinterestedness and a sense of the obligations of trusteeship, and (3) the character, experience, and standing which will instil confidence in the public asked to buy United States government bonds." He felt that Mr. Bailie's record had to be considered "in accordance with these criteria," and he did not rest his case only on the Peruvian bonds and Mr. Bailie's other associations.

Senator Couzens said that Mr. Bailie "has also had many interesting affiliations in connection with the reorganization of corporations." He took as an example the bankrupt St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Company, of which Mr. Bailie was a director and later "one of its so-called readjustment managers, the men who are to reorganize the corporation." He added that the plan of reorganization prepared by Mr. Bailie and his associates in July, 1932, had been attacked before the ICC "by leading life-insurance companies and banks." Senator Couzens said that the plan was attacked for favoritism to certain bank creditors at the expense of the bondholders, and as "financially inadvisable and impracticable"; and that Mr. Bailie and his associates had obtained control of more than $100,000,000 of principal amount of the railroad's bonds by an advertising campaign that seems less than candid. "The chairman of the railway company's board," Senator Couzens told the Finance Committee, "recently admitted under oath in a proceeding conducted by the Interstate Commerce Commission that they realized that the company would have to be put in receivership in order to carry through their reorganization plan, but Mr. Bailie and his associates

entered upon a nation-wide advertising campaign to get control of the bondholders' bonds by telling them that if the bondholders sent in their bonds in sufficient numbers, receivership could be averted."

Senator Couzens pointed out that the legal work for the railroad managers in this reorganization, as in so many great railroad reorganizations, was done by Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood. The Senator said Mr. Bailie started out as a lawyer in that firm, "one of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, in Wall Street," and "his brother-in-law is now a member of this law firm." Senator Couzens declared that this firm had been "the guiding spirit in many of the big deals which have been criticized in recent years." "In consequence," he continued, "the relation of Mr. Bailie to that firm is of importance. That firm will now have a friend in the Administration and a pipe-line to the activities and resources of the United States government."

Finally Senator Couzens took up Mr. Bailie's attitude toward reform legislation. He pointed out that Mr. Bailie, as chairman of the Committee on Railroad Securities of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, had objected in 1933 to those parts of the truth-in-securities act which affected railroad securities, though these were milder than the provisions governing non-railroad securities. He said that Bailie "was also an opponent of such provisions of the railroad-reorganization act of March 3, 1933, as seek to curb the power of bankers and others who have had an unfortunate influence over such reorganizations." Senator Couzens found it "difficult to reconcile a man of Mr. Bailie's viewpoint with the New Deal." The measured warning with which the Couzens memorandum ends cannot be ignored by New Dealers as the dollar-a-year men mobilize to make Washington safe for Wall Street. This is what Couzens said:

> Some of the least satisfactory elements in Wall Street now have direct access to the operations of the government. It is hard to estimate how much this can mean. The government is spending billions of dollars through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and other organizations for projects some of which may not come up to those standards Congress had in mind when it authorized such expenditures. Furthermore, the Treasury is going to take action of one kind or another which will profoundly benefit speculators or others who may have advance information of what is coming. The question which arises in connection with Mr. Bailie's occupation of an important post in the Treasury is whether he has shown himself to be the type of man who will be a bulwark against special favors and special opportunities for Wall Street men, or whether his connections and affiliations are such as to make this prospect dangerous for the public.

Is it not the Senate's duty today to make Secretary Morgenthau answer that question?

Everybody's Business

Bonds Under Fire

THE counterpart of the sharp rise in stocks and commodities in Wall Street has been the slump in government and other high-grade bonds. That is to say the price of money, as expressed in rates of interest, has been rising along with the prices of other things, necessitating an upward adjustment in yields of existing bonds. This situation has been brought about, not by any sudden increase in demand for credit or any sudden shrinkage in the supply, but simply by a belief that war spells inflation. Thus holders of securities returning a fixed income fear that with a rising cost of living this income will buy a smaller amount of goods, while simultaneously higher interest rates will induce a drop in existing bond prices and so reduce the value of their capital. As a result the tendency is for bonds to be sold and the proceeds reinvested in equities the income from which, it is hoped, will expand rapidly enough to keep pace with rising commodity prices.

Theoretically there is a good deal to be said for this point of view, and if the war lasts a long time and produces the kind of American boom forecast in some quarters, we may see both higher living costs and higher interest rates. But as I pointed out two weeks ago, it is rather dangerous to expect that the economic pattern of the last war is going to be exactly repeated in this one. We are starting with a very different set of basic factors, and in no field more so than in that of money and credit. In 1914 London was the financial center of the world, and both Berlin and Paris were more important than New York. In those days everyone was trying to turn funds into sterling, with the result that the dollar went to a tremendous discount and gold flowed out of America. Moratoriums applied in European capitals tied up American funds. For a time there was monetary famine, and short-term loan rates rose from between 3 and 4 per cent to as high as 8 per cent. Even so, the period of stringency was not prolonged. Before the end of 1914 short-term loans had become as cheap as before the war, and rates did not start rising again until a year and a half later. The movement of high-grade bonds was similar. From the end of 1914 until the beginning of 1917 they followed an upward trend and only turned sharply lower when the entry of America into the war caused a greatly increased demand for long-term credit.

The new outbreak of war in Europe finds us with such a plethora of credit as no country has ever known before. The steady flow of gold into our coffers over a period of years has been reflected in mounting bank deposits at a time when the slackness of business has rendered impossible any corresponding increase in bank loans. In an attempt to employ their resources the banks have been heavy buyers of government obligations, but nevertheless excess reserves have continually mounted and now exceed five billion dollars. This is to say that even though the demand for bank credit should expand tremendously, it could be met without the banks being forced to tighten their security portfolios.

The selling of government bonds during the past three

weeks which has brought about falls of six points and more does not seem to be due to bank liquidation. In the first two weeks of September, holdings of Treasury obligations by Federal Reserve member banks in 101 leading cities declined by $49,000,000, but in the same period the Federal Reserve system absorbed no less than $400,000,000 of governments. This large volume of selling appears to have come mainly from individual holders, small country banks, investment trusts hoping for profitable switches into stocks, and corporations wishing to augment their supplies of cash in anticipation of improved business. The big institutional holders kept aloof from the market. They were not throwing their bonds overboard, but on the other hand they were not going to buy until they were convinced prices had touched bottom for the time being. In these circumstances the market might have become thoroughly demoralized if the Federal Reserve System had not stepped in and cushioned the fall in prices by heavy purchases. In the past few days this prop has been withdrawn, and although there has been a further decline in quotations the volume of offerings has also been much reduced, and it may be that the market is about to settle down at a new level which will still leave the average yield on long-term federal issues at well under 3 per cent. Insurance companies, trust companies, and other institutions which are bound to invest a large proportion of their funds in the highest-grade bonds are certain to be buyers again as soon as a fairly stable position is established. The latest return of the New York City member banks shows in fact moderate additions to holdings of both Treasury bills and United States bonds.

It is fortunate that the Treasury has pursued a very prudent policy in regard to its financing as otherwise the strain of these first few weeks of war would have been considerably greater. Last June it refunded notes aggregating $426,000,000 originally scheduled to mature this month. The next maturity to be attended to is on December 15. Hence it was easily possible to postpone the financing which had been contemplated for mid-September. Nor is there any urgent need to raise new money hastily despite the fact that government deficits will be heavy in the next few months. At the end of August the Treasury's working balance amounted to $1,539,000,000, which should be more than ample to take care of the excess of cash outgo over cash income up to the end of the calendar year.

The question remains whether, over a longer term, the fear of sharply increased interest rates, which has caused the present market weakness in bonds, will prove justified. Personally I doubt whether the kind of monetary stringency which developed in the last war will occur. It could hardly do so unless a war boom in industry was allowed to develop into a runaway orgy of speculation. The Administration seems to be alive to this danger, which still looks remote, and it has many weapons at its command with which to forestall it. In case the Stock Exchange got out of hand, for instance, it could revise margin requirements or even stop margin trading altogether. But so far the expansion of business on the Stock Exchange has been largely on a cash basis, and since August 30 brokers' loans in New York have actually declined from $467,000,000 to $405,000,000.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

GRIMM'S DICTIONARY of the German language is still being published in sections at Leipzig. On the eve of the war a new section was issued, ranging from the words *Trotzen* to *Trügerei*—from defying to deceiving.

NOTE OF HOPE: From Hedda Hopper's movie column in the Washington *Post:* "Don't forget the war will cancel all British and French productions. And in the last two years they've been giving us some of our stiffest competition. So get down on those knees . . . and give thanks."

THE CHRISTIAN MOBILIZERS, most belligerent wing of the anti-Semitic drive, are quietly organizing secret "guard units." It is said that the Mobilizers already have 200 recruits for these units, that they will drill in secret—without arms for the present—and that they describe themselves as "generals of our army of the future." The base of the Mobilizers' operations is still New York, but there are intermittent reports of their invasion of other cities.

SINCE THE appointment of Earle Bailie as a "dollar-a-year man" in the Treasury Department (see I. F. Stone's article in this issue), liberal New Dealers have coined a new description of the department. They call it the "bailiwick."

ONE QUAINT aftermath of the Russo-German pact was a letter received by *The Nation* from Merwin K. Hart, well-known pro-Franco stalwart. He requested the names of the 400 liberals who signed a statement outlining ten basic differences between Germany and Russia.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION: Some weeks ago this column pointed out that a Tourist Club in Brazil had published a guidebook which listed foreign consulates in alphabetical order—except that Germany came first. A number of readers insist that the sinister note was unwarranted. In Portuguese Germany is called *Alemania,* and the same alphabetical order was retained in the English guidebook.

LEFT-WING CIRCLES were jolted by the August issue of the *Communist International,* recently circulated here, which contains a belated and denunciatory review of Joseph Freeman's "American Testament." Freeman is an ex-editor of the *New Masses* and well known as a party spokesman. But the Comintern magazine now calls his book—which was published three years ago and widely sold by Communist bookstores—"hackwork," decries its "Trotskyist" tendencies, and raps the *Daily Worker* for having reviewed it favorably three years ago.

PROBABLY THE shortest "extension of remarks" in its history was published in the *Congressional Record* last month. On August 4 Congressman Bender of Ohio asked unanimous consent to "extend his remarks"; it was granted. The extension read: "Mr. Speaker, of every dollar spent by the federal government, 39 cents is borrowed money."

[*The $5 prize for the best item submitted during September goes to H. B. of Richmond Hill, New York, for the item about the New York University handbook published last week.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

England, America, and the War

London, September 15

WHAT of the attitude of England to the United States now that war has come? Well, there is thus far a most commendable absence of any visible effort to propagandize. Sir Frederick Whyte has been appointed head of the American division of the Ministry of Information, which has been established in the magnificent new Senate Building of the University of London, but I am assured on high authority that there is not the slightest intention this time to send over a group of paid propagandists to convert the Americans. This decision is due in part, I believe, to the realization that it is totally unnecessary to do any converting, that the American people, with the exception of a few disloyal German-Americans, are solidly anti-Hitler, and in part to the realization that Americans have not forgotten the British sins in the last war. Certainly the only people who can prejudice the Allied cause in the United States this time are the Allies themselves. It would be the height of wisdom for the British government to announce that no paid propagandists will be sent over; if it does not, veteran British lecturers, like S. K. Ratcliffe, who have been interpreters and never propagandists, may find that their activities are misunderstood.

It is even more important that the English should not feed us atrocity stories this time. Some horrible stories of the effects of the war upon Poland are naturally coming through—justified and truthful reports I believe, for you cannot wage war with the present high-powered killing weapons, airplanes, and such, without laying everything waste. But we most assuredly need no false Lord Bryce reports, no yarns of crucified Canadian soldiers, of babies with their hands cut off and nuns with their breasts removed, to make us oppose Hitlerism and give our sympathies to the Allies. If anything of the kind should start, it would become a serious boomerang. What the ministry should send over to the United States, if it sends anything, is facts. It ought to give all possible help to the American correspondents here to get the truth—as much as may be printed without injuring the military situation. It ought to do everything in its power to make the American, as well as the British, public believe that the British bulletins and communiqués are absolutely true and not deliberately falsified as were the figures of shipping losses in the last war. I am happy to say there is every evidence thus far of a desire to do this very thing. At least, the government has not concealed the unhappy fact that it has had very serious losses of ships since the war began, and that they are continuing.

It goes without saying that the people here hope that the President will have his way with Congress, and bring about the amendment of the neutrality law; and I have no doubt that many of them are praying that if the worst comes to the worst we will again send an army. Yet many say to me frankly that if they were Americans they would be in favor of the law as it stands, and against American intervention over here. I had an interesting talk with a taxi driver in Salisbury a few days ago, a veteran of the last war who is awaiting his call as a member of the reserve to go again. Obviously of superior education—he said that the last war had ruined his chance of becoming a mechanical engineer—he asked if we were not coming in to help. When I asked him if he thought we Americans ought to underwrite the blunders and stupidities of British diplomacy every twenty-five years, and if in that case he didn't think we ought to have some say about the formulation of British foreign policy, he replied, "Of course you should." When I have half jestingly suggested this to people of importance in this country, and asked whether we should not have at least two ministers in the British Cabinet, to my surprise the suggestion has been taken rather seriously.

Similarly, when I have pointed out that the isolationists truly believe that the best way for the United States to help the Allies and the world is to keep out of the present struggle and to remain a great reservoir of democracy and of material means with which to rebuild the lost continent of Europe, they have unanimously declared that that was an entirely defensible point of view. I am more than ever of this opinion, for I see British democracy vanishing day by day. Parliament is rapidly becoming a group which meets once a week to hear a report from the Prime Minister of the progress of the war, to listen to criticisms from the two opposition leaders, Greenwood and Sinclair, and to ask a few questions. The power has gone to the Cabinet and the Prime Minister, and what has been done here to make over industrial life in the last two weeks would make startling reading. In 1914 "Business as usual" was the slogan. This time the government has played havoc with numerous industries, the reason or the excuse being that the danger of air raids necessitates it. Well, any war would bring changes. How radical they are going to be this time depends on the length of the struggle.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

AUTUMN MISCELLANY—SEVEN POEMS

SELECTED BY JOHN BERRYMAN

On an Old Horn

BY WALLACE STEVENS

I

The bird kept saying that birds had once been men,
Or were to be, animals with men's eyes,
Men fat as feathers, misers counting breaths,
Women of a melancholy one could sing.
Then the bird from his ruddy belly blew
A trumpet round the trees. Could one say that it was
A baby with the tail of a rat?
The stones
Were violet, yellow, purple, pink. The grass
Of the iris bore white blooms. The bird then boomed.
Could one say that he sang the colors in the stones,
False as the mind, instead of the fragrance, warm
With sun?
In the little of his voice, or the like,
Or less, he found a man, or more, against
Calamity, proclaimed himself, was proclaimed.

II

If the stars that move together as one, disband,
Flying like insects of fire in a cavern of night,
Pipperoo, pippera, pipperum . . . The rest is rot.

Matthew Arnold

BY W. H. AUDEN

His gift knew what he was—a dark disordered city;
Doubt hid it from the father's fond chastising sky,
Where once the mother-farms had glowed protectively
Spread the haphazard alleys of the neighbors' pity.

Yet would have gladly lived in him and learned his ways,
And grown observant like a beggar, and become
Familiar with each square and boulevard and slum,
And found in the disorder a whole world to praise.

But all his homeless reverence, revolted, cried:
"I am my father's forum, and he shall be heard;
Nothing shall contradict his holy final word,
Nothing." And thrust his gift in prison till it died.

And left him nothing but a jailor's voice and face,
And all rang hollow but the clear denunciation
Of a gregarious optimistic generation
That saw itself already in a father's place.

The Statue of Shadow

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

This was that mystery of clearest light:
No cloud
No shadow of a cloud
Passed on the stretch where then I stood.
A sandy noon consumed my sight.

I saw my body cast
In shadow and was afraid.
I saw time vast
As my own shadow and was afraid.
In light and a vision of light
I saw my stature cast
Upon that coast.
The shade of all those centuries
Where death is longing and fate a crime
Lay long
But no longer
Than the statue of shadow
Noon laid at my feet.

This was that mystery:
Time had no other feature.

That Summer's End

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

The yellow wallpaper and the polished floor,
Tall doors that closed upon the afternoon
Had so subdued the light that once a wasp
Hungry for honey came into that room.

Candles extinct, the crystal sconces made
Slight dissonances with every air that waved,
Discreet as light. Old faded curtains could
Remember color in unraveled threads.

It seemed that sullen light could never fade.
Summer was endless as the cicada's drone
That rose to silence and began again,
Increasing stridence in a drought of leaves.

Yet all unseen the maples gathered shade
As madness gathers head. None looked. Gusts shook—
And then a sudden looking saw the trees
One shivering silver bending to the storm.

How should we dream the source of light could fail?
Yet, children, we had entertained for years
A madman in that house and never known
How close his motion to delirium

Until that day, after a long drive,
When he came home alone through summer storm
Without a thought that he had left alive,
In a ditch, my mother murdered on the road.

Unto the Second Generation

BY W. R. MOSES

When his father walked in the woods, the pines
Bowed flat to him; he made their long trunks float
Pike-darted stream to mill, to be his wealth;
Quacking mallards of fall to his hidden boat
Plunged for his proper dinner; and the mink
And beaver shed their richest coats for him,
To question whose control was vain as if
The pines should have implored he pity them.

Wild things grow independent; the pines draw
Far back from stump-filled farms; the pike and trout
Bite for the summer anglers; mallards veer
In thin lines far from blind; in summer drought
Mud shows few tracks of fur-rich courtiers;
All these deny him wealth, or well-clothed limb,
To try to make whom lord were vain as if
He should implore the pines they pity him.

Angina Pectoris

BY W. R. MOSES

The steady heart, which in its steadiness
Allowed formation of the somewhat, life,
Unsteadies, stops; and so a thick debris
Drops to the sidewalk, where the poor limbs sprawl
Like things a child had made of mud, and all
The color leaves the face, pale as a knife.

When the man walked down the street in his mackinaw,
Or sat in a barroom gurgling at his beer,
It was only a small usurper of oxygen
I noticed; I'd have seen him ship for Spain,
Or go to Dakota and die working with grain,
And never thought, or been glad he was not here.

But now that I see him neutral earth, to bury
In earth, for damp, or a pale, poetic swarm
Of worms to end, I'm sorry; I wish him what
I'd not wish other mud: that he ate tonight
With children he loved; that the meal was heavy and
right;
That he slept with plenty of quilts to keep him warm.

Of Gramatan's Transaction

BY BHAIN CAMPBELL

(A Letter from Bronxville, New York, to a Young Man Newly Become a Little Merchant)

Where that Mohican Gramatan, plumed
Like a bird or bush or flower, stood
And sold his hunting province into land,
I stand, and watch the English architecture,
Plot and chimney, and the servants' quarters,
Change what any man could think of freedom,
Once, like air, between the Hudson and the sea.
—We were once of highlands, islands, and once free.

Here, where flowers have no harvest look,
Being bred for epitaphs and candles, not the sun,
The owners boom up from the underpass
And tread the walks in the white afternoons;
All day, all day the hair is dressed about
The temples of these men who do not work.
—Struck by their manner, you would miss their shame,
In the formal garden the marauding flame.

What Gramatan, in trading, overlooked
Was that he made a title to our day,
And heard that sovereign ring upon the stone
And heard no brokers raging in the Street
And did not know what blood would have to pay.
—So might you, turning tradesman, sell us all
And by your counter count yourself a class
To bid a man price freedom under glass.

Today on Sunset Hill the Moorish palace
Sails toward Germany, the German sign;
Although the railway schedule still is kept,
The vicious children snarl among the vines.
—See now that difference, as now you turn
From work to sales: who could supply a want
Must now want to supply, and you can cry
Not *We must work* but *We must sell—or die.*

Could that Mohican Gramatan but rise
From Chester or Bear Mountain, head the pass,
And tell us like a god what's for our eyes.
—Look in our childhood, or our country's: there
In the fabulous real forest of our chance
We could have bartered with a savage peace,
Exchanged for love, and let a man be fair,
Sowing the slopes with maize that we could share.

But all the streets are paved, where deer then drank,
And that Mohican name is on the Bank.
—When the Eleventh Month darkness caps the Hill
And Destiny like a dirigible swings in sight,
Will you hysterical on your counter stand,
Cheer for that Master, ring death upon your till?—
Recall the communal longhouse from its night,
Unpack the tools with which a man can fight.

Say, Gramatan, we purchased this for use.
—Though the pheasant in the copse, the rabbit
In the hedge, have not more fears than I that when
The First Month breaks new colors out, my signals
From the hill may be unintelligible
To you, yet I love what in you may recall
What Pericles, that tyrant, said: Though men
May get houses, O houses get no men.

BOOKS

Reality in Pictures

MODERN MAN IN THE MAKING. By Otto Neurath. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.95.

THE author, director of the International Foundation for Visual Education, states in his foreword the aim of his original work: "to trace the origin of 'modern man' and depict his behavior and achievements, without presenting any social or economic theory." This announcement introduces an element of suspense which is characteristic of the whole book. One wonders for more reasons than one whether such an attempt can succeed. How can "modern man" and his world be depicted without interpretation? Isn't the source of theory the necessity and the desire of man to overcome the thousand-fold distracting expressions of life? If we take away theory shall we not have only the trees, so to speak, without the forest? The author has long since been conscious of this basic problem. He has developed his own method of conveying the thousand facts of which we must be conscious before we can attempt to interpret life as it is and as it has moved through the ages. He says: "An attempt has been made to evolve for this purpose a special picture-text style which should enable anybody to walk through the modern world that is beginning to appear about us and see it as he may see a landscape with its hills and plains, woods and meadows."

This "picture-text style" is based on the "isotype" method which the author and his collaborators developed in fifteen years' work. They invented picture signs for hundreds of entities, replacing words by neat and astonishingly typical drawings which can be understood at a glance. But that is not all. They invented a method of combining these signs with others in such a convincing way that a complicated situation or development—for example, the unemployment cycles from 1853 to 1937—becomes clear and understandable in a few seconds. You *see* it, and the whole drawing takes far less space than a description in words. This picture-text does not replace the word-text, it is merely used to describe such facts and observations as can be more easily and more plainly conveyed by a picture language than a word language. More than half of "Modern Man in the Making" is "written" in this new picture language, and its usability is demonstrated most convincingly, even when the subject is the complex one of "public opinion" or "political organization."

Having established his own extremely suitable method, the author sets out to give and to combine all the established facts of modern society—it is surprising how few they are—as it slowly emerged out of the unknown past. The political and economic unification of mankind; the changing relations between the individual and society, between parents and children, between the sexes; the development in agriculture and industry; there seems to be nothing missing. When one puts the work aside one really has had a quick but most impressive walk through the landscape of the modern world. If this walk raises as many questions as are answered by it, it is not the fault of the author, who limits himself consciously to a presentation of facts. His method brings them often into an order full of meaning; statistical material otherwise dry and boring becomes unforgettable and exciting.

"Modern Man in the Making" is especially timely today when the ghastly tumult of a world at war drowns out so many voices of reason and objective contemplation. It is at the same time a very comforting work because it reflects a progressive world without indulging in the banal optimistic interpretation of history. Special mention must be made of the excellent and beautiful production of the book by the publisher. The volume will be enjoyed by its readers again and again. One would like to give it to every student who is tortured by learning the facts of this world in the difficult old-fashioned way.

FRANZ HOELLERING

American Legend

AFTER TWELVE YEARS. By Michael A. Musmanno. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

IT IS difficult for those who had any part in the Sacco-Vanzetti case to realize how tragic an American legend that celebrated cause has become. Those who had to do with the defense of the two great-hearted workers, those whose remembrance of the last dark days is still painfully acute, are likely to forget that, as the author of this stirring book puts it, "another generation has come into adulthood since 1927," and "youths to whom Sacco and Vanzetti are headlines are now eager to know why these two names created so much furor."

Michael A. Musmanno, judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Pennsylvania, in writing of those last terrible days in Boston twelve years ago, say in all truth, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was." During the last five months of life of the "good shoemaker and the poor fish peddler" Judge Musmanno came voluntarily as an attorney into the ranks of the defense, and he was in constant touch with the men in their cells in Charlestown Prison until the end. So he has written, not just another book about the case, but rather a memorable, swift-moving account of the whole tragedy, so that readers who were present at some of the scenes described, as well as youngsters to whom the case is now legend, may resolve that never again shall such a judicial murder take place in these United States.

How greatly prejudice against foreigners, especially radicals, entered into every phase of the case is stressed over and again by the author's factual story of the events set in train by the shooting of a paymaster and a guard in South Braintree,



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315 Fourth Ave. New York

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by PETER VIERECK

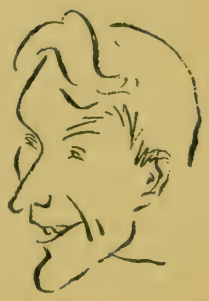
THIS series of articles, we predict, will throw more light on the genesis of the Nazi "ideology" than all the hundreds of economic-political explanations now in circulation. So far as any study of ideas can be, it is "sensational." At the same time it sticks entirely to the facts of Wagner's extraordinary career and the evidence presented in his little-known writings.

In support of his principal contention that Wagner was the spiritual father of Nazism, Mr. Viereck presents the record: —Wagner, the "Volk"—mystic; Wagner, the revolutionary anti-Semite; Wagner, the proclaimer of a German Fuehrer, Siegfried-hero, superman; Wagner, the Francophobe, Medievalist, Romantic Genius—and Madman.

But this is much more than the picture of a famous musician's aberrant intellect. It traces the changes that came over Germany from the time Wagner helped Bakunin organize the Revolution of 1848 to the moment when his disciple Houston Stewart Chamberlain, welcomed the then obscure Hitler to Bayreuth in 1923. It explains, as no other analysis we know, what is in Hitler's mind today.

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Confessions of a Fellow Traveler is a new type of Hollywood confession. An inside story of six months as President of Actors Equity—bargaining with Billy Rose, arguing with David Dubinsky, walking the political tightrope between Left and Right—Mr. Meredith wittily describes his evolution as a democrat.

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Massachusetts, on a spring day in 1920. His story is "factual," because the facts themselves include crystal-gazing as the prelude to deadly serious accusations against innocent men, the deliberate setting of traps by a prosecution bent upon vengeance rather than justice, the shameful sadism of the presiding judge, and finally the unforgivable betrayal of the judicial process by such supposed representatives of "the respectables" as Governor Fuller of Massachusetts and Albert Lawrence Lowell, the intolerant aristocrat, president of Harvard and head of the commission whose verdict finally sent two guiltless men to the chair. These facts need no fancy writing, no dressing up of any sort.

Musmanno puts them all down in breath-taking manner and then writes, as a postlude, of a trip that he made in the summer of 1938 to the Cape Cod home of Lowell. The intransigent old man still insisted on the guilt of his two victims. For two hours he attempted to persuade Musmanno, of all persons, of the rectitude of his judgment. Finally the defense lawyer left, "sick at heart" as he says, eager to draw in the freshening winds of the sea coming across the Cape, the same winds that used so to lift the heart of the slain Vanzetti.

In these war-darkened days it is well to remember that the two workers were innocent victims of the forces of hatred and prejudice roused by the last war. It detracts nothing from the zeal of the defense to remember also that a more militant and firmly united labor movement might well have saved the men, despite the strength of their implacable persecutors in Massachusetts and elsewhere. For youthful readers Judge Musmanno's narrative, written twelve years after, will serve as a revelation of what the struggle to build such a movement may sometimes involve. For any lover of justice, old or young, it is a tragedy to be reread and remembered.

MC ALISTER COLEMAN

Sterility in the Social Sciences

KNOWLEDGE FOR WHAT? By Robert S. Lynd. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

IT HAS long been evident that there is something fundamentally wrong with our social sciences. With all our vast expenditure of funds on social research, we seem as far from understanding the laws which govern human behavior as before the social sciences were born. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that, because of the advance in technology, our social, political, and economic problems have multiplied more rapidly than our ability to understand them and bring them under control. A few years ago it was assumed that the answer lay in a more rigid application of scientific methodology. Frantic efforts were made to quantify social and political phenomena in the belief that once they were reduced to inanimate numbers a true scientific analysis could be made.

Dr. Lynd finds the basic cause for the sterility of our social sciences inherent in their most cherished assumptions. He challenges the idea that there can be anything like the "pure sciences" in the field of human relationships, that the scientist who is aloof from the pressures of life can make any significant contribution toward understanding it. Even more hampering, in his opinion, is the high degree of specialization in the social sciences which prevents most scientists from dealing with human problems in their entirety. While he grants that specialization is essential, he stresses the need for greater attention to culture as a whole, viewing it not as an impersonal specimen on a dissecting table but as a living organism.

Nor will Dr. Lynd allow the social scientist to hide behind the pretense of mere fact-finding. The fact-finder, he points out, has to accept, temporarily at least, the basic postulates of a system before he can understand and describe it. The usual result in his "solution" of a problem is a makeshift expedient which does not go to the real source of the difficulty.

If the social sciences are to aid in guiding mankind out of the morass in which it finds itself, Dr. Lynd believes that they must have the imagination and courage to escape from their self-imposed frames of reference. It should, for example, "be a major concern of social science to discover where and how large-scale planning and control need be extended throughout the culture so as to facilitate the human ends of living." Similarly, it is the duty of scientists to find out what kind of economic organization would best serve the masses of the American people? And further, how can a culture be built which would "play down the need for and possibility for war?"

The reviewer is in full sympathy with Dr. Lynd's indictment of the social sciences and his challenge to his fellow-scientists to face the fuller implications of today's problems. The book is definitely one that needed to be written, if only to awaken students to the shallowness of much that passes as scholarship in the field of human relations. But it would be unrealistic to imagine for a moment that social scientists as a group are likely to follow the advice given. Dr. Lynd would be the first to admit that the sterility of which he complains is part of the culture which he would have analyzed. By the very nature of things no man, even the trained scientist, can reach very far beyond the social, political, and economic framework in which he finds himself. But he can make full use of the tools at hand to shape that structure to meet his needs. And that is the real challenge of this book.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Recent Fiction

SAILOR OFF THE BREMEN AND OTHER STORIES. By Irwin Shaw. Random House. $2.

Urbanity with guts, tough stuff with restraint, the blunt iron pen in the well-groomed hand—these are doubtless the qualities that have recommended Irwin Shaw's stories to the *New Yorker* in the last year or two, since that magazine has annexed Avenue A and the Bronx to the domain of Eustace Tilley. Nearly half of the stories in this volume appeared first in the *New Yorker*, and nearly all of the lot are about New York City, some of them suggestive of Jerome Weidman's hard-boiled East Side sketches but usually with a lighter, more blasé touch, even in accounts of poverty and violence. The title story is a gruesome tale of bloody vengeance on West Twelfth Street; Borough of Cemeteries pits

two drunk and discontented cab drivers in a "chicken fight" in Brooklyn; Weep in Years to Come is only a dialogue between a man and a girl on Fifth Avenue, a talk about war written before the outbreak of the European war, but bitterly topical, every line of it, today. The young man doesn't believe in fighting, doesn't believe that a war will improve things even if Hitler is defeated, yet is ready to go out and start shooting and being shot at to try to kill the idea Hitler represents. There is also a stark tale of a pogrom in Russia during the revolution, with pillage and rape and slaughter, well told from the point of view of a sixteen-year-old boy. Altogether a good solid collection of stories from a very promising young writer, author of the play "Bury the Dead."

THE HOSPITAL. By Kenneth Fearing. Random House. $2.

A half-hour in the life of a big New York hospital, a particularly uncomfortable half-hour on a hot summer afternoon, but otherwise a fairly typical one—this is the composite picture which Mr. Fearing presents through the words and thoughts of a dozen or more people: doctors, nurses, engineers, internes, patients. Borrowing the method used by Faulkner in "As I Lay Dying," he simply heads each chapter with the name of the person who is supposed to be talking. Though he ties these pieces together with a slim thread of story, he aims chiefly at a composite picture of an institution that most laymen half fear and half worship, since it represents to them on the one hand pain and suffering and expense and on the other hand those semi-magical forces of science that work miracles on human flesh. Mr. Fearing is concerned with the hospital both as an intricate maze of pipes and conduits and corridors and apparatus, and as an organization of individual men and women, each bearing his own private thoughts and troubles into the highly impersonal clinic and operating room and ward. An unusual choice of subject matter for a poet, but then Mr. Fearing has always been a poet with a strong scientific bent.

DRAMA

Past and Present

IN THE opinion of many, R. C. Sherriff's "Journey's End" was not only the best play about the great war but also the best play on any subject whatsoever to come out of England in many years. It has just been revived for a limited engagement at the Empire Theater, and the curtain had not been up five minutes before I had begun to realize something which I had not even faintly anticipated. Considered purely from the standpoint of a possibly successful artistic effect, the moment chosen for the revival is extraordinarily unfavorable.

I do not mean, God knows, that the subject is not apropos. I mean, on the contrary, that it is too appallingly just that to be anything else. Most of the audience, I am sure, found itself as unable as I was to attend to the play as a play or to care very much how the author remembered the conflict upon



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The caliber of the contributors to this issue suggests the high standard of articles in *every* issue of *Survey Graphic,* the magazine Charles A. Beard "has long regarded as indispensable": E. C. Lindeman, John Chamberlain, Myron M. Stearns, John R. Tunis, Max McConn, Scott Buchman, Alvin Johnson, Farnsworth Crowder, Ordway Tead, William Allan Neilson, K. N. Llewellyn, Carson Ryan and 20 others. Over 50 photographs, charts and drawings supplement the text.

Coming soon in other issues of *Survey Graphic* is a special supplement in which Clyde R. Miller, director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis presents the discussion of propaganda by Freda Kirchwey, editor of *The Nation,* Howard Dietz, Publicity Director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Franklin Dunham of NBC and Prof. Harold Lasswell and other spokesmen for radio, press, movies and religion at Williamstown. Also, a continuation of the series on American Cities in Transition including St. Louis by Audrey Granneberg, Santa Barbara by Katherine Glover—an account by S. K. Ratcliff of what America looks like to a British visitor—Ladies and Lynchers by Lewis T. Nordyke—The Impractical Nurse by Edith M. Stern—Charney Vladeck by John Herling and a series on Federal Arts by Henry Alsberg, Hallie Flanagan, Warren Cheney.

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which he was looking back. To us war had suddenly ceased to be a past that might be remembered and become a future which could only be feared. Uppermost in nearly everyone's mind must have been what was uppermost in mine. We were not asking ourselves how acceptable the author had succeeded in making his attitude toward the great war of 1914-18. We were wondering how much of its cruelty and terror would have to be endured again in the war of 1939-??.

"Journey's End" was first produced here just ten years ago. There has probably never been any time between the end of the first great war and the present when another conflict on such a scale seemed less imminent. Under those circumstances a play could be written, as even the greatest works of literature have been written, to lay a ghost, to crystallize some attitude toward a past event, and thus to free the memory from the burden of its uneasy preoccupation with an experience which will allow it no rest until some resolution of the emotional conflicts generated has been achieved and accepted. But the ghost is walking again. The resolution no longer resolves anything, and the spectator finds himself busy with his own emotional problems, not with those which Mr. Sherriff is solving.

Doubtless most of those who saw or read the play remember it well enough. It is concerned primarily with three upper-class Englishmen—a schoolmaster, a schoolboy, and a young captain just older than the boy, just younger than the man—who occupy the same dugout and who meet their deaths one after another. All the scenes are deliberately underwritten, the dialogue is conducted almost exclusively in the strange dialect of the public-school Englishman, and the point is simply that the three played the game. There was nothing about war which came natural to them; there was nothing primitive in their natures which found release in the new environment. But they brought into the trenches the psychology as well as the ethics and the idiom of the football field, and it carried them through.

Under the most favorable of circumstances much of the play, effective as it is, must seem exasperating to Americans who have never been able to understand completely the English idealization of the sort of infantilism which leads the youngest of the heroes to feel that "the men" would be keener than ever to die if they only knew that the schoolmaster had once played soccer "for England." But it is not this which makes the play seem so nearly irrelevant in its treatment of a fearfully relevant topic that the spectator finds himself thinking only his own thoughts. It is the fact that the attitude suggested is not emotionally adequate to the present situation. If one is looking back upon a past which seems safely past, it may seem enough to say that the men played the game well and went through death as well as agonizing anticipation of it without yielding an inch. They remained essentially what they were before they found themselves in a world totally alien to everything in their natures. But this is not enough to say to a world which sees in the scenes of the play, not an image of the past, but an image of what is all too probably the future. I am not, let me add, attempting to say that "Journey's End" seems unsatisfactory at the moment because it does not take clearly enough some intellectual stand, because it preaches no social or political doctrine in unmistakable terms. I am assuming that the sole

aim of such a play may legitimately be to find a way of looking at events which will render them emotionally tolerable. I am saying only that "Journey's End" is inevitably "dated" by the simple fact that it is addressed to an audience which remembers a war, not to an audience which, willy-nilly, is thinking of a war that may come.

The present production is offered as the first of a series of revivals and is scheduled to close September 30, to be followed by "They Knew What They Wanted." "Journey's End" is admirably acted by Colin Keith-Johnston, Reginald Mason, and Glenn Hunter, and is given a production in which there is no sign of skimping. If subsequent plays are anything like so well done, the series should be very much worth following. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

SEVERAL of the sessions of the International Congress of the American Musicological Society were solely for the amusement of the scholars themselves, with subjects like "Dissonance in Early Polyphony up to Tinctoris," "The English Broadside Ballad of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," "Venetian Folksongs of the Renaissance." Not that this sort of thing is without its value for the rest of us. Thus the Haydn symphonies that were played here last season for the first time by the New Friends of Music Orchestra were played from scores made by Alfred Einstein from manuscripts of parts; and in large measure his task was to decide, where there were several copies or even only one, what was authentically Haydn's and what had been added or changed by someone else—a task which required a musicologist's knowledge of the minutiae of Haydn's style of writing.

Subjects like "Art Music Versus Folk Music" and "African Influence on North American Indian Music" came within the layman's range of interest. And Otto Ortman's talk on "The Psychology of Tone Quality," if it presented the material in his books on piano tone, had enormous practical importance for hundreds of thousands of persons; for the findings of those two books, "The Physical Basis for Piano Touch and Tone" and "The Physiological Mechanics of Piano Technique"—which for ten years or so, ever since they first appeared, I have been planning to summarize in an article—have enough explosive force to blow up most of the teaching of piano that is done in this country and elsewhere.

And finally the interest of the general public, in addition to that of the scholar, was claimed by several concerts. I attended only one of medieval music and one of unpublished music by Handel—or rather only the first half of each. For at the first concert I did not find the music sung by Yves Tinayre or his singing of it interesting enough to wait for the second appearance of the superb little chorus from the Pius X School of Liturgical Music. This chorus opened the concert with a group of one Ambrosian and several Gregorian chants, which it sang with beautiful tone and wonderfully expressive inflections; but my intense enjoyment was disturbed by the organ accompaniments; and I hasten to add that I was disturbed not as a scholar activated by something

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I knew, but as a musician reacting to what I heard. It was not that I knew the chants had come into existence as melody without a harmonic basis, music that created its musical sense solely by the relations of single sounds in succession; it was that I heard this sense blotted out by the sense which was imparted to the sounds by the sustained modern harmonies from the organ. As for the music I heard at the Handel concert, much of it turned out to be the youthful Handel's exercises in styles of the period, with no other discoverable point at the concert than to provide occasions for voluminous displays of musicological scholarship about manuscript sources and stylistic derivations in the program notes.

The programs announced by the New Friends of Music promise some dull moments along with the interesting ones. Dull moments are inevitable if one sets out to investigate unswervingly *all* the piano trios or *all* the quintets of Mozart or Beethoven; and one may feel that such an investigation is something a person should go through with at least once in his musical life, or one may feel that the investigating should be done by the New Friends beforehand, and that only the interesting works should be presented at the concerts—the difficulty then being that the New Friends has given no evidence until now of being able to tell a significant work of Mozart or Beethoven from an insignificant one. In the present instance, from the composers announced last spring—Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms—the New Friends has dropped Schubert, and with him three of the greatest works in the chamber-music literature—the C major String Quintet and the two great Piano Trios. And instead, to all the quintets and piano trios of the remaining three composers, it has added Beethoven's Clarinet Trio Opus 11 and Flute Trio Opus 25, and three of Mozart's Divertimentos for strings and winds, a Serenade for winds, two Duos for violin and viola, and—for no apparent reason—"Eine kleine Nachtmusik." Perhaps these represent a discriminating selection from the countless run-of-the-mill products of fluent and busy craftsmen; but I suspect the occasions for further boredom will be more numerous than the occasions for delighted surprise.

As usual there are to be performances by groups ranging from the Budapest Quartet, the Busch-Serkin Trio, the Griller Quartet, downward through some that are inferior to some that are terrible. But the New Friends shows its worst ineptitude in arranging for performances of the numerous trios. It is using the Busch-Serkin Trio for only one concert, the Trio of New York for two; and for the rest, instead of making skilful combinations of solo players, it is using parts of quartets. Thus the superlative Budapest Quartet is announced for three concerts; but at one of them two of its members will combine with Mischa Levitzki to play Beethoven's Trios Opus 1, Nos. 1 and 2; at another they will combine with Frances Blaisdell to play Beethoven's Flute Trio Opus 25, and three will play his String Trio Opus 9, No. 1; and meanwhile Mozart's great G minor Quintet will be played by the Pro Arte Quartet, and his great C major Quintet by the Philharmonic-Symphony Quartet. In the same way, the Busch-Serkin Trio is engaged for one concert, but Beethoven's great Trio Opus 97 is to be done by Hortense Monath with two members of the Pro Arte Quartet. And so on, with similar lack of sense.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Rumanian Anti-Semitism

Dear Sirs: I was rather surprised, in fact dismayed, to read Jonathan Griffin's article, Will Rumania Fight? in *The Nation* for September 16. Referring to Rumanian anti-Semitism, he states that "the part played by the Jews in helping the German occupation of 1917 and 1918 intensified it." Now this is one of the standard anti-Semitic fabrications current in Rumania, comparable to "Jewish Bolshevism" or "Jewish international bankers" here. Long before Rumania entered the war the government began to remove Jews from the frontier with Hungary. There was no more reason for doing it than for Poland to remove Jews from its frontiers in 1939. Rumania at the time was flooded with czarist anti-Semitic agents and in this withdrawal was following in Russia's footsteps. The barbaric acts which Rumania perpetrated against a peaceful and loyal Jewish population were fully revealed at the Peace Conference. Jews were again made the scapegoats for other ills, the excuse that time being that they "helped the German occupation."

Rumania's action then was but part of its traditional anti-Semitic policy, which did not spare even the 30,000 Jewish soldiers in the Rumanian army, who were accused of all sorts of crimes. Rumania's entrance into the war only increased its anti-Semitism; the current comment at the time was that it was so busy fighting the Jews it had no time for fighting the enemy. Incidentally, there was a greater proportion of Jews in the army in 1914 than there were Jews in Rumania's total population. You can find complete details on this point in "Die Judenpolitik der rumanischen Regierung," by Dr. S. Bernstein, published by the Bureau of the Zionist Organization in Copenhagen in 1918.

Griffin then refers to a post-war period of fifteen years "during which time the Jews gained control of about half the country's commerce and industry." That is one of those unfortunate, sweeping statements that are completely misleading. It is true that the Jews are engaged in commerce and industry. But it was precisely the Jews in Rumania who built up that country's commerce and industry. When Rumania incorporated additional territory after the war, it incorporated a large Jewish population from Transylvania, Bukovina, and Bessarabia who brought with them a commerce and industry which Rumania never previously possessed. It is futile to walk through the streets of Bucharest and say, "All these shops, factories, etc. belong to Jews," if the majority of them would not exist without the Jews; just as futile as to say, "These Jews have come in and taken the garment industry away from us New Yorkers." In any case, the economic status of the Rumanian Jews, like that of the Jews in other Eastern European countries, is the result of a long and familiar historical process, the result of constant persecution, migration, and restriction to particular spheres rather than to undue opportunism during the war.

T. V. BRENDEL

New York, September 21

Challenge from Mr. Farrell

Dear Sirs: Until the signing of the German-Soviet non-aggression pact the editors of *The Nation* were in agreement with the foreign policy advocated by the Stalinists, that of collective security and the formation of a peace front which should include the Soviet Union. Many of the contributors to your magazine were Stalinists. The editor of *The Nation,* Freda Kirchwey, wrote under her own signature advocating collaboration with the Stalinists and attacking non-Stalinists to the left of center who refused this collaboration. *The Nation* did not take a clear line in considering the Moscow trials and gave no support to those who fought them in this country. One of the editors at the time, Max Lerner, publically defended them. Likewise, *The Nation* rejected the criticisms and revelations of anti-Stalinists concerning the conduct of the Stalinist movement in Spain. It even publicly refused to accept the known fact that Andrés Nin, leader of the P. O. U. M., had been murdered. These are only a few of the main points of the pro-Stalinist policies which your magazine has pursued in recent years.

It is insufficient for *The Nation* now to remove itself from the Stalinist orbit by showing a sudden moral indignation. It is necessary now to explain and to assimilate any change of orientation which you may adopt. Otherwise, how can you expect any intelligent reader to take your magazine seriously? Also it is more than appropriate to reopen questions which you have closed or ignored. Now is the time to reopen the question of the Moscow trials. Now is the time to reopen and to study anew questions connected with the Spanish War. Does your magazine dare to do this? Or are you going to make the assumption that memories are short, and that your record will be forgotten?

JAMES T. FARRELL

New York, September 21

[Without agreeing to undertake the multiplicity of jobs Mr. Farrell offers us, we are glad to accept his main challenge. Our position is accurately stated in his first sentence. We agreed with Stalin, in other words, as long as he agreed with us. When he shifted sides, we stayed put. This does not represent any "change of orientation" but the contrary. We have therefore nothing to "explain"; but Stalin must explain, in more intelligible terms than his followers have yet discovered, his repudiation of a policy upheld by his government from the time Russia joined the League of Nations until Litvinov was dismissed from his post of Foreign Minister. We shall only add that *The Nation* strongly and clearly attacked the Soviet trials, and refer Mr. Farrell to our issue of March 12, 1938.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Indian Congress Cleansed

Dear Sirs: A recent amendment to the constitution of the Indian National Congress, designed to cleanse that body of the corruption that had crept into it, is of considerable importance.

The Congress occupies a unique position in Indian public life. Its membership, which is in the neighborhood of five million, is claimed by its general secretary to be larger than that of any other political organization in the world. Since the Congress decided to take office under the new reforms two years ago, its importance has been considerably enhanced. Its nominees became government ministers in eight of eleven provinces in British India. Many persons then saw tangible advantage in active association with the Congress. By getting elected to the various Congress commit-

tees they hoped to exert a measure of influence over the ministries and thereby feather their own nests.

It was this aspect of the growth of the Congress which brought to the fore the question of internal reform. No workable standards could be set up to measure the admissibility of new members so as to exclude persons described variously as careerists, arrivists, adventurers, and opportunists. Numerous formulas were suggested to secure this object, but none were found to combine the requisite measure of practicability with conformity to democratic principles. Attention was therefore concentrated on protecting places of power within the Congress from the greed of the new elements. To this end the Constitution Committee decided that offices and elective posts in the organization should be open only to those who had faithfully adhered to the policies and programs of the Congress for at least three years. By this means the leaders hope to keep control of the machine from self-seekers and new, unscrupulous men.

The changes affecting the primary membership include a permanent Congress register, which undoubtedly is a great improvement on the existing practice. It may be a hardship to a member to travel to district headquarters once a year to sign his name or put a mark on the register, but there is probably no other way of preventing the inrush of bogus members. It does not, however, insure that each member will pay his own four-*anna* bit (dime). "Corruption" is hard to fight and it will not be easy to abolish the control of the local caucuses over masses of primary members.

As a voluntary organization whose appeal to the loyalty of its supporters has lain in its record of national service, the Congress has in the past attracted the best elements in the country. "It has been singularly free," the *Hindu* (Madras) points out, "from the incursions of undesirables—Tammany bosses, carpet-baggers, and other politicians on the make, who are the pests of politics elsewhere. But it is well to recognize that with the advent of Congressmen to power in the majority of Indian provinces the temptation to enlist under the Congress flag for self-aggrandizement has become greater."

Gandhi's occasional denunciations of corruption in the Congress have impressed the outside world with the high moral standard set before the rank and file. A few purges now and then of some satellites for not speaking the truth or for not acting in the spirit of *ahimsa* (non-violence), the creed of the Congress, have also had propaganda value.

B. K. SINHA

London, England, August 20

Give Mexicans the Facts!

Dear Sirs: In his article on Mexico in *The Nation* of September 9 Waldo Frank mentions a conversation with General Miaja in which Miaja told of the fatal mistake of those Spanish soldiers who thought they were defending the republic when they joined Franco. He added that "the majority of [Mexican] citizens, whether civil or military, will make the right decision [in the coming election] *provided they know the facts.*"

Even if a large proportion of the Mexican people do not know how to read, in this day of radio and motion pictures would it not be possible to get the facts to them?

In the screen section of the New York *Times* of September 10 a visiting Indian film journalist, Baburis Patel, editor of the magazine *Filmindia,* mentioned "500 touring talkies." These he described as "motor buses equipped with sound-recording machines and other paraphernalia, which tour the villages."

Is there time before the election to get a similar project under way in Mexico? With the Hollywood industry so strongly anti-fascist it seems as if it would be glad to cooperate. If these buses were also equipped with radios, Cárdenas and trusted officials might talk directly to all the people through them.

FRANCES S. BOULTON

Brooklyn, N. Y., September 16

Accurate Irony

Dear Sirs: Considering the character and background of the present Prime Minister of Great Britain and of those who preceded him over a century and a half, many of us are impelled to realize that *"plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."* I have recently come across a description of Lord Liverpool by the late Lord Acton, which, with a few names and events changed, might well have appeared in an editorial in *The Nation.* It is quoted by his editors in the introduction to Lord Acton's "History of Freedom and other essays."

> Lord Liverpool governed England in the greatest crisis of the war, and for twelve troubled years of peace, chosen not by the nation, but by the owners of the land. The English gentry were well content with an order of things by which for a century and a quarter they had enjoyed so much prosperity and power. Desiring no change they wished for no ideas. They sympathized with the complacent respectability of Lord Liverpool's character, and knew how to value the safe sterility of his mind. . . . His mediocrity was his merit. The secret of his policy was that he had none.

It would be hard to improve on what his editors call Lord Acton's "austere and accurate irony."

RICHARD W. B. LEWIS

Shoreham, N. Y., September 10

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KENNETH G. CRAWFORD, Washington correspondent of the New York *Post,* has just published "The Pressure Boys: The Inside Story of Lobbying in America."

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The Shape of Things

✶

BRITISH AND GERMAN EFFORTS TO TIGHTEN their respective blockades have speeded up the war at sea. Both sides have attempted air raids on enemy warships, but, despite conflicting claims, the thesis that air power has rendered sea power ineffective remains unproved. The Allies are reporting great success in submarine-hunting and assert that this menace is well under control. The convoy system is being rapidly organized, and news of the safe arrival of the first Canadian convoy comprising fifteen grain ships has been officially released. In support of Allied claims it is noted that the only British or French ship lost for over a week is the freighter that was sunk by a mysterious "cruiser" off the coast of Brazil. However, submarines have been very active near the entrance of the Baltic, where a number of vessels belonging to the northern neutrals have been sunk and others taken to German ports. Some of these were ships carrying cargoes to non-belligerent countries, while the latest victim—a Danish freighter torpedoed without warning with the loss of eleven of the crew of seventeen —was proceeding empty to England to bring back coal. Such incidents illustrate the sad plight of the Scandinavian countries, of which a more detailed account appears in an article by Keith Hutchison on another page. If Germany is able to carry out its apparent determination to stop all trade between these states and the Allied powers, their economic life will be shattered.

✶

IN ITS ISSUE OF AUGUST 19 *THE NATION* protested against the make-up of the War Resources Board: "Those who will do the work and fight the battles have no voice on the board; only those who will make the profits are represented." It is a pleasure to record that the President has announced that the board will issue a report within the next week or so, and then disband. Arthur Krock in the New York *Times* does his best to explain that this is no victory for the Administration's left wing. But Bernard Kilgore, Washington correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*, regards the board's dismissal as a "come-back" for the left-wingers and concludes that "future national-defense expansion

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and the preparation of industrial-mobilization plans for use in case of emergency are matters which the Roosevelt Administration fully intends to handle on the basis of New Deal economic and political philosophies." We hope Mr. Kilgore is right. Encouraging also is Mr. Roosevelt's rebuke to Assistant Secretary of War Johnson for writing a foreword to a new book, "Adjusting Your Business to War." We see no reason why the War Department should become a home for professional American Legion politicians. The *Wall Street Journal*, reporting the elation of Johnson's enemies, provides a glimpse of some of the issues being fought over behind the scenes. These left-wing enemies, the *Journal* says, "have tangled with him in the past on such proposals as, for example, the construction of government-owned airplane factories. . . ." We respectfully suggest that the President turn his attention next to the kind of dollar-a-year men (see I. F. Stone's portrait of one of them in last week's *Nation*) that Secretary Morgenthau is enlisting in the Treasury.

✶

BUNK IS ONE OF AL SMITH'S FAVORITE words. "The distinction between . . . war material and non-war material," he said in his radio appeal for the President's neutrality program, "is essentially the bunk." Also the bunk was Al Smith's disingenuous attempt to make Mr. Roosevelt appear a greater isolationist than his opponents. If one were to believe the Unhappy Warrior the President is merely asking for a law to forbid American ships from carrying supplies to the belligerents. Smith made no mention of the real point at issue—the arms embargo. The evasion is not clever, for those opposing the President can answer by accepting cash-and-carry while continuing to oppose sale of arms and munitions to the belligerents. Too many participants in the neutrality debate, the President included, are operating behind a smoke screen of irrelevant generalities and fallacious simplicities. The real question is whether we shall help the Allies, and what effect help or refusal of help will have on our own destinies. Both political parties, Wall Street, the labor movement, war veterans, the steel-makers, the bankers, every class and organization in the country are divided on the issue. So badly shattered are all customary alignments that the appearance of Al Smith on the side of Franklin D. Roosevelt attracted comparatively little attention.

✶

MARTIN DIES HAS BLUNTLY INDICATED THE aims of the current Dies committee hearings. He wants the Communist Party and the German-American Bund outlawed; and if no legal grounds can be discovered, "we ought to just dissolve them." Mr. Dies cited the sudden dissolution of the French Communist Party as a precedent which might be profitably followed here. But the analogy is somewhat imperfect. France is at war with Germany, and Russia has invaded a country to which France was allied; the United States is not at war. This fact is a good deal more important than a dossier of evidence proving that the Bund and Communist lines are not made in America. There are, of course, precautions which a government in the position of our own must take to avert sabotage in industrial plants and foreign espionage. But there is an immense gap between such measures and a large-scale offensive which would drive the Bund and the Communists underground. A war against such groups, once unleashed, will not be easily controlled; for one Frank Murphy, whose zeal will be tempered by intelligence, there will be a dozen Martin Dieses anxious to play drill-sergeant. If anti-Communist hysteria is incited, its fury will also be directed against native left groups which have no Communist links; and if the Bund is driven underground, the persecution of innocent Germans here will inevitably be encouraged.

✶

THE COMMUNISTS OF FRANCE AND BRITAIN are in an even more painful position than their American comrades. With their countries actually at war with Hitler as the result of a stand against aggression such as they had long advocated, they cannot denounce the conflict as just another clash of imperialisms. At the same time they have not been able to cut loose from the Kremlin; so while their younger members take up arms to fight Germany, their leaders issue statements attempting to justify the help and comfort Russia is affording to the enemy. It is clear that, although large-scale defections have not been reported, the difficulties of this dual attitude are causing rapid disintegration. And now in France the party has been dissolved by the government on the ground that it is subject to the control of a foreign power which is acting in collusion with Germany. The logic of this action would appear stronger had the French government broken off relations with Russia after the Red Army's invasion of Poland. There is also force in Léon Blum's contention that suppression was a tactical error since the party was already breaking up. Driven underground, he suggested, it might find new strength. It would seem, however, as if disintegration must have already gone a long way, for otherwise the Daladier government would hardly have risked such drastic action.

✶

ESTABLISHMENT OF A POLISH GOVERNMENT in exile under new leadership and based on democratic principles comes as an ironic footnote to the events of the past month. It is now admitted, even by the former government's supporters, that the old regime must bear a heavy responsibility for the unexpectedly early collapse

of the Polish defenses. For months prior to the outbreak of the war, opposition leaders urged the formation of a government of national unity which would represent a cross-section of the Polish nation. But the ruling clique would not admit representatives of the other political parties to Parliament, much less to the government. Although it relied on the democracies to defend the country against the dictators, the Polish government was allied ideologically with the totalitarian powers. Lacking a firm basis of support in the population, it fled long before the final collapse of the army and thus furnished a pretext for the entry of Soviet troops. In contrast with the well-deserved rebuke to the former Polish leaders represented by the new government, it may be noted that men like Benes and Masaryk are playing the leading role in the organization of a Czech government in exile. While ordinarily nothing is more pitiful than the perpetuation of the government of a non-existent state, the formation of Polish and Czech legions to fight for the independence of their respective nations gives at least some hope that these governments in exile are more than futile gestures.

*

CHINA'S BID FOR AMERICAN MEDIATION IN the Far Eastern conflict is significant as the first intimation that a negotiated settlement is within the realm of possibility. It is presumably presented at this time to enable the United States to test the sincerity of the new Japanese government's spasmodic gestures of friendship for this country. China's terms, as presented by Foreign Minister Wang Chung-hui, reveal no sign of weakness. As heretofore they rest on a reaffirmation of the Nine-Power Pact, which guarantees the territorial integrity of China and to which the United States is a signatory. Should this principle be accepted, China is prepared to enter into normal political and economic relations with Japan on the basis of equality. Further evidence that China's bid is based on strength rather than weakness may be seen in the bitter resistance to Japan's drive on Changsha. Chinese morale has also been stiffened by the arrival of a new detachment of Soviet volunteers, an indication that Soviet aid will continue though probably not on a decisive scale. Details regarding the truce on the Mongolian-Manchurian border suggest that it may not have as harmful an effect on China as was at first supposed. It now appears that the boundary line fixed by the armistice is strategically favorable to Russia. Although Japan has been able to withdraw some troops, it is not reducing its "normal" Manchurian garrison. Thus it is left in precisely the same position in which it found itself after the Changkufeng settlement a year ago, except that it is further weakened by a year of fighting. Under such circumstances peace could scarcely be dictated on Japan's terms.

THE LOT OF A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR IN that preserve of the Anaconda Copper Company otherwise known as Montana is no bed of roses. Two years ago Professor Philip Keeney, who had been librarian for six years at the university in Missoula, was dismissed without notice or hearing. Since then the American Association of Professors and the American Federation of Teachers have investigated and upheld Professor Keeney's position, and he has won his legal case for reinstatement in both the District Court and the Supreme Court of Montana. Now, however, the state Board of Education has asked for the resignations of Mr. Keeney —who was allowed to return but was relegated to small jobs and otherwise humiliated—and four other professors on the ground that they have "failed to cooperate." All but one have been at their posts for many years. The immediate agent in this attempted purge seems to be President Simmons, who was appointed in 1935 over the practically unanimous opposition of the faculty. The deeper reasons lie with the "interests"—old-fashioned but real—in the state headed by the A. C. M. One of the professors concerned has been active in the state labor movement. Another, H. G. Merriam, has been for years one of the most intelligent and liberal patrons of talent and independent thought in the Northwest. The high moguls of Montana have never liked the type—the record of the university is full of dismissals and investigations of such men. We hope this latest attack will have the vigorous attention of the academic organizations and of laymen who have a stake in academic freedom.

*

THE HIGHEST COMPLIMENT WE CAN PAY the memory of George Cardinal Mundelein is that his death is a loss not merely to his church but to his country. The Catholic hierarchy, here as elsewhere, has too often been associated with the point of view of the rich and powerful. It was Cardinal Mundelein's distinction to represent a different trend in the church, one more in keeping with the teaching of Gospels not particularly sympathetic to the troubles of the prosperous. Cardinal Mundelein was a friend of organized labor, of the New Deal, and of civil liberties. His diocesan organ, the *New World*, was refreshingly liberal. In the 1936 campaign he showed his friendship for Mr. Roosevelt at a time when other church dignitaries and organizations were doing their bit to identify the New Deal with communism. He made a clear-cut statement on Coughlin after his recent return from the Vatican: "He is not authorized to speak for the Catholic church nor does he represent the doctrine or sentiments of the church." Cardinal Mundelein did his church a great service by demonstrating to the American people that it need not stand for reaction. Spain's recent history might have been different if it had had more Mundeleins, fewer Gomas.

Embargo Battle Begins

THE struggle for the revision of the Neutrality Act has begun on the floor of the Senate. For at least a month, and probably much longer, we may expect the debate on revision to overshadow all other domestic issues.

The bill submitted by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and approved by that body is deliberately framed to attract as wide support as possible from middle-grounders for repeal of the arms embargo. The bill goes beyond the existing act in giving Congress as well as the President the right to decide that a foreign war exists and thus put the act into effect. It introduces a new barrier to trade by requiring that title to all goods, not merely arms and implements of war, be transferred to a foreign owner before shipment can be made to a warring nation. It bars American citizens and ships from entering combat areas, although there is no such prohibition at present. And it is stricter than the existing law in limiting credits to a period not exceeding ninety days.

All these changes will make it more difficult for England and France to obtain needed supplies in this country. The sole change of benefit to the Allies is the section placing arms, ammunition, and implements of war on a cash-and-carry basis similar to that proposed for all other exports to belligerents. Some authorities go so far as to insist that the introduction of cash-and-carry restrictions on trade in materials other than arms will more than offset the gains the Allies may expect from the repeal of the arms embargo. Already British and French shipping is being taxed to the utmost. Continued losses from submarine warfare may create such a shortage of ships that the Allies will be unable to purchase needed raw materials, to say nothing of airplanes and other primary war equipment. Limiting credits to a ninety-day period, without renewal, may also seriously hamper trade.

Yet it must be admitted that from an American point of view the requirement of a change in title and the restrictions against the entry of American ships into war zones constitute far greater protection against disputes likely to lead to war than does the present embargo on the shipment of arms. Our disputes with Germany in 1916 and 1917 dealt almost entirely with our sea rights as neutrals. If the Pittman bill is passed, such issues are unlikely to arise in the present conflict. The arms embargo, on the other hand, affects such a small part of even our potential trade with the belligerents that lifting it will do little to increase our already substantial financial and trade ties with the Allies.

That the bill will be passed much in its present form is taken for granted by most observers. Administration leaders claim that fifty-seven Senators are already committed to the measure. This conforms closely to independent polls taken by newspapermen and indicates a definite gain in support since the opening of the special session of Congress. Those opposed to repeal can count some twenty-five sure votes, but are unlikely to obtain more than eight or ten of the doubtful votes. It now appears that the chief struggle will occur over the section permitting ninety-day commercial credits. Although this provision is highly restrictive as it stands, isolationists are determined to bar all credits on the ground that they are inconsistent with the Johnson Act. Senator Pittman, quite unnecessarily in our opinion, gave aid and comfort to his opponents by accepting this interpretation and suggesting an amendment of the Johnson Act. If ordinary short-term credits are in violation of the law, it is safe to assume that all trading with debtor nations has been carried on illegally. The prohibition of short-term credits would drastically limit our ability to supply France and Britain with the materials they require. Any weakening of the Allies, as has previously been suggested in these columns, is bound to intensify pressure for American participation in the conflict. We trust that regardless of senatorial oratory Congress will be realistic enough to face the issue in those terms.

Death and Taxes

WAR demands totalitarian finance, from democracies and dictatorships alike. Just as the whole man-power of a nation must be mobilized for military or other national service, so must all economic resources. Thus the problem of a finance minister in war time is not merely to raise money; it is still more to force a reduction in civilian consumption so that the maximum of labor, raw materials, and capital can be diverted to war production.

Viewed in this light, the first British war budget, which introduces a scheme of taxation far more drastic than that imposed in 1918, does not appear surprising. During the last war the British income tax reached a peak of 30 per cent; last week it was jumped to 37½ per cent, while a sharp upward revision of surtaxes leaves taxpayers in the higher brackets with no more than 15 per cent of their net incomes. At the same time an excess-profits tax ranging up to 60 per cent and applicable to all industries has been promulgated, and imposts on articles of common consumption, including sugar, tobacco, and liquor, have been sharply increased. Even so, it is certain that unless the war ends far sooner than seems possible, British taxpayers will be required to make still heavier sacrifices. In the current financial year, ending March 31 next, a total expenditure of at least two billion pounds is forecast, barely half of which will be covered by taxation. The new taxes will produce an additional yield next year, but judging by the experience

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of the last war, expenditure will rise even more rapidly.

In 1918 Britain spent on the war approximately half the national income. There is no reason to think that in the present conflict the proportion will be less, and, indeed, with the far greater exigencies of air-raid defense, it may well be more. The problem of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, therefore, is how to force or persuade British citizens to make available to him goods and services representing at least half the national income. The latter is now roughly five billlon pounds, and by lengthening hours and recruiting the labor of women and others not usually employed it might be raised to six billion. Normally four-fifths of the national income is spent on goods for current consumption and the remainder "saved." Therefore, assuming that all private capital investment ceases and that the whole of this 1.4 billion pounds is at the disposal of the national treasury, an additional 1.6 billion must still be squeezed out of civilian consumption if the war-time needs of the state are to be met.

In the last war the main instrument of pressure employed to attain this end was inflation. The state issued new purchasing power, which it used to compete for goods and services in a more or less open market. Consequently prices rose, and as existing incomes shrank in terms of goods, consumption was forcibly curtailed. But this was a slow process as well as an unfair one, for inflation actually added to certain kinds of income, enabling their possessors to consume as much as before. Thus the whole burden fell either on those with fixed incomes or on those with wages and salaries which failed to keep pace with the cost of living. Moreover, after it reaches a certain point, this kind of inflation is difficult to halt, and even when curbs are successful, the effects on the whole economic system can be devastating.

An alternative method of forcing a reduction in consumption is the one the British government is apparently adopting. In order to meet the demands of the tax-collector every British family will be forced to reduce its standard of living. In addition, certain direct methods are being employed, such as the prohibition of many luxury imports and restrictions on motoring, through the drastic rationing of gasoline, and on entertainments.

Despite its determined start, the British government evidently feels unable to go to the lengths of extracting from the taxpayers a full half of the national income. It will therefore have to resort to loans to make up the balance, which means that the individuals who subscribe must voluntarily eliminate some further part of their normal consumption. Should they fail to do so to a sufficient extent, it is likely that forced loans will be ordered.

The "pay-as-you-go" policy adopted by Britain may seem to add to the grimness of war for those not in the front line, but among its many advantages is its correspondence to reality. It does make clear the fact, which inflation finance tends to obscure, that, leaving aside accumulated reserves, the shells, planes, guns, and innumerable other articles used up in modern war must be provided out of current production. Future generations may seem to pay part of the bills, but it is the present generation which must tighten its belt so that the goods can be delivered.

Because the British went into this war without illusions, knowing what they were up against and at what costs victory must be achieved, they accepted the blow of the budget comparatively unmoved. Much greater emotion was shown by business men in this country, to whom it came as the final proof that war had lost all glamour—unless this country kept out of it. Whatever influence Wall Street may have had in getting this country into the last war, there is no doubt that today it is full of pacifists. So much so indeed that, were we confronted with the kind of situation which Britain has faced in the past few years, it would probably out-Chamberlain Chamberlain in advocating appeasement. There are no private profits now to be found in war, only death and taxes.

Moscow-Berlin Axis

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

EXPERTS are still busy minimizing the importance of the agreement signed last week in Moscow by von Ribbentrop and Stalin. I wish I could accept their conclusions along with their unassailable statistics. I find it impossible to do so. I believe, on the contrary, that the Moscow-Berlin axis is a solid and menacing fact that cannot be figured out of existence.

Before this is in the hands of our readers, my belief may be verified or blown to pieces by events. As I write, the Turkish Foreign Minister is still closeted in the Kremlin. After hanging around Moscow while Stalin and Molotov dispatched their business with von Ribbentrop and the Estonian Foreign Minister, Mr. Saracoglu was finally called into conference. The outcome of his conversations will throw more light on the attitude of Stalin toward Hitler than any other single development. If he is forced to accept an agreement which conflicts with Turkey's commitments to France and Britain, it will indicate Russia's intention to shut the Allies out of the Black Sea and prevent any thrust northward through the Balkans. As I write, also, Ciano is on his way back to Italy from Berlin with the details of the Nazi "peace offensive" in his pocket. Do they include a guaranty of military backing by Russia and Italy? When Hitler speaks to the Reichstag this week, we may learn.

I recognize the limits of possible Soviet help to Germany. Two weeks ago Fritz Sternberg, in an article in

The Nation, effectively demonstrated the enormous discrepancy between available Russian resources and German war needs. Since then similar analyses have been published in the press, all indicating that the Soviet Union could not, even if it wished, contribute enough war materials to counteract the effect of the British blockade. And if Russia should send troops to Germany's assistance it would be even less able to provide the materials of war. These conclusions seem unanswerable.

It is clear, too, that the long-range ambitions of Stalin and Hitler are bound to clash. Behind the ideologies of the two countries lie older and deeper conflicts. Pan-Slavism is emerging from its brief revolutionary eclipse. Armed with revolutionary weapons it is likely not only to sweep south through the hungry Balkan states but to threaten the foundations of Nazi control as well. Certainly Hitler must be watching Stalin's present progress with misgivings. For the major victories in Germany's war have so far gone to Russia. Nazi troops swept across Poland, killing and burning; Nazi bombs shattered Polish villages and cities and slaughtered thousands of helpless human beings; and in the end Hitler took over half of the country. But Stalin took the other half—and with a minimum of blood and effort. The agreement reached in Moscow gave Russia the eastern sections of Poland inhabited almost entirely by White Russians and Ukrainians—poor peasants, mostly, who under the instructions of their conqueror are hastening to seize the farm lands and arrest or murder their former landlords. Germany's share of the country is richer, but it is largely Polish in population and adds another indigestible ethnic lump to the alien territories already part of the Reich.

Even less troublesome was Stalin's conquest of Estonia. Under irresistible pressure in Moscow, the Estonian Foreign Minister, Karl Selter, turned over to Russia the islands of Oesel and Dagoe in the Baltic and the town of Baltic Port on the mainland. With naval and air bases at these points, Russia will be able to dominate the Gulf of Riga and the northern part of the Baltic. And now, as we go to press, the Latvian Foreign Minister is in Moscow presumably to hand over to the Soviet Union the old seaport town of Libau only a few miles north of Memel. He is to be followed by the Foreign Ministers of Lithuania and of Finland. By the time the procession of pilgrims has ended, the control of the whole Baltic shore may have been deposited on the Kremlin shrine. This cannot please Hitler either.

But political relationships cannot be summed up in terms of reason and self-interest alone. It requires a different gauge altogether to measure the dynamics of change in Europe today. Revenge and the drive for personal power, patriotic nationalism, race mysticism, land hunger, mass unrest—these are only a few among the violent and irrational forces impelling men to wars or revolutionary alliances. In Germany a strong element both in the Nazi Party and in the army has long favored a close union with Russia. This group would be willing to swallow a larger dose of state socialism if Soviet collaboration made it necessary. In Russia, especially since Munich, anti-democratic, anti-Western, and anti-British feeling has swept out of official existence the old collective-security, popular-front policy. The Soviet-Nazi nonaggression pact heralded a new orientation that only optimists can today ignore. Both Stalin and Hitler look forward to a "new order" in Europe. However their concepts of this order may differ, both agree on certain basic features: a diminished or demolished British Empire, a new structure of national dominance in Europe and the world at large.

Britain and France will be asked, this week, to surrender to this new order. That is what the peace offer will mean no matter how it is camouflaged. It is certain that they will refuse—and then the war will begin. How it will end, no man can say. If Stalin backs Hitler, it will be for his own ultimate ends, but his backing would be no less threatening to the West. He may offer men as well as supplies, or he may provide gold for German creditors abroad. He may operate a fleet of submarines from his new bases in the Baltic, or send planes over the North Sea. He may launch a thrust in the Near East or through Afghanistan into India. If he moves in any or all of these directions, the war will be long and its outcome dubious. The next few days may give a clue to the future of Europe for years to come.

This Is a Queer War

BY LOUIS FISCHER

London, October 2, by Cable

HITLER doesn't shrink from slaughter. If he thought he could win, he would not propose ending the war without a complete victory. Much that has happened since August 23 testifies to his weakness, and Stalin has shrewdly exploited it. This autumn offered Soviet Russia its first opportunity for European expansion. It took it. That is Russia's business, but it forfeits the friendship of foreigners who abhor acquisitive nationalism.

On September 29, 1938, the British and French, under an alleged threat of war, yielded at Munich; on September 29, 1939, the same governments indignantly rejected the Stalin-Hitler "peace threat." Appeasers remain in high places in London and Paris, but the bulk of yesteryear's appeasers are intransigent anti-Hitlerites. Today they fear that a truce might enable the Nazis and Bolsheviks to coordinate their economies and thereby give reality to the nightmare of a Germany triumphant on Russian supplies.

The incorrigible Munich men, a handful of bankers

and lords, now have Oswald Mosley as their ally, but they may presently draw recruits from their most passionate enemies, who begin to argue that since Russia has taken the lion's share of Poland and since the Allies cannot fight Russia too, they might as well call off the war. When appeasers insist on fighting, aggressors cry for peace. When aggressors cry for peace because they are in difficulties, those who were formerly the most vehement anti-aggressors and anti-Nazis adopt a pacifism which is Hitler's greatest hope. Churchill and practically the entire press have already turned down Hitler's coming peace proposal on the ground that the later the Allies fight this war, the worse for them. March 7, 1936, would have been much better. Britain therefore girds its loins for combat. The primary measure is the transformation of the chaos of capitalism into war socialism by means of industrial mobilization. Facilitated by the government's prerogative to seize property but hampered by the inviolability of the personal liberties of unconscripted civilians, this process moves forward with the relative smoothness and affected indifference of a month without air raids.

Most people long ago expected smashing bombing attacks on cities, spectacular assaults by armies. Without either the war is a bore, and they complain. Taxes and prices are higher; butter, sugar, bacon, cheese, and petrol are scarcer. The Englishman accepts these deprivations stoically, but the war has taken away most of his peacetime joys without itself affording any entertainment. Many theaters are shut; many cinemas are closed or close at six. It is no fun to go visiting in a blackout or even to spend the evening in a darkened beer saloon. "Give us back our pleasures" is the first British war aim. Wives who have been evacuated from the cities miss their husbands and are trickling home. And what a problem a few million urban children have created in the countryside! They pluck live chickens naked and get in the way of barnyard animals. The vermin and infections of the ugly British slums have been introduced into fresh villages and healthy county seats. Evacuations have mixed a thick social porridge. The rich report they have discovered how poor the poor are. The village schoolmaster thinks his metropolitan colleague rude and uneducated, but the London teacher feels he stoops when he spreads culture under a thatched roof. A London professor now living near Cambridge is a war-father to working-class lads. Harold Laski is training his cockney evacués, Max and Stanley, not to drop their *h*'s. The parents who come out on Sunday eat too much and don't pay, or spoil their kids, or rob the plowman of his one afternoon nap during the week. These have become national headaches.

The evacuations, the blackout, and the war itself are bad for business. Shops display business-as-usual signs, but business is far from as usual. A nation of shopkeepers groans. Some slack will probably be absorbed when industry is fully mobilized, but that is in the future.

So far war has few attractions, and it is not even made palatable by hatred for the enemy. The majority of the population are determined to see the war through but are neither optimistic nor pessimistic and just don't like the inconveniences without any excitement. Domestic propaganda is non-existent or inept. Churchill thrilled Parliament and the nation with his report of the naval war; others lack his artistic talent. His star is rising, and he is courting labor.

To rally the country and the empire (India) behind the government and the war, even the extreme Conservatives are demanding that Labor enter the Cabinet. Garvin nominates Herbert Morrison for the Ministry of Munitions. Labor hesitates and whispers its terms. The debate on war aims rolls merrily onward. "What are we fighting for?" sounds strange in the midst of what could become history's bloodiest Armageddon. If a coalition government formulated and propagated its war aims they might carry a stronger appeal.

The Allies' military conduct of the war remains masterful. The Englishman is developing a taste for Gamelin's laconic communiqués. Neither side has yet reached the deadly and expensive weapon of air bombardments behind the lines. The strength of the Siegfried line and of Germany's morale and economy are big question marks. The diplomatic puzzles—Russia, Turkey, Japan, Italy, and the little neutrals—are slowly unraveling. Turkey's attitude is encouraging to the Allies. Turkey's traditional friendship for Soviet Russia is sorely tried by Moscow's pan-Slav drive down the Balkans. This is what helped range the two countries on opposite sides in the First World War. The Kremlin is vigorously insisting that the democracies give up the war against Nazism. In this startling role Russia is clearly and objectively pro-German. Some Britons are not inordinately depressed; they are, indeed, frivolously unconcerned about Russia because they think Moscow is checking Hitler in Eastern Europe, because they don't rate highly Russia's capacity to export, and because they trust Stalin to betray Hitler. The action of Turkey and Russia and the firmness of London and Paris will assist Mussolini to make up his mind.

This is a queer war. Neutrals don't want it; Germany doesn't want it; and until the day before it started not all the French and British cabinet ministers knew whether or not they wanted it. Yet it will decide the fate of nations and perhaps of civilization. This war is unavoidable, like a surgical operation which the patient puts off, knowing that at best he can come out of it cured but crippled. The realization of the colossal cost of the war will bring a last-minute upsurge of humanitarian impulses when the greatest enemy of humanity appears in the guise of the angel of peace, but I suppose blood will soon wash away all doubts.

Scandinavia in Peril

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

THE problem of maintaining American neutrality, for all the pother about it, seems simple compared with the difficulties of the northern bloc—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland. All these states proclaimed their absolute neutrality on the outbreak of war, and all are desperately concerned to remain outside the conflict. Yet their geographical position in relation to the warring powers and their dependence on foreign trade place them between Scylla and Charybdis and in imminent danger of destruction should their navigators make the slightest miscalculation. Even if they escape this peril, the war must inevitably play havoc with their economy and social life. In this country the outbreak of war has apparently provided the long-sought fillip to recovery, and a pleasant vista of rising profits and increased employment has opened. There may be profits in it for the northern countries too—there were in the last war—but they will not compensate for the interruption of orderly prosperity, for the dislocation of industry, for the halt in social progress, and for the increased military establishments which the defense of neutrality necessitates.

Foreign trade has always played an extremely important part in the economic life of these small northern states, and it so happens that Great Britain and Germany are both their largest customers and their most important sources of supply. They cannot afford to lose either of those markets. Britain is the largest buyer from all these countries, and except in the case of Sweden, where Germany is slightly ahead, is also their largest supplier. But if Britain is in the position to put on more economic pressure, Germany, with airports within bombing range of all the northern capitals, offers a greater military threat. How satisfy both belligerents without offending either? That is the great problem of the northern states.

When I was in Scandinavia this summer and war was still only a prospect, although a very serious one, people were discussing the possibility of complete isolation, of refusing all economic relations with warring powers. But it was admitted that Germany and perhaps Britain too in their hunger for raw materials might regard this interpretation of neutrality as intolerable. Moreover, it was felt to be a solution only practicable in a short war, for after a few months the unemployment and poverty which would ensue within the northern countries would become unbearable.

Actually, this policy has not been adopted, and an attempt is being made to conduct a normal trade with both sides. It is hoped that since both Britain and Germany need the goods which the Scandinavian countries can supply, neither will insist on exclusive trading so long as favors are equally divided. In this connection I was told about a secret gentlemen's agreement which was negotiated in the last war between Britain, Germany, and Denmark. The last-named was, and still is, one of Britain's chief sources of supply for bacon, butter, and eggs, while it sent to Germany quantities of fats and many live animals. Germany was in a military position to prevent all exports to Britain, but Britain could have retaliated by stopping all imports into Denmark. Since Danish animal husbandry is largely dependent on imported feed, this would have meant that very soon food shipments to Germany would have ceased also. Hence the understanding arrived at: Germany would not stand between the Briton and his breakfast and Britain would see that no Danish cow went without its dinner.

It is hoped that this sort of mutual interest will again operate to soften the effects of economic warfare on the northern neutrals. But the sinking by U-boats in the past few days of two Finnish and two Swedish ships carrying wood-pulp and cellulose to Britain has provided a rude shock. The Swedes claim that these substances were not included in the German contraband list, while Berlin insists that they come under the heading "materials suitable for the production of gunpowder and explosives." If this attitude is maintained, the consequences must be extremely serious for Sweden and Finland. Forestry products account for an important proportion of the exports of both countries—in the case of Finland it approaches 70 per cent.

Sweden is reported to have protested strongly against the sinking of its ships, and it has one weapon, if it dare use it, with which to enforce respect for its rights. This is its iron ore, now the only important foreign supply available for the German steel mills. Immediately on the outbreak of the war a special German ambassador, Baron von Hassel, visited Stockholm and is said to have received assurances that normal shipments of iron ore, as of other Swedish raw materials, would be continued so long as no assaults were made on Sweden's neutrality. It now remains to be seen whether this privilege will be withdrawn if Berlin refuses to relax its interpretation of contraband; and if it is, whether Germany will accept the deprivation quietly or will attempt to enforce its will by military means.

So far the British blockade has produced no comparable dispute, but it is causing considerable hardship to

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the northern countries. Britain is bound to try to prevent Germany from getting supplies of vital raw materials via these states, and efforts to obtain guaranties that raw materials and food allowed into Scandinavia will not be resold are certain, as in the last war, to produce controversy. At the moment, however, the chief difficulty that has arisen is the prohibition placed by Britain at the outset of the war on a number of domestic exports. These include coal, which the northern countries have been bound by trade agreements to purchase mainly from British mines. Now, with winter approaching, a coal famine is threatened. It is probable, however, that Britain will soon alter this ruling, for the proceeds of coal sales will be needed for buying imports, and while war will raise the domestic demand, output from the mines is capable of considerable expansion.

However disagreeable the British blockade may prove to the northern countries, it is unlikely to produce much anti-British sentiment. In the last war opinion was greatly divided, and in Sweden especially there was strong pro-German sympathy. Today few can be found to cheer for a Nazi victory. As states which cherish both their independence and their democracy these northern countries have a stake in the defeat of Hitlerism which they do not attempt to deny. They have little doubt that a Nazi triumph would mean, at best, their reduction to vassalage, with their economic, social, and political life subject to Berlin's orders; at worst, inclusion in an Aryan super-empire. If there is such a thing as a pure Nordic race it is to be found in Scandinavia, and Hitler, as the new Nordic Wotan, might well feel his Valhalla incomplete while these "racial comrades" remained outside and pursued democratic heresies.

But while praying for an Allied victory, the northern peoples hope they will not be forced to fight with one side or the other. They are ill-prepared for an active military role and in various degrees vulnerable to attack. With the exception of Finland, which only gained independence in the course of the last war, they have led a peaceful existence for over a century, preferring butter to guns and using their surplus wealth for social rather than martial ends.

Moreover, although the four states have cooperated closely in international affairs, differences in interests, in military strength, and in degrees of exposure have effectively prevented the conclusion of any scheme for mutual military aid. Thus while each of these countries has announced its determination to resist any aggression, there must be many doubts about their ability to do so.

Denmark, separated from Germany only by a strategically indefensible land frontier and with only a rudimentary army, could hardly oppose invasion from the south with more than passive resistance. As a result its government has fallen into the habit of passive acquiescense to the demands of Berlin. Norway is as inadequately prepared in a military sense as Denmark, but it has no direct contact with Germany and could hardly suffer aggression from that quarter so long as the British navy remained intact. Even if it were not pro-Ally because of democratic sentiment, it would have to be for geographical reasons. On the other hand, the southern coasts of Sweden are but a few hours' sail across the Baltic from German ports. But Sweden, unlike its neighbors really has taken steps to repel invasion. Its standing army is small but of fine quality, and as there is universal service, it could with full mobilization put several hundred thousand men in the field. It is now concentrating on building up its air force, of which a considerable part consists of medium dive bombers, designed to attack transports attempting to land troops on Swedish shores. Geographically Sweden is aided by an extremely broken coast line. Except for a small strip in the south it comprises a maze of islands and long winding inlets easily defensible by mines, submarines, and the shallow-draft, heavily armed Swedish coast-defense vessels. Finally Sweden is prepared, if necessary, to abandon its southernmost province and fall back on a fortified line in the rugged, wooded Smaaland hills, the reduction of which would be a formidable undertaking. In view of these and other measures the Swedish military authorities have some reason to hope that Germany will think twice before attempting armed aggression or making demands of an economic nature infringing Swedish sovereignty.

The fourth member of the bloc, Finland, has its own special problems owing to its proximity to Russia, and these are now taking on an increasingly ominous appearance. Finland's comparatively large military establishment, which includes a well-trained permanent militia of 100,000, has always based its defense strategy on the probability that it would have to meet aggression from the east. Its chief hope of security was derived from the mutual antagonisms of Russia and Germany, and now that these are dissolved in mutual admiration it is in an extremely tight corner. It may have to face simultaneously an economic squeeze from Germany and political demands from Russia. It is almost completely cut from the west, and its only possible source of help would be Sweden, with which it has close bonds but no definite military agreement.

Until Moscow vouchsafes more information about its ultimate objectives, not only Finland but all the lands bordering the Baltic must speculate fearfully about the implications of the Russo-German pact. Clearly it has upset the whole balance of forces in the north and sucked northern neutrals further into the whirlwind which threatens to destroy all Europe. They cannot hope to escape unscathed; to survive at all their people will need all those gifts of character and social cohesion which have won the admiration of democrats everywhere.

What's Wrong with Accounting?

BY KENNETH MACNEAL

I

ACCOUNTING and bookkeeping used to be twins; today they are fifth cousins once removed—and they live on opposite sides of the tracks. For the most part bookkeeping is a respectable, round-shouldered craft offering a modest living and no prestige. Accounting, on the other hand, has assumed the responsibility of certifying industry's complex bookkeeping figures, and so accountants—specifically, certified public accountants—have become professional men with all the legal and social rewards and penalties that status implies. They have accepted the rewards with easy grace, the penalties with some confusion. This is due largely to the fact that the profession, younger than most of the industries it serves, is getting its first baptism of fire.

There was a time when financial reports were simply certified as correct, and the brief words were accepted at face value. When the signature following was the name of a firm of certified public accountants as standard in the profession as Cream of Wheat is in groceries, it was considered to be a warrant of the contents. Quite naturally the public believed that such reports were based on fact. Quite naturally, also, the public accounting profession did little or nothing to point out the limitations of its work. For any soured finance, Wall Street was the convenient scapegoat. Accountants, the men who certified the figures, were never criticized, since no one thought for a minute they were not acting in the best interest of all parties concerned.

This was particularly apparent during the early years of the great depression, when the mail brought shareholders solvent-looking balance sheets one month and notices of bankruptcy soon afterward. This didn't make sense, but then nothing did; so why get excited about something that was probably all right and undoubtedly very difficult to understand? In those violent days, when principles of all kinds were dumped overboard, the principles of accounting went unchallenged. The accounting profession's chief concern was about the use and meaning of the word "correct" on its certifications. Except for this, the floods of regulations relating to all financial matters bothered accounting hardly at all; the SEC rules, directed largely at issuers of securities, demanded such a mass of additional information about corporate affairs that the accountants found business very good in generally very hard times. Any qualms the profession may have had about New Deal prying were soon allayed, and the SEC became God's gift to accounting.

Then in December, 1938, the fantastic manipulation of McKesson and Robbins was disclosed. The profession was chagrined; another huge fraud had not been detected until it was too late. Accountants generally were critical of Price, Waterhouse and Company, the fine old firm through whose fingers the criminal slipped, yet they were also sympathetic for the good reason that while every accountant exercises all his vigilance to discover fraud, he knows that fraud on the grand scale will always exist and not every crook can be caught. Coster was another Kreuger, they argued. It might have happened to any of them. But so far as the public was concerned, McKesson and Robbins was no Kreuger case. The public had been so enchanted by the role of the match king as an international swindler, and so agog at all the ramifications, that it didn't get around to placing blame. But there was no public enchantment about McKesson and Robbins. Coster had none of Kreuger's glamour; in the public's eye he was a dirty little crook who had got away with a gigantic swindle. This time Wall Street was not involved in the public resentment that welled up. The accountants were. Millions of dollars' worth of drugs, crude drugs that could be weighed and measured and felt, turned out to be fiction. For the first time the great uninitiated public asked questions it had never asked before. What occupied the time of the public accountants who got fat sums for auditing? What was an audit for if it didn't protect the investor? And what, for that matter, was public accounting?

A public accountant undertakes, for a fee, to examine the records of a business and to submit a report of its financial condition, called a balance sheet, and a report of the earnings, called a profit-and-loss statement. Certified public accountants are the aristocrats of the accounting world. They have passed a prescribed state examination in accounting, auditing, and business law, and in consequence have been authorized by the examining state to append the letters C. P. A. to their names.

Big business does not often employ a certified public accountant to do the actual work of preparing its financial statements, because these are usually prepared by accountants in its own employ. Neither does it employ him to detect petty dishonesty in its minor employees, because this is covered by internal check and surety insurance. It employs him primarily to obtain his certificate on its financial statements, in other words, his written assertion that the financial statements are truthful. A

business must obtain this certificate in order to retain the confidence of the financial world. Without it stock exchanges would not continue to list its stock. The Securities and Exchange Commission would refuse to permit it to issue new securities. Bankers would decline to lend it money. A certified public accountant's certificate constitutes an indorsement of the honesty of corporation officials who would otherwise have little or no check on their actions. In many cases it is a stockholder's only outside assurance that the books have not been manipulated to misstate financial condition and earnings or to conceal major fraud.

But certified public accountants do not work for nothing, and, to keep down the amount of their fees, the scope of their examination is often limited by an officer of the company at the time the accountant is engaged. This officer may feel that a verification of all entries on the books would entail too much expense and may specify that only a partial verification, or test check, be made. He may forbid the accountant to communicate directly with the company's customers to verify accounts receivable, or he may specify that no physical count of the inventories be taken. If the accountant feels that he has been so restricted in the scope of his audit that he cannot certify all the figures on the company's financial statements, he will qualify his certificate and call attention to this. Otherwise he will sign an unqualified certificate.

Up to 1933 the usual form of unqualified certificate employed by certified public accountants read, with minor variations, as follows: "We certify that the above balance sheet is, in our opinion, a correct statement of the financial condition of the company as of December 31, 1931, and that the accompanying profit-and-loss statement is correct." This was a forthright statement—something an investor thought he could buy and sell on. Any doubts he might have as to the meaning of "correct" were promptly stilled by Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which defined it in this usage as "conforming to fact or truth."

But in 1933 a Securities Act was passed by Congress, and this act made accountants legally responsible, together with the issuers of securities, for false and misleading statements which they might make relative to a material fact. The original regulations under which the act was administered, promulgated July 6, 1933, by the Federal Trade Commission, required accountants to certify that after reasonable investigation they believed their financial statements to be true. This requirement caused great concern in accounting circles, and frantic efforts were made both within and without Congress to have it modified. On April 5, 1934, Senator Hastings of Delaware rose in the United States Senate and declared: "An audit is *not a statement of facts*, and an accountant should not be required to certify that the statements contained in a balance or profit-and-loss statement are true. *Such a certificate is really misleading.*"

On April 7, 1934, subsequent to conferences with representatives of the American Society of Certified Public Accountants, the Federal Trade Commission announced that its original regulations had been amended and that accountants need not thereafter certify to a belief in the truth of their statements. The accounting profession thereupon changed its form of unqualified certificate. After one intermediary version that proved far too candid, the following was evolved: "In our opinion the accompanying balance sheet and profit-and-loss statement fairly present, in accordance with accepted principles of accounting consistently maintained by the company under examination, its position and the results of operations for the year."

Why was such a complete change of front necessary? The accounting profession is not dishonest. Its individual members probably possess as high a degree of personal integrity as the members of any calling in the world today. Yet upon the passage of a law which would make accountants responsible for material untruths, their profession, without a single important exception, felt impelled to change its form of certificate from one which states that its financial statements are true, to a form of certificate which merely states that such financial statements *fairly present, in accordance with accepted principles of accounting*, the position of a company. Apparently accounting principles and truth do not make good bedfellows.

A complete explanation of accepted accounting principles in all their manifold complexities would constitute a course in accounting and cannot be attempted here. However, stripped of nice distinctions and minor exceptions, the complicated fabric of accepted accounting practices can be said to be based roughly on five broad principles, as follows:

1. The stated value of assets not held for resale should be based on their cost regardless of their market price.

2. The stated value of assets held for resale should be based on their cost or market price whichever is lower.

3. A mere rise in market price is not a profit, but if the asset is held for resale, a mere decline in market price is a loss.

4. Nothing can bring profits except what has been sold.

5. In general, understatement is "conservative" and commendable; overstatement is dishonest and reprehensible.

These principles often give rise to figures which are fantastically out of line with the facts, but accountants are invariably ready with a pat justification for each.

Thus when patents worth millions of dollars are exhibited in a balance sheet at a total figure of one dollar,

without further explanation of any kind, this is justified as "accounting conservatism." When capital stock to a par value of $1,000,000 is issued for an asset demonstrably worth only $200,000, the additional book cost of $800,000 is exhibited as a balance-sheet asset called "good-will" and is justified by being called an "accounting convention." When stock salesmen's commissions, advertising expenses, and even the early operating losses of a new business are assembled under the caption "Organization Expense" and are exhibited as balance-sheet assets at figures corresponding to their cost, this is justified by the theory that these expenses are expected to produce benefits in the future and that they should therefore be exhibited as assets to be written off during the period in which the benefits are expected to occur.

When securities instantly salable for $100,000 are displayed in a balance sheet at their original cost of $5,000 with their market price shown in parentheses, if at all, this valuation is justified as being in accord with the accounting dogma: "Never anticipate a profit but provide for all losses." It is this reasoning which causes inventories to be valued at "cost or market price whichever is lower." Accountants vigorously maintain, in defiance of economic principle, that a profit is not a profit until it has been "realized," in other words, until the asset has been sold for cash or for a collectible claim for cash.

Suppose that on January 1 a business man invests $30,000 in 1,000 shares of General Motors stock at 30. The price of the stock rises during the year, and on December 31 the business man sells it at 60, duly realizing a profit of $30,000. He then reinvests the entire proceeds of $60,000 in 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock at 60. Accountants who audit the business man's books as of December 31 will certify that the business man has an asset of $60,000 represented by 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock and that he has earned $30,000 during the year. But suppose that on January 1 another business man had invested $30,000 in 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock at 30. The price of this stock rises during the year and on December 31 is selling at 60 as mentioned above. The second business man elects not to sell it, however. Accountants who audit his books as of December 31 will certify that he has an asset of only $30,000 represented by 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock and that he has earned nothing whatever during the year. Yet it is obvious that both business men started with $30,000 in cash and that on December 31 both had 1,000 shares of International Harvester stock. A decline in the price of International Harvester which would wipe out the unrealized profit of the second business man would also wipe out the realized profit of the first business man. In fact, there is no difference whatever between them. Yet accountants insist that the realized profit is a profit and that the unrealized profit is not a profit.

When accountants exhibit land in a balance sheet at its historical cost of one dollar per acre, though the growth of a city around it may have caused it to be worth many hundreds of dollars per acre, their valuation of one dollar per acre is justified as "going-concern value." The "going-concern-value" theory holds that the value of a fixed asset is determined originally by its cost to its owner, that this value is based upon the service which the asset is capable of rendering to its owner, and that therefore its original value to a going concern cannot change, regardless of changes in its market value, unless a physical change takes place in the asset itself.

Hence if buildings, constructed at high cost in 1929, become worth only a fraction of that cost in the depressed business conditions of later years, their balance-sheet valuation based on historical cost is justified as "going-concern value." The buildings may be mortgaged for a sum which greatly exceeds their present value, but the balance sheet will still exhibit a value based on the historical 1929 cost, and will thus indicate that the mortgage is fully secured. That was the reason why so many people unacquainted with the principles of accounting did not understand during the depression why corporations with prosperous-looking balance sheets were slapped into bankruptcy—there wasn't the slightest chance of renewing mortgages in the shattered real-estate market. But if what accountants said was true, the original owners of the Empire State Building, for example, should have lost nothing.

Behind these theories, which were invented largely to justify the preparation of balance sheets which exhibit historical costs instead of values, lies the embarrassing fact that the typical certified public accountant of today is, in literal truth, likely to be little more than a graduate bookkeeper. He is not legally regarded as a valuer, nor does he so regard himself. For the most part he simply satisfies himself that the bookkeeping has been properly done, and he then uses book figures with an almost total disregard of how they may fail to reflect indisputable facts. It is this emphasis on book figures rather than on present facts that lies at the bottom of such occurrences as the McKesson and Robbins situation. Here, over many years, huge non-existent inventories and many millions of dollars of fictitious earnings were exhibited in financial statements which were duly certified by a reputable firm of certified public accountants. If these accountants had been concerned more with the assets and less with the books, if they had been concerned more with physical facts and less with documentary evidence, they could hardly have been deceived by such simple expedients as false book entries and supporting vouchers.

[*The concluding half of this article will appear in our next issue. Originally scheduled to appear in* Fortune, *this piece was killed by the editors of that magazine under circumstances discussed in the letter columns of our issue of August 5.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Sigmund Freud

BY KARL MENNINGER

AT MIDNIGHT, September 23-24, 1939, Sigmund Freud died in London in his eighty-fourth year. His death came as a great relief to those who knew how the cancer which had afflicted him for sixteen years and which had necessitated operation after operation and caused him constant unalleviated pain had within recent months extended beyond the reach of surgical or radiological relief. It is an eloquent, though incidental, testimony to the heroic qualities of the man that during all this period his only medication was an occasional tablet of aspirin. Only within the last few hours of his life was any morphine administered, and despite incredible suffering, to which was added the sorrow of exile and the loss of many friends, he had continued to see his patients and to work on his manuscripts until a few weeks before his death.

The solemn magnificence of this brave and losing battle of an indomitable spirit with an inexorable physical process reflects at the same time the theme and the vitality of his life-work. His greatest concept was that of the instinctual conflict between the will to live and the wish to die, the life forces and the death forces. In his early years he passed productively and brilliantly through the phase of laboratory interests and then through that of clinical medicine (neurology), and made great and lasting discoveries in each of these fields. But he was not satisfied with these; he became interested in the more fundamental factors that served to determine not only disease but health, not only symptoms but behavior, not only pain but sorrow. And for the next three decades of his life he studied the phenomena of what he later called the life instinct, which shows itself most directly in the impulse to love and to reproduce. For this he was reproached and ridiculed by those many for whom the conventional attitudes of hypocrisy, prudery, and salaciousness impelled the relegation of sexuality to the role of a dirty and inconsequential incident of unfortunate biological necessity. When as the result of indefatigable patience and unflinching courage he had gained for his views the recognition and acceptance of scientific leaders, he turned to the consideration of the malignant force which battles against this life instinct. Man, he said, is his own worst enemy; warring constantly against the instinct to live and to let live, to love and to create, is an instinct which has as its object the return to inorganic insensibility; it is this instinct in the direction of death from which arise our hates, our bitterness, our suffering, our sicknesses, and our demise. This concept of hate aroused the same resistances and refutations as had his earlier concept of love, despite such frightful confirmations of it as the activities of the Third Reich.

It is a presumptuous thing to comment on the life of a genius upon the occasion of his death. Freud is not a man about whom one can write a few casual words, a few comments of praise, a few notes of criticism and feel that an appropriate gesture has been made to his passing. For Freud was not an ordinary man; he was not an ordinary scientist. He was so nearly unique an individual that it is difficult to find anyone with whom to compare him. No one in the field of psychology ever attained to a fraction of his stature. Among medical scientists almost none can be said to have approached him in brilliancy, originality, or influence upon medical practice. Perhaps no other one individual in the field of science lived to see the thinking of the entire world so profoundly modified by his discoveries within his lifetime as did Freud. Galileo, Dalton, Lavoisier, Darwin, these and others contributed discoveries which greatly modified our thinking and our ways of living, but the effect was more gradual in its permeation. For not only medical science and psychological science and sociological science, but literature, art, anthropology, pedagogy, and even popular speech show the influence of Freud's discoveries and show them in unmistakable terms.

All that Freud did stems from one simple discovery, a discovery based on knowledge which many had possessed before him. This was the knowledge that beneath the surface manifestations of human life there are deeper motives and feelings and purposes which the individual conceals not only from others but even from himself. Freud discovered a method for ascertaining and eliciting this hidden material; he called this method psychoanalysis. By means of it he and many others working with him gradually accumulated a considerable body of systematic knowledge about the unconscious processes of the human personality; this body of knowledge is also called psychoanalysis. It is psychoanalysis in the former sense which trained physicians use for the relief of suffering and maladaptation in their patients, and for further research in the study of personality. It is psychoanalysis in the latter sense which has come to modify the trends of literature, science, and philosophy.

It was from the fruit of his methodological discovery that Freud learned to understand technically, and hence usefully, the concept of ambivalence—although as a matter of fact this particular word was not coined by

him. He became able to understand and to help others to understand that just as back of life there is always death, so back of professed love there is always some hate and back of professed hate always some love. More clearly than anyone else he saw how stalwartly the human mind defends itself against the acceptance of unpleasant truth. This helped him to be tolerant in the face of the ridicule, the misrepresentation, the slander and calumny, the bitter and unscientific refutation of his theories which they initially aroused throughout the world. He reminded himself and his students that all scientific discoveries which diminish the feeling of self-importance in mankind stimulate resentment and incredulity. And so, were he alive, he would not be dismayed by the astounding ambivalence revealed in some of the contemporary comments upon his life. It would neither surprise nor disturb him that a great newspaper (the New York *Times*) should have published—on September 25, 1939—an editorial ostensibly commemorating his death but actually vilifying him, misrepresenting him, speaking of "his colossal self-satisfaction and his natural intellectual arrogance," declaring with pompous inaccuracy "that psychiatrists still dismiss him as unscientific," flagrantly misrepresenting the facts about his last published book, and ending with the awkward and dubious compliment that he "was the most effective disturber of complacency in our time." (If the ability to disturb complacency is a virtue we should give some credit to Mr. Hitler.)

It is true that Freud was never happy in his feeling toward America, and even his best friends, many of whom were Americans, were never able fully to understand it or to alter it. He felt that we were characterized by an "unthinking optimism and a shallow activity." He was always suspicious of the popularity his theories and techniques acquired in this country. It is an ironic paradox that America should today be the country in which his theories are best known and most widely accepted. This is true not only of the general public but of medical scientists.

Sigmund Freud finally succumbed to death after many years spent in deflecting it from others. He was subject to prejudices and complexes although he spent his life in eliminating them from others. But these things do not detract from his greatness; indeed, it can be fairly said that he gave evidence of fewer prejudices and fewer complexes than most men, just as he retained his grasp on life longer than most men. What cannot be conveyed in words is Freud's ineffable modesty and gentleness and essential sweetness of character, for he had the qualities of the true scientist, and he never for one moment forgot that he was only a passing observer. To the eternal blessing of the human race, his sharp eyes and his great mind made his observations uniquely effulgent.

The C. I. O. Loses Hollywood

BY MURRAY ROSS

THE C. I. O. has just suffered one of the most serious defeats of its entire existence. In an election held by the National Labor Relations Board on September 20 it lost Hollywood labor by an overwhelming majority to the A. F. of L. The United Studio Technicians' Guild, financed and directed by the C. I. O., was contesting the right of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, the A. F. of L. stagehands' union, to represent 12,000 studio technicians. Harry Bridges and John Brophy believed victory to be in the C. I. O. bag, but it was snatched from them by the A. F. of L.

The importance of this election is out of proportion to the number of workers involved. The movie industry is the stronghold of unionism in Los Angeles, and the strategy of the C. I. O. was to capture the labor movement of Southern California by attacking the A. F. of L. fortress. This campaign was conducted by the best C. I. O. talent and was lavishly financed, since both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. believe that the Pacific Coast may well prove a decisive factor in the national contest between them. In the past year the C. I. O. has been in retreat there, and it spared no effort to stage a comeback. The motion-picture industry was essential to further advance.

The International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, which won the election, is the most powerful labor organization in the motion-picture industry. Although commonly known as the stagehands' union, it includes projectionists in the motion-picture houses and some twenty crafts in the studios. It derives its strength from its control of the highly skilled projectionists and from the strong-arm methods to which its leaders resort in asserting that control. The box office is the pulse of the motion-picture industry, and the producers shudder at the mere thought of closing down the theaters. In January, 1936, by threatening a strike of the projectionists, President Browne of the I. A. T. S. E. obtained a closed-shop agreement covering numerous studio crafts, and compelled some 12,000 reluctant workers to join his union at a time when he had no more than 100 members

on all the Hollywood lots. After concluding this bargain, President Browne, anticipating a rank-and-file rebellion, proclaimed a state of emergency in the Hollywood locals and placed them under the autocratic rule of his personal representatives, among whom was the notorious Chicago gunman Willie Bioff. These men collected hundreds of thousands of dollars in dues and special assessments without any accounting to the membership.

The recent Labor Board election and the previous two-year labor war in movieland, which threatened to culminate last month in an industry-wide strike, were a direct outgrowth of this ignominious deal. Many studio technicians did not like being herded into an organization notorious for its racketeering leadership or being obliged to pay exorbitant dues to support an organization not of their own choosing. Some joined together in open rebellion when Browne's former bodyguard, Willie Bioff, admitted to a Sacramento grand jury that on the conclusion of the deal he had received $100,000 as a "loan" from a prominent producer. A progressive-Communist coalition was formed in the union to wrest control from the international officers by demanding the restitution of local autonomy and the abolition of a 2 per cent special assessment for a so-called defense fund. This dissident element in the I. A. T. S. E. chose to fight it out within the organization. After several futile attempts to capture the union it launched the United Studio Technicians' Guild on July 5, 1939, with C. I. O. indorsement and support. This organization challenged A. F. of L. supremacy in Hollywood, and until it was defeated in the Labor Board election served as the basis of C. I. O. hopes to penetrate the amusement field.

In the spring of 1937 I. A. T. S. E. domination of studio labor confronted Hollywood with its largest jurisdictional strike. The painters and the I. A. T. S. E. both claimed jurisdiction over the make-up artists and hairdressers. These crafts had been organized by an imaginative business agent of the painters' union, but the I. A. T. S. E. refused to allow the producers to recognize the painters unless the latter parted company with those members whose brushes moved over faces rather than on walls; under the Studio Basic Agreement of 1926 the I. A. T. S. E. could dictate to the producers which labor organizations they might recognize. When the painters struck, they were joined by eleven other crafts which had been prevented by the I. A. T. S. E. from obtaining recogtion from the producers. Among the larger unions joining the painters' strike was the Studio Utility Workers' Local—Hollywood for common laborers—with its 1,500 members, who wanted recognition and 75 cents an hour instead of the 65 cents they were getting. Victory in this strike would have meant the end of I. A. T. S. E. domination of the studios and freedom for the producers to recognize other unions. The I. A. T. S. E. decided to put an end to such heresy. It established a new classification, "Class B grip," for laborers, in its studio technicians' local. After forcing upon the producers a wage scale of 87½ cents an hour for the new classification, it raided the Studio Utility Workers' Local and placed the laborers as its own members. Needless to say the strike was lost.

Such tactics had naturally antagonized the other A. F. of L. unions. Consequently, what the I. A. T. S. E. feared most in its dispute with the U. S. T. G. was not the strength of its young opponent but its own weakness. For almost thirty years it had fought every other A. F. of L. union in Hollywood, and these unions, it feared, would now side with the enemy. This is probably what would have occurred if the U. S. T. G. had not been linked with the C. I. O. and the Communists. If a rival organization without such affiliations could have been established, it would have had more than an even chance of winning the allegiance of studio labor. Before this threat the A. F. of L. unions in Hollywood, normally divided against themselves, were ready to discuss peace terms.

President Browne adopted a policy of appeasement. Willie Bioff was temporarily displaced. The help of the Los Angeles Central Labor Council, upon which the I. A. T. S. E. normally looked with disdain and whose authority it had flouted, was now solicited. Its secretary, J. W. Buzzell, a seasoned A. F. of L. trade unionist, was dispatched by plane on a secret mission to Atlantic City, where William Green and Mr. Browne were sitting in judgment on the stagehands-actors controversy. Apparently the proper assurances were given; the I. A. T. S. E. was willing to pay the price of remaining in Hollywood. It would return all the members it had taken in raids on other unions, and the Central Labor Council would decide the matter of jurisdiction. Once this was accomplished, the I. A. T. S. E. would no longer bar other unions from producer recognition under the Studio Basic Agreement of 1926. In return, the other craft unions promised to hold their members in line and to deliver their vote to the I. A. T. S. E. in the Labor Board election.

While Hollywood was embroiled in the C. I. O.-A. F. of L. wrangle, the American public was being treated daily to front-page headlines containing such distinguished names as Tallulah Bankhead, Sophie Tucker, Lawrence Tibbett, Ralph Morgan, Eddie Cantor, and numerous other stars of the stage and screen. Under these headlines appeared the story of a stagehands-versus-actors controversy which was a direct outgrowth of the U. S. T. G.-I. A. T. S. E. battle. The struggle between the crafts and the talents for the control of studio labor had gone on for several years. But the incident which led to the recent explosion occurred during the 1937 strike of the make-up artists. An extra in the Screen Actors' Guild obtained a card in the I. A. T. S. E. Contrary to guild policy she scabbed as a make-up artist, and the guild suspended her. In reprisal the I. A. T. S. E.

threatened to raid it of all its extras. The guild took the matter before the Associated Actors and Artists of America, a holding company of eleven actor unions. The subsidiaries of the A. A. A. A., with one exception, voted to combat the I. A. T. S. E. threat. The exception was the American Federation of Actors, the variety actors' subsidiary. Ralph Whitehead, secretary of the A. F. A., then left for Miami, where George Browne and William Green were attending the sessions of the A. F. of L. Executive Council.

Whitehead's group consisted of variety actors in night clubs, cabarets, and vaudeville. The I. A. T. S. E. plan was to outflank the actors by means of Whitehead's organization and the disgruntled extras of the Screen Actors' Guild. The ultimate aim was to emasculate the Four A's, leaving it only a few stars in the high-income brackets. Control of amusement labor would then be restored to the stagehands, and there would be no one to challenge it. To the stagehands a $5,000-a-week trade unionist is a travesty upon the labor movement.

The stagehands' contest with the actors was brought to a head by more recent developments. In the past year the stagehands and their friends the musicians were building up Whitehead's variety actors' branch of the Four A's and had more than doubled its membership. Apparently they planned to raid the actors democratically—by Whitehead's acquisition of a majority in the Four A's. When this strategy was understood, the voting rules in the Four A's were changed. In the name of democracy it was decided that no union, no matter how big, should control more than one-third of the votes. This move acquires considerable significance when it is realized that in the past year the membership of the Screen Actors' Guild has dropped from about 13,000 to 8,000 and that a similar drop is expected this year as a result of the "decasualization" of extras. The change in voting procedure prevented Whitehead's immediate capture of the actors' organization.

The stalemate was broken by Whitehead's expulsion from the Four A's. Charges were filed against him, and he was expelled for misapplication of funds. His real guilt lay in his readiness to deliver the actors to the stagehands, as was proved by his subsequent actions. In addition he was said to have negotiated some of his union's worst agreements.

When he was expelled from the Four A's, Whitehead took along his union and obtained a charter for it from the I. A. T. S. E., thus creating a jurisdictional dispute which had to be handled by the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. To counter this move, the Four A's chartered a new variety actors' union, the American Guild of Variety Artists. This union made little progress, however, because of the insistence of the musicians that variety artists belong to the A. F. A. Secretary Thomson of the Screen Actors' Guild, as well as other officials, undoubtedly believed that Mr. Browne was so busy fighting the United Studio Technicians' Guild in Hollywood that he would try to avoid a quarrel with the Four A's. Once rid of Whitehead, they figured, they would have less reason to fear Mr. Browne in the future—not an unreasonable assumption, judged by the outcome.

For two years Mr. Whitehead had been cultivating not only President Browne but also President Green. He now decided to capitalize on his investment. There is some doubt whether the I. A. T. S. E. took over the variety actors at this time because George Browne wanted it or because William Green asked it. Green had never quite liked the idea of permitting the actors to dominate amusement labor. They frequently stayed away from A. F. of L. conventions, they worked "under contracts," and they kept apart from A. F. of L. politics. Besides, Green cherished Whitehead's friendship. Through Whitehead he had met Sophie Tucker, and the father of American labor apparently enjoyed the association with the mother of American vaudeville.

Sophie Tucker's role in the entire controversy was a puzzling one. Her siding with the A. F. A. and acceptance of the I. A. T. S. E. charter led to her expulsion by the Four A's. Since the formal charge against Whitehead was that of misapplication of funds, she faced the choice of admitting mismanagement in the union of which she was president or of going along with it. Because of her expulsion from the Four A's no Equity member could appear with her in "Leave It to Me." The stagehands threatened a strike if a substitute were put in. This would have closed every Broadway theater.

The only way to save Whitehead was to bring his case before the A. F. of L. Executive Council, of which Green and Browne are members. This could be done only by cooking up a jurisdictional dispute. Browne, either on his own initiative or at Mr. Green's request, promptly provided the excuse. The decision, of course, was a clear-cut victory for Whitehead. Apparently the A. F. of L. was willing to shut down every theater on Broadway to save the job of one trade-union official.

The actors' leaders were greatly displeased with the decision, because while the I. A. T. S. E. was ordered to return the American Federation of Actors to the Four A's, Whitehead was permitted to remain as secretary. Kenneth Thomson and others of the Screen Actors' Guild realized its implications. The stagehands would return their plunder now, but after the Hollywood fight was over they could resume their claims. The actors realized that if they were ever to curb the stagehands' ambition to take them over, they must do it while the I. A. T. S. E. was fighting for life in Hollywood.

The stars felt that their airplane trip to the A. F. of L. Executive Council in Atlantic City, which cost about $20,000, was a complete failure. In no mood to waste any more time they held secret conferences with leaders

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of the United Studio Technicians' Guild. Fed up with the A. F. of L., they decided to quit the federation and to join the C. I. O. They planned the formation of a talent-craft alliance. John L. Lewis was consulted. He appeared interested but refused to issue a charter until after the fight was over. This was his biggest mistake, for before the fight was over, the actors were back in the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. was routed from Hollywood.

When President Browne became aware of the negotiations, he immediately realized that he had overstepped his bounds. The actors are a powerful group. Their lobbying on the studio lots would go a long way to help the U. S. T. G. to win the election. Many of the A. F. of L. crafts feared that Browne might break his promise to them and were anxiously inquiring what terms the U. S. T. G. stood ready to offer. It was too great a risk for the I. A. T. S. E. to take. The actors were in a position to swing the election one way or the other. In order to play safe Mr. Browne capitulated to them a few hours before they were to take a strike vote.

In the peace pact Browne recognized the independence of the Four A's, promised never to raid them again, and accepted their verdict in the Whitehead case. In return, the Screen Actors' Guild promised its aid in the Labor Board election. As may readily be seen, this agreement was at the expense not only of Whitehead but also of the U. S. T. G. This is the second time that the actors in Hollywood have used the left-wing groups to intimidate the I. A. T. S. E. and win their point. Resentment of U. S. T. G. members against what they consider a betrayal will grow as more and more men fail to get work in the studios. Many are blacklisted by the I. A. T. S. E., and so long as it has a closed-shop agreement, they may be considered permanent casualties of the labor war.

Though the technicians may well consider themselves betrayed by the Screen Actors' Guild, it must be remembered that when the U. S. T. G. first challenged the I. A. T. S. E., it did so without any promise of support from the guild. Moreover, the U. S. T. G. killed its few remaining chances of winning the election by incompetent handling of the case before the Labor Board. Joseph Padway, chief counsel of the A. F. of L., who was handling the election for the I. A. T. S. E., outsmarted the U. S. T. G. on every single point. The most damaging of the guild's concessions was to allow the I. A. T. S. E. to negotiate wage, hour, and working-condition agreements before the election. A last-minute effort to rectify this error failed. When the I. A. T. S. E. shrewdly asked a 20 per cent wage increase, the question before the voters was no longer who should represent them, but whether they preferred a contract containing a 20 per cent increase to taking their chances with the U. S. T. G. and seeing what it could obtain for them. It is easy to understand why, when the election was over, the vote stood 4,460 for I. A. T. S. E., 1,967 for U. S. T. G.

In the Wind

AT THE AMERICAN LEGION convention a subcommittee drafted a statement recommending that the Legion take no stand on the embargo issue. The statement emphasized that "the Legion is not a lawmaking body." The midnight edition of the New York *Times* quoted the subcommittee as stating that "the Legion is not a law-abiding body."

TRADE PAPERS here are full of cabled news on war-time fashions in London. The *Women's Wear Daily* reports: "A new type of clothes has sprung up in London. They are called Night-Time Air-Raid Fashions, or Dugout Coats. They are designed for women who must leave their beds to take shelter at night. They are built on house-coat lines in warm fabrics, always with a slide closing for speed."

OBSERVERS TRYING to weigh American opinion on the war are baffled by one major discrepancy between the Gallup and Fortune polls. Both asked: If England and France are losing, should the United States send military aid? The Gallup poll reported that 44 per cent of those interviewed said yes; *Fortune*, that only 13.5 per cent took that position.

NEWSPAPERMEN SAY that a bitter row in the *Herald Tribune* offices preceded Leland Stowe's departure for Europe—as a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*.

AMONG LEADERS of left-wing organizations there is widespread fear that their groups may be outlawed in the not too distant future. They say their meetings are apparently being closely watched, and they are making plans to "go underground" if necessary. Their chief hopes are pinned on Attorney General Murphy's liberal record and his past reluctance to tolerate anti-red hysteria. It may be significant in this connection that he is scheduled to address a conference on civil liberties being staged by the American Civil Liberties Union next month.

LAWRENCE TODD, Washington correspondent for the Tass (Soviet) news agency, attended a private gathering in the capital recently at which several New Dealers were present. Todd explained the Russo-German pact as merely a momentary maneuver, with Stalin prepared to turn on Hitler at the earliest opportunity. Todd didn't know that one of the guests was a correspondent for the *Workers' Age*, an anti-Stalinist organ, which promptly and undiplomatically published the story.

SUBSCRIBERS TO French newspapers here have been surprised to note that the censor is eliminating cross-word puzzles. In several instances there has been white space, signifying that the material had been banned, where the puzzle had formerly appeared. The explanation is that cross-word puzzles have long been a medium for spy communication.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London September 12

THE German wireless continues to broadcast stories of the dreadful conditions in London—children without milk, and despair and desolation on every side Curiously enough, I cannot seem to discover any of this. The Hitler liars would never dare tell their people how calmly England continues to take the tremendous readjustment of life which a brief two weeks have brought to pass. Of course, there is some "grousing" and some justified fault-finding. Many of the hundred questions asked in Parliament on Wednesday had to do with matters that really need readjustment, as the opposition leaders proved. But the calm resignation and determination of the people continue to be as extraordinary as I have already reported. There are absolutely no protests against the war by groups or individuals. Some conscientious objectors have been brought before tribunals, but there is nothing resembling the intellectual opposition to the war that was so widespread in 1914. The convinced pacifists who have not lost their faith can do nothing now but keep in touch with one another and urge that the government formulate its peace proposals as soon as possible, and that these be as farsighted, generous, and wise as the Versailles terms were the opposite. There will be no "1917 Club" formed during this war, like the one created after the Russian Revolution to work for a liberal peace. No magazines will be established to campaign for an immediate peace, and I do not believe that anyone will imitate Mrs. Philip Snowden's addresses to five hundred peace meetings during the last war. The nearest approach to a protest that I have seen was the sentence "Mosley Wants Peace," chalked on a Thames bridge.

Yet though outward signs of it are lacking, it would be idle to deny that there is much unhappiness in the broken families. Undoubtedly many of the children evacuated from the poorer districts will gain a great deal by their enforced exile from the cities, but one cannot move a million people out of a city and suddenly quarter them upon a rural population, and not have some friction. To have total strangers injected into the home for an indefinite stay which may run to three years is not a pleasant experience for the average family, particularly if the evacués come from totally different social surroundings. I can best throw some light on this by quoting from a letter from a school teacher who has been quartered in an unspoiled village in Hertfordshire, one full of lovely old houses and cottages. The village has a population of 1,200 and has had to receive 500 refugees.

> The place swarms with children and teachers. We were most warmly received, but now that the newness has worn off, the children do not appear such angels, or the hosts and hostesses such saints. Nevertheless, compared with most places we have had very little difficulty. I cannot tell you how hateful it is to be a refugee and not to have a free choice of where to live. People complain about having to have us, but they are far luckier, if they only knew it, than we are, who have been snatched from our comfortable homes and friends. I wonder the children bear it so well. They have been very homesick at times, poor dears. We have not nearly enough schoôl accommodation here, and no facilities at all for our special work. We only brought about one-third of our school, the other two-thirds being on holiday when it happened, and now we can't have the rest as they can't be billeted. I can't see how we can go on being kept here to superintend eighty children—there are thirteen of us!

This merely suggests what has happened to the educational work, and how the children will suffer if the war lasts years. Many of the big private schools have left London; so has the University of London, including the London School of Economics. Research work and scientific work of all kinds have had to stop. One is not allowed in the British Museum without a gas mask. Publishing is going on, but at a reduced rate, and some of the publishers have moved out of town. Indeed, there has been a considerable exodus of big business enterprises such as insurance companies.

Most people believe that there is no danger of air raids at present, but that they will come eventually if Hitler is hard pressed. Meanwhile the danger is that people will get careless. Thousands of gas masks have been abandoned or forgotten all over the city, and outside London, in the country districts, few people have them. The effort to make it a patriotic duty to carry one has broken down. At Maidenhead last Saturday I could hardly believe there was a war going on; only a few uniforms and masks were visible, and the stores were crowded with people making their Saturday-night purchases. I wish that Americans could take this catastrophe as coolly as the British, who with the French may be the chief sufferers. One explanation is that we are not under a non-stop radio barrage from all the capitals of Europe, and that not even in war time will the London dailies abandon their conservative headlines. Not the most sensational daily would imitate the New York *Times's* huge headlines of the early days of the war.

VOLTAIRE COMBE

BY CONSTANCE ROURKE

THE queer name is not an invention. It belongs to an obscure artist born in Jordan on the Erie Canal, who may have been called Voltaire by way of comic disillusionment. A great depression was under way. The year of his birth was 1837.

Jordan had grown into a tough prosperity because of the canal: the doorways of its groceries and groggeries, taverns and bawdy houses opened upon slow waters that were often crowded with boats waiting to pass through the locks a mile to the west. A few grist mills and wood-working factories had been established; and lush springs pouring from a green hillside helped produce a whiskey that could be had for a nickel a glass, or, if a jug was carried up the hill, for ten cents a gallon. By no means in the genteel tradition, Jordan survived the depression and for many years presented a strong phase of the American scene. The canal was something of a frontier; the canawlers were warmly colored variants of the boatmen who had long commanded our waterways. Neighboring farmers came from strong Yankee stock; they looked it, spoke it. Newly arrived Irishmen, of the legion scattering over the country, made barrels and added their surplus of conviviality and song. Small circuses and troupes of players, who early found an audience among us, often tarried in Jordan, while even the more respectable inhabitants had their typical qualities: they tolerated ripe transgressions since these lowered taxes.

Never was a place less likely to produce art, if popular theories may be accepted. On our frontiers and indeed elsewhere throughout the long period of our early development we are supposed to have been too much occupied by the utilitarian business of living to concern ourselves with art, too much on the move to permit that residue of social experience to form from which the artist in one way or another must draw. If art appeared, the genteel tradition is said to have paralyzed it. A candid view of the rougher aspects of American life is supposed not to have emerged in painting until the "Eight" or the so-called "ashcan school" began to picture them about 1912. The American scene has been considered the discovery of the present generation.

The career of Voltaire Combe, unobtrusive though it was, upsets some of these conclusions. He began to draw as a small boy, but he was by no means regarded as an oddity. Limners freely plied their trade in and about Jordan during these years, painting portraits and occasional landscapes for fifteen or twenty dollars apiece. The young Voltaire may have known a nearby provincial sculptor who carved portraits in basswood and colored them to the life, sometimes portraying all the children of a family life size, with a formal realism. A tall polychromed peacock, finely stylized, came out of this region, which was certainly not made for use, not even for a circus merry-go-round, but was obviously carved for pleasure.

It was the limners who set Voltaire on his way; he knew them, always honored them, and from them perhaps gained the idea that the artist was mainly the artisan, the honest journeyman. In later years he insisted that anyone could learn to paint. But somewhere he gained another view, perhaps when as a boy of fourteen he went on foot to Syracuse and pulled the doorbell of a minor painter living there, "an ideal artist in appearance," who wore a velvet coat and had a studio with all the appurtenances. Before long he began to consider the artist as a singular being; at least he tended to regard himself in that light. He was small, with what one of the villagers called "a pouter-pigeon look." Like many of our earlier small-town characters he was something of an actor. He developed a pose and a vocabulary that were a long way from Jordan. As a boy he had seen Fanny Ellsler; he would apostrophize her dancing in silky sentences. Prowling around he managed to discover a good deal of American art and would discourse on "realms of poet artists breathing classic song" and on Cole's "Zenobian accents."

But it was one of the engaging aspects of Combe's character that he could take on a good deal of overlay without much alteration of a fundamental core. Still off on the romantic strain, he enlisted when the Civil War broke out, but in the cavalry, not the infantry, buying himself a mettlesome horse and a finely chased sword with a gold and ivory handle, and obviously expecting an officer's rank. He was made a bugler. At least he returned after three years with sketchbooks filled with pictures of himself in the thick of dramatic events. One of these, which he afterward developed in oil, showed him reading "Faust" by candlelight in an army tent, and was entitled "Before Ball's Bluff."

After Combe moved to New York, about 1870, he seems to have painted pictures occasionally for the growing swarm of lithographers; probably he did hand coloring for some of them, and he may have sold a picture

now and again to others, yet how he made a living at any time remains something of a mystery. He managed to travel a good deal, wandering down into Maryland and Virginia. His increasingly courtly, persuasive manner was perhaps no handicap to him in finding the means to get about, or to stay where he wished to stay. By 1880 he was returning to Jordan for long summers.

Its roystering era had begun to dwindle even before the Civil War, when a new railroad brought in manufactured goods that drove the small local factories out of business and carried away most of the grain crops. Traffic on the canal grew sluggish. Derelicts from a better time now sat in grocery doorways or on barrels outside—"waiting," Combe said, "always waiting." Old canawlers were there, stranded farmers, an old circus performer, a dancing master, left high but not dry—not while Voltaire could buy them a tumbler of whiskey, which could still be had in back rooms for a nickel. When he first went back, "some adopted a mode of non-recognition," he said, "due to jealousy." He wore a Prince Albert and a derby; one of the citizens remarked that "when he walked down one side of the street the other side tipped." But he knew how to thaw them out: this was where his heart lay. They soon were calling him Captain Combe, then Cap; they went fishing with him at Cross Lake, camped, and saluted the dawn. Some of them fiddled or played the guitar. So did Voltaire. Others might slip into a jog or a clog. Cap Combe could foot it lightly, and they would all bawl out "Old Dan Tucker" or "Zip Coon," "Rosin the Beau" or "Lord Ullin's Daughter," or other old songs with many stanzas to which they could add lyrical lines of their own.

These people were what Combe called "distinct." Easing them into characteristic attitudes he sketched them again and again, later working up the sketches into full paintings. By the end of the eighties or early nineties he had portrayed most of these old wastrels, without condescension or sentimentality. In "Old Dan Tucker and His Recreant Son" a youth with a handsome, mobile countenance is seated on a rickety, shuck-bottomed chair with a fiddle under his arm, a hand on a bottle; this figure, who appears in a number of the pictures, may have represented Combe himself as a lad or perhaps was one of his younger friends. The youth is looking toward an old man in a shabby bright-blue coat, tall white hat, whitey-gray trousers—the Yankee costume of an earlier generation—who with a look of race and a shattered air is giving stubborn attention to one of the lighter pleasures.

In "The Old Dancing Master Shows How Fanny Ellsler Danced a Pas Deux" the scene is a loft, the color key low, the handling of darks and guttering lights bold yet untheatrical. A lad is fiddling; a sprawling figure, pictured without reserve, is wholly sunk. The tall old dancing master in a battered high hat, worn ballet shoes, with flying coat tails, his fiddle and bow still in one hand, is tripping it lightly with a look of great absorption. One knows that his life was dedicated to the arts, to nice distinctions, and to failure. The fourth figure, a Yankee farmer who was cast early in life for a deacon, stout, red-faced, with a fringe of white beard, his mouth set in a grim line, has let his fiddle drop to his knees and has turned to see the show: he finds it almost too wild a spectacle.

A severe critic might say that Combe failed to understand the medium of water color, gouache, or tempera which he almost consistently employed for these pictures and for the few portraits that belong with this group. He used a light medium like oil, with an effect of underpainting, with great care to build up solid bodies, a minute circumspection as to detail. He had a special aptitude for depicting old hands, old faces, the thin crinkled skin with an underlying flush, a weathered look. He dwelt upon the textures of frayed coats, worn boots, a bandanna, the polished wood of a fiddle: it was as if no lavish effort could be too much. The effect is sometimes labored, occasionally a little woolly; we may admit that there is something rustic about these paintings. But at least in "The Old Dancing Master" and perhaps in others Combe contrived a liberal arrangement out of difficult elements with great skill, and he consistently achieved what he set out to achieve: the portrayal of character. These people carry the irreducible element in their faces, their figures. They concentrate histories, with a sharp edge.

Later, when he no longer went back to Jordan, Combe began what he called a novel, whose characters were Dan Tucker and the rest, whose structure was of the simplest order: to create the effect of motion he simply moved his people away from Jordan and around the country where they foregathered in places he had particularly enjoyed, encountered people he had admired, some of them historical figures, among them Henry Clay and John Randolph of Roanoke. The time was hazy; the descriptions of the American countryside were long, loving, full. Paragraphs were devoted to the transparent brilliance of sassafras leaves in autumn, to the white rush of waters down sandy gulleys in the South, to a richly fruited summer. All the characters were seen under a golden ray. Scarcely a touch appears of the salty actuality which distinguishes the Jordan paintings. The style was idyllic, even touched at times by the airy elegance which Combe had picked up somewhere along the way; but the sentiment was genuine. He worked on the long allegory for years, writing and rewriting it, piling up a great stack of manuscript.

An inveterate collector, he managed to get together copies of the old readers, romances, song-books, geographies, and even magazines like *Brother Jonathan* which he had known as a boy. He also collected Surtees, Smollett, Dickens; many of his paintings of this later

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

time were derived from literary sources. He pictured Bardolph, Pistol, and Dame Quickly as he conceived them; for years, he said, he sought for a Bardolphian nose, to create one from nature, and found it at last on a Jersey ferry, only to fail of his object because Bardolph's wife was wounded by the idea. Some of these pictures were highly florid: Undine floating downstream in blue tulle, or a diabolic vermilion-clad Mephistopheles peering over the shoulder of a buxom Marguerite.

None of them was strictly genteel, none of them sold, least of all those of the Jordan group. With impressionism to the fore, their painstaking method was as much against them as their subjects. Combe was confused and tormented by impressionism, bitter about the ascendancy of French art. He spoke darkly of a painting refused by the Academy because it would have killed everything within fifty feet of it. Toward the end, by a curious fate, he found himself in a Middlewestern town, with an occasional photograph to enlarge in crayon or copy in oil; but he read of the Armory show and wrote a long article on art which he felt was "needed." Through it ran a kind of hoarse pathos. "Is art retrograding in America? Yes, when compared with the art of seventy years ago, for then the nearest approach to nature was the artist's aim. What is art? Is it the capacity to depict undefined departures of eccentric pencils and technical exaggerations? The latest in art is not the highest. Pupils, learn to draw at home—not in Paris! Patronize American art, ye moneyed Americans!"

At the end the effect of pose was gone. Combe wore the hurt, exposed look that sometimes comes over the faces of old people; yet he seems to have entertained no overwhelming sense of grievance because his work was not accepted or understood. He died in 1916. Common folk who saw the Jordan pictures in these last years regarded them as suitable for barrooms; those with greater sophistication were sure that story-telling in art had gone forever. But Combe was not a story-teller, except as character may comprise a story. He may be related to the genre painters from Mount to Eastman Johnson, whose work he knew well, but he exceeded most of them in gusto. Their people tend to become figures in a picturesque scene. With Combe character is foreground in all senses. His ancestry lies rather among the limners whom he knew as a boy, though he abandoned their primitivism. He may even be linked with some of our more acknowledged early portrait painters, whose sense of character was often transcendent, though they seldom if ever chose subjects, as Combe did, from homely and unprosperous levels.

His Jordan group, as it happens, was painted some ten years or more before "McSorley's Bar," which has been considered as inaugurating an era of candor. "McSorley's Bar" is a far finer accomplishment than anything Combe produced, and Sloan—a member of the "Eight"—was able to put his conviction as to free subjects in motion. Combe seems to have had no influence at all; most of his works are now scattered or have disappeared. Yet the pattern of his life dispels certain ideas as to the pervasiveness of the genteel tradition. His career suggests that the impulse toward art may have had a wider spread in our nascent civilization than we have surmised. We have often pictured ourselves with eyes on the horizon, magnetized by the future, seldom looking backward: yet here and there we have had a wish for commemoration. Combe had it; fragmentary evidence of the same compulsion is coming to light from many out-of-the-way corners in paintings, often by untutored individuals who set down what they saw and felt about scenes or people whom they knew well. Perhaps the history of American art or its major directions cannot be understood until these minor, even personal works are taken into account. They have arisen in all periods, and they may have something to say as to the American character.

In a formal history of American art Voltaire Combe might achieve only a mention or a footnote, if as much. In a broadly compassed social study he and others like him would have an essential place; and surely he deserves a niche for the odd way in which his own character was compounded. Combe really admired gentility. He chose his subjects, it would seem, almost in spite of himself. For one who was convival it could not have been altogether easy to work without the urgency of others headed in the same direction.

BOOKS

Force as Criticism

FORCES IN AMERICAN CRITICISM. A STUDY IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERARY THOUGHT. By Bernard Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

AMERICAN criticism, as everyone must now be aware, is the history of much more than our literary or critical intelligence. It is often the history of everything but such intelligence. It has been called the record of a nation's education. It is equally the record of American nationalism in its emergence, reaction, and mortification; of native creeds and sects; of every local variety of moral, ethical, and political doctrine; of social and economic necessities; of the tastes and teachings that have swayed American life; of the complex of influences that conditioned and confused the country's determination of its destiny and so possessed, against whatever purer claims of art, every author who ever made writing or criticism his serious career in the United States. A critical craft and tradition of the French type have been as invisible here as in England, but every ambitious American writer has been in some degree a critic. Here, emphatically, the rule has held that criticism is the art everyone practices. The sad condition appears in the fact that almost no one has practiced it well; that its aims and rules, its requirements as an art and

its responsibilities as a science, have been bent to every conceivable whim, coercion, and ulterior motive to which literary thought is susceptible.

Mr. Smith admits this opinion of our cultural struggle; it motivates almost every page of his book; but it has neither discouraged his interest nor deterred his argument. Early in his research he discovered that American criticism is "the missing link" between our social and creative life; that it is "more clearly related to social history than are poetry and fiction." "Once we have established the connections that have existed between these two histories," he says, "we may find it possible to establish the connections between literature and society." Accordingly he offers his study as an outline of the large-scale work that must some day be done in this field. It is a vigorous and dramatic piece of blocking and sketching. It readily merits comparison with Parrington's "Main Currents," both in scope and readability, and was obviously suggested by that book. It is the first study to show fully the critical influence of provincial and puritan traditions, the special cast of romanticism in American thought, the sources of realism, the pressure of the academic and drawing-room cults that flattered middle-class taste in the post-Civil War era ("gentility" and "the genteel" are with puritanism the recurring bugbears of Mr. Smith's story, the sponsors of the twin evils of dogmatism and aestheticism which he ferrets out of every possible hole); it shows lastly the confusing tumult of causes—aesthetic, bohemian, iconoclastic, revolutionary—that has distracted the present century. Into Mr. Smith's scheme of literary anthropology every kind of evidence fits, including much (the critical and aesthetic innocence of the colonial fathers, of the *North American Review* staff, of Stedman's circle, of pre-war universities and post-war debunkers) that has little discernible bearing on the art of either literature or criticism. Mr. Smith's title is accurate. He recounts the *forces* in American literary thought. To that title may be fitly ascribed all the factors of caution, inhibition, and reaction, of servility to foreign standards, of liberalism, insurgence, and propaganda that may nullify the aims of criticism—and the value of "force" as a term—but which were unmistakably the motives by which literary arbiters and journalists legislated on American ambitions in art during the fevers and ordeals of our cultural apprenticeship.

Mr. Smith is patient and persistent among these confusions, but he finds little satisfaction in the labors of American critics. He gives most of them short shrift. They fall in dismal succession, dumbly and limply, beneath his reproofs. They show a painful logic of incompetence. They are by turns too dogmatic and too impressionistic; too academic, too bohemian; chauvinistically American, fawningly European; genteel, violent; romantic, literal; tyrants of rule and doctrine, victims of escape and reverie; complacent, prophetic; hedonistic, didactic; too happy, too gloomy; too rabid, too dull. It is not to be suggested that Mr. Smith is flippant or haphazard in these estimates. His reading has been voluminous, his assortment of details painstaking, his summaries balanced, and his attitude serious. But he enters the arena with a force of his own. He believes in "the use of scientific methods in so far as they are applicable to literary history"; he is "antagonistic to mysticism"; he is "biased in favor of the broadest possible democracy." He concludes with a salute to "those who believe in scientific methods, in realism, in social equality and democracy"; who "are hopeful and are fighting."

He too has, in fact, his special bias and prejudice. So must any writer who wants to make himself readable and responsible for a point of view. But Mr. Smith has allowed these prejudices to push his sympathy and partisanship to the point where he finds it almost impossible to discern critical value where force is absent; where a critic's labor has been motivated by the traditional and aristocratic, the moral and metaphysical, or the romantic and aesthetic; where detachment, analysis, and, let us say, scientific latitude show some signs of putting in an appearance; where the ideal of judgment, however humanly chimerical, has found some hope of emerging. The phrase "the quest of beauty" he uses with the invisible but unmistakable inverted commas of ironic contempt. His chapter of that name, which discusses Poe, James, and Henry Adams, sets those men down as philosophically amateurish, morally evasive, psychologically timid—where not actually deranged or perverse—and finally irresponsible and "precious." The discussion of James resorts to a kind of simplification and bed-breaking of James's arguments—a deflation of the *whole* effect of his sensibility, moral passion, and human insight—that amounts to both misrepresentation and scolding twaddle.

Lowell, Bryant, and Longfellow are easily laid low; the Transcendentalists fall with the Humanists; Huneker and Mencken are allowed a half-indulgent contempt; Brooks and Eliot are regarded as misspent talents and sinister portents; but even the greater claims of Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, and Howells survive more for pioneer and prophetic value than for critical soundness or integrity. In his last chapters we find Mr. Smith dismissing Tate, Blackmur, Ransom, and Winters in short sentences, while he gives paragraphs to Waldo Frank, Lewisohn, and Calverton; the *Dial* and the *Hound and Horn* are curtly disparaged; and while five pages are given to Floyd Dell and four to Joseph Freeman and Mike Gold, the work of Edmund Wilson, apart from incidental mention, is reduced to a footnote. And when we see Mr. Smith's scientific-realistic-democratic bias approaching a climax in the Marxist hope, when he marshals his arguments toward a Hegelian flourish by calling ours a "period of clarification" and salutes the "fighters," we become fully aware that he also has been victimized by a crudity of sympathy that keeps him in petty fear of admitting "beauty," whatever abuses its name has encouraged, as the proper concern of any serious artist; of sensibility as a critical instrument of infinitely greater importance to criticism than popular or political passions; of authority in insight as something that insures the integrity of criticism—within whatever framework of aesthetic beliefs, mystical experience, aristocratic symbols, or traditional forms of experience—beyond any amount of "force."

Is force really a primary factor in criticism? When one observes its results in the world at large, its effect on critics of the past, and its influence in motivating Mr. Smith's book, one begins to doubt it. It has given dramatic color to American criticism, but it has made this copious and challenging book more an incentive to writing that "definitive work in the field" which Mr. Smith says remains to be done than the book of responsible history and judgment it had a chance of



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being. The moment was never riper for the serious business of criticism, for redefining the literary values that lie permanently and incorruptibly beneath the forces of the hour. Those values are intricately bound up with social and humanitarian needs, but they are not explained or realized by them. Mr. Smith's long list of case-histories of critical default are mostly the result of confusing those values with those needs. He has faithfully recorded them. But the task of rescuing the purpose and integrity of criticism from its confusions and mistaken aims remains to be done.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Russia Lives On

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN MONARCHY. By Bernard Pares. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

STALIN: THE DEFINITIVE BIOGRAPHY. By Boris Souvarine. Alliance Book Corporation. $4.50.

NOT more than eleven years separated the birth of the last Russian Czar, Nicholas II, and that of his present successor in the Kremlin. Stalin will be sixty this year; Nicholas II would have celebrated his seventy-first birthday. At the time of the birth of Nicholas II a prediction that within his potential life-span the son of an obscure Georgian peasant shoemaker would hold sway over all Russia would have seemed entirely fantastic. But fantastic things have happened in Russia in the last thirty years, not only during and since the revolution but in the last years of the monarchy as well. Historic storms of unprecedented violence have broken over Russia, have remolded the face of the country and the life of the people; a new generation has grown up for whom the ways of the recent past are legendary; nevertheless, very many and decisive traits of czarist Russia live on in the new Russia in the same way as very many and decisive traits of the Prussia of Bismarck and Wilhelm live on in Hitler's "Great Germany." Great differences of course are apparent, some for the better, some for the worse, but the resemblances, too, are undeniable.

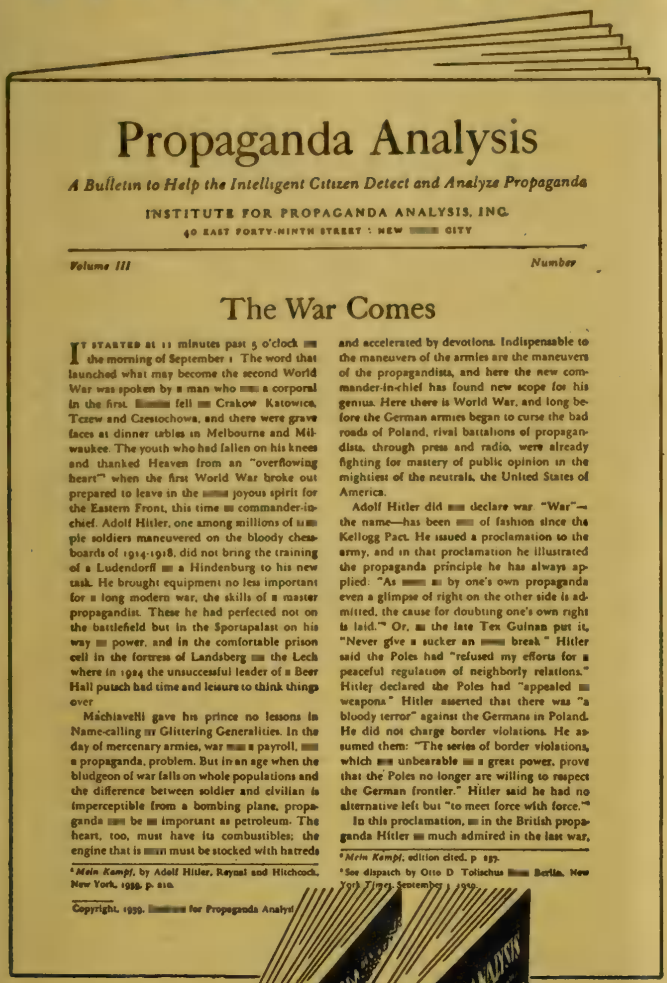
Neither of these books should be missed by anyone interested in Russia or in modern history, or simply attracted by that wealth of enigmatic and fantastic personalities, human relations, and strange and dramatic events of which history sometimes offers more than fiction. Both books are biographies set against the broad background of the history of the time. As history they have the defect of biographies, overemphasizing the personal and "heroic" element. And they have a serious shortcoming in common: they see this revolution primarily from above, from the point of view of the autocrat and his court, and lose sight of the social forces "deep below."

Professor Pares, an Englishman who has devoted more than thirty years of research and investigation to Russian history, tells the story of the last Russian Czar, especially of the years after 1910, which prepared and witnessed the fall of the Russian monarchy. M. Souvarine, a former member of the French Communist Party and of the Executive of the Communist International, has written a biography of Stalin necessarily interwoven with a detailed account of the Communist Revolution for the more than twenty years of its course; so that in a way he takes up the thread of history where Professor Pares drops it. Nicholas II was a very different personality from Stalin, but like Stalin he appeared enigmatic to his contemporaries. The enigma of Nicholas II has since been solved, and Professor Pares attempts most successfully to give us a thorough analysis of his hero, whose outstanding trait was that he was not the hero of the story of which he was supposed to be the chief figure, the hero and the villain in this kind of story being sometimes indistinguishable. Stalin is certainly the hero or villain of the story —he is undoubtedly the more powerful personality—but as we do not yet possess his diaries or intimate letters, he is infinitely more of an enigma than was Nicholas. In comparison with Hitler and Mussolini, Stalin is mute. Hitler's voice and style reveal him completely. For Stalin's personality we have no similar intimate guide. A book about him is therefore most welcome.

Of the two books, that by Professor Pares has the great advantage of being written about men and periods for which the sources are more abundant probably than for any other period in history. And the author has carefully scrutinized all the sources. His book is well documented with references and written with great restraint and charity, without ever becoming for one moment uninteresting or deficient in incisiveness of judgment and appraisal. M. Souvarine's book on Stalin lacks these scholarly qualities. It does not bear out the claim that it is "the most serious and well-documented history of Bolshevism that has yet appeared." It certainly cannot be called well-documented; and still less is it a complete history of Bolshevism. But it is certainly an exciting book about an exciting and obscure subject—the struggle for Lenin's heritage, the changing relations between the leading actors—and the first two-thirds of the story are told with such detail and skill that in spite of a certain monotony they hold the attention of the reader firmly. M. Souvarine apparently knows the Russia of the revolution very well, and his apt parallels with previous Russian history and the French Revolution are enlightening. He hates Stalin and he hates dictatorship, and there is much truth in his contention that, failing the unanimous effort of a Soviet democracy, "the specific characteristics of the former Russia would reappear sooner or later under new forms, for they were inevitable in any autocratic system established in the same barbarous environment." The author never stresses the positive virtues of the Bolshevik regime, so different from the czarist empire—for instance, the equality of all races. And his statement that Stalin is hated by all people in Russia has to be corrected by his own admission of the existence of a "young loyalist generation." "The youth alone," he writes, "which knows nothing of the recent past or of life in foreign countries, accepts with elation" Stalin's leadership; after all, this group includes probably tens of millions and is a decisive factor. But his book will undoubtedly be read as an important contribution to our knowledge of Soviet Russia.

With all the moderation of its style and the impartiality and objectivity of its attitude, Professor Pares's book presents a picture of the *ancien régime* in Russia no less devastating than the dark picture which M. Souvarine presents of the new regime. The portrait of the Czar is drawn with great love, but the story itself in no way bears out the charity of the author's judgment. In the critical years of its existence

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Volume III *Number*

The War Comes

IT STARTED at 11 minutes past 5 o'clock [illegible] the morning of September 1. The word that launched what may become the second World War was spoken by a man who [illegible] a corporal in the first. [illegible] fell [illegible] Crakow, Katowice, Tczew and Czestochowa, and there were grave faces at dinner tables in Melbourne and Milwaukee. The youth who had fallen on his knees and thanked Heaven from an "overflowing heart"[1] when the first World War broke out prepared to leave in the [illegible] joyous spirit for the Eastern Front, this time [illegible] commander-in-chief. Adolf Hitler, one among millions of [illegible] ple soldiers maneuvered on the bloody chessboards of 1914-1918, did not bring the training of a Ludendorff [illegible] a Hindenburg to his new task. He brought equipment no less important for a long modern war, the skills of a master propagandist. These he had perfected not on the battlefield but in the Sportpalast on his way [illegible] power, and in the comfortable prison cell in the fortress of Landsberg [illegible] the Lech where in 1924 the unsuccessful leader of a Beer Hall putsch had time and leisure to think things over.

Machiavelli gave his prince no lessons in Name-calling or Glittering Generalities. In the day of mercenary armies, war [illegible] a payroll, [illegible] a propaganda problem. But in an age when the bludgeon of war falls on whole populations and the difference between soldier and civilian is imperceptible from a bombing plane, propaganda [illegible] be [illegible] important as petroleum. The heart, too, must have its combustibles; the engine that is [illegible] must be stocked with hatreds and accelerated by devotions. Indispensable to the maneuvers of the armies are the maneuvers of the propagandists, and here the new commander-in-chief has found new scope for his genius. Here there is World War, and long before the German armies began to curse the bad roads of Poland, rival battalions of propagandists, through press and radio, were already fighting for mastery of public opinion in the mightiest of the neutrals, the United States of America.

Adolf Hitler did [illegible] declare war. "War"—the name—has been [illegible] of fashion since the Kellogg Pact. He issued a proclamation to the army, and in that proclamation he illustrated the propaganda principle he has always applied: "As [illegible] [illegible] by one's own propaganda even a glimpse of right on the other side is admitted, the cause for doubting one's own right is laid."[2] Or, [illegible] the late Tex Guinan put it, "Never give a sucker an [illegible] break." Hitler said the Poles had "refused my efforts for a peaceful regulation of neighborly relations." Hitler declared the Poles had "appealed [illegible] weapons." Hitler asserted that there was "a bloody terror" against the Germans in Poland. He did not charge border violations. He assumed them: "The series of border violations, which [illegible] unbearable [illegible] a great power, prove that the Poles no longer are willing to respect the German frontier." Hitler said he had no alternative left but "to meet force with force."[3]

In this proclamation, [illegible] in the British propaganda Hitler [illegible] much admired in the last war,

[1] *Mein Kampf*, by Adolf Hitler, Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1939, p. 210.

[2] *Mein Kampf*, edition cited, p. 253.

[3] See dispatch by Otto D. Tolischus [illegible] Berlin, New York Times, September 1, 1939.

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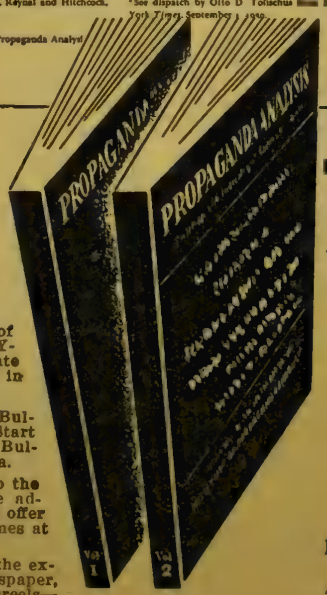
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Russia was an autocracy without an autocrat. The vast empire was governed by the Empress and Rasputin ("She must take the responsibility before history of having broken down the government of Russia"); and the deep love between the Emperor and the Empress, who at the end were isolated from all their people, including the rest of their own family, was, under the peculiar circumstances of the Russian autocracy and in connection with the weakness of the Emperor, the immediate reason for the fall of the monarchy. On December 27, 1916, the Empress wrote to her husband: "Be the Emperor, be Peter the Great, John the Terrible, the Emperor Paul—crush them all under you." These "all" were the moderate and conservative patriotic leaders of Russian public opinion. But Nicholas was no Peter the Great or John the Terrible. Nature had fitted Nicholas for the role "of the good loser, the willing accepter of defeat." Through his shortcomings and through the inevitable curse of autocracy, he lost not only himself but Russia. The autocracy without an autocrat vanished. May we optimistically say that there is today in the Kremlin an autocrat without an autocracy?

Professor Pares concludes by saying that the whole story strikes the reader as something which "happened far back in the Middle Ages, when it was still thought possible to regard a sixth of the world as a personal estate and to govern 170,000,000 of humanity from a lady's drawing-room. Then he would say to himself that all this was gone, far, far away, never to come back again." That is certainly true. Old Russia is gone. But just as certainly many of its essential traits live on. M. Souvarine believes that Peter the Great and John the Terrible live on in that enigmatic figure in the Kremlin who now holds the world's attention.

HANS KOHN

Democracy Is Hard

OF HUMAN FREEDOM. By Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

> Democracy, to maintain itself, must repeatedly conquer every cell and corner of the nation. How many of our public institutions and private businesses, our schools, hospitals, and domestic hearths are in reality little fascist states where freedom of speech is more rigorously excluded than vermin?
>
> We undervalue the comforts of conscience and the power of ideas, while grossly overvaluing our brute strength.
>
> If we do not think that science is an exact, unchangeable, guaranteed facsimile of the outer world, then we are empirical pragmatists and believers in human freedom.
>
> Oligarchies violently set up with an altruistic purpose never get the chance to govern well owing to the necessity of governing *now*.
>
> Democratic conduct is primarily cultural and only indirectly political.
>
> In a democracy the great problem is less to educate everyone beyond his intelligence than to make the intelligent feel socially responsible. To think and act socially is not a form of charity to one's neighbors. It is a form of self-preservation.

I HOPE that these extracts are enough to convey an idea of the grace and common sense of this book. Mr. Barzun has all the reasonableness, at once gay and tough, the *honnêteté*, which we have learned to associate with the French tradition. He is well informed; he is interested in everything—art, education, psychology; he never says anything silly. Is it then only the weather that, in the face of so much sweetness and light, still makes me feel a hungry sheep who has not been fed? Why do I keep thinking appreciatively of Baudelaire's hatred for Voltaire?

The truth is that Mr. Barzun makes democracy sound respectable and easy; a little more intelligence and good-will all around, a little less laziness, and we shall be all right. I am sure that Mr. Barzun personally knows as well as I do that faith in democracy is an enthusiastic, disreputable, and ascetic faith. Its *ton*, as Madame du Deffand would say, is *affreux*.

I do not think that democracy can be sustained or defended unless one believes that pride, lying, and violence are mortal sins, and that their commission entails one's damnation.

Mr. Barzun goes to the heart of the matter when he says that science and democracy are at one in their approach to life, but pragmatism is a dangerous word. Because it is practiced out of sight in laboratories and is concerned with non-human material, the general public has little notion of the severity of the scientific discipline. While rejecting all absolute beliefs, it has a faith as absolute as ever Catholicism was, which may be summarized thus:

1. There are regularities or laws in the universe which it is fatal to disobey.

2. We can obtain knowledge of these laws. Our knowledge can never be perfectly objective and dogmatic as nineteenth-century mechanist-materialism imagined, because the human mind is not outside the universe. On the other hand it is not purely subjective since the human mind is part of the universe and its structure subject to the same laws. We cannot make knowledge anything we choose. It is really knowledge *about*.

3. Since it is real knowledge, our knowledge can improve. Progress is possible and inevitable.

4. Truth cannot contradict itself but is one and indivisible.

5. There is one way to true knowledge and only one, a praxis which, if defined in terms of human relations, we should call love. For what is the scientific attitude but that of the love which does not reject the humblest fact, resists not evil (recalcitrant evidence) nor judges, but is patient, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things? And what is its opposite but the way of dogmatic belief backed by force? Skepticism, then, in belief. Absolute faith in the way and in the existence of truth.

If the way is hard to practice in the scientific field, how immensely more difficult is it to do so in the cultural and political. Democracy asserts that the private and public life are one, and at the same time that the individual has free-will. What most people think of as democracy is really social atomism and Mandevillism, for they imagine that private vices will not damage the general life but somehow cancel each other out. This mistake ends inevitably in the absolute nihilism disguised as Hegelianism so well described recently by Dr. Rauschning in his book on National Socialism.

Frankly, democracy will only work if as individuals we lead good lives, and we shall only do that if we have faith that it is possible and at the same time an acute awareness of how weak and corrupt we are. A liberal Buchmanite opti-

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mism will always fail and react into the extreme pessimism of Pascal or Kafka, which denies the possibility of right action.

To free our lives from fear and greed is not easy; we must find a technique (there are several partial ones already); it will take all our patience and courage; but we have no choice.

Mr. Barzun recommends William James as a help in our trouble. May I add William Blake?

W. H. AUDEN

Thoreau for Our Time

THOREAU. By Henry Seidel Canby. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

ON AN early page of this admirable book Mr. Canby says that "there are a half-dozen possible biographies of Thoreau." One can think of as many more, but six differing and contrasting accounts of one man are enough for one volume. In the present volume, packed to bursting, Mr. Canby has written at least that number. Here is the practical Yankee, the "Yankee Pan," the creative artist working bravely in a bourgeois time and place, the intuitive thinker vainly struggling toward intellectual method, one-half of a scientist rather distrustfully inhabiting the same skin with one-half of a Transcendentalist, a rebel against church and state, an arch rebel against King Business Man, and one of the two "most truly professional of great American writers." Here is Thoreau the lover, faithfully drawn for the first time. Here is the baffled and bewildered Thoreau, caught as we all are between heaven and earth, entangled in that infinite counterpoint. Spirit speaks to him, and then our clay, until the one voice is lost in the other. Most, indeed, of that acrimonious society of clashing minds and moods which we call Henry David Thoreau is to be found in these populous pages. And if Thoreau the mystic is absent, if we do not find the ecstatic dreamer, the stormer of heaven's gate, the soaker of sunshine emptily idling on the door-sill of his Walden hut or in his home-made boat off Ball's Bluff staring at turtles, then this may be only in order that some other devotee of a grand American theme may be left in our time a little chance.

These many diverse and perverse Thoreaus are here for the first time put together, united, composed, into one unmistakable and authentic person. Mr. Canby has shown that the career he deals with, hitherto seeming no more to many of us than "a confusion of trails in the forest," had a clearly defined pattern, a persistent trend. Out of the shadows of print and the wraiths of inveterate misinterpretation he has drawn forth a substantial man, three-dimensioned, believable, and has placed him in the front rank of American prose-masters. It is a work of re-creation triumphantly done—and done, too, in the nick of time, considering how we shall need just the shining example of Thoreau in the crisis now upon us. Undoubtedly we shall be thinking, talking, writing always more about him in the months and years coming on. His influence is bound to grow as the tyrannical materialism against which he strove becomes more violently insane. Yet another full-scope study of Thoreau will not soon be needed.

A main excellence of this book lies in the almost complete sympathy between the author and his subject. Mr. Canby does not look *at* Thoreau but *into* him. He is at home in the scenery of the man's mind. He tracks him from thought to thought, from mood to mood, like one finding his way through dark woods by the feel of a familiar path.

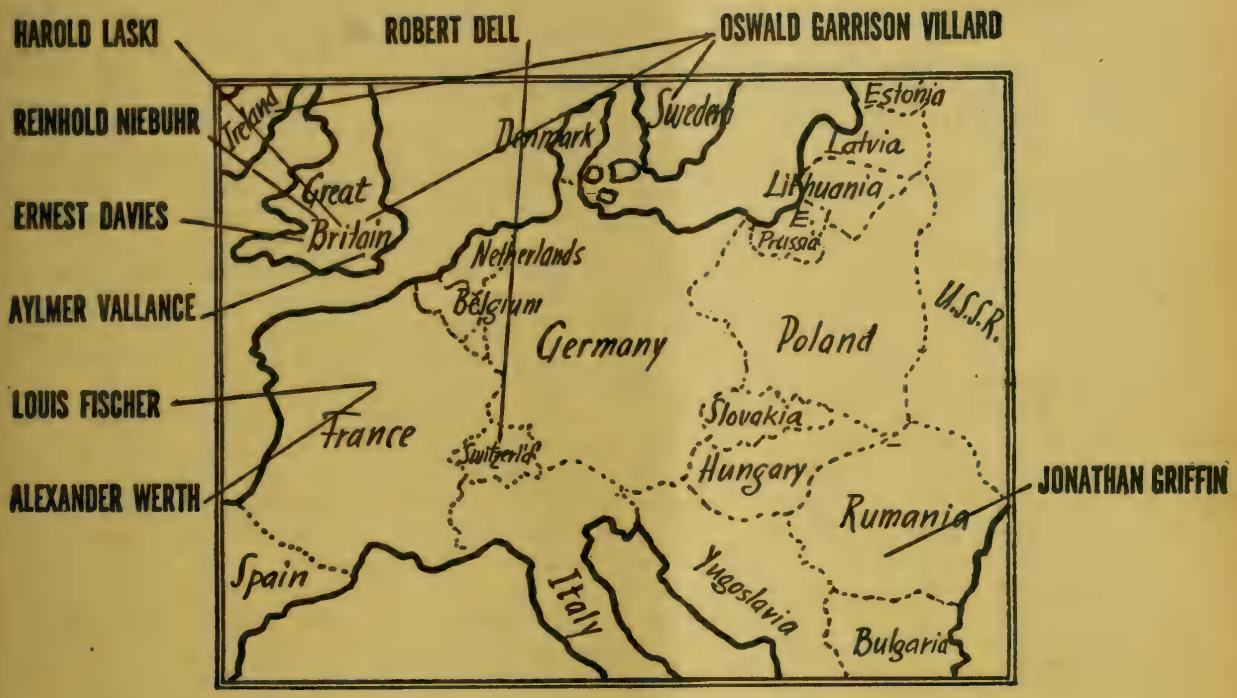
Like most Thoreauvians, all of whom belong to the left wing of a minority, Mr. Canby writes as an enthusiastic advocate. In a style for the most part plain and sober even to colloquial informality he has not been able to avoid superlatives that sometimes remind one of the Concord chanticleer himself. Thoreau, he says, had a mind of "infinite suggestiveness." No other man alive, he thinks, could have seen so much as he did in the course of a three hours' walk. His was "the most manly, most common-sense voice" in the America of his time, and he was "the greatest critic of values among modern writers of English." In control over metaphor, we are told, Thoreau "excels all moderns."

Along with these somewhat bold assertions a reviewer ought, perhaps, to set down a few of the more obvious defects in Thoreau's character, mind, and style of which Mr. Canby takes little account. Probably Thoreau himself would wish to have them set down, for it was he who said, "I cannot do without my vices. They are the highways of my virtues." And so, for example, one may point out that Mr. Canby does not give a silencing answer to those who still feel that Thoreau stood rather on the sidelines than in the line of scrimmage, and that his occasional self-complacency and scolding are on that account all the more unwarranted. They think that he did not allow enough for the normal difficulties of human nature because those difficulties were simply not encountered in his sheltered, set-aside, bachelor life.

Not everything about such a various man, however, can be put between two covers, and it is possible that Mr. Canby has wished to gloss over a few of Thoreau's defects in order that his book may have a stronger influence upon those who need it most. The familiar things are here said freshly, together with not a few that are said for the first time. The book has news to tell about Thoreau's relations with women, about his deficiencies as an observer of nature, about the importance and the failure of his work as a lecturer, about the influence upon him of his home and his mother's boarding-house, about his long struggle in learning to write, and about the precise nature of his relations with Emerson.

Chief among these novelties is Mr. Canby's attack upon the problem: What was Thoreau's main task in life? He worked, we are told, "on that still unorganized frontier where the interpretive spirit transforms science into literature." He sought the innermost secret of nature, which he felt to be a spiritual secret. He was "a reporter of physical and spiritual reality," and a seeker of the hidden ways in which these apparently sundered realms of being coalesce. Nature, to him, was a system of symbols. It was a veil which he strove to see through. In all this he was merely another Transcendentalist, but he differed from his fellows in that he felt the need of ascertaining as many facts as possible about nature before beginning his interpretation. Therefore he postponed his metaphysical problem, for which he had little aptitude, and went about that gathering of materials which has deceived so many into the belief that he was really a naturalist. Here too—partly because he had no adequate training, example, or guidance, but partly also because his

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whole heart was not in the work—he failed. Dying at forty-five, he left his life-work in such fragmentary disarray that only now, after almost eighty years, has it been clearly pointed out what he was trying to do.

And yet it is not with any thought of failure that one lays down this first really adequate biography of Henry Thoreau. The man, one is made to see, succeeded gloriously. Upon the whole he was happy, sociable, and warm-hearted. He had great friends. Even in the opinion of his gossiping bourgeois townsfolk he won some respect toward the last. If he had the pains, disappointments, and poverty, he had also the sufficient rewards of a creative thinker. No man, as his friend Channing said, has ever lived "a better unfinished life." As Mr. Canby says, "he did what he wanted." And surely he lived out to the full the determination so quietly asserted in one of his letters to his mother: "I'll be I."

ODELL SHEPARD

Moley, Moley, Moley

AFTER SEVEN YEARS. By Raymond Moley. Harper and Brothers. $3.

IF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has read this book, he has reason to regret that he ever invented Raymond Moley. The author was an obscure professor at Barnard College when the Roosevelt campaign suddenly made him a national figure. The President is wholly responsible for the "brain trust" and for Moley, its number one director. And after all the behind-the-hand whispering done in Washington while the Moley pieces were appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the essential truth of the book remains. No one has challenged any important statement. The facts are as related. The most damning disclosure, so far as the President is concerned, is the undenied truth that he permitted Moley to influence him.

Some of the reviews of this book which already have appeared take Moley to task for peddling the confidences of a White House intimate before the White House has changed hands. I am willing to pass over the question of propriety. Of course, Moley has kissed once and told twice. But there is no attempt at deception about that. The book is devoid of subtlety or innuendo. It is wholly, devastatingly frank.

Moley, according to his own lights, was the New Deal in its formative stages. I don't believe that he found it necessary to fabricate a single incident to arrive at his conclusion. In his own eyes not only was Moley the New Deal but Roosevelt was his creation. When the robot started talking back to its creator, Moley quite naturally felt put out. His grievance is set forth in this book, which to a degree almost unprecedented is the confession of a frustrated egocentric.

If one could forget the author for a moment, a possibility the author rules out, one could find a vast store of information in Moley's book. He explains away many an obscure reason for the New Deal's behavior. His recital of incidents and his explanations are invaluable. He makes the London Economic Conference intelligible for the first time. Similarly, he explains the bank closings, the NRA, and all the early ventures of the New Deal. In fact, the volume is a gold mine of information and of revelatory inside gossip.

It is almost impossible to believe that the man who wrote this book was once an intimate of President Roosevelt—yet it is so. The New Deal as conceived by Moley and, apparently, by President-elect Roosevelt was a system under which the rich were to get richer and the poor were to get more crumbs. The President obviously has grown since then. But not Moley. His political philosophy is Hoover's. Roosevelt let him down when the President became something more than a bigger and better Hoover. The men Moley praises tell much about him—Senator Edward Burke of Nebraska, Bernard Baruch and Hugh Johnson, Marvin McIntyre and Vincent Astor, Senator James Byrnes and Senator Key Pittman. Obviously, it never has occurred to Moley that there is something essentially wrong with capitalism. The trouble has been that capitalism no longer makes the rich rich enough to fatten the poor on its garbage.

Like the mildest hued of the pinks, Moley shrinks from the conception that there is a conflict of interest among the classes. Indeed, his bitter attack on Tom Corcoran and Ben Cohen arises from his conviction that it is unpatriotic to recognize that America is not one big happy family, that business may actually exploit the little fellow.

Moley's philosophy is frankly stated, and it is immature. Imagine, for example, a man of his pretensions explaining the 1937 recession in terms of lack of business confidence. Yet this is what he does. There is no hint that he sees any connection between the sudden cessation of government spending and the business crash.

Conceding that Moley is an excellent phrasemaker and that he probably is an accomplished teacher in the field of criminology, admitting that he has written an important and enormously interesting book, one may still be glad that he has nothing to do with the latter-day New Deal.

KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Caroline of England

CAROLINE OF ANSBACH. By R. L. Arkell. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

THE wife of George II is the only queen of England between Anne and Victoria whose claim to notice is better than a comic or a scandalous one. Indeed, though Anne exerted more power than Caroline, and Victoria more influence, we must go all the way back to Elizabeth for a queen who possessed more brains. If the world has pretty well forgotten Caroline, it is because she was not a picturesque figure and failed to create a glamorous court. Yet no history book will ever quite ignore her, for it was Caroline rather than her husband who occupied the throne; and because she did, it was Robert Walpole rather than some nincompoop who ruled the country.

Caroline's private history was for the most part a minor martyrdom at the hands of three generations of ill-tempered Guelfs. Her father-in-law, George I, was a bullying boor, her husband a querulous braggart, and her son, Frederick Prince of Wales, a mischievous weakling. Naturally they could not get along with one another. George II spent the first part of his life hating his father, and the second part hating his son. Whoever of the three was King kicked who-

ever was Prince of Wales out of court; and whoever was Prince of Wales did everything he could to embarrass whoever was King. Caroline spent most of her life in the company of these charmers, suffered incessantly at their hands, and managed to keep on good terms with two of them. Even she could not endure the third: she cursed the day her son was born and wished he would drop dead of apoplexy.

Her relations with her husband provide an absorbing tragi-comedy. As a king, George II, for all his royal and martial airs, was easy enough to manage; Caroline and Walpole merely let him bellow and blow to his heart's content, then quietly did what they pleased. But as a husband, the irascible, petulant George was something entirely different. He never ceased to esteem Caroline, and remarked at her death that no other woman had been worthy of buckling her shoe. During her lifetime, however, he proceeded to browbeat and unnerve her at every opportunity, to lose his temper when she kept him waiting, to grumble if she took ill, to taunt her for being too feminine, to sneer at her for being too wise, to inflict on her the duties of a nursemaid, and to harangue her in the capacity of a whipping boy. Nor was the end yet, since his esteem for her went farther—he confided to her all the details of his love affairs. She endured all this heroically: for one thing, because she presumably loved him; for another, because she knew that at bottom he loved her; finally, because in everything that mattered she had power over him. Nothing reveals their relationship so well as that famous scene at Caroline's deathbed when the King, after pooh-poohing the fatal illness that the Queen had tried to conceal, at last was faced with the truth. When he broke down and wept, Caroline urged him to remarry. "No," George stammered, sobbing at every word, "no, I will have mistresses." "Mon Dieu," the Queen replied, "*that* needn't prevent you from marrying!"

What stands out in Caroline is her worldliness—tarnished though it was by cynicism—her acceptance of reality, her unfailing good sense. Had she been frail and flowerlike, she would have died of a broken heart. But the woman who could stand up to her father-in-law and talk filth by the hour with Walpole had a mind and will of her own; and England benefited from them both. The present biography, to be sure, does nothing to prove that she had either. Mrs. Arkell, though she must have realized Caroline's value to want to write about her, has written about her as though she were another royal nonentity. All the tiresome facts and trivial details of Caroline's personal life are here, but she is not. Even a vivid *picture* of the King and Queen and their court is lacking: to grasp how tame and dull is Mrs. Arkell's brushwork, we need only turn back to the great picture painted two hundred years ago by the waspish Hervey in his Memoirs. Nor are we offered any real study of the cultural and social life of the times: the Popes and Bolingbrokes, the Lady Marys and Sarah Marlboroughs are just so many names tossed now and again into the narrative.

Since Mrs. Arkell has failed to reanimate Caroline as a person and to revivify the social background of her age, one cannot be surprised that she has virtually left untouched the political movements of the period. Yet the years which witnessed the triumph of parliamentary government in England, the domination of Walpole as prime minister, and the rise

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of the great Whig clique to unbounded power mark one of the notable turning-points in British history. Certainly any biography of Caroline should define the position of her father-in-law and husband as monarchs, should show how, by never adopting the "divine right" attitude of the Stuarts, they stand out as the very pattern of constitutional rulers. And how Mrs. Arkell can have referred so often to Walpole without making plain what he did or stood for is a problem I leave for others to solve. LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Professor Versus Poet

D. H. LAWRENCE AND SUSAN HIS COW. By William York Tindall. Columbia University Press. $2.75.

THE D. H. Lawrence cult was bound, sooner or later, to bring retaliation from an opposite camp. Such retaliation now comes from an academic source—Dr. Tindall is an assistant professor of English—and is intended to be completely subversive. Full scholarly artillery is centered on Lawrence the man, the prophet, the "proto-fascist," and the novelist. With the myth reduced to absurdity—a fairly simple task—Lawrence the writer is left very little: an ability to explore "levels below those explored by Henry James or James Joyce"; a prose which "has the power of a tom-tom to provoke emotions and to dull the mind"; a feminine gift of intuition (this noun attracts two modifiers in Dr. Tindall's text—"religious" and "almost bestial"); some energy and some sincerity. For Dr. Tindall admits that Lawrence, though a fool, was not a knave.

Susan the cow, we should state at once, is the symbol of Lawrence's private religion. She is also Isis; and because she received some attention from Mme Blavatsky she is made into a ridiculous symbol. Lawrence, the "bovalatrous man," shares in the ridicule shown his sacred animal by his latest critic. Dr. Tindall goes on to prove Lawrence a first-rate symptom of modern romanticism—and this romanticism, to Dr. Tindall, is the same mindless nonsense which floated about in the time of Wordsworth. Lawrence, moreover, failed as a novelist because he tried to succeed as a prophet; the defects of his novels may be traced to his peculiar religious obsessions. Many of his contemporaries, it is admitted, created "artificial rocks" [of Ages] for themselves; in Yeats, however, a "spirit of critical detachment" fused such nonsense into good poetry. In Lawrence "the absurd raw materials, remaining raw and absurd, assume unusual importance. The meaning and the value of the work remain the meaning and value of the materials."

Dr. Tindall has performed some skilful feats of scholarly detection in tracing down the absurd raw materials. And in a moment of detachment he allows himself to quote William James: "Origins prove nothing." But in the case of Lawrence "the creative imagination failed to work its alchemy"; therefore Lawrence's interest in—and occasional cribbings from—theosophy, anthropology, Jung's theory of the unconscious, yoga, and Freud's psychoanalysis could produce only lamentable results. Dr. Tindall's interest in pushing his argument seems to invalidate every theory Lawrence touched because it was Lawrence who touched it. Perfectly arranged, carefully documented, meticulous to the last detail, Dr. Tindall's

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thesis suffers from the defect of almost all theses: everything which can spoil a point is either eliminated or played down. Another weapon, usually absent in detached critical surveys—and how Dr. Tindall loves the abstract idea of detachment!—but here used, is a pervasive tone of mockery. To a reader with an ear for the tone of smugness and prejudice, this continuous mocking sound greatly weakens the argument.

Lawrence's assumption of the combined robes of prophet and messiah was certainly grotesque. His character was childishly undeveloped; his emotional nature close to psychosis. The fact remains that Lawrence was a remarkably complex modern product, a genius, and, in spite of confusion and "lack of inner unity," one of the most remarkable poets of his generation. Dr. Tindall has simplified his task by treating Lawrence only as prophet and novelist. He has culled a good many laughable remarks from Lawrence's letters and prose works, but adds no examples of his finest "verse." Many of Lawrence's poems are poor, it is pointed out, because they preach; and the worth of his novels is questionable because they reflect regrettable notions concerning animism, polarity, and the dark power of the blood. Lawrence's accomplishment in view of his pretensions, it is stated, is pathetic. Lawrence's character and career, it is true, are full of pathos, but to track down the actual reasons for Lawrence's success and failure, his compulsions and obsessions, together with the reasons for the tragic "romanticism" of our times, requires a kind of humility, insight, and sympathy which are conspicuously lacking in Dr. Tindall.

Lawrence is allowed one or two telling statements, although his critic slides over their importance. "Every profound new movement makes a great swing also backward to some older, half-forgotten state of consciousness." The profound changes in modern writing have been nourished on discoveries—both scientific and intuitive—concerning the place and value of the "primitivism" Dr. Tindall deplores. Jung, Frazer, and Freud are not invalidated because Lawrence distorted their findings to suit his own drive toward reconciliation and compensation. The cow used as symbol of the female element, one of the profound symbols of the race, appealed to Lawrence for reasons Dr. Tindall does not recognize. Lawrence's value lay in his power, which he shared with some others of his generation, "of conquest over the unexplored land of human consciousness." It was less an unexplored land than an unexplored ocean; the conquest was more over depth than extent. And there is something frightening about depth, and one excellent antidote against fright is mockery.

Dr. Tindall carefully keeps out French literature from his discussion of English, although the interpenetration of the two since the nineties has been destructive to pure Wordsworthian romanticism. It is difficult for one who disagrees with his thesis and regrets his tone to find actual errors of fact. It is pleasant for such a one to discover that he defines the symbolists in the usual cant way—as dealers in "vagueness." Baudelaire's "vagueness" was the vagueness of the dissecting room; Rimbaud's, of the stick of dynamite. And it is pleasant to remember Arnold Bennett—completely without transcendental interests, as stated here—being generous to Lawrence. "He can do it sometimes. In fact, he can damned well do it sometimes."

LOUISE BOGAN

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Fascist Panorama

THE MARCH OF FASCISM. By Stephen Raushenbush. Yale University Press. $3.

THIS book comes at the right time. While propagandists in all quarters confuse still more the contradictory surface appearances of the turbulent present, Mr. Raushenbush attacks the essential problem of our time with the admirable coolness and sobriety of an engineer who nevertheless has a heart in the right place. He takes apart the motor which makes society move at breath-taking speed on dangerous roads. His approach is not that of the politician or the moralist, whose attempts to stem the tide of totalitarianism have proved so ineffective. He has written a readable but uncompromising and very complete book. Even the well-informed reader acquainted with the facts presented will be fascinated by the way the immense amount of material is organized and made to serve the author's thesis.

The title of the book is an understatement. The author narrates in short, highly instructive chapters, packed with knowledge and an excellent selection of essential details, the post-war histories of Germany, Austria, Italy, and the Balkans, with accent on all the material and psychological trends which have contributed to the present state of affairs. He examines the position and the function of the church in those states and the use of anti-Semitism as a means to power. These studies would in themselves form a full and instructive volume, but Raushenbush makes them serve a higher purpose. Having read critically all there was to read about contemporary Europe, he went abroad to see with his own eyes, to speak with people in every walk of life and of every kind of conviction, in order to find out whether the totalitarianism of the Old World has any chance of success in the New, and what will be the best defense against it.

> There is material enough, and to spare, for the making of a purely American fascism today. There are a striking number of similarities, actual and potential, between ourselves and the formerly democratic nations of central Europe which succumbed to fascism. Yet there are also great dissimilarities which should not be forgotten.

From his main thesis that on a certain level a job is more important to the average man than freedom, his ideas for a defense against fascism also spring.

> We must make up our minds rather rapidly how we can give liberty, equality, fraternity, and prosperity. We must summon the vestiges of Yankee ingenuity, the hard pioneering of our early days, the longing of all our people for a real freedom, the drama of our crowded cities, the gambling energy of the West, to help to develop a dynamic program.

If no detailed outline of this program is attempted, the ground is at least effectively cleared for it. The reader of "The March of Fascism" has the whole panorama of the modern landscape before his eyes—freed from the ugly advertising slogans of current political fashions. He is enabled to think for himself afresh, and to reexamine the values of what he beholds. This, of course, as the author knows, is merely a starting-point from which to go into action.

> Men will not rally and fight endlessly for little objectives or mean ideals. Given faith in a great cause they will

find support in all corners of the earth. Such a faith must probably be found before we can expect to realize the American dream in our time and set the nation in full motion again. For without this faith in such values, the strain of years of crisis and wars ahead may make it easy for us, too, to be made into efficient and patriotic barbarians. The style has been set.

A short review cannot convey how thoroughly the author analyzes the problem and how effectively he exposes its essential difficulties. One realizes only after putting down his book how impressive it is. "The March of Fascism" is outstanding in contemporary political literature for its mastery of the material and, not less important, for its simplicity and unpretentiousness. And the breath of the faith for which Stephen Raushenbush is longing sometimes sweeps through his pages.

FRANZ HOELLERING

MUSIC

THE unwritten code of American music critics who are gentlemen is that one mentions a fellow-critic only to pay him a compliment or does not mention him at all, and in this way assures oneself of the same consideration. The English tradition is that one corrects a fellow-critic's error and takes the consequences. This makes for less comfortable critics, but for better criticism, and in this way for more enlightened readers.

A critic's verdict on this or that performance is negligible; what cannot be ignored is the general ideas on violin-playing or conducting or operatic performance that he puts into the heads of his readers in the process of giving his verdict on Heifetz or Barbirolli or the Metropolitan "Orfeo." For these ideas pile up to become the readers' understanding of music, the basis of their own judgments and attitudes; and it is therefore in the power of the critic to educate his readers or to corrupt them. Thus, when Deems Taylor, to build up Barbirolli for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society and Columbia Broadcasting System, said: "The extraordinary thing about Mr. Barbirolli's tenure of office so far is that people have begun to realize that the Philharmonic is a great orchestra. They don't talk so much about the conductor, and I think that's the greatest tribute you can pay the conductor of any orchestra," he not only, incidentally, knifed Toscanini but misstated fact, since what people had formerly talked about was Toscanini's ability to reveal the capacities of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and they were talking now about Barbirolli's inability to do so; and he gave the utmost plausibility to an incorrect idea about the relation of a conductor to an orchestra. The blandly treacherous attack on Toscanini provoked some of the New York critics into violating the code and rebuking Mr. Taylor; but more important was the blandly treacherous attack on his hearers' understanding, and the fact that Mr. Taylor's use of this dust-in-the-eyes technique, during the many years that he has written and spoken on music without drawing a murmur from his colleagues, has filled the heads of his readers and listeners with more incorrect facts and ideas than one would have thought it possible for one person to have.

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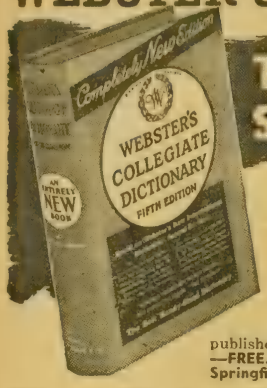
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This, it seems to me, is something which a commentator on the musical scene must concern himself with. Not only is criticism itself a part of this scene, but it is a part which in large measure shapes this scene, and which must therefore be watched most vigilantly. If our musical life is the worse for a Barbirolli at the head of a New York Philharmonic it is the worse for the criticism which helped to make this possible—not only Gilman's review of Barbirolli's first appearance here, which would have been suitable for the first appearance of Toscanini, Muck, and Mahler combined, but the articles in which Henderson, irritated by the fuss and hysteria about Toscanini, hammered away year after year against prima donna conductors.

That brings us to reasons. A critic may fail through mere inability to hear, judge, think; and that accounts for some very bad criticism. But Henderson knew how great orchestral performance was produced; and if, nevertheless, he wrote those deplorable articles it was because on those occasions the knowledge and taste of a critic were displaced by the emotions of a moralist. I once pointed out here that Shaw was the finest of music critics not only because of the critical resources he brought to the job, but because of the integrity that caused him to use all these resources of knowledge, taste, literary skill, and wit to deal rigorously with his subject as it required to be dealt with; and the bad critic is one who allows himself to be deflected from such rigorous justice. He may do so for the reason that Henderson did. Or he may, in Shaw's words, be "afraid of his friends, of his enemies, of his editor, of his own ignorance" and "hopelessly muzzled by the mere mass of [his] personal acquaintance." Or he may use his subject to show off what he thinks are his knowledge, taste, literary skill, and wit; and whether it is Gilman using it to write belles-lettres, or Chotzinoff to pose as the hard-boiled, blasé critic whom nothing can fool and nothing, almost, can impress, his subject suffers.

All this holds for criticism of jazz. Good criticism is just as important here; bad criticism is just as prevalent, and for the same reasons. But that must be left to next week.

B. H. HAGGIN

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The Shape of Things

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THE RESTRICTIONS IN THE PITTMAN BILL against carrying on trade with belligerents in American ships seem unduly harsh if their only purpose is to prevent disputes such as led us into the last war. As it stands, the bill would, according to Senator Pittman, "absolutely prevent our citizens from carrying on commerce with the belligerents." It would bar American ships not only from the actual war zones but from taking supplies to British and French possessions in this hemisphere, Asia, or Africa. According to some authorities, it would even prevent American ships from visiting ports in the British and French empires for the purpose of obtaining raw materials for use in this country. Such action would deal a deathblow to American shipping, and might, if a shipping shortage arose as a result of submarine warfare, bring about a dearth of imported raw materials. If such restrictions were necessary to keep America out of war, we should urge their adoption regardless of the effect on business. But it would be ridiculous to assert that trade with Bermuda, Singapore, or Cape Town would be likely to create an incident involving the United States in a major diplomatic dispute. It would seem wise to limit the restrictions on American shipping to the war zones, including neutral ports in obvious danger spots, and to make specific provisions covering trade with overseas possessions and dominions. After all, our object is the security of the United States, not the throttling of trade.

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THERE ARE INDICATIONS THAT THE 300-MILE safety zone which the Pan-American Conference established around the Western Hemisphere may prove an embarrassment rather than an aid to the efforts of the United States to remain out of war. The British press has suggested that the establishment of the zone is a violation of international law, and has warned that Britain cannot be expected to respect the zone in the event that British shipping is attacked within its limits. Admiral Land, chairman of the Maritime Commission, has intimated that the United States is not in a position to take responsibility for patrolling the entire zone. This leaves us in an anomalous position. Presumably we claim the right

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to seize or sink any belligerent ship entering the safety zone, but we refuse to accept responsibility for preventing submarines or raiders from establishing bases in American waters. The recent torpedoing of a British ship by a German raider and the sinking of a German submarine while being refueled by a Dominican cutter show that the danger is far from a hypothetical one. A clear statement at this time of American policy with regard to the safety zone might eliminate the danger of a serious dispute in the future.

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JAPANESE ARMIES SUFFERED THEIR MOST severe setback in the twenty-seven months of war in China when the widely heralded drive on Changsha was repulsed. The attack was the most extensive military operation launched by Japan since the capture of Hankow nearly a year ago. According to some estimates nearly 500,000 well-equipped troops participated in it. Changsha, though partially burned by the Chinese last year, is, next to Hankow, the most important city of central China. Capital of the rich province of Hunan, it is a busy river port as well as the junction of two important railroads. Chinese reports indicate that the Japanese have been thrown back twenty to thirty miles with losses of 10,000 in a week's fighting. Meanwhile, aerial warfare has been resumed with accustomed frightfulness. Chungking was bombed on five consecutive days, and attacks have been reported on Kunming and other cities in China's Far West. The Chinese struck back with a successful air raid on a Japanese air base, one of the first in months.

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A COMMODITY BOOM WHICH STARTED ON the outbreak of war has lost much of its steam, and in certain cases prices have come back sharply—sugar being an outstanding example. Consumers need to be on the watch to make sure that retail prices, which were rapidly adjusted to rising wholesale quotations, are equally responsive to market setbacks. Prices of textile goods particularly bear close attention. Raw wool has jumped about 60 per cent since the beginning of September, and in this case the shortage does seem genuine, for the British government has cornered supplies. Under these circumstances a rise in the cost of suits and carpets is probably unavoidable. The mark-ups reported in cotton sheets and clothing appear less excusable. Fabric prices have increased to a greater extent than the rise in raw cotton justifies, thanks to the huge orders that have poured into the mills. But a good deal of this buying appears to be for speculative inventory orders, and if a corresponding consumer demand fails to materialize, prices are likely to slump. Shoppers able to defer purchases of cotton goods will therefore probably benefit by waiting. In this connection we welcome the appointment by the National Consumers' Federation of a special committee to study the effect of war on prices and plan resistance to unwarranted increases. Such a committee should be able to do useful work both by way of publicity and in acting as a stimulant to the several government agencies concerned in this problem.

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FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD ESTIMATES SHOW the rise in business activity during September to have been the sharpest in recent years. The board's index of industrial activity for the month was 110, an advance of 8 points from August and 16 points from the year's low in April and May. By the end of September, according to the board, "a still higher level" prevailed. Although the war brought an increase of orders in practically every line of business, the sharpness of the rise was largely due to the dramatic increase in steel production. At the beginning of October the steel industry was operating at 87½ per cent of capacity, or only 1.17 per cent below the 1937 peak. This contrasted with operations of only 58.6 per cent of capacity in the first week of September. Much of the new steel business is attributed to haste on the part of steel users to get their orders in before a substantial war business develops at inevitably higher prices. But the automobile industry is enjoying almost equal prosperity without the benefit of a direct war stimulus. Output in Canadian and American plants is expected to exceed 100,000 cars a week before the end of October, a point which has not been reached since 1937 except for two weeks in December, 1938. Other consumers-goods industries progressed more moderately. Although some advance in business seemed to be in the cards regardless of the war, the larger part of the improvement is undoubtedly of a mushroom character. It is significant that each new Hitler "peace scare," like his former war scares, is followed by a sharp break on Wall Street. The United States has already given hostages for the continuation of the war.

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ONLY A SMALL PART OF THE SAAR BASIN has actually been occupied by the French army, but a very large part, including Saarbrücken, its chief center, is commanded by French guns. Practically all the civilian population of this district has been evacuated, and its great industrial plants are at a standstill. As a result Germany is deprived of an important fraction of its coal, iron, and steel production, for which the capture of Polish Silesia does not entirely compensate. In 1930, when the Saar was still under French administration, its coal output was about 13,000,000 metric tons, or 1 per cent of Germany's whole output last year. It is probable, however, that the contribution of the Saar mines has increased since they were returned to the Reich. Poland's coal production in 1938 was 38,000,000 tons, and the

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German conquerors claim that they can improve on this figure. That seems questionable, considering that they will have to rely on unwilling Polish labor, and in any case it will be some time before the disorganization wrought by the war can be remedied. With respect to iron and steel, Poland provides no substitute for the shutdown in the Saar valley. On the basis of the 1930 figures, which undoubtedly understate the position, this district accounts for roughly 12 per cent of German pig iron and 10 per cent of German steel. Poland's output of these essential materials, of which the Reich was experiencing a severe shortage even before the war, is quite incapable of making up for such a loss. It appears, therefore, that French operations on the western front, quite apart from their military value, are making an important contribution to the economic pressure on Germany which is the Allies' strongest weapon.

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NO FRENCH GOVERNMENT WAGING A WAR can permit defeatist propaganda to be carried on behind the front lines, even if disguised as a desire for "peace." But when Daladier distinguishes between "Munichеers" under the influence of Russia and "Munichеers" under the influence of Germany he creates suspicion. The purge of Communist-dominated municipal councils throughout the country and the investigation into the peace appeal of the forty-three Communist deputies are not difficult to justify. But the question is why no similar action has been taken by the government against Flandin's undemocratic "Democratic Alliance" group, which has been notoriously pro-Hitler and is now conducting a "peace" campaign throughout France. Can it be that the French government is more anxious to smash the Communist Party as such than to prevent propaganda hostile to French interests and dictated by foreign powers?

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THE YANKEE CONQUEST OF THE REDS TOOK place on the banks of the Rhine; and probably no World Series in history was ever surrounded by so much political innuendo as this one. Hearst editorial writers interpreted the rout of the Reds as an example for every American community; sports writers sent their dispatches in the form of battle communiqués; front-page make-up men were constantly torn between World Series news and serious world news. But we certainly don't believe, as some (Cincinnati) Red apologists have hinted, that Wally Berger's bat was stunned into silence by the Russo-German pact, or that Schnozzola Lombardi had trouble lifting his bat because his thoughts were on lifting the embargo. The Red débâcle was foreseen in these pages a good deal earlier than the past summer. On September 17, 1938, *The Nation* warned that Yankee supremacy wasn't a passing phase, that it stemmed from a virtual monopoly over minor-league talent, and that if it continued unchecked it would have disastrous consequences for the baseball world.

Communists and Democracy

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WAY back in the days when Communists were fellow-travelers of liberals and other anti-fascists, people used to debate the question of their "sincerity." Did the Communists believe in democracy? Did they genuinely support the New Deal? The tendency among many non-Communists of the left was to give them the benefit of the doubt and accept their support and their labor in the various causes on which all could agree. They might be heading for some Stalinist Mecca beyond the democratic horizon, they might be cantankerous and rather unreliable companions, but they were accepted as pilgrims on the same dusty road, beset by the same dangers and opposed by the same foes.

Then came the pact between Stalin and Hitler, and the Communists, with a very few important exceptions, took the next turn to the right. Immediately they were put down as liars and traitors by those whom they had deserted. And their extraordinary behavior ever since has encouraged the growth of bitter feeling. If they had set out to prove themselves scoundrels they could not have worked to better effect.

I don't want to argue the cause of Communist integrity. I believe they are sincere according to their lights, but so are Jesuits and Macedonian nationalists. Their mistake lies in trying to explain what can only be accepted on faith. By blurting out their daily contradictions they have turned themselves into liars and their creed into a shambles of self-annihilating nonsense. Men of faith always lose when they attempt to justify their dogma.

Largely as a consequence of its ideological contortions the Communist Party today faces withering cross-fire from right and left and center. The Dies committee has redoubled its attack, the American Labor Party has adopted a fiery resolution condemning it, the trade unions are preparing for a general purge. The recent action of the American Labor Party is typical of the prevailing mood. Communists, along with members of other political organizations, have been excluded from the party, but many of its members are charged with Communist sympathies and some are suspected of actual affiliation. Such persons have been tolerated in the party and a few given high office. Michael Quill is one of these. Although by his own definite statement he is not a Communist, he has worked closely with the party, and his opinions have paralleled the "party line." But he is likable, able, and the vigorous leader of an important C. I. O. union—the

Transport Workers. The other day the Labor Party adopted a resolution condemning the Communists as "betrayers of the labor movement, antagonists of democracy, and protagonists of dictatorship." It also demanded that Mr. Quill—who was on his way to the C. I. O. convention in San Francisco—express his support of the resolution or forfeit his membership in the party and his nomination for reelection to the New York City Council. Quill retorted by telegram with a vigorous denunciation of the resolution as a witch-hunt and a piece of warmongering. And so the situation stands as we go to press.

This is all natural enough, but it is disturbing as well. The anti-Communist wave that is sweeping in from the left is meeting and merging with the tide of intolerance that has been rising on the right. The atmosphere of the country today is uncomfortably like that of 1917 and the years immediately following the war. In the last session of Congress a poisonous crop of anti-alien and anti-radical legislation sprouted and then, for the most part, died in committee. Washington correspondents say that next January those bills are likely to go through in a rush. The Dies committee has been piling up testimony in its customary lavish, undiscriminating way showing the nefarious activities of Communists, Bundists, and indigenous fascists. Mr. Dies has promised a new batch of repressive legislation based on this material. He has also issued accusations against the Administration charging it with sheltering thousands of Communists in the federal agencies and departments, and he announces that they will be sacked in wholesale lots.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of democracy. We have not gone to war, and no excuse exists for war-time hysteria. Neither Communists nor even Bundists are enemy agents. They are members of organized groups whose purposes and sympathies run sharply counter to those of most Americans. They deserve to be watched but not to be persecuted. They must be prevented from breaking existing laws and from endangering our national defense. New legislation may be needed to control the activities of all partisan bodies. For example, laws should be adopted without further delay to prohibit private military organizations and the wearing of uniforms. And a way should be found legally to prevent the slander of racial or religious groups or individual members of such groups. I favor, too, some law which would force newspapers and organizations that carry on propaganda through the mails to publish or regularly file with some government agency their sources of income. Morris L. Ernst, who has been developing the idea of such legislation for a long time, would also require the reporting of by-laws, budgets, lists of officers, and financial statements of such organizations. That dangers lurk in this proposal is evident, and the law would obviously be hard to enforce. But it would have the great merit of exposing to the light many unsavory relationships—financial and otherwise—that are now hidden in the privacy of office files or produced only through the capricious activities of a Dies committee. A measure of this sort, enacted promptly, might prove the best means of staving off a new flood of alien-and-sedition acts.

For the real danger is that general detestation of Communists and Bundists will lead to acts of outright repression supported not only by reactionaries but by disgusted liberals. The anti-Communist drive in the American Labor Party echoes too closely for comfort the noisy denunciations of Martin Dies. There is no reason on earth why the Labor Party should not express its disapproval of Stalin or its contempt for the behavior of the Communists in America. There is no reason why it should harbor Communists in its membership. But when the secretary of the party closed the debate on the resolution the other day by saying that those who voted against it would no longer be considered members of the party he was demanding something very close to a Nazi *Ja*. The resolution happened to be a complicated one, combining an attack on Stalin and the Communists with support of the Administration's foreign policy. Difference of opinion on an omnibus measure of this sort was inevitable. But even if the resolution had been limited to the issue of communism, the party members should have been allowed to disagree. That's what a vote is for—in America.

In the trade unions the issue is more complicated. Michael Quill might legitimately be expelled from the Labor Party if he failed to support its basic political program. But should he be ousted from the Transport Workers if he were proved to be a Communist or a Communist sympathizer? A union is not a political organism; it is a guild of workers in a given trade or industry. It seems to me that men and women should be eligible for membership or office without regard to their political beliefs, as long as they support the legitimate aims of the union and behave as law-abiding members. I know that this will sound like a counsel of innocence to persons who have run head-on into Communist tactics in the unions. But the problem still seems to me to be the old one of making democracy work. An aggressive, tough-minded majority ought to be able to run a union according to its desires. Communists are not supermen; they are only a little more diligent, energetic, and unscrupulous than the run of the mill—or mine.

As for our friend Martin Dies, his notions of proper public procedure sound as if they had come straight out of the tool-kit of Adolf Hitler. The United States is not a dictatorship. It is a strong democratic union secure in the loyalty of the vast majority of its citizens. Democracy was not invented as a luxury to be indulged in only in

periods of calm and stability. It is a pliable, tough-fibered technique especially useful when times are hard. Only a weak and distrustful American could today advocate measures of repression and coercion, or encourage a mood of panic. Now is the time to demonstrate the resilience of our institutions. Now is the time to deal with dissent calmly and with full respect for its rights. Only in this way can America win its own war against tyranny and intolerance.

Blackmailer's Peace

"BLESSED are the peacemakers" is the statement of an ideal, not the description of a fact. We hope Mr. Roosevelt will think twice before consenting to play the role of mediator in Europe. The President, in his first inaugural, said he wanted the United States to be a good neighbor to the world. But the good neighbor is often helpful by minding his own business. Mr. Roosevelt, for all his good intentions, has not always remembered this in the past. His readiness to cooperate in "non-intervention" helped bring fascism to power in Spain. Eden resigned in protest against Chamberlain's negotiations with Mussolini; Mr. Roosevelt came to the Prime Minister's rescue two months later by formally approving the resultant Italo-British pact. The President's appeals for peace before Munich only aided Chamberlain in disarming and surrendering the Czechs. There are lessons to be learned from these past experiences. It is no doubt flattering to the President that the Führer now looks to him for mediation, for Hitler snubbed three of Mr. Roosevelt's five appeals to him in the twelve months before the attack on Poland. It is now the dictator's turn to appeal. We think it is also his turn to be snubbed. For it should be clear to Mr. Roosevelt that he cannot restore Poland or Czechoslovakia and that he can succeed only in giving Hitler the breathing space he wants before his next offensive.

It is hard to believe that many will be taken in by Hitler's peace offer. The assurance of no further territorial demands on Europe is the familiar one, repeated after each of the Führer's aggressions. "Mein Kampf" may be a shrewd textbook in the art of plain and fancy lying, but prevarication, too, has its law of diminishing returns. The French, in particular, will not be taken in by Hitler's pledges on Alsace-Lorraine; the activity of Nazi agents in those provinces is too well known. *Pravda* may echo his claim that war with Poland was forced upon him by "the intransigent and provocative action of a certain state," but who else will pretend to believe him? The Führer, in his Reichstag address, advocated disarmament and heaped scorn on the munitions makers. We are almost tempted to suspect him of a sense of humor. For his peace offer is little more than a willingness to accept the surrender of Britain and France. He asks the return of Germany's colonies and acquiescence in Russo-German domination of Eastern Europe. He would pay with the same old promises. Significant here was the omission of any reference to Italy, which has its own aspirations in Southeastern Europe. Mussolini seems a forlorn figure, ready to sell out to the lowest bidder.

Hitler may want peace, for a while, on his own terms. War in the west would destroy the well-advertised myth that the Führer can attain his objectives without serious conflict. It would also run counter to his basic maxim—take 'em on one at a time. But he either underestimates the morale of the West or feels so confident of Russian aid that he does not think it necessary to make a plausible offer. Only Lewis Carroll could do justice to Hitler's faith in Stalin, but *Izvestia's* editorial supporting the Führer's peace offensive indicates that this confidence is far from baseless. *Izvestia* discovers that it would be criminal folly to fight to crush Hitlerism. Two months ago Hitlerism was a menace to world civilization. Now *Izvestia* says, "One may respect or hate Hitlerism, just as any other system of political views. This is a matter of taste." Thus Marx is wedded to Savarin. A regime that is merciless to the slightest ideological deviation in its own territory compares war against Hitlerism "to the dark medieval epoch of . . . religious wars for the extermination of heretics." When the Russian government begins to feed its people pap of this kind, the expectation that Moscow will stab Hitler in the back begins to seem wishful thinking.

But if Hitler is leaning on Bolshevik friendship in the east, fear of Bolshevism remains an influence for peace on his terms in the west. The rulers of Britain and France look apprehensively down the corridors of the future and see only an infinite series of dilemmas. Hitler's peace means further blackmail and the end of their empires. To continue the war may make Stalin master of the Eastern Hemisphere. Moscow is the new Canossa, and the line of the penitents grows longer; Hungary is the latest suppliant. But would Moscow be asking for peace if it did not have an agreement with Berlin for further aggrandizement even if the war ends? If Britain and France wage war to the death against Hitler, they may exhaust themselves and see the end of capitalism. If there is peace, demobilization, and arms limitation, the method by which Hitler ended German unemployment is ruled out, and the revolutionary specter rises anew in that sector. A huge loan would be necessary to permit the Nazi regime to adjust itself to peace conditions, but a loan would subsidize England's foremost European commercial competitor. No loan of the requisite size is possible without the cooperation of the American money market. Who here will buy German bonds or agree to government loans for Hitler? The way to safety

amid these dilemmas for British capitalism is tortuous and runs along a precipice. Chamberlain would like to starve Hitler out if he could and make a deal with German big business and Junkerdom. That might end the war but not the imperialist conflict between an emergent Germany and an arrived England—a conflict which has plagued the world since Bismarck. Nor would it end the contradictions strangling European capitalism as the tide runs more strongly than ever toward an internationalist and socialist solution of the problems of a Balkanized Continent.

Must There Be Another Versailles?

THERE can hardly be any doubt that the Allies' reply to Hitler's "peace" speech will be an emphatic no. His terms provide not a basis of negotiation but merely a basis of capitulation. Their acceptance would leave him master of Middle Europe and free to impose on that region the political, social, and economic doctrines of National Socialism. Peace would automatically reduce the leverage the Soviets can now exert on Germany, although Russia's greatly strengthened strategic position would probably bar any Nazi move eastward. But that would only increase the pressure toward the west. The weak neutral states to the north and west of Germany would be magnetically drawn within its orbit, and Britain and France, having relaxed their huge effort to oppose aggression, would have nothing but Hitler's word to guarantee them against direct threats to their independence.

Yet merely to refuse this invitation to suicide is not enough. It ought to be answered by a clear statement of what the Allies are fighting for. That is something for which the world is waiting, and it is not a question which can be put aside until later in the war when vision may be blurred by the bitterness of the contest. Moreover, the possession of a positive plan to restore peace and prosperity to Europe is an essential weapon which the Allied governments will neglect at their peril. They need it to strengthen the morale of their own people; they need it to retain the sympathies of the domestic neutrals; above all, they need it for their propaganda inside Germany, for they must convince the Germans that they aim to liberate, not to enslave.

This problem is engaging many of the best minds in England and France, but so far official statements of war aims have been confined to a pronouncement that "Hitlerism must go." We fully agree that there can be no security for Europe until that prerequisite is obtained. But if Hitlerism is to go, what is to take its place? There have been ominous hints from both London and Paris of willingness to do a deal with the German Junkers, industrialists, and army chiefs provided they will overthrow the Führer. But if such a reactionary revolution succeeded, what contribution could it make toward curing Europe's chronic ills?

The fact must not be overlooked that Hitler has a perverted plan of his own for establishing the peace and prosperity of Europe. He clearly envisaged in his latest speech a *pax Germanica* and an economic unification of Europe which would permit the abolition of tariff barriers simply by subjecting all commerce and industry to the fiat of Berlin. Such a Europe might provide a modicum of security, but it would be at the expense of all freedom and would require a super-Gestapo to give it cohesion. Nor could it bring peace to the world, for just as a Nazi Germany finds a safety valve in foreign adventure, so too would a Nazi continent press outward, seeking what it might devour.

Fantastically horrible as the Hitlerian vision of a new Europe may be, it at least recognizes that rugged nationalism is obsolete. The great sin of the Paris peacemakers in 1919 was not their vengefulness—there have been far more Carthaginian treaties—nor even the astronomical absurdities of reparations; it was rather their failure to see that, by adding to the patchwork craziness of the map in the name of self-determination, they were dooming Europe to economic impotence. Tightly corralled behind their tariff walls, the peoples enjoyed the sovereign right to sustain themselves from their own overgrazed pastures. Modern techniques of communication and industrial organization, lacking the space they need to realize their full possibilities, were frustrated.

Whatever the outcome of the war, a restoration of this status quo ought to be impossible. The Allies must therefore oppose to Hitler's dream of a Europe united under a dictator a positive plan for a union of free peoples. This means that they must make known their willingness to lead the way in surrendering their sovereign powers in the realms of economics and of defense and their exclusive colonial rights. In cultural matters the various nationalities can be self-governing; but while there are separate national armies there can be no peace, and without economic planning on a continental scale there can be no prosperity. Above all, a constitution for a United States of Europe must be democratic and provide ample guaranties for personal liberty. The people have had their bellyful of dictatorships and concentration camps.

The acceptance of such peace aims as these will not come easily to the rulers of Britain and France, but they must know that it is insufficient to offer to Europe nothing but the abolition of Hitlerism and a return to the past. Unless they have something more constructive to offer, the chances are that their defeat of the brown dictatorship will simply restore the conditions that created it.

Shadowboxing in Washington

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, October 9

THE baffling, actionless war in Europe is no stranger than the listless, temporizing fight in Congress over the neutrality bill. The Senate debate, even though newspapers still insist that it is historic and the participants talk bravely about a hell-to-breakfast struggle, hasn't been exciting enough to assure the presence of a quorum. At one time last Friday there were seven Senators on the floor—six of them awake. It was decided to adjourn over the week-end rather than run the risk that the sergeant-at-arms couldn't find enough members in the Capitol to hold a Saturday session. By that time Administration spokesmen—with what seemed to be good reason for assurance—were predicting a quick end to the debate and claiming sixty-five votes for their bill.

The outcome from the start was almost as certain as the outcome of the World Series, which, incidentally, diverted much Senatorial attention from the business of making history.

An extraordinary lack of frankness on both sides was probably the principal reason for the reluctance of Senators to listen to one another. Like the President in his message opening the session, most of the debaters seemed to feel that it would be indelicate to argue the point at issue. Neither Roosevelt nor any of his followers has said in so many words: "We want to pass this bill lifting the embargo on arms and ammunition because it will help Great Britain and France to lick Germany, and Germany must be licked if America is to remain secure." Similarly, oppositionists have avoided saying: "We concede that the embargo isn't very important in itself, but to lift it would be to give the President, an Anglophile who can't be trusted where foreign relations are concerned, an opening through which eventually he would drag the United States into war."

These are the real arguments, and one hears them repeatedly in private conversation. But the Senate has been seized with an attack of diplomacy. The President's allies talk about legalistic neutrality and international law. The isolationists talk about the first step toward war and the distastefulness of the arms traffic. Consequently the debate has been an exercise in phony dialectics which has fooled none and interested few. It appeared for a time that the isolationists would be successful in their attempt to whip up a froth over the ninety-day-credit provisions, but the difference between cash and normal commercial accommodation was too thin to whip.

Behind the protective curtain of oratory, however, there has been one serious challenge to the integrity of the Administration bill. Little has been said about it as yet, but it is worth watching. Working quietly and with a minimum of publicity, the enormously powerful shipping lobby has been trying to poke holes in the so-called "carry" provisions of the bill—those which would keep American ships out of danger zones. The operations of the lobby received public attention for the first time when Senator Walter George of Georgia and other conservatives insisted upon a special meeting of Democratic members of the Foreign Relations Committee to give ear to the plaints of shipping interests. Chairman Key Pittman listened to a statement by Admiral Emory S. Land of the Maritime Commission to the effect that it would be a hardship for American ships to keep out of all European ports, but refused to relax the prohibitions now in the bill. The whole question probably will be reviewed on the floor, and the lobby may well be beaten there. The shippers will stand a better chance of getting what they want in the privacy of the House-Senate conference.

Sol Bloom, who as chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee will be the leader of the House conference, is a staunch friend of the steamship operators. The Bloom bill passed by the House at the last session placed no mandatory restrictions on the movements of American ships. An examination of the House debates reveals, moreover, that Bloom carefully sidestepped every question about the reason for this omission. In conference the Bloom bill will have the same status as the Senate measure. What finally becomes law will be a compromise between the two.

Even the Senate bill, tight as its cash-and-carry provisions appear to be, leaves a loophole for continuation of American shipping in the North Atlantic. Unlike the present neutrality law, it does not forbid transshipment of arms and ammunition bought in this country by neutrals. Pittman, in his speech opening the Senate debate, explained that the transshipment provision was deliberately dropped because it would be dangerous to enforce. The fact remains that under the Senate bill American ships would be forbidden to deliver supplies to belligerent ports but not to neutral ports. Thus cargoes could be carried to Sweden, Russsia, or Italy for transshipment to Germany or Great Britain; could be, that is, unless the President placed these neutrals within his "combat zone" from which American ships would be

excluded. But the Presidential authority to mark out combat zones is purely discretionary.

So the provisions supposed to protect American ships and lives from danger are not so air-tight as they have been represented. Yet if World War experience means anything, they are more important as insulation than the arms embargo. Unless the carry section is nailed down tighter than it is, American ships may continue to be exposed to raiders, especially if the British navy seems to be making headway in its campaign to eliminate the submarine menace. The isolationist bloc should take on the shipping lobby if it wants a real hell-to-breakfast fight.

With its victory on the embargo issue as good as assured, the Administration is proceeding with the formulation of long-range war plans. They call for giving as much material assistance to the Allies as possible. No one in the Administration, so far as I know, believes any longer that this country will become directly involved in the hostilities. The earlier fatalism has disappeared. What the experts expect is a war of attrition in which the Allies, helped by American supplies, will starve Germany into submission. They are of the opinion that Great Britain and France, merely by sitting tight behind the Maginot line and clamping down an effective blockade at sea, can win the war—perhaps sooner than now seems possible. The importance of the Soviet Union as a source of supply for Germany is very largely discounted.

So far as domestic policy is concerned, what the Administration seems to be figuring on is, first, a boom set off by British and French purchases and, second, a big-time rearmament program to cushion the effects of a sudden termination of the European war. The President probably will ask for heavy defense appropriations at the start of the regular session in January. Hitler's current peace overtures are not expected to succeed. Washington is figuring on at least a year of war but not on the World War variety of slaughter. It will be a strange war in which the front lines are safer than cities and in which American man-power will not be needed—only American supplies.

Germany's Fifth Column

BY EMIL LENGYEL

GERMANY is carrying on war on two battlefronts: "Westwall" and "Centerwall." The press reports the operations on the former, while the activities of the latter are reported only orally. The "Centerwall," *Kriegsschauplatz Innendeutschland,* is the domestic battle line. Operations on a large scale were being conducted on this front when I left Germany shortly after the outbreak of the war.

The domestic enemy consists of divergent elements ranging from the Socialists all the way over to a certain section of the Nazis. Many Nazis had followed Hitler in the honest conviction that he was carrying on a crusade against Bolshevism. They compared themselves to the Teutonic Order, which carried on war against Oriental paganism and anarchy in the Middle Ages. They saw themselves as the missionaries of an Occidental creed. The creation of the Berlin-Moscow axis shattered their illusions about the Third Reich's historic mission. In their bitterness they greeted one another with "Heil Stalin." The blow was hardest for members of the former Condor Legion, which had distinguished itself in the Spanish civil war. A fortnight before the conclusion of the Berlin-Moscow pact Hitler had devised the Spanish Cross, "as the expression of his deep-felt recognition and gratitude," in the words of the official *Reichsgesetzblatt,* "for the accomplishments of the German volunteers in crushing Bolshevism in the Spanish War of Independence."

Then there were those Nazis who followed Hitler because of his past successes in gaining his ends without war. They were mostly veterans of the World War who had seen too much of trench life to like it. To them Hitler was an apostle of peace. Many of them could not restrain themselves after the war broke out. Their dissatisfaction was at first inarticulate, lacking focus. Most of them were members of the brown-uniformed S. A., and some of them occupied high positions in the élite guard of the S. S. They were taken in hand by organizers of the "R. R.," Röhm Revengers, followers of Captain Röhm, who had been killed in the Nazi blood purge of June 30, 1934.

At the beginning of September brown uniforms began to thin out in the streets of Germany. It was officially said that members of the S. A. had been called for military service. But rumors were widespread that large numbers of S. A. and S. S. men had been liquidated. A few members of the S. A. and S. S. escaped to Switzerland, where they were interned. Almost invariably they refused to talk. A story told by two of them bearing on the purge got into the Swiss press, however, and into German émigré papers in Paris. A liberal German newspaper, *Neue Volkszeitung,* of New York, also recorded the new blood

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purge in the Nazi ranks. In Berlin the name of Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, was mentioned again as a victim, as it had been at the time of the Röhm purge. For weeks, at a time when his activities might logically be expected to reach new heights, the German Propaganda Minister remained strangely quiet, and it was only after the world press made much of his silence that his voice was heard again.

In the army, too, trouble developed. Anyone who kept his eyes open in Germany this summer could not fail to see that the army was less Nazi than before. The officers returned an ostentatious "Guten Morgen" to the Nazis' provocative "Heil Hitler." As on previous occasions, they were opposed to war, probably realizing Germany's inferiority in arms and supplies. But Hitler had been right so many times before that this time the army went along—up to a certain point. This point was reached after the declaration of war. The generals had their own plans, drafted long ago. It was the von Schlieffen Plan No. 2. They counted on immediate large-scale hostilities along the Westwall, considering the French and English as the greater danger. Only a fraction of the Reich's armed forces would have been thrown to the eastern front if they had had their way. An extended war against Poland was in the cards, with the west as the principal battleground.

Hitler had other ideas. Instead of remaining a figurehead as his generals fondly hoped he would, he assumed actual command of the fighting forces. Marshal von Brauchitsch, who is an opportunist, went along with him, but General von Keitel, the army's No. 2 man, fell under a shadow because of his lack of ardor for this plan. Hitler seriously reduced army protection of the Westwall, throwing his strength eastward. The generals knew he was playing with fire. If the English and French had launched an offensive, they would have found the Westwall insufficiently manned. The dismay of the army people was so explosive that it was everyone's secret. Berlin was rife with underground rumor that the armed forces held the time opportune to take matters in hand. The man they had selected was Colonel General Werner von Fritsch. He was almost openly opposed to the Nazis, and he had a large following among the higher officers. "The army to the army," was their motto. General von Fritsch met his death on the Warsaw front, while he was engaged in reconnaissance of a nature usually intrusted to lance corporals. As on previous occasions, Hitler was justified by events, but this did not lessen the resentment of the militarists.

The army had the backing of influential industrialists, including Fritz Thyssen, one-time head of the German United Steel Works. Years ago he financed Hitler's movement, along with Emil Kirdorf, the coal magnate, and other Rhenish-Westphalian industrialists. Hitler had given him a high position in Germany's industrial cabinet. When the Führer introduced war-time regimentation in industry, Thyssen could not see eye to eye with him. He left for South America, shadowed, it was said, by two Gestapo agents. He was not heard of until recently, when he returned to Europe, not to offer his services to the Chancellor, but to engage in conversations with French and English industrialists.

The signing of the Berlin-Moscow pact did not win over the Communists, who, at least in the early stages of the affair, were convinced that this was part of Russia's peace offensive. They did not fraternize with the Nazis, but continued underground their war of leaflets. I saw one that read: "Why has Hitler gone to Moscow, hat in hand? Because he knows about the strength of our organization and wants to disarm us. But we are not going to be fooled. The fight goes on!" The Communists found unexpected strength in the offer of left-wing Catholics to cooperate with them. The Catholics are more bitter than the world imagines, especially since the *Anschluss*. Their strength in the Greater Reich, including the Protectorate, is about 36,000,000. Many of them do not seem to be content with the cautious policy of the Vatican.



Dr. Joseph Goebbels

The Socialists, while claiming no closely knit organization such as the Communists have, recently launched an offensive, appealing particularly to the small bourgeoisie. They found some understanding among disappointed ex-Nazis, who do not dare to go Communist and yet would like to take part in an anti-Nazi movement. In the early days of the war they were preparing the ground for large-scale desertion and sabotage at the first sign of the weakening of the German front. Heeding Lenin's advice that defeat in the field should be the signal of revolution, they are standing by their guns.

In all Germany I found no one who wanted this war. Everyone to whom I spoke admitted openly or tacitly that the country was weak economically. "How can one start a war on short rations?" was the refrain. As the food lines lengthened, the gloom deepened. Discontent became so explosive that caution was thrown to the winds. War-time enthusiasm was totally lacking, and none but the extras hired by the Propaganda Ministry's moving-picture companies cheered the soldiers departing for the front. The soldiers themselves gave the impression of doomed men. The compulsory patriotic songs sounded like funeral dirges. Even the girls seemed no longer attracted by uniforms.

The situation in Austria was even more serious than in the old Reich. The soldiers from the Ostmark were detailed for duty behind the lines. Many of them were sent to the extreme north, to Pomerania, others to the *Wasserkante,* Germany's North Sea shore line, where discontent was particularly rife. The Austrians appeared well fitted for this type of police duty because of their intense dislike of North Germans. On the other hand, a large number of Prussians were sent to the Ostmark.

This time it was not merely Vienna, which has the reputation of being "red," but also the notoriously reactionary Austrian hinterland which displayed unmistakable symptoms of disgust. War against the Poles has never been popular among the Austrians. Vienna was, after all, the spiritual and cultural capital of Poland in exile during the hundred and fifty years of the Polish diaspora. The two nations have always got on well. Danzig and the Corridor have never meant for Austrians what they have meant to Reich Germans. Besides, Austria suffered so much during and after the World War that it does not feel like going into another European conflict.

More bitter than the others are the *alte Kämpfer,* old fighters, who sacrificed their liberty in the long fight for Hitler, against Dollfuss and Schuschnigg. They were members of the Austrian Legion, actually exposing their lives to danger and then, when outlawed, living in exile. They had expected to be rewarded for their much-advertised heroism. They received the Führer's recognition and nothing else. The key positions in the Ostmark were filled with Rhinelanders and Prussians. Hitler has a low opinion of his former countrymen. The city of Graz was a hotbed of Nazism, mostly because of the proximity of the Alpine Montangesellschaft, the largest iron works in the Ostmark. It was in that city that the Nazis staged their most vehement protest against the Schuschnigg regime. A few days later Hitler was in Vienna. Graz is now as repentant as the Gestapo permits it to be.

Even that section of the Catholics which at first indorsed the initiative of Cardinal Archbishop Innitzer in accepting the Nazi rule as an unalterable fact has turned anti-Nazi. The Socialists of Austria are remarkably outspoken in their condemnation of the Hitler regime. They are impotent, however, since their part of the country has become merely an appendage of the Greater Reich. Vienna knows that it is a second-rate provincial town. A deputation of the Viennese called upon the Führer, according to the acid little story current in Austria, beseeching him to use his influence to have the former capital remain a railway station for express trains.

A remarkable change in favor of the Hapsburg dynasty has been brought about by recent events. Everywhere I heard the comment that it was a grave mistake on the part of the Allies and their friends in the Danube Valley to have thwarted Crown Prince Otto's attempt to regain his father's throne. Much of the dissatisfaction with the present regime finds expression in the glorification of the House of Austria. The late Emperor Franz Joseph has become a national hero. The Ostmark is filled with rumors about an attempted coup d'état by Otto, who is said to have gained the Allies' blessing. After the war is over, Vienna repeats hopefully, the Danube Valley will again become a unit, as it was for centuries. And once more it will be ruled by the Hapsburgs, who gave it its Golden Age.

In Austria and elsewhere in Germany sabotage is rampant. The peasants of the Upper Danube region were said to have refused to permit the "Prussians" to fell their trees. In the war industries of Floridsdorf there are said to be as many spies as workers, and even so they are unable to prevent the commission of flagrant acts of sabotage. The public affirms and the Propaganda Ministry denies that large-scale acts of sabotage are committed daily in the steel plants of Essen, the Oppeln works, and Siemens—this in spite of the fact that such acts are summarily disposed of by emergency courts, which have a choice of only two verdicts.

How does the regime try to protect itself against the domestic guerrilla warfare? Members of the Gestapo, commanded by the extremist Heinrich Himmler, are always on the alert. Himmler is also chief of the S. S., which has become the vanguard of the government's army on the domestic front. S. S. men are in touch with the *Blockwarts,* officially designated spies in every block. They are amazingly well informed about the habits, associations, and political views of their charges. "Dangerous thoughts" have become punishable offenses in Germany.

The Allies must have been informed about the state of public opinion in Germany. If they had started an offensive against Germany, self-defense might have prompted the Germans to shoot back and forget the domestic target. The English Intelligence Service and the Second Bureau of the Sureté Générale kept the Allied governments informed of the discontent, which assumed torrential proportions at the end of the summer. It was the Allies' aim to keep this feeling alive. They could best do it by appearing as the liberators of Germany from the Nazi oppression. Warlike acts against Berlin and other densely populated centers were avoided, and the Allies adopted the technique of "war to the last leaflet." In this they were encouraged by the success of what has become known in Germany as the "King Hall campaign." These letters, sent to Germans by the thousand, were probably inspired by the English government. Their success indicated the strength of anti-Hitler feeling in the Reich.

A new situation has been created by the conquest of Poland. The legend of Hitler as the man of peace has vanished, and the hope of millions has been shattered. Even those who admire him can now see the dangers the nation incurs by trusting itself to the judgment of one man.

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Time Is with the Allies

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

IN THE first months of the war, observers agree, Germany had 3,000,000 men under arms, 1,000,000 participating in the Polish campaign and 2,000,000 mobilized on the western front. At first glance this seems a formidable figure. In fact, it is significantly small. It is less than the number of troops called to the German colors in the opening weeks of the last war. Why? And what bearing does the answer have on estimates of the course of the war?

From the Napoleonic wars until 1914 it was a commonplace that the numerical strength of armies was proportionate to the rise in population. From 1914 to 1918 the size of armies reached unprecedented levels. The following table shows the number of men mobilized by the rival powers during the last war and its ratio to the total population:

	Number Mobilized	*Percentage of Population*
Germany	13,250,000	20.4
Austria-Hungary	9,000,000	17.5
France and colonies	8,195,000	20.7
England, with the Dominions and India	9,496,000	21.0
Italy	5,615,000	16.2
United States	3,800,000	4.1

In the course of the war it became clear that the role of the machine was vital; that this, more than any other, was an industrial war. The strength of the industrial plant—not merely the armament industry but all areas of war production—loomed as an increasingly decisive factor. The efforts of the munitions worker were no longer subordinate to those of the soldier. In an illuminating article called The Soldiers and the Workers in Modern War, published recently in *Die Wehrmacht,* Heinrich Hellmer wrote:

> In our time the role of the worker has become a decisive factor in the conduct of war. The reason is that a million fighting men need vastly more material in modern war than ever before. The World War, the first "materials war" in history, offers ample evidence of this. At the start Germany produced 15 artillery pieces a month. By the end of 1914 its production had increased to 100 pieces a month. At the end of 1915 it was 480 pieces. For 1916 an increase to 1,500 pieces and for 1917 an increase to 2,000 pieces was projected. At the start of the war German production of machine-guns was 200 a month. Within one year it was 800. In the spring of 1917 the maximum production per month was 14,400. That was seventy-two times the output at the beginning of the war. In the fall of 1914 powder production was 1,000 tons a month; in February, 1915, 6,000 tons; in the fall of 1916, 8,000 tons; in July, 1917, 10,000 tons. The maximum ultimately reached was 14,000 tons. This extraordinary rise and the vast totals finally reached demonstrate convincingly that in modern war the worker stands beside the soldier as a decisive figure in the conduct of the war. . . .

During the First World War the need for war materials grew steadily more pressing. The number of workers who were not summoned to duty at the front or who were called back from the front to the factory rose correspondingly. Abundant statistics illustrate this phenomenon. Consider the "distribution of human material" in France on January 1, 1918. There were 4,225,000 men under arms. Outside the army there were 534,000 men in industry, 307,000 in agriculture, 352,000 in administration and railway posts, 110,000 in mine and marine work, and 131,000 who had been recalled from the front—a total of 1,434,000. In Great Britain 57 per cent of the male population of military age served in the army; 43 per cent in industry. When the German army entered the war, only one out of every five men available for military service was kept at an industrial post. By the end of the war it was necessary to keep one worker in industry for somewhere between two and three soldiers at the front.

In the ensuing twenty years this change has been accelerated. There is a parallel between the development of a modern army and that of a modern factory. Rationalization has progressed immeasurably—a worker can manipulate increasing amounts of machinery—but more than offsetting this is the fact that each military unit utilizes much more mechanical equipment. Contrast the arms of a modern French infantry unit with those used in 1914:

	1914	*1929*
Cannon	36	144
Mine-throwers	24	130
Tanks	—	20
Airplanes	—	30
Machine-guns*	—	70

If the strength and the number of weapons for every military unit have risen to these dimensions, the importance of armament labor and industrial production is self-evident. And the result is that, for the first time in more than a century, the size of armies is decreasing.

* In the World War machine-gunners were not attached to the infantry.

To estimate accurately the extent of this change one must avoid two errors. The first is to correlate the number of soldiers with the total working population. What is really vital is the ratio between the number of soldiers and the number of workers who are eligible for military service. Secondly, the number of airplane workers is infinitely greater than the number of fighters in the air force, and conclusions drawn from this ratio should not be carried over to other branches of the service, such as the infantry. The important thing to discover is the proportion between the number of soldiers and the number of workers required to man the war industries who would otherwise be at the front.

Calculations have already been made in Germany. The periodical *Wehrtechnische Monatshefte,* after sifting numerous statistical inquiries, estimates that Germany will need from four to five workers for every soldier it musters. In the last war Germany ultimately had 13,000,000 soldiers. But on the basis of these figures it will not be able to mobilize many more than 6,000,000 men.

The situation facing Germany's vital industry dramatizes these figures. In the *Militär Wochenblatt* for May 19, Dr. Leonhardt, discussing the economic army, analyzed each industry in turn. "In the entire German metal industry," he observed, "about 2,000,000 workers of military age—from twenty to forty-five—are now employed. If half of them should be needed for the war economy, the reserve of human material for the army would be reduced by 1,000,000. And this is only one part, if a particularly important one, of the war economy." In the German coal industry the outlook is even more serious. Coal is indispensable for modern war. But in the past year German coal production was virtually stagnant. So acute has the problem become that the German generals have seriously considered freeing all skilled workers in the coal industry from military service.

If only about half of Germany's workers can be spared for the fighting forces, what ratio prevails in France and England? The combined Anglo-French population is somewhat larger than Germany's. The two countries alone could probably mobilize more than 6,500,000 men to Germany's 6,000,000. But this is not the whole picture. They also command the military and economic reserves of their empires. They rule the oceans, and even if the American embargo on arms is not lifted, they can draw large quantities of raw materials from the United States. For the United States is able to furnish almost every necessity—coal, iron, steel, iron ore, oil, cotton, and foodstuffs—and in vast quantities. In 1913 heavy-industry production in the United States was about equal to the combined production of England, France, and Germany. In 1918 American production far exceeded the figures of 1913, while production in the belligerent nations of Europe had appreciably declined. In the last year of the war, for example, the United States produced twice as much iron and steel as England, France, and Germany combined, and three to four times as much as Germany alone. The production ratios for 1937 are indicated in the following table:

	U. S.	*England*	*France*	*Germany*
		(In million tons)		
Coal	444.25	245.07	44.33	184.51
Iron Ore	73.32	14.87	37.77	8.52
Pig iron	36.61	8.49	7.91	15.95
Raw Steel	49.50	12.96	7.90	19.84

Thus, except for the coal industry, the production of heavy industry in the United States exceeds the combined production of England, Germany, and France. I have chosen the year 1937 as illustrative because severe depression conditions obtained in 1938; in terms of the war situation America's capacity to produce is more important than the temporary production figures of any given year of the past. To visualize fully the colossal impact of American production on the European war, one need only remember that the reduction in American iron-and-steel production from 1937 to 1938 was as great as Germany's entire production. If the United States returns to the level of 1937—and it need not build a single factory to do so—the rise in production will equal Germany's total output. Of course not all of America's potential production will be available for the Allies, but with their financial resources they will be able and willing to outbid other buyers—and price should prove the decisive factor.

Transportation of American products to England and France functioned excellently in the last war despite serious obstacles. Today the prospect is a good deal brighter. The British have already demonstrated that they rule the seas. In the first month of this war they lost less than 1 per cent of their merchant fleet; and the losses have declined from week to week. Simultaneously they have destroyed between one-fifth and one-third of the German U-boat fleet. It is likely, then, that transportation will be achieved without great losses.

Nor will the cash-and-carry provision, if adopted, create any difficulties. At the outbreak of war the British



Drawing by LOW

had £3,500,000,000 in foreign countries. When one adds to this the English and French gold hoards and French assets in foreign countries, there is a sum of between five and six billion pounds which the Allies can use for cash purchases here. With this vast sum the financial barriers to large-scale importation of steel, coal, ore, and oil are postponed. And these shipments represent more than economic assistance. They mean not only that England and France have better sources of raw materials than Germany; they mean, above all, that England and France can free millions of workers for service at the front. In terms of the long war now envisaged, such American economic aid will directly facilitate enlargement of the French and British armies.

England and France, in the opening moments of this war, were less well prepared economically than Germany. But as the war continues, their superiority in necessary war materials, especially with the addition of American shipments, will become increasingly plain. America's contribution will in turn add to the British and French numerical superiority. Germany started the war at its highest point; the strength of the Allies is constantly mounting. They do not need to undertake heroic offensives. They can afford to wait.

What's Wrong with Accounting?

BY KENNETH MACNEAL

II

FROM one point of view the evolution of modern accounting practices may be divided into three periods. During the first, which began in medieval times and lasted until the early nineteenth century, the function of early accountants was limited, for practical purposes, to "counting the cost" of individual projects. Thus an Italian merchant might own a ship sailing from Venice to India with Venetian goods to be traded for perfumes, spices, and silks. The acquired articles would be brought back to Venice and sold, or the ship might be wrecked and everything on board lost. Each venture was a separate affair, and until its conclusion the chief thing that mattered was its cost to date. By merely recording its cost, the loss or profit from the venture could be determined upon its conclusion, and a new venture embarked upon. The merchant's bookkeeper was employed solely by the merchant and was responsible only to him. Anyone who might desire to know about the business would have to rely upon his own wits or believe what the merchant told him. Few would deny that the use of original cost as a measure of value was ideally adapted to this era.

But during the first half of the nineteenth century accounting entered its second era, and the picture began to change. The charging of interest by Christians was legalized in England in 1839, and the extension of bank credit gradually became more common. The practice arose of requiring the owner to submit a statement of his financial condition so that the banker might be informed before extending credit. To make sure that he received an honest statement, the banker insisted upon its being prepared by an independent accountant not in the employ of the owner. Thus the profession of public accounting was born.

Obviously an accountant could fulfil his obligation to both the owner and his banker by preparing the sort of financial statement the owner desired, provided that there was no overstatement of earnings or of net worth. The banker was interested only in knowing that earnings and net worth were at least as great as represented. Any understatement of earnings and net worth merely meant that he had more security than he thought he had, which of course was to his advantage. On the other hand, the owner was fully conversant with his own business, and if he desired to understate the value of his own property, this could harm no one.

As a matter of fact, business men were quick to see that credit could more easily be obtained were they known to be in the habit of understating their earnings and net worth, exactly as a man is looked up to for being "better than his word." Secret reserves became, and still are, widely approved. Businesses which possessed huge undisclosed assets, and consequently must have made huge undisclosed profits, were looked upon with envy and still are. Successful bankers carried their land and buildings at one dollar, or omitted all mention of them, and many, including the Bank of England, still do.

With this state of public opinion all around him, let us see how an accountant of fifty years ago reasoned as he prepared a balance sheet and profit-and-loss statement. First, he was faced with the problem of valuing fixed assets, such as land, buildings, machinery, or equipment. There was probably no ready market for such property. He did not know what it could be sold for, or if it could be sold at all. He did not know what it could be built or bought for. He only knew what it had originally cost the owner. Therefore he was forced to value it on the basis of its original cost to the owner. And to defend this original cost valuation he was also forced to invent his theory of "going-concern value."

Despite this theory, however, the accountant could hardly help knowing that in valuing fixed assets at cost he might be overvaluing them from the standpoint of a creditor. If, therefore, the owner wished to write the value of one of these assets down to a figure below what it had cost, the accountant was quick to commend such "conservatism" and to allow the revaluation. If, on the other hand, the owner wished to write the value of the asset up to a figure above its cost, the accountant was far from quick to approve this. If he allowed such a write-up at all, it was only after having received incontestable proof of the increase in value, and after having done everything in his power to dissuade the owner.

When the accountant faced the problem of valuing current assets such as inventories, he was quite naturally on the alert to prevent their overvaluation. If the inventories had no recognized market, he could value them only at their cost. If the market price of the inventories was below their cost, he valued them at market. If, on the other hand, the inventory were wheat bought at $1 per bushel and if the current market price were $2 per bushel, the accountant would, did, and still does proclaim it to be worth only $1 per bushel, and so value it in the balance sheet.

During this era accounting practices were fairly well suited to the conditions then existing. The owner was not deceived because he knew his business intimately. The banker and trade creditors disregarded all balance-sheet values except those for current assets and rested secure in the knowledge that these assets were worth at least as much as represented and perhaps a great deal more. The man who lent the owner money and took a mortgage on the fixed assets disregarded the accountant's valuations altogether and made his own appraisals. The small stockholder or bondholder who might place confidence in the entire balance sheet and profit-and-loss statement did not exist. Each party looked after his own interest in his own way, and the system worked, after a fashion.

But in the early part of the twentieth century a profound change began to take place in the ownership of business, and accounting entered its third, and as yet unrecognized, era. Businesses grew larger, and many of them became corporations. The owner-manager of such a business ceased to exist and his place was taken by a multitude of small stockholders on the one hand and by a hired management on the other. Mortgages on fixed assets were split into bonds and sold in small amounts to people of moderate means. Many mergers and consolidations were made, and corporate security holders grew more and more numerous, until today almost every business of any magnitude is a corporation, literally owned outright by small security holders who know little or nothing about it except information contained in the financial statements sent out by the paid management.

There are now a number of large corporations each of whose stockholders are counted in the hundreds of thousands. It is not unusual for the largest stockholder in a big corporation to own less than 1 per cent of its stock. Frequently the entire management, including the board of directors, owns only an insignificant fraction of a company's securities. It is reliably estimated that in the United States alone there are not less than twenty million corporate security holders. Accountants now have an obligation to three parties—the small security holder, the management, and the creditor; but they still continue to certify financial statements prepared in accordance with practices suited only to conditions existing before the advent of the small security holder.

These financial statements make possible the exploitation of investors on a scale previously undreamed of. Suppose, for example, that a group of financiers decide to make some money through the promotion of a new company. Certain members of the group purchase privately the required fixed assets for, let us say, $1,000,000 in cash. Then others form a corporation which repurchases these assets for $5,000,000 in cash, and a certified balance sheet is issued exhibiting them at their cash cost of $5,000,000. After this the public is invited to buy $5,000,000 in stock at its book value, whereas it may actually be worth less than one-fifth of this amount. How reliable is the book value? Of what use is the accountant except as a sort of accessory in a confidence game?

Consider the fable of the two investment trusts—which need not be a fable. A group of financiers acquire control of two investment trusts called the "A" trust and the "B" trust. On January 1 each of these trusts is directed to make large identical investments in listed securities. During the ensuing year the market prices of these securities increase considerably, and on December 31 the "A" trust is directed to sell its securities and buy others, and thus realize its profit. The "B" trust, however, is instructed not to sell. Certified profit-and-loss statements are then distributed to stockholders and to the public showing that the "A" trust made substantial earnings during the year but that the "B" trust earned nothing at all. After shares in the "A" trust have risen owing to its favorable earnings report, the financiers sell at high prices part of their "A" stock. When shares in the "B" trust have fallen because of selling by disappointed stockholders, the financiers purchase at low prices additional "B" stock.

During the following year the securities market continues to rise, and on December 31 the "B" trust is directed to sell its securities, but the "A" trust is directed not to sell. Certified profit-and-loss statements are then distributed showing that the "A" trust earned nothing

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during the year but that the "B" trust made enormous earnings for the year, consisting in reality of the realized appreciation in its securities for two full years. Shares in the "B" trust double in price, and the financiers sell at high prices the "B" stock that they bought a year ago at low prices. Shares of the "A" trust drop sharply owing to selling by disappointed stockholders, and the financiers buy back at low prices the "A" stock that they sold a year ago at high prices.

This sort of thing may go on year after year, but no one will ever criticize the financiers because every one of their financial statements will have been certified by reputable certified public accountants. Yet it is obvious that each year both of the trusts actually earned the same amount, and that the accountants' refusal to regard unrealized profits as profits merely supplied the financiers with a set of legal loaded dice.

Contemporary financial statements, as now prepared, frequently allow the managers and directors of a company to enrich themselves at the expense of stockholders, and to do so in the most comfortable and legal manner. Countless instances have occurred in which a company's land, its plant, or its security holdings have increased in value to a tremendous extent over many years, while this fact has been concealed from stockholders because the assets have been exhibited in the company's balance sheet only at their historical cost, in accordance with accepted accounting principles. As a result, insiders cognizant of the facts misrepresented upon the balance sheet have been enabled to accumulate the company's stock up to the date when such assets were sold and an enormous dividend declared. This state of affairs constitutes a vicious, although perfectly legal, defrauding of stockholders, and is exactly the sort of thing that certified public accountants are theoretically supposed to prevent. Yet in actual practice they not only make it possible but they justify and defend it with their theory of "going-concern value."

Under modern conditions virtually all major fraud must be predicated upon false and misleading financial statements. No officer of a large corporation could walk away with his company's land, or its buildings, or its inventories. He could not profit by taking its accounts or notes receivable, because he would be unable to collect them. If he tried to pocket its cash or its marketable securities, he would probably be detected immediately, because these items are invariably protected with a complicated system of internal check, and accepted accounting procedure requires their physical inspection at each audit. But with the advent of the uninformed security holder, accepted accounting principles permit new types of exploitation on a scale that makes plain stealing look tame. This exploitation is not crude stealing; it is horse-trading on plush carpets with a background of authentic period furniture; it doesn't give the smartest Indian a chance, nor is it supposed to.

Disclosures following the McKesson and Robbins scandal indicate that Coster's principal purpose was not theft. In fact, it appears that his machinations gave the company itself, as apart from its stockholders, vastly more assets and earnings than it otherwise would have had. Solely in its accounting aspects what Coster appears to have done was to cause his company's books to record fictitious purchases and sales, and to record that the profits from these imaginary transactions were used to buy additional inventories. The accountants auditing the books were instructed not to make a physical count of the inventories, but were supplied with officers' affidavits and with an incredibly complete mass of forged documentary evidence substantiating both the inventories and the transactions that supposedly created them. Because the accountants were not interested primarily in the actual assets but were concerned almost exclusively with book figures and supporting vouchers, they were completely deceived—and so was the investing public.

But Coster, by the simple expedient of inventing fictitious transactions, was able to manipulate the profits of his company in any manner that he wished. He was after more than a man can steal; he wanted the power and the riches that come from being the head of a gigantic corporation. By reporting large profits he knew that he could get unlimited financing through the sale of common stock and establish important lines of credit with famous bankers. Then, after he had built his company, it was obvious that a series of fictitious losses would reduce his books to a truthful basis but still leave him head of a tremendously big corporation.

When caught he was in the first phase of this long-range plan. He had sold stock over a period of years to a multitude of investors and had formed a connection with the great banking house of Goldman, Sachs and Company. The extra profits had been shown by phenomenal trading in crude drugs, but they were retained in the crude-drug inventory—all paper work which was quite satisfactory to the accountants, and to everyone else, for that matter, except the treasurer. That this incredible scheme came within an inch of succeeding is not half so disquieting as the question of how many times it may have been executed in this country by others, *successfully*. Surely as long as accountants concern themselves solely with the books and do not insist upon examining and valuing physical assets, *there will be nothing in accepted accounting procedure to render it unfeasible.*

It can safely be said that public respect for the accounting profession is now less high than it was a decade ago. It can also safely be said that this decline in prestige has been caused in large part by a growing realization on the part of the ordinary man that accounting does not talk

his language, and that it is quite as apt to deceive as to inform him. The tendency of the accounting profession to ignore the need for changing its methods does nothing to redeem its prestige. On the other hand, its tendency to seek an academic justification of present methods by redefining the accounting function can only end in its eventual admission that all accounting figures, whether for assets or income, are of little value. When this admission has been made, and when it has been comprehended by the public, accounting prestige will be at low ebb.

The changes in accounting practice being currently proposed as an aftermath of the McKesson and Robbins revelations fall far short of constituting a real remedy for present accounting evils. It has been suggested that accountants be employed by stockholders rather than by officers, and that directors be made full-time salaried employees. But what good would these changes accomplish if the financial statements upon which all must rely continued to be misleading? The simple truth that accountants as well as their critics must face is that an accountant's present knowledge and training do not wholly qualify him to prepare correct financial statements. If accountants would complete their educations, to the end that they might adopt sound accounting principles and become fitted to value those assets whose economic values are not immediately apparent, they would be so qualified. Financial statements purport to exhibit current facts, not accounting conventions or historical data, and they are likely to be useful only to the extent that they do so. They are extremely likely to be mischievous to the extent that they do not do so.

Balance sheets should be designed to exhibit a complete and truthful statement of the financial condition of a business on a given date. Profit-and-loss statements should be designed to exhibit, in proper classification, *all* profits and losses incurred during a given period whether capital or current, realized or unrealized. In no other way can stockholders and creditors be placed on an equal footing with informed insiders, and be given a truthful basis of present fact upon which they can base their own estimates of the future.

The main problem is intellectual, not moral. The accounting profession is not corrupt. Its individual members are, on the whole, as honorable as any group of men in the country. The real difficulty lies in the sophistry, illogic, and untruth of present accounting principles, which produce figures deceiving accountants, business men, and the public alike. Not until these principles have been changed will the American public be supplied with realistic, truthful, and impartial statements of business facts—needed by it more desperately today than ever before.

[*The first half of this article appeared in last week's issue.*]

Everybody's Business

Export Eldorado?

WITH the seven seas closed to German trade, thanks to the British navy, and the Allies presumably too busy making arms and munitions to bother about foreign markets, a good many American business men are enchanted by the prospect of greatly expanded exports. In particular there is much talk about capturing the Latin American market, which during the last war became a near-monopoly for this country. An army of salesmen is being primed for a southward march, and executive blotters are being covered with nice calculations of the quantities of coal, steel, chemicals, textiles, and so on which can be disposed of simply through the displacement of belligerent competitors.

Since we have a habit in this country of regarding foreign trade as a one-way street, it is but natural that the question: How much can we sell them? should take precedence; with: How much can we buy from them? coming, when asked at all, rather as an afterthought. It is therefore good to be reminded from such diverse quarters as the *Wall Street Journal* and Secretary of Commerce Hopkins that before our southern neighbors can buy from us they must find something to use for money. As a statement by the latter puts it: "It is not just a matter of pulling out the order books and taking orders. Of major importance is the increase of imports from Latin American republics, so that we can provide them with additional exchange with which to buy our products."

The entire loss of German trade, even though it was largely conducted on an unsatisfactory barter basis, is going to make a hole in Latin American pockets. In 1938 German imports from Argentine, Chile, Brazil, and Mexico alone totaled $250,000,000, while our own purchases from these countries were only $216,000,000. Hence to make up for the immediate loss in purchasing power of these four states we should have to double our imports from them. Only then would a Latin American shopping spree in this country become practicable.

It may be argued, of course, that Latin America is one of the great reservoirs of food and raw materials which will be drawn on by the Allies, and that increased purchases at enhanced prices from this quarter will more than compensate for the loss of the German market. That, indeed, happened in 1914-18, but as I have pointed out before in this column, expectations of profit based on the assumption that economic history is going to repeat itself are likely to be disappointed.

In meeting its war-time needs Britain is clearly going to give first preference to the empire, partly because trade is the cement of imperial solidarity, partly because it can buy there on a sterling basis. Moreover, neither Britain nor France can afford to splash money around as they did in the last war and are not so ready to pay inflated prices. Forced reductions in the standard of living and rationing of necessities may mean that total consumption of non-military staples obtained from abroad will decline. For this reason British imports of such things as Argentine meat and Brazilian fruit may be cut below peace-time levels.

The British Empire is to a very considerable extent com-

petitive with Latin America. With Rhodesia and Canada apparently able to supply all the copper that Britain needs, improved markets for Chilean mines depend on expansion of demand elsewhere. Long-term contracts for wheat have been made with Canada and for wool with Australia and New Zealand. It is reported that the British government was also willing to place a very large meat order in the Argentine but withdrew from the market when faced by a steep advance in prices. It seems unlikely therefore that Allied demands will fill the gap left by Germany in the Latin American export trade, although no doubt certain lines, such as oil, alloy metals, and hides, will show great expansion.

It may prove a mistake, also, to assume that British and French manufacturers will be entirely out of the trade picture for the duration of the war. Both countries have announced that they intend to maintain exports as far as possible in order to conserve foreign exchange. No doubt military priorities will operate to cut down their competition in many lines. But in others—textiles, for instance, where female labor is largely employed—they will struggle to retain their markets, and the depreciation of their currencies will give them a certain advantage.

We see, then, that while the war does undoubtedly offer an opportunity to our traders, no export Eldorado has been created overnight in which fat profits are to be picked up without thought or trouble. The first thing to set about is to swell the stream of Latin American exports. Continued recovery here will automatically raise the demand for industrial raw materials, including wool, of which a famine is threatened owing to the British preemption of the Australian crop. But in view of our own farm situation there seems little we can do about the surplus of Argentine wheat or Brazilian cotton. We might, of course, remove the ban on Argentine beef—an extra-fiscal device imposed on a dubious pretext—with great benefit to the American consumer, for whom beef has become a luxury. But remember the row when a modest order for Argentine corned beef was placed for the navy!

Under any circumstances, increased trade with Latin America is going to call for greater credit facilities. Probably the banks can provide what is necessary for ordinary transactions in consumers' goods. But orders for railroad material, such as both Argentine and Chile are reported to be placing here owing to the failure of Germany to deliver, call for medium-term credits, and will probably need assistance from the Import-Export Bank. Hence the Administration's desire to obtain more funds for this institution. Finally, if a real effort is to be made to raise Latin America from a state of poverty in the midst of undeveloped plenty, long-term investments must be resumed. In the past we have made such investments in two forms: bond issues of governments and cities, most of which are in default; and direct investments, mainly in the extraction industries, from which all the profits flow to this country. A renewal of the first kind is hardly likely to appeal to local investors, and Latin American nations have turned against the second kind.

Is it possible to create a new type of investment combining fair opportunities for United States capital with a genuine contribution to Latin American economy? This is a large question to which I hope to return on another occasion.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

IN THE window of Franklin Simon's, a New York department store, a red dress trimmed with black has been on display. The descriptive card attached to the dress reads: "Paris sees red . . . set off by midnight black."

IN THE continuing flurry over the activities of the British censorship, a number of amazing boners have been uncovered. The most glaring, reports a London journal, was the suppression of an article on military tactics on the ground that it divulged "military secrets." The article had been lifted bodily from the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

LATEST COMMUNIQUE, via Paris, on the battle of the air waves: a French broadcast, in German, reported that a lunatic asylum in the Saar had been evacuated by the Germans. Prior to French entry into the war, the broadcaster said, thirty-four of the inmates had insisted that they were Hitler. Upon evacuation, only twelve still stuck to their guns.

McALISTER COLEMAN, frequent contributor to *The Nation,* recently submitted a manuscript along with a physician's prescription blank. The prescription was made out for Robert Bendiner; it read: "Take all articles submitted by M. Coleman."

FROM THE publishers' blurb for Raymond Moley's "After Seven Years": "Scrupulously fair, remarkable for its lack of bias, written with no trace of recrimination."

FATHER COUGHLIN is suing a Detroit newspaper for $5,000,000 on the ground that it called him a "congenital liar." The newspaper claims that it has collected scores of untruths and feels confident that it can prove he is a "liar." The knotty problem puzzling lawyers is how to prove that his falsifying is "congenital."

NEWSPAPERMEN WONDER how the New York *Herald Tribune* feels about having closed its Moscow office a few months ago. The step was reported to have been taken because so little news was coming out of Moscow that reader interest in Russian policy had almost disappeared.

WHEN TALK of "peace" was revived last week, a journalist who has been covering Tom Dewey's activities commented: "If there's peace, it's Dewey luck again."

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER reports that a telegraph operator on the Akron *Beacon-Journal* posted this "bulletin" in that paper's office: *"New York, Tuesday, Sept. 12.* (U. P.) A British radio broadcast received here early today said that a Russian broadcast intercepted in London stated that a Polish broadcast heard there made the assertion that a French wireless message picked up there said that a Swedish broadcast heard there had said that the German offensive 'is broken on the line of the River Bug' in Poland."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, September 25

WHATEVER else the war has done in its first three weeks, it has wiped out the last traces of Woodrow Wilson's interference in European affairs. He who boasted that he knew how to get peace and that his mind had only contempt for the pacifists because they did not know how to get it, and who remarked on the first Armistice Day that no one would dare to say that German militarism, then in the dust, would ever be resurrected, should have lived to see what is left of the elaborate structure raised at Versailles. Poland has followed Czechoslovakia into the discard; the red flag of communism has advanced halfway across Poland—that red flag round which the Big Four at Paris threw their "sanitary cordon of bayonets." Germany has now torn up the last bit of the Treaty of Versailles. Not even the poor Tyrolese, who by fiat of Woodrow Wilson were wrested from Austria and delivered over to Italy, are where he placed them—at least, Mussolini is supposed to be expelling them from their historic homeland and settling them in Austria. The League of Nations is so dead that in all the discussion of the new war aims going on in the British press no one has even suggested that it be revived. Yet Wilson considered it his cleverest stroke that he insisted on putting the Covenant of the League into the treaty of peace in order to insure its adoption and its continuity. Some historians of the future may portray Wilson as the leader of the first attempt to organize the world, but they will always describe it as a completely unsuccessful experiment, which lasted only twenty years.

For this sad outcome the Allies bear the heaviest share of responsibility. The French sabotaged the treaty when they marched into the Ruhr, and the British calmly violated it when they made their naval bargain with Hitler in 1934, for which they are now paying a terrible price in treasure, ships, and men daily being sunk by the submarines Sir John Simon gave the Germans permission to build. Of course one still hears here that it is America's fault that the vision Wilson held has come to naught. That veteran journalist, A. G. Gardiner, writing in an evening newspaper, brings out the old charge that we wrecked the League by not taking part in it. This is based upon the amazing assumption that if we had joined the League it would have been perfect. We and England, the argument runs, would have dominated it and the world and invariably done the right thing—kept the French in check, prevented their going into the Ruhr, spanked Mussolini for killing the orphans of Corfu, and chased the Poles out of Vilna. It is only necessary to state it to show how preposterous it is. Can any sane American imagine Harding, or Coolidge, or Hoover sending liberal, enlightened, internationally minded statesmen to represent the United States? They would certainly have sent men of the type of Charlie Dawes, Andrew Mellon, Frank Kellogg, and the weak and ineffective Norman Davis, and it is impossible to believe that any of them could have measured up to the task.

Now that Hitler has finally wrecked the whole edifice of Versailles, what of the future? This brings us squarely to the question of the war aims. Mr. Chamberlain has just given his word that the British government is committed to the formation of a stable international system having as its object the prevention of war and the just settlement of international disputes by peaceful means. So far so good. But this must be supplemented by detailed proposals, and before very long, if the neutral nations and Germany are to be convinced that England has learned the lesson of the failure of 1919. If a peace offer does come from Germany, the English and the French must be ready with something more than a flat refusal to consider it. That will be their opportunity to make a real proposal for the definite reorganization of Europe.

Two striking facts emerge from the discussion of war aims. The first is that Europe cannot continue to live as it has been living, going from one alarm and one crisis to another, and carrying a burden of armaments which will be financially impossible after the debts of this war have been piled on top of the unliquidated debts of the last. Secondly, one hears on all sides the belief that Europe must be reorganized on federal lines. For this idea, great credit must be given to Clarence Streit. By no means all who have read his book favor his proposals, which are full of dubious points. His great achievement is that he has made the thinking people of England read and discuss and ponder his demand that the nations be organized this time, not on a national basis, but after the example of Switzerland, the United States, and the Soviet Union. I am happy to record the fact that several officials of the government with whom I have talked are keenly aware of the absolute necessity of a sane new order; they even see that there must be economic disarmament and an entirely new deal as to colonies. How far up that feeling extends I do not know. That it exists anywhere in government circles is most encouraging.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Generals and Ideas

THE DEFENCE OF BRITAIN AND OF THE WEST. By Liddell Hart. Random House. $3.50.

AS MILITARY correspondent of the London *Times* and as the author of a number of books dealing with the errors of the last war and the strategical preparations for a second war, Captain Liddell Hart has established himself as the outstanding authority on the subjects with which he deals. He published the English edition of "The Defence of Britain" while the war was still a white war—a camouflaged war. He then had eager readers who wished to ascertain the extent to which his views had influenced British military policy and to receive assurances on the adequacy of British preparations. Now, unhappily, American readers will seek light and leading in order to understand Britain's strategy in the present war, and they may learn that they are wrong in considering its lack of strategy.

Captain Hart restates views which have long been accepted by all save cabinets and generals: that it is impossible to divorce diplomatic policy from military strategy, and that simply piling up armaments without clear views as to where, with whom, and against whom they may have to be used is not only futile but dangerous. In a scheme of collective security Britain's strategical problem would have been simple and success certain. But Great Britain scrapped collective security. Then it proceeded to sacrifice natural fortifications to the east of Germany and behind them thirty-five Czech divisions plus a formidable air force. When Captain Hart wrote, he was able to hope that the peace front which Great Britain was belatedly building would include Russia. The hope was blasted. Now the "defense of Britain" must be without Eastern European aid—even in the face of Eastern European hostility.

But this simply reinforces Captain Hart's main thesis: that offensive operations cannot be successful save when the attackers have tremendous superiority; that Britain must return to the policy which it successfully followed down to 1914—a policy of limited liability with major contributions consisting of sea power and economic pressure. "Our object is fulfilled if we can convince the enemy that he cannot conquer." The result of totalitarian war depends not on military victories or defeats but on totalitarian staying power—on the ravages of economic distress, on morale, and on internal crack-ups. The danger is that public opinion may become restless and insist that the generals strive for military success and consequently risk disaster.

Captain Hart tells a sad story of preparations that did not prepare: of an air force that was starved because the "custom of the services differs from the domestic family in that the latest born is commonly the first to suffer"; of a War Office which devoted one-quarter of 1 per cent of its total appropriations to anti-aircraft defense. The generals violated a prime maxim of strategy: military operations require a secure base, and they permitted the base—England—to be so insecure that at the time of Munich many were led reluctantly to the conclusion that there was no alternative to Mr. Chamberlain's capitulation.

Much of the changed emphasis of the last year has resulted from Captain Hart's influence. For the first time since Lord Haldane was Secretary of State for War, Great Britain had in that office a minister who forced his views upon the generals. In large part Mr. Hore-Belisha's program has been Captain Hart's program. A reorganization of high personnel has sought to bring brains to the top and to make it certain that seniority cannot be synonymous with senility. That an outsider like Captain Hart should have had such influence is not flattering to the services and reminds one of Rebecca West's remark that before a war military science seems "a real science like astronomy, but after a war it seems more like astrology."

"The Defence of Britain," it is to be hoped, will excite American readers—not by casting doubts on Britain's strength but by inspiring questions as to the adequacy of our own preparations. We have no outsiders like Captain Hart to prod and plan. Save for the constitutional commander-in-chief, civilian control and even knowledge of what our services have been doing are notoriously scanty. May we not discover that we have made "the latest born the first to suffer" and thereby imperiled our defenses! Assurances to the contrary by the services are not enough, because, as Captain Hart has elsewhere remarked, military history shows that the only thing more difficult than getting a wrong idea out of the military mind is getting a new idea in.

LINDSAY ROGERS

Biography of Rimbaud

ARTHUR RIMBAUD. By Enid Starkie. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.75.

IN HER introduction to this excellent volume Enid Starkie admits she has avoided the drawing of parallels and devoted herself simply to an understanding of Rimbaud himself. She has accomplished this task with more feeling, insight, and care than any other writer on the subject and cannot be commended too enthusiastically for it. Yet parallels may be drawn, and it is a temptation to contemplate a study equal to Miss Starkie's in talent which would be a "biography" of the nineteenth century in itself and of the influence of that era on general creative personality. The period which began with the reforms of the Industrial and French revolutions ended with a new imperialism; it filled its graves with precocious deaths and outraged sensibilities; its poets and *voyants* were racked like witches on the wheels of superstitious materialism. The transition was complete. The movement which had been created with idealism and a revolt against tradition, which had attempted a fuller and freer life, terminated with betrayal and constriction. The romance

of proletarian freedom was concluded with a pact between the bourgeoisie and the landed aristocracy; and the romantic imagination which sought and affirmed subjective truths was outlawed by economic absolutes. Horror, uncertainty, and all the demons of maladjustment guarded the entrance to the empyrean. In Germany, Hölderlin, after years spent in beggary and wandering from county to county, died insane in a carpenter's hut, unaware of his own disciples; Kleist pleaded for companionship in death, gratefully accepted the offer of a consumptive stranger, and blew both their brains out; Raimund chose suicide, too; Georg Büchner died of fever at the age of twenty-four; Wilhelm Hauff at twenty-five; Schubert at thirty-two. In Italy, Leopardi and Bellini were overcome by disease in their thirties. Of the Russians, Griboedov was stabbed to death and Pushkin killed in a duel. England knew the immature deaths of Keats, Shelley, and Byron, and in America we have the example of Poe. There may or may not be any significance in these obituary facts, but they do in each case suggest the elements of precocity, violence, anguish, and disease—qualities shared more consistently by Rimbaud and the symbolists than by those venerables of the eighteenth century Voltaire, Haydn, Rousseau, Leibnitz, Kant, and Goethe. There are, as well, typical aspects of nineteenth-century literature which reflect many of Rimbaud's emotional conditions. Rimbaud's burning of his manuscripts reminds one of the character in Dostoevsky who commits suicide in order to prove he has no fear of death; or of Stendhal's Henri Brulard, who declares: "Ce qui ne fait qu'effleurer les autres me blesse jusqu' au sang." Perhaps Rimbaud's personality viewed in terms of these "parallels" might, without losing any of its originality as a phenomenon, appear in a perspective more scrutable, less *inouï*. It must be said, however, that Miss Starkie's text is illuminating as it stands. And her theories, particularly those concerning the controversial "Une Saison en Enfer," are more satisfactory and clarifying than those of Claudel or Ruchon.

It is necessary before discussing these explanations to digress to Rimbaud's childhood and early youth, a period for which he himself experienced extreme nostalgia ("Jadis, si je me souviens bien, ma vie était un festin où s'ouvraient tous les cœurs, où tous les vins coulaient"), a time which is doubly significant in the life of a poet who launched a career of genius at adolescence and renounced literature at nineteen. Childhood may be described as a state close to poetry. It is a period of extraordinary sensory discovery and exploration; each new-found reality is a world in itself bearing a mystic rapport with another greater and still invisible world; its visions are profound and intuitive; its only logic is the imagination, uncompromised by the facts of commonplace existence. But with the beginning of external experience, the world of fantasy and idealization is displaced. The poetry is rubbed off. The metaphor turns into the physical object. The child has made the acquaintanceship of other people's realities. Rimbaud made that acquaintance in a less typical fashion.

His mother was a woman with an exaggerated conscience and a neurotic sense of guilt. Before her marriage she had witnessed the consequences of debauchery and vice in her brothers. She was determined to spare her children the possibility of sin. She guarded over the fatherless brood like a jailer, accompanying their every step. They were permitted no friends. Their duties and activities were prescribed and regulated. It was a sheltered, hermetic existence in which Rimbaud was only free to dream of freedom and enjoy the company and vicarious experience of books. He entered the Collège de Charleville at the age of eleven and walked off with all scholastic prizes. It was at the Collège too that he met George Izambard, a new master who was to become the first important influence in his life. When Izambard left Charleville, Rimbaud, deprived of his first sympathetic human relationship, became desperate. The prospect of continuing his life in the provinces became intolerable, and he ran off to Paris without even train fare, only to be shipped back by the police. His later flight had more disastrous consequences —there is some ambiguity as to the date: Miss Starkie places it before and Delahaye after the Commune. It was on this visit that he was subjected to the brutal experience ("ithyphalliques et pioupiesques") referred to in the "Cœur Volé." It was a turning-point in the poet's life. Although Rimbaud was sixteen at the time and of extraordinary intellectual achievement, experientially his world had never extended beyond the Charleville nursery and library walls. Now in Paris his first contact with reality was of the harshest physical kind, a sexual assault by soldiers. It was an experience which "shocked, stunned, and obsessed" him. It was the first step toward the philosophy of "Les Illuminations," of "le dérèglement de tous les sens," of the escape from a world which revolted him and from a morality which unless he negated it would condemn him. Thus the poet must become something beyond human laws, an oracular and transcendental instrument, governed by and revealing the eternities. Rimbaud turned for assurance to the works of the cabalists. Swedenborgian absolutes prepared him for Baudelaire's theory of Platonic essences and *correspondances*. When Baudelaire in "Les Paradis Artificiels" exclaimed "Je suis devenu Dieu!" Rimbaud, too, believed in his own divinity, carried it farther. (It is interesting to compare this state of self-exaltation with Freud's definition of advanced paranoiac delusion which is also described as an identification with God; or with the Gauclère theory of Rimbaud's onanism.) He would conquer the world with the word.

No doubt he intended to carry off Parisian literary *réclame* like a school prize. His reception was at first indifferent and then antagonistic. To prove the divine exemption of poetry, he had outraged every norm and convention. The affair with Verlaine had become a series of public exhibitions, brawls, reprisals, debauches, reconciliations, culminating in Verlaine's attempt on Rimbaud's life in Brussels. Rimbaud could violate his own moral sense, but he could never completely eradicate it. He took a revulsion to Verlaine: "J'ai aimé un porc!" Disillusionment shattered his whole theory of art. It is Miss Starkie's belief that Rimbaud, while in the hospital recovering from his bullet wounds, was seized with the impulse to exorcise his past. He returned to Charleville to write his *mea culpa*, "Une Saison en Enfer." It is the confession of his previous follies, an investigation into the nature of sin, a resolution to accept life on its own terms—not a farewell to literature, Miss Starkie points out, but a new humility. He would now become like the other "scribblers." Poetry was no longer the translated speech of God, but merely a professional form of self-expression. When "Une Saison en

Enfer" was printed, Rimbaud sent copies of it to all his literary friends in Paris. The book attracted little attention, and when Rimbaud followed it he was totally ignored. Verlaine a few months before had been sentenced to two years in a Brussels jail as a result of Rimbaud's charges. Parisians knew the details of the affair and had no further interest—they had had little enough in the beginning—in Rimbaud's personality or talent. "He had come to them in all humility . . . and they had repulsed him." He returned to Charleville, and three months after he had published "Une Saison en Enfer"—Miss Starkie stresses the time interval and it is an important consideration—he burned everything he had ever written.

He never wrote again. Perhaps, finally, in Abyssinia, the gun-runner, slave-trader, and explorer did achieve "the freedom which is the recognition of necessity." In 1891, the year he came home to die, he made one terse reference to literature in response to a question put to him by his doctor: "Merde pour la poésie."

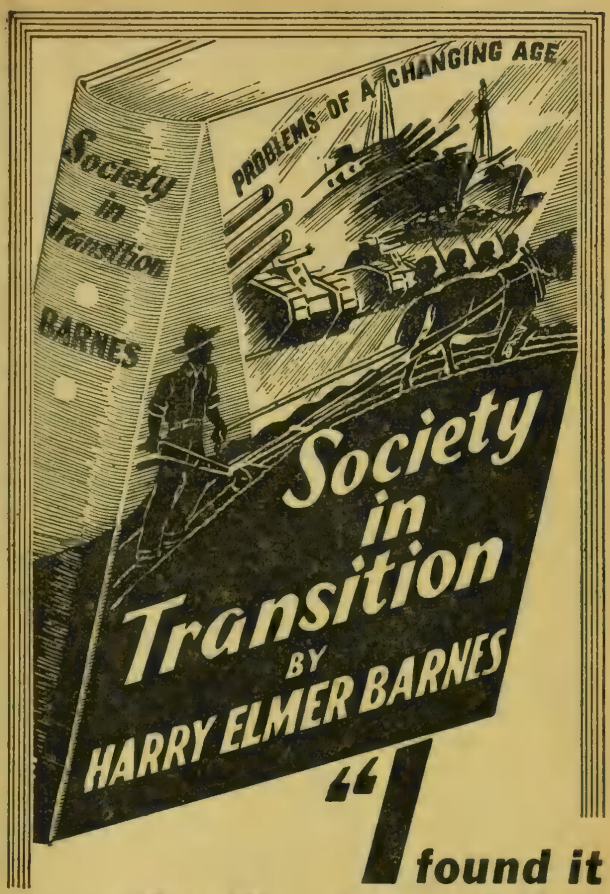
CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

Amazing and Amusing

FROM ANOTHER WORLD: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LOUIS UNTERMEYER. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

FEW contemporaries of Mr. Untermeyer's—and those of us who are past forty find in a man of fifty-three a contemporary—can fail to read his Foreword to this book without feeling a kinship with the author. The three worlds he speaks of there—the one of "security and some serenity . . . that ended in 1917," that of "the World War and the false peace," and the present one "of undeclared wars and methodical violence, of political aggression and moral disintegration"—have been and are our worlds. And we welcome his effort to recapture the sense of the past, to fix, before it is too late, the people and events, chiefly events in the arts, through which we knew those worlds. This account offers us the pleasures of recognition and, if we read it thoughtfully, a stimulus to revaluation.

It is not a personal history. The author admits at the outset that his readers will find here "little of my 'inner self,' less of my own work, and nothing (if I can help it) of my emotional maladjustments." Indeed, the only passage in which he deals frankly with such matters is in the page and a half devoted to his mother's attempt to hold him by the silver cord. It was not merely because he was in the jewelry business that he preferred gold. Mr. Untermeyer speaks candidly of his middle-class Jewish origins and of some of the less glamorous facts of his career ("As a traveling salesman," he writes in his chapter on Mencken, "I sold jewelry to the leading Maryland instalment houses, which, in turn, sold it to the more affluent members of the better brothels"). But by far the largest part of the book is devoted to the poets, painters, and publicists whom he has known, and to the lively conflicts centering about the magazines, the old *Masses* and the *Seven Arts*, with which he was associated. The result is a cross between a revised edition of his "New Era in American Poetry" and an expansion of the commentary in his anthologies, with a little travelogue, a num-



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A PRENTICE-HALL BOOK

ber of letters, Schnitzler's recipe for *Liptauer garniert,* and a handful of jokes, some of them on himself, thrown in for good measure. If he has nothing to say of his own private life, he is willing to give the reader brief glimpses of other people's, so that these accounts are more intimate than his above-mentioned excursions into biography. And as his gusto is unflagging and his wit perpetually effervescent, there is no lack of entertainment. "Louis," a well-known scholar, not mentioned in these pages, observed a decade since, "is as brilliant and as far from immortality as ever." He is still brilliant and rather nearer immortality, if only because of his gift for attaching himself to the immortals. Thus, one of the most delightful chapters has to do with his good friend Robert Frost, and not the least interesting anecdote relates to his interview with Mussolini.

He presents himself, alternately, as a jewelry salesman, a poet, a man about town, and a gentleman farmer. Preeminently, however, he is the anthologist. He collects—people, puns, poems, both the good and the egregiously bad of these, and experiences, mostly rollicking. In assembling these collections he is not over critical. His discussion of the Fugitive group grants a third of a chapter to Merrill Moore, but only 150 words to John Crowe Ransom. He dismisses Eliot's early work as "mordant light verse," while Nathalia Crane, to whom he devotes some ten palpitating pages, is compared to Emily Dickinson and William Blake. Occasionally he is wise after the event, as in his chapter on Amy Lowell, which has something of a "now-it-can-be-told" odor. But if his enthusiasm is apt to play Gulliver in the Lilliput of his discrimination, it is none the less an adventurous Gulliver, amazing and amusing.

The book ends, after a sad excursus into the Jewish question, on a characteristic note of indomitable yea-saying, a paean to an America where "the free range, the spirit of affirmation, continues untired and unconquerable." We have seen, in this terrible and cowardly new world, the spirit of affirmation quite divorced from "the free range." One can but hope that Mr. Untermeyer's happy assumption will be borne out.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Nineteenth-Century Bogywoman

FRANCES WRIGHT: FREE ENQUIRER. By A. J. G. Perkins and Theresa Wolfson. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

IN 1828, the year Jackson was elected President, Fanny Wright was the Fourth of July speaker in Cincinnati. The censorious Mrs. Trollope, though almost deterred from attending "by the reports of the immense crowd that was expected," has left us an account of the meeting in her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," a book written with eyebrows lifted and lips pursed. "Frances Wright: Free Enquirer" makes it easy to understand what a later period would call Fanny's box-office appeal. It combined radicalism with sex. Her starry-eyed "Views of Society and Manners in America in a Series of Letters from That Country During the Years 1818, 1819, and 1820, by an Englishwoman" may seem quaint today. In the period of reaction following the Napoleonic wars England found it subversive. Lockhart's Tory *Quarterly Review* treated its "ridiculous and extravagant panegyric on the government and people of the United States" as the late London *Morning Post* would—and no doubt did—treat Sidney and Beatrice Webb's "Soviet Communism—a New Civilization." Gossip said Fanny was not only dangerous but—and the whispers alone were enough to draw a crowd. Fanny's admiration for America had attracted Lafayette, who had regained his amateur standing as a revolutionary now that the French Revolution was safely over. It was said there was more than friendship between the aged hero and the adoring young woman less than half his age who had come back to the United States "in his wake." The phrase is from contemporary newspapers and seems to have carried quite a leer. Miscegenation and free love had been practiced at the cooperative colony, Nashoba, with which Fanny Wright sought to solve the problem of slavery; Fanny's devoted sister, Camilla, had explained to the slaves that "we consider the proper basis of the sexual intercourse to be the unconstrained and unrestrained choice of both parties." Need one wonder why Mrs. Trollope was surprised that the Fourth of July speech in Cincinnati "contained little that could be objected to." There was "one passage from which common sense revolted . . . wherein she quoted that phrase of mischievous sophistry 'All men are born free and equal.'" Mrs. Trollope found no difficulty in declaring the maxim false. Fanny based her life upon it.

There was a time, as late as the 1850's, when a Congressman could rise to denounce "socialism and agrarianism and Fanny Wrightism," and evoke a shiver of comprehension. Fanny has been unjustly forgotten, and the Misses A. J. G. Perkins and Theresa Wolfson by this new biography have performed a pious duty to the memory of an extraordinary woman and filled a gap in American historical literature. First of American feminists, one of the founders of the Workingmen's Party of New York, coworker with Robert Dale Owen in the vineyard of utopian socialism, Fanny Wright is too often dismissed with a passing reference in standard histories. The forces that went into the making of Jacksonian democracy and the full flavor of that crucial period in our history are better appreciated when one becomes familiar with the career, ideals, enthusiasms, and crotchets of the handsome, headstrong, and sometimes giddy Fanny. She played a leading role in the period during which the common man in America won the right to vote and free schooling for his children. She helped organize American labor for the first time for political action. She occupies an honorable place among the forerunners of modern socialism. She deserves the labor that has gone into this biography, its patient searching into forgotten records and scattered letters, its rich and careful documentation. Malicious tories poked fun at Fanny's "chaste diction and logical deductions from unproved data, delivered with an air of determined purpose and fortitude that seems to expect and even court persecution and martyrdom." Robert Dale Owen came to see that her courage was "untempered by prudence," her philanthropy "had too little of common sense." Fanny, like many social pioneers, often slid into the faddist. Sometimes she seemed the social worker. It is not difficult to sneer. But it is not the sober or the prudent who provide the ferment that precedes and accompanies a great period of change.

I. F. STONE

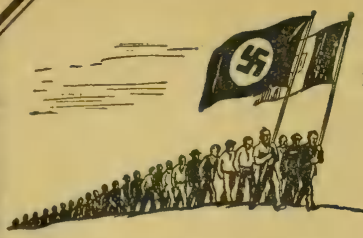
Good Journalism

CHILDREN OF GOD. By Vardis Fisher. Harper and Brothers. $3.

"CHILDREN OF GOD," Vardis Fisher's contribution to the literature of Mormonism, is in many respects an excellent piece of reporting. It may be questioned, however, whether it is very much more than that. For all its factual accuracy and its emphasis on public situations, it is not particularly satisfying as history: it lacks the perspectives essential to any first-rate historical work, and invaluable, one would think, for any study of this many-faceted movement. Moreover, its chatty, colloquial style, its general looseness of construction, and its occasional lumping together of trivial and important incidents are features better suited to a survey of the immediate, unresolved present than to what professes to be a definitive report on events in the remote past. And although "Children of God" received the 1939-40 Harper Award for the best novel of the year, it cannot be described as a novel. Material of this kind does not in any case submit very gracefully to the exigencies of the novel form; and Mr. Fisher, who must himself have been aware of this, has chosen to subordinate personal data, intimate revelation, and the drama of human relationships to the broad, sprawling pattern of the movement as a whole. Brigham Young's family life—which in any novel would surely merit a place by itself—is touched off in a few pages of semi-humorous anecdote. His marriage to Harriet Amelia Folsom, the only wife for whom he felt any affection, is gone into at some length; but the passages devoted to this amatory interlude are among the least impressive in the book. One is given few glimpses of the domestic life of Joseph Smith and his first wife Emma—whose shrewishness is supposed to have been partly responsible for the prophet's espousal of the doctrine of polygamy. And in regard to the prophet himself, Mr. Fisher displays all the impartiality and indifference to psychological detail of the good reporter whose chief concern is news: whether Joseph Smith was saint, faker, epileptic, or lunatic are questions which the reader is left to decide.

It is in the scenes of action, and in the mass scenes generally, that the book is most successful. There are few passages in contemporary journalism to compare with Mr. Fisher's account of the tarring-and-feathering and subsequent murder of Joseph Smith; or with that section of some hundred-odd pages dealing with the exodus of these latter-day Chosen People over the rough Western plains into the Promised Land of Utah. Structurally concentrated, imaginatively treated, and vivid in its portrayal of the hazards and hardships of pioneering, this section constitutes a kind of minor epic. But Mr. Fisher's talent for reporting, which deals admirably with these features of Mormonism, becomes something of a handicap when confronted with the complex later stages of the movement, with that period when a semi-communistic society, the most successful of its kind, was established in Utah and when the forces massed against it ranged all the way from bigotry to federal opposition. The chapters dealing with these later aspects of Mormonism are fairly disappointing. At its best, however, "Children of God" contains all the virtues of good journalism: liveliness, impact, and readability.

HELEN NEVILLE



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YALE

MUSIC

A COMMENTATOR on the musical scene is bound to observe that the critic of jazz has the same opportunity as the critic of other music either to increase his readers' understanding or to corrupt it; that often he corrupts it, sometimes because he is incompetent, sometimes because he is himself corrupted—because, that is, he is deflected from rigorous justice to his material. His failure, in other words, like that of any other critic, may be a moral failure—a use of his subject for personal ends, such as to put on an impressive or entertaining performance of his own, to show off his literary style or his cleverness, or at best his knowledge and taste.

A critic of jazz who did a proper job of orientation and evaluation for his readers would be careful to point out distinctions which are in some degree themselves criteria of value, before he separated good from bad in each of the types of music he had distinguished. Beginning with the fact that in jazz there is first the song and then there is the performance of the song, he would distinguish the spontaneous, improvisatory use of the natural jazz language from the performance of a written arrangement; he would further distinguish the arrangement written in the so-called "hot" style of the natural product from the "commercial" arrangement which dresses up the song in whatever styles of scoring are current at the moment; and he would add, as Wilder Hobson did, that the "commercial" arrangement sometimes borrows from the natural jazz language, that the two sometimes are mixed, and that sometimes they are played by the same musicians. In illustration he might point out that in 1928 Paul Whiteman's commercial band included a few of the best jazz musicians of the period, among them the outstanding player of all time, Bix Beiderbecke; that this band, and Bix with it, played and recorded instruments in the slick "commercial" style of the period in which occasionally he had an opportunity to improvise a solo passage in the natural jazz language; and that at the same time Beiderbecke and the other good jazz musicians, in small groups, used this language in entire performances, some of which were of outstanding quality—performances like the "Moonglow" which Benny Goodman recorded with the Teagardens, Teddy Wilson, and a few others who were assembled for the occasion in 1933. And then he would point out that in 1938 there was essentially the same situation: now it was Benny Goodman's large permanent orchestra, among others, that played arrangements written in the "commercial" style of 1938—a style which "commercialized" certain features of the natural jazz style; and these arrangements permitted a Jess Stacy an occasional solo; but entire performances in which Stacy and his kind used the natural language spontaneously—performances like the Benny Goodman "Moonglow" of 1933—were still produced only when these players got away from the large bands and played and recorded in small groups.

Actual criticism has failed to point out or to observe these distinctions; the 1938 Goodman performances have been presented and discussed as the "hot" jazz, the "swing," the "collective improvisation rhythmically integrated" which the 1933 "Moonglow" was but which the 1938 performances were not; and this confusion is regrettable because music-lovers who might have enjoyed the collective improvisation of 1933 have been repelled by the arranged noise of 1938. The reasons for the failure I have already given; and if one wants to know how bad criticism in any field can be written by excellently equipped critics one can do no better than to look at the critic of jazz who has achieved the greatest prominence and influence, John Hammond.

Hammond began with his mind, his sharp ears, his fine musical sensitiveness fixed on the music, in the process of getting to know it and to evaluate it for himself. Later he began to evaluate it for others in writing—which is to say that to his relation with the music there was added a relation with the public. And he was not the rare critic who can keep his mind rigorously fixed on the art he is dealing with; he was the normal critic, conscious of his audience, of himself in relation to his audience; he listened and wrote not only as a man with sharp ears and fine musical sensitiveness but as a young critic out to make a position for himself; and his ears and sensitiveness were not only an equipment with which to hear but a stock in trade with which to impress—which made them less efficient and reliable. He made his voice heard; with prominence he acquired authority, with authority influence, which he used not only in criticism but in action—in the affairs of players, bands, record companies. He listened, then, with ears, sensitiveness, judgment deflected by his sense of importance and power, his loyalties and animosities; what he heard was altered by innumerable extraneous and irrelevant considerations, such as whether a company's plant was unionized or a player was a Negro; and here it must be explained that he had begun with more than just the young critic's reasons for self-consciousness: he had been aware of presenting to the world the remarkable phenomenon of a rich young man with intelligence, one also with a heart and conscience that ranged him on the side of the oppressed against his own class of oppressors (but with self-consciousness this revolt against his background had also become part of the stock in trade of an ambitious young man).

If Hammond had listened to the Goodman performance of 1938 with his ears and taste he would have heard the difference between it and the "Moonglow" of 1933; and if they sounded alike to him it was because, like Henderson with virtuoso conductors, he listened to each not with his ears and taste but with his emotions—the emotions of a man with a love of power and importance toward something which he had in large measure created and made important, and with which, in the process, he had himself risen in importance. That is the way he has listened to everything; and it is a way that has nullified his first-rate equipment—and this in action as well as in writing. For a man who sets out only to hear may discover a fine new player or band; but a man who sets out to make astounding discoveries is likely not to hear straight. Discovery, as part of the Hammond stock in trade, has led him as often as not into wishfully contrary-to-fact hearing, and this into stubbornly contrary-to-fact writing.

What started me on this subject was Panassié's booklet for the 144 Victor hot-jazz records. Here, as in his book a few years ago, he revealed a sensitiveness without discrimination that is quite common, and not only in jazz. In his book, however, he did speak of the deterioration of Louis Armstrong's playing with his growing exhibitionism in 1932, adding that "at the same time [as] he made 'High Society'—his poorest record—he made 'I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues,' in which we again have the Armstrong of the great days." But in the booklet we find him sponsoring this very batch of records, singling out a few that turn out to be as bad as "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," and offering no warning against "High Society." B. H. HAGGIN

ART

For the Punch-Drunk Public

THE enterprise called Sculpture in Editions, represented by the Robinson Galleries in New York City, has slipped into the art news again. It is the one whose engaging aim is the "socialization of sculpture." Through the introduction into the sculptural field of mass production like that within the printmaker's reach, it hopes to enable the public to purchase, for the price of good prints, copies of "editions" of original sculptures by the present-day Donatellos. The editions are to be limited and at the utmost to contain three hundred copies.

The initial list of artists, whose duplicate originals Sculpture in Editions offered at sums ranging from $10 to $100, included, however, only New Yorkers—Flannagan, Hovannes, Epping, Gross, Zorach, and other familiars. Recently the enterprise resolved to "nationalize" the field laid under contribution by itself. A competition for positions on its list, open to talented sculptors from the country's other parts, was an event of the last few days.

Any course of action which tends like this one to widen its scope must be applauded. Responsibly conducted, the enterprise should produce a new market for sculpture. Editions of sculptures made from the models of skilled, sensitive craftsmen once enriched the world with the Tanagra figurines; and besides the terra cotta of his ancient predecessor, the modern "editor" commands such equally versatile and attractive media as hard plaster and cast stone. The last indeed is capable of yielding effects not incomparable with those of limestone, Tennessee marble, Virginia green stone, basalt, and granite. Nor need mechanical aids such as the pantagraph-like device inevitable in carving editions of sculpture in mahogany, teak, walnut, and other hard woods necessarily prove abortive. Great photography long since showed us that machinery is at least as capable as any other tool of man's invention of recording under his direction the pressures of his hand.

Besides, in preparing to "socialize" sculpture of a quality once within the reach only of rich men, Sculpture in Editions promises to provide a punch-drunk public with a collaborator in the "unbought grace of life" which Burke declared the

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"cheap defense of nations." Sculpture (is it necessary to remind the reader that by this word we are not and have not been signifying the glyptic art of gift shops?), sculpture is an art as singularly companionable as it is decorative. If pieces of it perfectly dress rooms in the simple structural modern style—as perfectly as they dress gardens—they also possess capacities for delightfulness surpassing even those of pieces of pictorial art. Certain of these seem to flow from the circumstance that the activity of the fantasy is not as greatly the prerequisite of an enjoyment of the sculptor's work as it is that of the enjoyment of the painter's. The bit of sculpture, to begin with, is a presence. It solidly occupies space and retains some of the almost hypnotic fascination of the stone block that was its mother. Its surfaces provide a playground for light in all its moods. Again, born as it is more completely of the desire to touch than is any other form of art, it is always ready to satisfy anew the impulse that fathered it. And, as has been said, if it is very live, and shrewdly observed, it will prepare our responses to the world and lead us out amid events and persons.

PAUL ROSENFELD

FILMS

THE embargo on the great French film "Harvest," which was reviewed in this column in August, has been lifted by the censors. Seeing it a second time was again a deep experience. It was, in fact, the only worth-while evening of many lately spent in movie houses. It may well be that "Harvest," in setting too high a standard, makes one unjust toward other pictures. Here is one of those rare examples of true moving-picture art. The simple and honest story (based on the novel by Jean Giono) of two middle-aged persons who find each other and make their lives and fields bear fruit is produced by the eminent dramatist Marcel Pagnol with that poetic realism of which the French are masters.

Compared with "Harvest" even the best Hollywood picture of recent weeks, "The Women" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer), after the stage hit by Clare Boothe, is a cheap affair—smart, witty, but phony. Satire demands the sharpest truth, not merely wisecracks. One is of course amused by actresses like Norma Shearer (straight performance with moments of feeling), Rosalind Russell (she alone has the style for satire), Joan Crawford (too naturalistic), and Pauline Goddard (not enough of her). But at the end one feels tricked and nothing remains.

"Nurse Edith Cavell" (R. K. O.), the story of the English nurse shot by the Germans in 1915 in Brussels, is a slow-moving, historical case history—as if a hundred clerks had busied themselves in Hollywood to piece together a repetitious report. Anna Neagle has the face and poise of the heroic nurse but somehow too much of it. From the first moment on one feels that she knows her future fate and martyrdom. There is no development of character and therefore little suspense. As a whole the ambitious production is technically excellent, yet it gives not more than a schoolbook account of one of the most tragic episodes of the last war.

Two outright disappointments are "Espionage Agent" (Warner Brothers) and "Blackmail" (Universal). In the first picture the most progressive producers of Hollywood fight childishly for an efficient American system of counter-espionage. A student in the diplomatic service of great stupidity and courage marries a girl who has been a spy. She tries to tell him in time, but the fool will not listen. Her past is duly exposed, and he is forced to resign just at the moment when he is promoted to the post of secretary at the embassy in Paris. As a true patriot he does not give up, and with his wife as his assistant he smashes a very careless spy ring which threatens to blow up American factories in time of war. His revelations finally force Congress to appropriate the money necessary for a successful drive against foreign conspiracies. It does not help this clumsy story that McCrea is its congenial hero. But the newcomer, Brenda Marshall, will bear watching. She has a face and personality of her own which we hope will not be taken away from her. With "Blackmail" the audience is blackmailed. We get Edward C. Robinson, but as a dead man, killed by a crudely executed story which drags him back and forth between burning oil wells and the chain gang.

Of special interest is the reissue of the "March of Time" on the Maginot line. The war in Europe makes this revealing pictorial report a frightful experience. There are no casualties, of course, as the camera shots were taken in the period of "peace in our time," but one cannot help seeing in every soldier's laughing face a death's-head grin.

FRANZ HOELLERING

[Through an unfortunate error *The Nation's* review, in last week's issue, of "D. H. Lawrence and Susan His Cow" by William York Tindall (Columbia University Press) appeared in advance of the publication date, which is October 23.]

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Letters to the Editors

Norman Thomas and Union Square

Dear Sirs: I should like to make certain comments on James Wechsler's interesting article Stalin and Union Square in your issue of September 30.

1. Mr. Wechsler's list of reasons why the Communist Party was able to fill Madison Square Garden, despite the Hitler-Stalin pact, omits one of considerable importance. It is simply this: under the line which made them a kind of left wing of the New Deal, Communists have been far more successful than the general public realizes in placing their people in jobs in various organizations—in white-collar projects of the WPA and even in the Civil Service. By ways I cannot stop to describe they have managed to maintain a high degree of job control. Part but not all the explanation of the 20,000 people at Madison Square Garden is to be found in this job control.

2. While it is quite true that I regard Stalin's pact with Hitler, which made possible the present war, not as an aberration but as a climax to Stalin's policy, neither I nor other Socialists have hailed these events as a vindication of any warning. Rather we have publicly mourned the deep betrayal of socialism, of the workers' cause, and of the hope of peace. Many of us who were not Communists hailed the achievements of the Russian Revolution for years, and struggled for its recognition by our government.

3. It is true that there are the makings of a kind of "New Beginning" group in America, but that group cannot take a very definite and inclusive form among men strangely and sincerely divided concerning our duty in the present war crisis. The Socialist Party, for instance, is primarily interested in alliances to keep America out of war, not on the basis of a blind isolationism, but on the basis of an understanding of the meaning of war in general and this war in particular and of the consequences to the United States and mankind of American participation.

4. Under no circumstances, however, will the Socialist Party have anything to do with any group or movement desiring to keep America out of war if that group has the support of the Communist Party. We regard that support as based wholly on obedience to Stalin. It is completely undependable and is possibly more dangerous to the temporary friends or allies of the Communists than to their enemies.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York, October 3

Anti-Dictatorship League

Dear Sirs: James Wechsler's article Stalin and Union Square, in your issue of September 30, was evidently written before the economic agreement between Hitler and Stalin took clearer form. With the exchange of letters between President Molotov and von Ribbentrop Russia bound itself to deliver to Germany raw materials to be paid for by manufactured goods from Germany, to be "delivered over an extended period of time." This agreement amounts to furnishing Germany with the raw materials of war on credit and makes Russia the unquestioned economic ally of Hitler. The Communists, so far as they continue faithfully to follow Stalin, are therefore from now on, and unless Stalin changes again, agents of the Nazi as well as of the Soviet government. Stalin now is building up a vested interest in the survival and victory of Hitler, since only through such a victory can he expect repayment for the raw materials which Russia is to deliver.

The original non-aggression pact and limited economic agreement, with the secret military clauses for the division of Poland which accompanied or soon followed it, undoubtedly emboldened Hitler to risk war. For he knew then that he would not have to fight a serious war on two fronts. The present more far-reaching economic alliance between Hitler and Stalin has as its purpose to prevent the British blockade from worsening the economic condition of the German people and thereby undermining their loyalty to Hitler. The dictators are thus clearly lined up as allies against the two Western capitalist democracies, even though they do not as yet trust each other sufficiently to have their troops fight shoulder to shoulder.

It seems to me that an Anti-Dictatorship League, of course without any Communist influence or participation, would be just the sort of organization that the fellow-travelers who are now disgusted with Communist antics would welcome eagerly. The general purpose of such a league would be to preserve political democracy and advance industrial democracy at home and abroad, and to teach that dictatorship is the mother of war and capitalist imperialism the grandmother of war. It would also press for early definition of decent peace terms by England and France, and work for economic aid to them in proportion as the peace terms are such as would help democracy and tend to produce a just and lasting peace.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

Boston, Mass., October 4

Betrayed by Stalin

Dear Sirs: As the wife of a Communist functionary, who for ten years has forgone all open criticism of Joseph Stalin, I could no longer face my conscience, touch a clean thing, or use the words "truth," "democracy," "socialism" did I not face the facts of the Stalin-Hitler tie-up as the most shattering betrayal in history. Henceforth the name Stalin will be a synonym for Judas.

Not all the munitions makers in the world could have so cunningly tricked the democracies into a war as did Joseph Stalin, who for almost four years played the role of "friend of democracy" in order the better to betray it. Not even the excuse of "living space" but a naked lust for power motivated Stalin's sell-out. Why should a world in tears and anguish bother a dictator?

Now is the time to choose sides regardless of personal ties or happiness. It is the aggressors versus humanity.

A. BLACKMAN

New York, October 2

The Five View the Northwest

Dear Sirs: We entered the Northwest over the old Lewis and Clark trail along with hundreds of other cars from all states in the Union, all rushing to America's last frontier.

Newly erected power lines stamped "Bonneville" were the first evidence of this new type of pioneering—giving the natural resources back to the people. We stayed in homes where kindly housewives told us that it was "cheaper to

cook with electricity since the government built Bonneville." A shingle manufacturer beamed as he told us that he could now open a new plant, "because with the low cost of power I can compete on the market and pay union wages."

We went to see the Grand Coulée Dam in Washington, which the people look on as a blessing from the Lord. This eight-hundred-foot wall of concrete holding back a hundred and fifty miles of water across a narrow stretch of one and a half miles will mean the reclamation of over a million acres of land, and jobs and homes for eighty thousand families. It will mean complete electrification for the entire state.

The farm population is politically an important factor in the Northwest. Fortunately, the reactionary Associated Farmers have been able to make few converts outside their counting houses. Many loggers in the Dutch Canyon region said to us: "I carry a union card when I work my farm during the off months in the logging camps." With farmer-loggers in industrial unions and the Grange keeping alive the old Populist traditions, it is no wonder that we heard speaker after speaker at a political picnic in one of the farm areas open his remarks with, "We have to nationalize the banks and railroads and turn the country back to the people."

In Yakima Valley, center of the great fruit-growing region of the Northwest, we received our first taste of what fascism might bring to America. Townspeople spoke freely of the police chief's affiliation with the Silver Shirts. We saw a stockade, and learned that it was a concentration camp where recalcitrant migratory workers who refused to work under certain conditions and for wages set by the bosses were imprisoned without even the pretense of formal charges.

The food-stamp plan, started in July in Seattle, has already had a tremendous effect in spreading the popularity of the New Deal among the business men and farmers. Walking through the maze of stalls and small food shops in Seattle's great public market we heard farmers, merchants, and consumers all expressing the same opinion: "This is one of the finest things the Administration has done. It ought to be extended to all who don't make a decent living everywhere in the country." Over $200,000 in stamps had been sold in less than a month, and one of the largest merchants in the market remarked as he contemplated a huge stack of the orange and blue stamps: "Had they started this six months ago, Congress never could have cut relief."

Perhaps because of their nearness to foreign soil and their recent none too friendly contact with Japanese "fishing" fleets, the people of the Northwest seemed more alert to the international situation than most of those in other sections of the country. They spoke enthusiastically of Schwellenbach's resolution to embargo shipments to Japan. One young elevator operator said: "We know that they are not building that road from here to Alaska for the tourist trade. I don't want to send those fascists anything they can throw back at me in a couple of years." Popular support for an embargo on shipments to Japan is so great that when the Chinese organizations in Portland stopped the loading of scrap iron for Japan through mass picketing, a flagrant violation of Oregon's anti-picketing law, the District Attorney refused to prosecute the offenders, and their pictures were in every paper.

GEORGE WHITMAN, LILLIAN ROSOVSKY, HELEN ROSOVSKY, MEL FISKE, JOSEPH WERSHBA

On the Oregon Trail, September 18

[*This is the second of a series of letters from five college students who are examining America at first hand.*]

Pictorial Evidence Wanted

Dear Sirs: The American Committee for Anti-Nazi Literature announces a contest for amateurs for photographs exposing the Nazis in action and their ties with American fascist organizations. For each picture selected for publication, *Look* magazine will pay $10. Photographs are to be mailed to the committee at 20 Vesey street, New York.

WILLIAM E. DODD, JR., Chairman

New York, October 5

CONTRIBUTORS

EMIL LENGYEL, whose latest book, "The Danube," has just been published, was in Europe at the outbreak of the war.

FRITZ STERNBERG, a German economist now living in this country, is a frequent contributor to the *Army Journal* in England and the *Infantry Journal* in this country. He has recently completed a book, "From Nazi Sources: Germany's War Chances."

KENNETH MacNEAL, certified public accountant, is the author of "Truth in Accounting."

LINDSAY ROGERS, professor of public law at Columbia University, has written extensively on European history and politics.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE is a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

BABETTE DEUTSCH, poet and critic, will shortly publish a new volume of verse entitled "One Part Love."

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The Shape of Things

THE WAR THAT IS NOT A WAR TOOK ON THE aspect of a real conflict as it became apparent that Hitler's peace offensive had failed. German U-boats struck a body blow at British sea supremacy when they sank the heavily protected battleship Royal Oak, and, in spite of the convoy system, averaged two or three merchant ships a day. The Nazis even claim to have damaged the battle cruiser Repulse, one of the newest and most powerful units in the British navy. Although the German aerial attack on the Firth of Forth area was beaten off with heavy losses, it was the strongest yet launched against British or French territory. After a week of almost complete inactivity on the western front, the German forces are reported to be massing for an attack on the Maginot line. Having threatened to deliver an overwhelming blow in case his peace terms were rejected, Hitler must make some sort of attack on the West. The move was undoubtedly delayed by the rains which flooded the Rhine valley and turned the territory between the Westwall and the Maginot line into a morass. Germany's basic strategy has been handicapped by the fact that the Allies have been able thus far to maintain air supremacy on all sectors of the front. In the face of such obstacles, a Nazi drive would seem to be a measure of Hitler's desperation rather than of Nazi strength.

THE NEUTRALITY DEBATE HAS MOVED INTO its third week with Administration forces apparently fully in control of both houses. It is expected that the final vote in the Senate on ending the arms embargo will not differ materially from the poll of sixty-five to twenty-six which defeated the Tobey amendment. Pittman's capitulation on the ninety-day credit issue is likely to make for smoother sailing. Whether it will work against England and France is not clear since "cash" legally includes ninety-day acceptances of the Bank of England and the Banque de France. A few isolationists will undoubtedly follow Hoover's and Lindbergh's lead by proposing a distinction between arms used for offensive and defensive purposes, but the virtual impossibility of formulating such a distinction will probably keep this proposal from being taken too seriously by practical-minded Senators. Some modification is anticipated, however, in the section prohibiting American ships from visiting any ports belonging to belligerent powers. Whether Congress itself will specify the zones from which ships are to be barred or whether the decision will be left, as it properly should, with the State Department, remains to be seen. A compromise arrangement by which the President will be empowered to add to but not subtract from the prohibited zones is possible. On the assumption that the revised neutrality bill will soon pass the Senate without material change, speculation has begun on its chances in the lower house. Despite the fact that the House kicked over the traces in July and adopted the arms embargo against the will of the President, it is generally believed that the Administration now holds a twenty-vote margin for its repeal. The sharp gain in public sentiment for repeal, as reflected by the Gallup poll, has not passed unnoticed in Washington.

LINDBERGH'S SPEECH MAY HAVE GIVEN AID and comfort to Hitler, as Senator Pittman suggested, but that was not its chief fault. It was half-baked and puerile, an embarrassing effort considering the loud echoes it raised around the world. Its statements about Canada were worse than impractical; they were provocative and insulting. Lindbergh said that sooner or later the United States "must demand the freedom of this continent and its surrounding islands from the dictates of European powers," and that Canadians have no "right to draw this hemisphere into war simply because they prefer the Crown of England to American independence." If those words mean anything they mean that the United States should dictate the foreign policy of the entire North American continent and the islands of the Caribbean. Since Canada must rely on the United States for its defense, its policy must be coordinated with ours. These are quaint ideas to come from an American and a democrat. Only according to the philosophy of fascism is the strongest member of a group of nations entitled to control the foreign relations of its neighbors. The effect on the Senate of this excursion into political fantasy was contagious. Senator Lundeen proposed that the United States seize the British possessions in the Caribbean by force of arms as payment for the war debt. Neither Lindbergh's nor Lundeen's proposal will be seriously

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considered in this country or elsewhere. The British fleet need not desert the Atlantic traffic lanes to guard the West Indies from attack by the United States, and Canada need not take steps to defend its independence. But the episode suggests that there are times when innocents should not be allowed abroad.

NOW THAT CHAMBERLAIN HAS FOLLOWED Daladier in emphatically rejecting Hitler's peace terms, it is clear that Germany has lost the second major battle of this peculiar war. The first was lost when England and France survived the "war of nerves," ignored the threat of the Russo-German pact, and entered the war in Poland's behalf. Mr. Chamberlain's rejection of Hitler's peace was exceptionally forceful. He pointed out that the Führer had made no suggestion "for righting the wrongs done to Czechoslovakia and Poland," and declared that the burden of proof rested on the German government to show by acts that it intended to cease aggression and that its pledges would be kept. The statement was sufficiently unequivocal to allay any lingering doubts about the British government's determination to see the war through to the end. But it fell short of full effectiveness in its failure to set forth Britain's war aims in positive form. This failure has permitted the Nazis to insist that England is seeking to destroy the Reich and the German people. It also permits Hitler to say that he offered disarmament and participation in a general economic settlement, but that Chamberlain offered nothing. A definitive statement of the Allied war aims would be worth many divisions on the western front.

ELIOT JANEWAY IN AN ARTICLE ON PAGE 432 reveals admirably the herd-like tendency of American business to rush from one extreme to another. The outbreak of war started a stampede for goods based on hopes and fears rather than on any reasonable assessment of the facts. As a result, business indices look extremely healthy at the moment, but there is danger of an inventory crisis unless actual consumption begins to catch up with production. We agree that this situation requires the closest attention of the Administration, which should be ready to act quickly if necessary. Nevertheless, we think Mr. Janeway may have overstated his case a little. Before the war broke out, signs of a fall recovery were not lacking. The Federal Reserve production index had been moving up for several months, reaching 102 at the end of August, as compared with 92 in April. Records of actual consumption also indicated a marked upward trend, with retail sales in such varied lines as meat, gasoline, domestic electric power, and refrigerators attaining volumes never before achieved. Mr. Janeway mentions the new investment programs of the railroads and utilities. Other industries may follow in their wake with plans for plant replacement and additions, particularly after the new-issue market recovers from the first shocks of war. American business psychology is such that the shadow of war orders may prove a more potent stimulant than the substance of government spending.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION WAS never more needed than it is today. The national conference it has just held in New York City may help to moderate the renewed trend toward hysteria, snooping, and reaction masked as patriotism. Though the vociferous Dies suspected "Communist fronts" in the conference, as he imagines them in every movement for the defense or broadening of democracy, the character of the men and organizations that took part is sufficient answer. Foremost among the speakers was Attorney General Frank Murphy, and the Union announced that it held the conference in his honor in recognition of the establishment of a civil-liberties unit in the Department of Justice. The Attorney General's record at Washington, as in Michigan, shows how fully he deserves the honor, and no one will question his sincerity in pledging all his efforts to avoid the mistakes and "wrongs against liberty" that marked the Wilson Administration. Yet the newly published study of the activities of Creel's Committee on Public Information during the last war shows that war may release forces too strong for the best-intentioned of men. The line that divides sabotage and the truly subversive on the one hand from free expression on the other is apt to be blurred by passion. Perhaps Morris L. Ernst's vividly phrased proposal for an "SEC of the intellect" to require all movements and publications to disclose their source of funds might forestall more drastic action with the healthy corrective of full publicity.

LAST WEEK SAW CHINA MARKING UP THE most impressive list of triumphs it has achieved since the beginning of the war. Following up their great victory at Changsha, Chinese forces recaptured territory north of that city which had been held by the Japanese for more than a year. In Shansi the Eighth Route Army, made up of former Communist units, repulsed a series of attacks by strong Japanese motorized units, inflicting heavy losses. Chinese planes recently obtained from the Soviet Union staged three more successful attacks on the Hankow airport. It is admitted by the Japanese that several gasoline drums near the air field were exploded. The Chinese estimated that in addition the Japanese lost close to a hundred planes. With full allowance made for exaggeration, the raids were the most successful yet carried out by China. As a climax to their week of victories,

Chinese troops are reported to have stormed the city of Hangchow, capital of Chekiang province, only ninety miles south of Shanghai. Hangchow has been in Japanese hands since Christmas Eve, 1937. Its capture would be an even greater feat than the saving of Changsha.

CANADA IS THREATENED WITH A LITTLE war of its own in the bitter electoral campaign now being carried on in the province of Quebec. Premier Duplessis, leader of the semi-fascist Union Nationale government and author of the notorious padlock law, has made conscription the chief issue of the campaign. Some of his supporters have gone so far as to threaten secession from the Dominion in the event conscription is adopted. The Liberal opposition, led by Adelard Godbout and Dominion Minister of Justice Ernest Lapointe, have also declared their opposition to conscription, but are insisting that Quebec Liberals are more likely to have weight in Ottawa than the discredited Duplessis government. Catholic leadership, influenced by the Vatican's stand on Poland, is said to be veering against Duplessis because of his totalitarian sympathies. But the rank and and file of the priesthood are standing with the Union Nationale in opposition to the Dominion government's war policy. The conscription issue is largely a false one in that no such step has been proposed in Ottawa. It is generally assumed that Canada can best serve the Allied cause by developing its war industries and providing raw materials. But should the time come when fresh troops are needed, the Dominion may find its very existence endangered by a combination of neo-fascist ideology and traditional separatist feeling.

NEXT YEAR *THE NATION* WILL BE SEVENTY-five years old. Founded just after the Civil War in an era of profound social and political changes, this journal has lived through the whole period of America's coming of age. It has seen the growth of the great combinations in industry, the rise of a powerful labor movement, the slow emergence of progressive thought as a dominant force in politics. From the day it was founded, with E. L. Godkin as its editor, *The Nation* has played an independent role, never tying either its fortunes or its policy to any political faction. It has always been unqualifiedly liberal. This does not mean that its opinions are today what they were in 1865 or in 1915; the laissez faire liberal of the last half of the last century became the supporter of protective social legislation in the early 1900's, and today he has added to his political philosophy a belief in the inescapable need of government intervention in the control of industry and finance. The editors of *The Nation* are, with some trepidation, planning a special anniversary issue to be published in the early weeks of 1940. In its pages we intend to tell the story of liberalism's rise in American life and to prospect a little into the years immediately ahead. This is not an easy assignment at a time when old-fashioned despotism is threatening the very existence of the critical intelligence. But perhaps this is a good moment to choose for taking stock of our past, of the heritage on which American liberal democracy was built, of our present-day problems, and of our capacity for survival and growth.

Baltic and Black Sea

MOSCOW'S whistle brought the helpless little Baltic states to heel quickly enough, and the Red Army and fleet are already taking over the bases won through diplomacy backed by threats. Now it is the turn of Finland and Turkey to accommodate themselves to Stalin's *Realpolitik*. They are proving tougher customers, however, and the pace of negotiations has slowed down accordingly. In neither case is there any exact information about the demands the Russian government has made on these countries. Rumors abound, but as many of them originate in Berlin, which is interested in embroiling Russia and Britain via Scandinavia and also in levering Turkey out of its alliance with the Allies, they must be treated with great reserve.

Until either agreement or breakdown has been reached in the talks with Finland and Turkey, it will remain hard to discover the long-range objectives of Russia. Berlin would have us believe that its new Communist friend is heart and soul with it in the struggle against the West. But forecasts of an imminent meeting between the two powers to decide the next step after the Allies' rejection of Hitler's "peace" terms have faded away. Whatever game Stalin is playing, it seems to be one of his own choosing.

The gathering of the Baltic states into the Soviet defense system, for instance, is of very little interest to the Western powers, which are unable in any case to break into the Baltic. Obviously its primary purpose is to strengthen Russia's strategic position vis-a-vis Germany, and it might be justified on the ground that security knows no law, though when other powers excuse their actions on this ground Communists are properly shocked.

On the assumption that Soviet diplomacy is concerned with mending its fences rather than extending its boundaries, agreement with Finland should not prove impossible. The Finns would probably be willing to lease the small islands in the Gulf of Finland to Russia, thus enabling the latter to insure the safety of its naval base at Kronstadt. But demands by Moscow going much beyond this could hardly be met without compromising Finland's independence. We may discount reports that the right to occupy the Finnish port of Hango and the

Aaland Islands was included in the Russian terms. The possibility of a demand for a mutual-assistance pact seems to have been hinted at by Foreign Minister Errko when he stated in his radio address to America that Finland could not accept a proposal "which would strengthen the security of one side at the expense of the other." Obviously such a pact, concluded at the dictation of a great power, would rob Finland of its cherished neutrality, destroy its close association with the other states of the Nordic bloc, and reduce it to the position of a satellite. Russia's insistence on an agreement of this kind would almost certainly be resisted even if it meant war. It would afford clear proof that Moscow was aiming at more than Baltic security and had revived the imperialist ambitions of the czars.

The outcome of the negotiations with Finland should furnish a clue to Russia's Baltic objectives; those with Turkey will prove an acid test of its intentions regarding the Black Sea and points south. It is certain that the latter have not proceeded at all smoothly. Yet Turkey has long been on the friendliest terms with Russia and is obviously anxious not to disturb this relationship. The difficulty in reaching an agreement suggests, therefore, that demands have been made which the Ankara government considers to be incompatible either with its independence or with its obligations to other powers.

The latest reports state that Turkey is willing to remain neutral should Britain and France fight Russia but will not denounce its treaty obligation to join the Allies in the event of Italy's joining Germany. It is also said to have refused three major Russian demands—recognition of the partition of Poland, formation of a neutral Balkan bloc under the aegis of Russia and Germany, and the territorial expansion of Russia and Bulgaria at the expense of Rumania. The second and third of these proposals, if they really represent the Soviet terms, obviously form a severe stumbling-block to any agreement.

Neutrality subject to the joint direction of Moscow and Berlin means hardly less than the division of the Balkans into spheres of influence. It would destroy the Balkan League and thereby deprive Turkey of one of the chief bulwarks of its security. Nor could Turkey consent to the mutilation of Rumania. Not only is it on terms of close friendship with that country, but such an act would be completely at variance with its alliance with Britain and France, which have guaranteed Rumania against aggression.

Unless, therefore, Moscow's final demands turn out to be far more modest, the negotiations with Turkey seem likely to break down. With a Russia intent on "socialism in one country" and concerned only with keeping its own borders inviolate, Turkey can afford to remain on terms of friendship. But it cannot afford to facilitate the advance of a Russia which renews the expansive ideas of the Romanovs. Whenever in history Russia has pressed either toward the Mediterranean or toward the Persian Gulf, Turkey has girded itself to block the path. It seems inevitable that it will do so again.

Labor's Bourbons

TWO scenes, one at the A. F. of L. convention in Cincinnati, the other at the C. I. O. convention in San Francisco, may help us to understand why peace in the labor movement is as far off as ever. At Cincinnati, after the applause which greeted Homer Martin's speech had died away, the committee report on readmission of his automobile workers was presented to the convention. It must have been a bitter pill for Martin to swallow because it reserved the right to protect the jurisdiction of the craft unions in the automobile industry. This is the very issue on which Martin and the automobile workers left the A. F. of L. to form the C. I. O. four years ago. The A. F. of L. still declines to recognize the importance of industrial organization in mass-production industry.

If that scene is indicative of the A. F. of L.'s unwillingness or inability to face facts, another scene at San Francisco lit up the pride and intransigence of the C. I. O. and its leader, John L. Lewis. Governor Olson, the first liberal governor of California since Hiram Johnson, had just finished making a plea for unity in the ranks of labor. John L. Lewis rose to answer him. "The Congress of Industrial Organizations had to be organized," he said, "before Governor Olson could come here to make a speech." It is true that Olson would not have been elected if he had had to depend on the A. F. of L. But if the proud tenor of Lewis's reply was justified, its intransigence—whatever its cause—was not. Although the principal responsibility for the continued division in the ranks of labor continues to rest on those who caused that division in the first place, we expect more of Lewis because he knows better. It is true that the chief objection of the A. F. of L. leaders to reunion is based on the fact that reunion on equal terms would mean the end of their jobs. The two federations are roughly equal in membership, but an alliance between the C. I. O. and the cowed opposition within the A. F. of L. would be the final curtain of the Woll-Hutcheson-Frey clique and their mouthpiece, William Green. Lewis cannot be blamed for rejecting their offer to take back only the original C. I. O. unions, for this would leave the present A. F. of L. hierarchy in control of the reunited federation, and it would undoubtedly use that control to cut up the new C. I. O. unions into crafts. But Lewis knows that with a great war on, into which we may be drawn, continued division is disastrous. It would be worth the sacrifice of all but the industrial-union principle and democratic rights within the A. F. of L. to bring unity about. If Lewis cannot

act, perhaps it would be best if the President stepped in.

Intervention by the President might well give opposition elements within the A. F. of L. the courage to speak up. Threats of jurisdictional reprisals have in the past frightened dissenters into silence; thus the democratic Brewery Workers' Union is in process of being "raided" by the dictatorial and racket-ridden Teamsters. The absence of democratic rights in most of the A. F. of L. unions has made it possible to postpone elections year after year, and to perpetuate the leaders in office by allowing them to hand-pick their own delegates. The A. F. of L. cannot keep jurisdictional peace in its own ranks, much less make peace with the C. I. O. The truce hastily patched up in the building trades last August under the threat of a C. I. O. invasion has already been broken several times. Under the surface, among the rank and file, there is a great deal of resentment. On the issue of the Wagner Act it mounted high enough to make itself felt at the conventions. Last year even hand-picked delegates greeted attacks on the Wagner Act with a loud silence; this year two international presidents rose on the floor to oppose amendments to the act. The task of restoring unity is the task of breaking through the hard shell of dictatorship and bureaucracy that imprisons the membership of the A. F. of L.

Barring effective intervention or some miracle, the stage is set for a fight without quarter. With a new anti-red drive under way, the C. I. O. made it clear that it will not join any witch-hunt. But the demotion of Harry Bridges from his post as director of the entire West Coast may be a warning that Lewis expects the left wing to "behave." The resignations of Frank Morrison and Frank Duffy, both decrepit ancients of the movement, have cleared the way for more vigorous representatives of ultra-conservatism on the council; Duffy is replaced by William Hutcheson of the Carpenters, Morrison by George Meany of the New York State Federation of Labor. Meany's elevation may be his reward for sabotaging the American Labor Party's attempt to enlist the A. F. of L. unions in New York. The Typographers, suspended for their unwillingness to pay anti-C. I. O. assessments, and the Brewery Workers, threatened with the loss of beer-truck drivers to the Teamsters, may shift over to the C. I. O. Both sides give the President's pleas for peace the cold shoulder, and the war goes on.

Dictated but Not Red

IN THE correspondence columns of this issue McAlister Coleman advises against jumping up and down on the Communists while they lie prostrate from their self-inflicted wounds. " 'Don't cheer, boys,' " he quotes, " 'the poor devils are dying.' " We haven't the least inclination to cheer, but something seems to be wrong in Mr. Coleman's picture. The "poor devils," far from expiring, are blandly administering extreme unction to everyone else within earshot and patronizingly explaining to them the error of their ways. Thus after a month of twisting and turning that would do honor to a corkscrew they coolly charge *The Nation* with "fumbling and confusion, a drifting with the tide of events that has necessitated a change of course from week to week." More in awe than in anger we leave the accusation to the verdict of others. Under the circumstances, however, we think it fair to recall to Editor Magil of the *New Masses*—it was he who spotted our "fumbling and confusion"—a few of the gems of contradiction that have lowered the "vanguard of the American working class" to the level of comic relief.

On August 25, after the Ribbentrop visit to Moscow had already been announced, Hitler stood revealed before Mr. Magil's colleagues on the *Daily Worker* "more clearly than ever before as an imperialist aggressor and warmaker threatening the independence of Poland immediately, as well as the position and national interest of England, France, and the United States." The "thing to watch for," warned the *New Masses* on August 29, "is a situation in which the Vatican or the Oslo powers, *or perhaps some other capitulator* [italics ours], may be persuaded to call some sort of conference . . . which Hitler would at first ridicule and then, having been assured of concessions, come into at the end and emerge as the victor." As for the strictly non-aggression pact then in the making between Germany and the U. S. S. R., "the people of Poland," said the *Daily Worker*, "realize the firm position of the Soviet Union in uncompromising support for their freedom and independence." What is more, "as they gather their strength to resist the fascist threats and to defend their national independence, this support will be continued and further strengthened." Of course the pact would have an escape clause which would free the Soviet Union from its terms should Germany attack a third nation. This, said the authoritative *Worker*, "is a basic clause of Soviet peace policy."

Then came the pact, to what should have been the humiliation of the *Worker*, which had previously declared: "The whispered lies to the effect that the Soviet Union will enter into a treaty of understanding with Nazi Germany are nothing but poison spread by the enemies of peace and democracy." And immediately on its signature came Germany's "attack on a third nation." The pact contained no loophole to take care of German aggression, but the editors of the *New Masses* patiently explained on September 5 that 'in truth it was naive to expect an escape clause."

What the Red Army did in support of Polish independence is now history, but what the American Communist press did is less familiar. First the land which Earl Browder, even two days after the German invasion,

called on "all Communists to support" as the victim of unprovoked aggression became "a landlord state" and "a semi-fascist regime." The government whose "decision to divide up the big estates on the frontier among the poor peasants" had won the praise of the *New Masses* on August 2 was pilloried as "a bankrupt dictatorship of colonels and wealthy landowners" in the issue of October 10. By the same token the democracies suddenly became the "democracies" and worse; the appeasers of London became war-mongers the minute they stopped appeasing; and capitulation to Hitler, hitherto the nadir of depravity, became, now that it was urged on the Allies by Moscow, a basis for world peace—a peace, said the *New Masses* (October 10), which would "squelch every reactionary force that comes up from the sewers of capitalist life at the smell of blood."

This kind of thing could be continued endlessly. In September Churchill's "rising influence" was a "development of the British struggle against fascist aggression"; by October the *New Masses* found that Churchill's rejection of peace on Hitler's terms revealed "how sinister and thoroughgoing the war against Germany will become should Churchill come to the helm." On September 1 the "isolationists were out to knife the President's peace policy" by opposing his demand to "junk the present fake 'Neutrality Act.'" By October 6 the lifting of the embargo had become "an instrument for the furthering of the war aims of Wall Street finance and British imperialism," just as Coughlin, Fish, the Socialists, and the hated Trotskyists, all of whom the local Stalinists have long lumped together as tools of the "Munichers," had been saying for months—and still say.

But this is laboring a point. It is no wonder that the American comrades, observing the monstrous somersaults in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* and eternally obliged to follow the leader, are "fumbling and confused"—so confused, in fact, that they think others are doing the fumbling.

Of Books and Politics

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

SEVERAL readers have commented on Kenneth Crawford's review of "After Seven Years" and asked that *The Nation* supplement his criticism with some editorial estimate of Moley's performance. This modest public demand affords an excuse for a few remarks I have wanted to make about both the book and its reviewers. By and large I think Moley has been treated with a consideration that has weakened and falsified the appraisal of his work. In an effort to avoid the personal note so deafeningly sounded by the author, his critics have minimized what seems to me the book's most important aspect. Our reviewer wrote: "Some of the reviews of this book already in print take Moley to task for peddling the confidence of a White House intimate before the White House has changed hands. I am willing to pass over the question of propriety. Of course Moley has kissed once and told twice. But there was no attempt at deception about that. . . ." And then Mr. Crawford went on to an estimate of the factual value of the book, which he rates high, and of Moley's political philosophy, which he considers puerile. Arthur Krock, in a review printed in the New York *Times* on Sunday, October 1, used the same approach, though his political conclusions were different; he, too, washed his hands of any responsibility for passing judgment on the "morals" of Moley's performance. While one or two criticisms have expressed indignation, none that I have seen has examined the relationship between Moley's morals and manners and his facts and conclusions. But how can that relationship be ignored? Every recorded conversation, every event described, every charge made must be examined in the light of Moley's sparkling animus against Mr. Roosevelt. A man does not tell tales which expose to ridicule or blame another man to whom he has been bound by close ties of friendship unless he is moved by a desire to injure. This is obviously true in ordinary personal relationships. It is even more true when the object of the exposure holds a high public office; then each word becomes a political act as well as a personal injury, and an act against which the victim has no defense.

Moley is no innocent in the world of politics. He may not be as nearly omniscient as he would have his readers believe, but his book reveals a shrewd understanding of the art of political maneuver. One must conclude after reading it that he is a tattle-tale with a purpose—and a sure knowledge of the effect of every word set down. His facts and judgments must be assayed with this in mind.

Hermann Rauschning's book "The Revolution of Nihilism" has almost supplanted "Mein Kampf" as a textbook of Nazi philosophy and Nazi intentions. It is, for one thing, up to date, even though it was written last spring. Rauschning traces the growth among the leaders of the Third Reich of a fanatical determination to extend the area of Nazi domination without regard to political results. No extremes of external aggression or of revolutionary change within the regime are too violent to be acceptable in the pursuit of this end. Particularly pertinent is his discussion of Germany's relations with Russia. Many pages clamor to be quoted, but those which follow fairly summarize the most important points in Rauschning's analysis:

> The anti-Soviet policy of National Socialism seems so much a matter of established doctrine that a return to the old pro-alliance conception of the Reichswehr might

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seem impossible for the Third Reich. But, as I have frequently indicated, that is not so. The new Thirty Years' War in which we are engaged may, in spite of its supposed ideological character, become the war of permanent changes of front. And it may well be that, sooner or later, Germany will deliberately seek an alliance with Soviet Russia. . . .

In the spring of 1937, before the huge crop of executions in the Russian army, a number of provincial German newspapers were surprisingly busy with Russian events, which were being interpreted as revealing a new development of nationalism in the Bolshevik state, and its purging of Jewish elements and of doctrinaire revolutionists. There were full accounts of Stalinist anti-Semitism, and much was made of the alleged emergence of the authoritarian idea of a new czarism, together with a new nationalism. I do not know whether all this was a kite flown by the Propaganda Ministry or a gamble by other groups. But nobody who has had any insight into the elasticity of the unscrupulous power policy of the regime will have any doubt that a right-about turn in foreign policy would not be a matter of the slightest difficulty either for the Propaganda Ministry or for any of the masters of the completely muzzled German nation. . . . Apart from Rosenberg, there were few prominent members of the party who would not have preferred a Russian to the Polish pact. . . .

The Bolshevik leaders defended the strange plan of an association between the Soviet Union and Germany, in discussing it with members of their party, by arguing that it could only benefit the proletariat if capitalist, militarist Germany built up the indispensable armaments industry for the Soviet Union. But in 1933 any close alliance with Russia for aims of offense was only to be had at the price of a "second," a Socialist, revolution in Germany. I assume that Hitler recognized this, and that he considered that the time was not ripe for that revolution. Undoubtedly there are important military groups which would not shrink from it. For many of the younger generation of Nationalists there is no longer anything alarming about that perspective.

Hitler's aversion from an alliance with the Soviet Union is due, however, clearly to another consideration —that if the National Socialist methods of domination are, perhaps, the equal of the Bolshevik methods, they are in no way superior to them. A German-Russian alliance would certainly bring the danger of the conversion of a National Socialist into a Bolshevik hegemony. As yet Hitler has found no opponent who could stand up to his political methods. This gives him the sense he personally needs of absolute superiority. Soviet Russia would be as dangerous as a partner as it is as an enemy; it would be a partner immune to the wiles of National Socialism, as the bourgeois world is not.

The army was enthusiastically for the alliance, which offered the inestimable advantage of covering Germany's rear. It favored an alliance for practical reasons, just as the Western democracies are trying today to avoid the formation of ideological coalitions and are in favor of political collaboration with National Socialism, independently of any revolutionary consequences that might result in the event of war. The Reichswehr, similarly, is not deterred from accepting the practical advantages of an alliance by the risk of the revolutionary infection of Germany in war time.

Hitler was compelled by the political intrigues of the early years to trim his sails until he had full possession of power and could venture on a revolutionary course in internal politics. Now, however, with *Wehrwirtschaft* and *Autarkie* . . . the economic system and the social order have been largely approximated to the Bolshevik system—with, it is true, certain important exceptions. There are thus no difficulties left in the way of alliance with the Soviet Union. That alliance is the great revolutionary coup in foreign policy at which controlling elements in the National Socialist leadership have long been aiming. . . .

A German-Russian alliance means simply the confluence of two streams which run toward the same sea, the sea of world revolution. National Socialism will submit to *Gleichschaltung* with the Bolshevik world revolution, or will subject that revolution to *Gleichschaltung* with itself: it amounts either way to much the same thing. It will be no ordinary coalition between two powers for normal practical purposes. Germany and Russia, if they come together, will radically transform the world. That alliance is Hitler's great coming stroke.

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War Boom or Bust?

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

DURING the ten painful, profitless years since 1929 many Americans have begun to fear that only a second World War would revitalize the American economy so that it could enjoy another period of expansion. The Second World War is now in its second month. So is the business spree it set off; industry in general is now producing at physical capacity. Perhaps the Second World War will not get anywhere as a World War; perhaps it will not even turn out to be a successful PWA project; in any case, the six-weeks-old business spree is already heading into an extremely unpleasant morning after.

The major economic growth of 1926-29, achieved mainly by private investment, is apparently not being duplicated. The young war recovery seems thus far to be simply a more violent repetition of the 1937 inventory boom—the only result of which was a twelve-month production shut-down while the surpluses accumulated through the miscalculations of business were worked off. Already several billions of dollars of previously idle funds have been put to work, but unfortunately nearly all of this money is being invested in the production of goods for inventory, "on spec."

War in Europe frightened American business men into buying everything in sight. They anticipated a boom in exports much greater than that of the last war, partly because this war is being fought by highly mechanized forces which consume more materials than armies ever did in the past. To guard against a domestic famine caused by the export of everything that could be shipped, they tried to beat the belligerents and one another to their suppliers' order books. Contrary to expectations, however, export consumption of our output since the outbreak of war has increased only a trifle. Domestic consumption had been inadequate to balance production at even its modest pre-war level. It has lagged pathetically behind the new rate of output since the war set our factories working at capacity.

More urgently needed than at any time since 1929 is the expansion of capital-goods activity by the investment of from five to ten billion dollars a year of new money. Only this kind of activity will create both outlets to absorb the heavy materials now being overproduced and purchasing power to absorb the consumer goods being warehoused at record speed. The accumulation of orders which sent production up to capacity will probably be worked off by the end of the year. Reorders to keep the production lines moving seem out of the question; in fact, many industries right now are threatened with cancelations from customers who have begun to fear that they have bought too much. The only hope of averting another inventory "recession" lies in a capital-goods revival.

True, private industries caught with inadequate, obsolete machinery have encouragingly been placing impressive orders for new capital goods. But it seems certain that the absorption of materials and the creation of buying power through this rise in private investment will be insufficient to forestall another recession in the first half of 1940. Government must be prepared to step in. Instead of yielding to the temptation of "not rocking the boat," of hoping to ride an indefinitely prolonged wave of prosperity, the New Deal must be ready with a whirlwind program of capital-goods investment—as the President is being told by those of his advisers whose pessimism in advance of previous calamities in part explains their influence with him. The problem is one of arithmetic; to new private investment enough government investment must be added to make the sum of new purchasing power balance the total of overproduction.

In the early days of 1939, when the problem was to counteract depression rather than to act swiftly to save a recovery, a satisfactory beginning of such an investment program had been prepared. This was embodied in the self-liquidating spending-lending bill and the housing bill, each designed to stimulate the depressed heavy industries. Thanks to the government, the building industry has been the one member of the capital-goods group enjoying a high rate of activity from June, 1938, on. During the early part of 1939 construction actually exceeded that in the corresponding part of 1937. But this was entirely due to government activity. Private construction was only half what it had been in 1937.

All this government construction work will end precipitately in the first half of 1940. The contribution of government deficits to purchasing power is also scheduled to decline sharply from its recent rate of over $3,500,000,000 a year. But only government building and government deficits have been keeping the economy alive during the protracted shut-down of capital-goods work—railroad equipment, utility equipment, factory construction, and the like.

Last summer we faced the threat that by the spring of 1940 the basic prop sustaining business activity safely above the recession level would collapse. This threat the New Deal's twin bills were meant to neutralize. The housing bill would have given a new lease on life to

building activity, which had begun to taper off from the peak established earlier in 1939. And the spending-lending bill would have brought the railroad-equipment industry into action, a long step toward reemployment.

A surprising volume of support for the housing bill developed in business circles; a prominent Wall Street law firm, as counsel for certain building-material producers who could not afford to be ideological about "more New Deal spending," logically found itself lobbying for the bill. The most important part of the spending-lending bill, after Secretary Morgenthau consented to the deletion of its public-works provisions, was the rail-equipment section. This at first aroused considerable opposition from the railroads themselves; most of the managements opposed the bill on the ground that if they permitted the government to finance their buying of new equipment at 1 per cent, people would conclude they had allowed their existing equipment to become inefficient and obsolete.

Actually less than a month after the railroads aided the defeat of this bill, which would have helped to put them back on their feet, the war boom showed conclusively how inadequate their equipment had become: they went running to the RFC for $125,000,000, at 3 per cent, not 1 per cent, for emergency equipment orders, while industrial production all over the country was held up by their inability to keep deliveries at the same pace as output. Last summer, when car loadings were around 600,000 a week, the roads talked big about how much traffic they could handle. Some roads, in desperate need of new equipment and unable to obtain money in Wall Street, would have liked the idea of getting money from the government at 1 or 2 per cent, but American railroads are too well disciplined for any individual managements to buck the machine, and the machine apparently didn't want to know anything more than that the New Deal was trying to spend some more money. As a matter of fact, this rail-equipment financing would not have added a dime to the public debt if only because the railroads' fraction of modern equipment has always paid a return on the investment in it.

After a while, however, in spite of the railroads' Washington lobbyists, a certain number of influential and well-placed business men found out that the bill was designed to accomplish precisely what they had always claimed the New Deal prevented—the revival of the capital-goods industries. Support for the bill began to grow. Then two things happened. First, the question of supporting the bill was passed up to the high political powers in the business world, who have always regarded New Deal legislation on matters like the securities markets and the utilities as a personal insult. The reaction here was: "Lay off. Don't help these fellows out when they have only a year to go. After the next depression has licked them, we will come back in 1940 with a program very much like this."

The second event was more spectacular. In circles which had contributed heavily to the campaign funds of Representative O'Connor of New York and other targets of the 1938 purge, the feeling spread that Congress at last had Roosevelt on the run, that he could be licked for good if the spending-lending effort to avert a depression could be defeated. There sprang into action that hatchet gang informally known as the Owners' Association because each of its members claims to own and to be able to deliver the vote of various Senators and Representatives. The office of Senator Tydings, who had been lobbying to permit the derelict Baltimore and Ohio to give the runaround to its creditors — not least among them the RFC —became the center of much activity. Finally, that stalwart liberal, Senator Wheeler, to whom no government spending desired by the silver lobby has ever seemed extravagant, moved to throw out the entire bill. The "Owners' Association," more representative of money in general than of responsible industrial leaders in the heavy industries concerned, had Roosevelt down. Then war broke out in Europe. It let Roosevelt get up to fight another round.



Senator Wheeler

If the New Deal's bills had gone through, a cushion of assured capital-goods work would have been available to support business activity when the wave of inventory production peters out, when business men feel that they have stocked up against all contingencies and can afford to sit back and see how busy Europe really will keep the factories. No such cushion now exists. By January the nation's factories can look forward to something very much like a shut-down instead of a war boom. How much consuming power is needed can be measured by the vast degree of overproduction in the weeks since the war.

The most typical, and important, case is that of steel. The industry had drifted into the habit of selling in quantity only during price wars; this had cut deeply into its profit margins. During the June price war it had taken orders which would supply its larger customers into the first part of 1940. By August, releases for shipment of these orders were coming so slowly that the industry was overproducing at only 60 per cent of capacity.

Then came the war and the boom. The troubles of overproduction were swept away. In the first week of the war steel orders from domestic customers anticipating a famine caused by exports totaled 7,000,000 tons, the second week equaled this, and the last two weeks of September swelled the order backlog to between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 tons—enough to keep the industry producing at capacity until 1940. What were the actual exports which justified this unparalleled speculation? In the first week the total of actual orders for exports, plus hints, hopes, and feelers, was 250,000 tons. The second week's 7,000,000-ton buying was based on another 250,000 tons of export orders and inquiries: domestic consumers bought 14,000,000 tons to guard against an export famine caused by 500,000 tons of tangible and intangible export business. Before the month was out, the industry was chasing its tail. The British government, whose theoretical needs had in good part set off the spree, was actually inquiring for 200,000 tons. It inquired in district after district, at plant after plant. The mills were too busy with large orders to bother with exports. Then, at the end of September, buying fell away altogether. The delivery period had begun.

Two other basic industries, copper and oil, illustrate further the illusion of huge war exports. In August the oil industry suffered one of the most acute crises in its history. Under the pressure of uncontrollable surpluses a collapse occurred, first in prices, then in production. Crude-oil output stopped in six states. While this severe corrective process was still running its course, the war started. The industry's exports remained of marginal importance, since the Allies were not only well stocked but beginning to draw on their own colonial sources. No matter. Just as though an export boom had begun, prices and production reversed themselves. The country producing two-thirds of the world's oil was afraid of a shortage.

Copper producers too had been sorry for themselves all year. They had let their customers use steel buyers' tactics to hammer prices down and load up with supplies for months to come. July copper sales, slightly over 183,000 tons, set an all-time record, although the business was actually spread out thin over a number of months through orders for future delivery. On top of this inventory accumulation came the war fever. The July record was broken. So great was the demand that the producers went to the extraordinary lengths of refusing to sell to outside speculators and rationing their usual customers. But, again, none of this buying was for export, although the industry had been doing a pretty fair volume of export business before the war. As in the case of oil, the Allies were well stocked and relied on their colonial sources for additional supplies paid for in their own depreciated currencies. By October buyers were through.

Instead of accepting this, the industry put the price up; this had the desired effect of reviving speculative fears and precipitating another buying rush nearly as great as September's. But a significant commentary on the copper situation has been made by the ticker tape: in spite of all this record business, Anaconda is still selling for only $4 more than in the last pre-war week.

The most grotesque speculation of all occurred in the sick old cotton-textile industry, which has no export prospects no matter how long the war lasts. In the first week of the war orders totaled a billion yards—the largest week's business since 1920. This inventory buying occurred while the industry was curtailing production by 25 per cent in order to allow its customers to work off the record surpluses accumulated last spring. The textile boom was so obviously unhealthy that merchants began discouraging mills from trying to make prompt delivery.

There is one encouraging circumstance in this unbalanced boom—the rising volume of orders for new capital equipment. The railroads, caught so short of equipment that for once their spokesmen were apologetic, seem certain to spend well over $200,000,000 on emergency work alone before the year is out; if government financing on really attractive terms is forthcoming, they can multiply this several times over later on. The utilities, also caught short, have followed the railroads into the equipment market. Commonwealth and Southern has placed the most significant order, for a new generator in TVA territory. Altogether, utility investment in emergency plant may approximate $100,000,000 by January. But this is only scratching the surface. Throughout industry inadequate equipment is causing production bottlenecks. Steel mills have shut down because their blast furnaces could not give them all the iron they needed. Foundries, run down for ten years, are unable to serve their revived railroad market and their more faithful customers at the same time. Evidence of the emergency is seen in the fact that the country's machine-tool builders are sold out well into 1940 on rush orders.

But it is doubtful if all this emergency machinery buying will add up to much more than five or six hundred million of new investment money. Unquestionably, if the boom could be stabilized, much more would follow, a great deal more if government financing were forthcoming—with the government securing loans by mortgages on the new machinery. Also, if the war really starts using up material equipment, exports may attain more than their present marginal importance. But the volume of investment money needed, before January, to sustain production at even 10 per cent below its present level will be closer to $2,500,000,000 than $500,000,000. And the economy cannot wait until possible private demand brings about such investment. The government must add its support if private investment is to have a chance to continue in 1940.

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Revolution in Ideas

BY MAX LERNER

AMONG the intellectual exiles from Germany after Hitler's capture of power in 1933 was a keen political and legal theorist, Professor Hermann Kantorowicz. I sat in a seminar with him for a short time at the University in Exile, one of the many brilliant achievements in Alvin Johnson's crowded life. "You would not understand this perhaps," he said to us, "because you have not experienced it as we have in Germany. There is an important distinction between thoughts and ideas. Men possess thoughts but ideas possess men."

I shall not easily forget the impact of his remark and the illumination it carried. It was not that the distinction between the words "thoughts" and "ideas" meant much to me in itself. Let us rephrase the statement. Let us say we are dealing with the whole realm of what, for lack of a better term, we shall call ideas—the whole intellectual realm. One phase of it is the rational; and here men are in possession of the ideas, using them to clarify their world and subject it to order. The other phase is the irrational; and here the ideas—big sweeping ideas like racism, individualism, Nazism, communism, democracy —are in possession of men.

It is the recognition and exploitation of this possessive power of ideas that makes the genius of our age. The great intellectual revolution of the seventeenth century was the discovery of scientific method and its possibilities. That of the eighteenth century was the charting of the map of reason and the subjecting of social institutions to the test of rationality. That of the nineteenth century was the discovery of the world as process rather than as structure, with ascertainable laws of development both in the biological realm (Darwinism) and in the historical and social realm (Marxism). The intellectual revolution of the twentieth century is likely to prove the charting of the *terra incognita* of the irrational and the extraction of its implications for every area of human thought.

This is not the place for an extended discussion either of the new age of propaganda or of the discovery of the irrational. For the present purpose, both must be taken as given. What I want to emphasize here is how radically this has affected our intellectual orientation. It involves nothing short of a Copernican revolution in ideas. Many of us do not yet know it, because there is always a lag between intellectual change and our awareness of it; but it is nevertheless a fact that the rational, right-thinking man has as surely ceased to be considered the center of our intellectual system as the earth has ceased to be considered the center of our planetary system.

This is bound to play havoc with intellectual history as it has been traditionally written. There have been two principal traditions in intellectual history. One has been the history of ideas, viewed narrowly in a genteel Matthew Arnold sense as the best that has been thought and said by accredited spokesmen in the proper quarters, and written, after the manner of Deuteronomy, as a genealogical succession of schools of thought. The second has been the history of states of social consciousness, or what Whitehead and after him Carl Becker have called "climates of opinion."

To these must be added now a third approach—that of seeing the history of ideas as the expression of broad social and class forces. Taine used this approach in France in his studies of English literary history; Franz Mehring in his studies of German literature and especially in his "Lessing-Legende"; Harold Laski in England in his studies of the history of European political thought; and, in America, Charles Beard and Vernon Parrington in their analysis of American intellectual history. Some of these are Marxian in their emphasis; the others are only loosely related to the class interpretation. They have in common an interest in what Karl Mannheim, in his "Ideology and Utopia," has called the "unmasking" of ideologies. They view the history of thought as a succession of defensive and aggressive movements directed toward class and group interests and power relations. Their assumption is that both the intellectual apologies for a social order and the intellectual attacks upon it need to be recognized before we can lay bare the social impulsions behind the work of individual thinkers.

The great merit of this approach is that it goes beyond the rhetoric of ideas. It is not content to consider them at their face value, or to deal with them as in a pecuniary culture we deal with coins—so many counters of standardized value that have become ends in themselves. It deals with ideas as symbol-formations, half-revealing and half-concealing the real purposes beneath. It sees that the idea has meaning only in the dynamic context of a struggle over power and values.

But even after one has spelled out these merits, the approach still suffers from overrationalism. It concentrates on the thinker and the idea, and on the conscious or unconscious but none the less rational interests behind both. We shall have to shift our emphasis so as to include not only the conditions of the creation of ideas but also the conditions of their reception, not only the impulsions behind the ideas but also the uses to which they are put,

not only the thinkers but also the popularizers, the propagandists, the opinion skill-groups, the final audience that believes or disbelieves and acts accordingly. This is, in a sense, a naturalistic approach. It follows through to the actual shapes the idea assumes in its various uses and transformations. For whatever may have been the personal intent or the biographical dilemmas of a thinker—an Adam Smith, an Emerson, a Nietzsche, a Lenin, a Spengler—we do not see his idea as a whole until we see the things that time and men have done to it. In the history of ideas even their distortions are part of their meaning—the unfolding of a line of direction inherent in the ideas themselves.

The Copernican revolution in intellectual history will not have borne fruit until we adopt a completely naturalistic approach to it. The meaning of an idea must be seen as the focus of four principal converging strains: the man and his biography; the intellectual tradition; the social context, or the age and its biography; the historical consequences of the idea, or the successive audiences that receive it. When we have grasped this we shall have grasped also the force of the irrational in the history of ideas, the role of propaganda as well as of individual creativeness, the role of instinctual drives as well as of logical formulations. We shall, in short, be viewing the idea not wishfully but with our eye on what happens to it.

But does this mean a surrender on our part to the force of the irrational? By no means. There is an enormous difference between the recognition of the role of the irrational and the glorification of it. It is our failure to make this distinction that has largely prevented us from making use of the new insights into the irrational. Liberals and democrats alike have striven hard to keep their skirts clean of any contamination from the irrational —lest by recognizing it they strengthen it and thus play into the fascists' hands. The result is that the term "ideologies," in the sense of systems of belief that serve to energize a culture and make it cohesive and give it a fighting strength, has come to have a meaning restricted to the fascist and communist countries.

I have little doubt that what will ultimately defeat fascism is its anti-scientific bias. The shape that ideas take is relative to the culture and era in which they develop and are used; yet there are internal standards of validity in ideas themselves. The sum of those internal standards is what, for lack of a better term, we call "science," although the philosophers may prefer to call it "truth." The notions we have about science and the methods we use for it will also vary, but the existence of scientific standards cannot be brushed aside either by skepticism or by state fiat. And a culture that sets itself against science by expelling its physicists and biologists and chemists, its doctors and its engineers, is not a culture that will survive. Not only will its armaments be defective and its synthetic products ultimately unusable; more important, that regard for fact and its validity upon which survival depends will inevitably wither away.

For some time we have believed that there was a sharp difference between nations with "ideologies" enforced by state power and those in which the state was ostensibly neutral and allowed a competition of ideas. Several things have happened to disabuse us of this notion. One is that we have come more and more to view democracy as an ideology. Another is the non-aggression pact recently signed by Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. For we have come to see that just as we have had to manufacture an ideology for the purposes of power politics, so the totalitarian states have had to ignore their ideologies when power politics demanded a decent ideological ignorance. The discovery shocked most of us, not because we had underrated the force of power politics but because we had overrated the compulsion of ideologies. We had assumed that the Soviet Union would cleave to its doctrine or perish; and it has preferred to suspend its doctrine. We thought that Hitler's acts were governed by a fine ideological frenzy; and he turned out to be only a man governed by a desire for power so great that, as Hermann Rauschning has pointed out in "The Revolution of Nihilism," it admits of no other fixed principles. In the one case the survival of socialism in Russia seems to have been the imperative; in the other the principle of dynamism—of the ruthless conquest of power, with whatever allies, until Germany shall have established its hegemony over the world. The two imperatives are, of course, in the end irreconcilable; but before the end comes there may be several way-stations where they can still consort.

The cynicism that the German-Russian pact revealed is not limited to the Nazi and Soviet ruling groups. It characterizes every ruling élite, even in the democracies. It is instructive to recall the attitude of the élite toward the religion of emperor-worship in the Roman Empire as Gibbon describes it. The élite were sophisticated enough to be completely skeptical of it, yet they went through the forms because the demands of cohesion required that the underlying population should continue to believe. A similar dichotomy between the ruling groups and the masses is developing today in every culture. By this dichotomy the ruling groups deal with power politics and the masses are fed the proper ideas and given the minimum security. Nor is this true only of the totalitarian states. In the democracies as well statesmen are willing to betray ideologies: witness Chamberlain's fealty to Hitler at Berchtesgaden—the Canossa of our era; and the cynical scrapping of democratic Czechoslovakia at Munich in order to turn Hitler in the direction of the Soviet Union. And in the democracies, too, the ruling economic groups are skeptical of majority rule, making only the most necessary concessions to the masses.

Is there, then, no real difference between the totalitarian states and the democracies in their attitude toward the use of ideas? Thus far the difference has not been clear. But it exists. The important difference is that between the *instrumental* approach to ideas and the *manipulative* approach. The instrumental approach recognizes that ideas are used in behalf of a way of life. It understands that, if democracy is to mean anything, it must have respect for the common man and not use him cynically as a pawn in the political game. The manipulative approach sees the common people only as so much material to be used. If you view ideas instrumentally, your primary regard is for their validity and for the creative action and the social cohesion that will result. If you view them manipulatively, your only regard is for the use you can make of them. They become instruments not for creativeness but for contrivance.

The discoveries we have made in the realm of the irrational are important in the struggle for democracy because they pose the task and condition its achievement. Democratic ideas will have validity not because of any moral perfection in themselves but because they fulfil men's needs for security, for stature, for participation in a cultural experience. This means economic change, and of a drastic nature. It means a change in educational procedures which will place the full force of our educational agencies—the school, the press, the radio, the movies—behind the achievement of a socialized democracy. It means the enrolment of new skill-groups, especially those of economic, legal, engineering, and labor technicians, in the government of industry. It means an affirmativeness in our pursuit of cultural goals which will convert our old democratic stereotypes into ideas winged with fire, to touch the imaginations of the young.

To pursue *Machtpolitik* as Hitler has been pursuing it means to be cynical of idea systems and contemptuous of the minds you are manipulating. This cynicism and contempt may seem for a time to go unpunished. But all the time they are destroying the only principle of cohesiveness a culture can have—the common people's belief in a way of life. When that crumbles, the culture crumbles. War and economic collapse will simply remove the outward props and reveal the inner disintegration.

Ideas are necessarily weapons. But they will be effective as weapons only if the uses to which they are put are life-affirming. If the craftsmen in ideas have a belief in the possibilities of human society and a sense of the dignity of ordinary people, that will be the best safeguard of those ultimate standards of validity that we call science and truth.

The Balkans Are Next

BY JONATHAN GRIFFIN

Belgrade-Bucharest, September 12-17

ON SEPTEMBER 3, 1939, in a small town of the Rumanian countryside, a crowd was listening to the radio in an outdoor coffee-house. The news came through that Great Britain had declared war against Germany. A peasant rose from his seat and made the sign of the cross. "Thank God," he said, "that the dishonor is wiped away. And now may God give them the victory." On the same day, in Belgrade, a Frenchwoman knocked down a man with her automobile. He was not badly hurt, but he had some cuts and his clothes were torn. As he was clearly a poor man, the woman offered him a thousand dinars in reparation. When she said she was French, however, he refused to take the money, exclaiming "Vive la France!" The crowd that had gathered took up the cry of "Vive la France!" When a policeman arrived, the injured man told him that he wished to make no claim and that the lady was French. The policeman at once shut up his notebook, saluted, and said "Vive la France!" And as the lady drove away, the crowd, the injured man, and the policeman waved her goodby and shouted "Vive la France!"

Those two incidents are not exceptional. In both Rumania and Yugoslavia, before the first week of this war ended, the government had to forbid, at Germany's request, all demonstrations in cinemas and listening to the radio in public places. In both these important and closely menaced countries the great majority of the people are against Hitler; they know very well that the victory of Great Britain and France is essential to the freedom of any small nation. And yet both Yugoslavia and Rumania remain, as I write this, neutral. Why?

There is, of course, the obvious reason that war is immeasurably risky and always destructive. Smaller nations find an additional reason for trying to keep out of a war between great powers in the fact that a small nation which takes the losing side may forfeit its very independence for centuries, while even a defeated great power cannot very well be kept down, as the last twenty years have shown. But Yugoslavia and Rumania have still other reasons for trying to keep out of this war. One is that the Poles are unpopular, chiefly because they stabbed the Czechs in the back in 1938. The psychological moment for resisting Hitler was September, 1938; at

that time the Rumanian and Serbian peoples were ready without question to fight for a victim of aggression, but now they are full of fear and distrust. For a long time after Munich Mr. Roosevelt and the Chinese were the only foreigners who could awaken applause in the cinemas of Belgrade. Within an hour of the news that Britain was at war with Hitler demonstrations for the Western powers began in the streets. But this outburst of the old enthusiasm gave way to second thought and anxious waiting, to a morbid sensibility toward every fluctuation of the scanty news and legion rumors about the military operations. Many Rumanians and Serbs do not know why the Siegfried line cannot be pierced in a day, or why a British fleet cannot sail through the mine fields in the Baltic. The swift defeat of the Poles has given them a shock and laid them open to every whisper, from whatever source, that Britain and France are even now not serious about this war. One meets again and again people of all sorts who say that the Germans drop bombs, the English only leaflets. That Chamberlain is still in power nourishes the suspicions of these people. They are a fine field for German propaganda.

In both countries the governments, as well as the people, have many motives for trying to steer clear of war. First of all, of course, there are the two great questions: Will Italy stay neutral? And what will Russia do? Then there is the fear of sabotage, for both countries swarm with German agents and have German and other minorities. One factor in the Polish defeat was the quick action of German agents, who cut many of the communications as soon as war broke out. Against such sabotage the Rumanian government has been taking some precautions since German agents blew up several Rumanian bridges. But in the first week of the war it was induced to set up a large number of German schools in Bessarabia, and it is now under strong pressure to admit German technicians into key places. Nearly 200,000 of Rumania's Germans live in Bessarabia and Bukovina, close to the Russian and Polish frontiers.

In Yugoslavia, besides these dangers, there is still the Croat question, suspended rather than solved. The Serbo-Croat agreement was essential to national unity in a time of mortal danger and a real step toward democracy. But the Croats firmly believe that imminent war alone extracted it from the Serbs and that the Serbs would take back the concessions if they could. Dr. Machek threatened openly that if war came before agreement the Croats would take the opposite side to the Serbs, and he still makes it clear in conversation that he holds this threat in reserve. The Serbs resent these methods, the more so because in the last war they paid heavily in blood—670,000 casualties in a population of 4,000,000—for the liberation of the whole country. The Serbs of the opposition are especially bitter, because, although they have long worked for an agreement with the Croats, when the negotiations began, Dr. Machek rejected their help, preferring to win alone by exploiting the menace of Hitlerism—a method too much like that of the Slovak autonomists.

But perhaps the strongest motive for seeking neutrality, even at a high price, is the lack of armaments. The Yugoslav army, especially, is very short of up-to-date equipment, partly because its generals are old-fashioned, good at making their men fine fighters with the knife but not so good at getting them scientific weapons, and partly because Stoyadinovich would not arm the country against Nazi Germany. After Munich the Czechs offered Yugoslavia a great stock of up-to-date war material at reasonable prices, but the Yugoslavs dragged the negotiations out until March, 1939, when Hitler seized it all. Yugoslavia's own small war industry depends on Germany for repairs and replacements. But now the work of fortification is going on feverishly, especially against Hungary. Rumania's equipment is better, but the army is still short of aircraft, anti-aircraft guns, anti-tank guns, and tanks, as well as uniforms and boots. Rumania has some fortifications toward Hungary but none toward Russia and Poland.

To both Rumania and Yugoslavia, then, the swift collapse of Poland is a terrible portent. True, its cause was partly Polish conceit—the Poles would not disclose their needs to the French economic mission, would not let the French military mission go to the front, parked their airplanes and lorries in lines inviting bombs, neglected anti-tank devices in favor of mounted infantry, and relied on rain. And, true, Rumania and Yugoslavia would hardly repeat all these mistakes. But the fact remains that Germany was able to concentrate forces so weighty, well-organized, and murderously equipped that they overwhelmed and destroyed Poland, a large country with a great deal of equipment, before aid from the West could make itself felt. Without ordering general mobilization Yugoslavia has called up a good three-quarters of a million men, and Rumania nearly two million, many of these being concentrated on the Russian, Polish, and former Czechoslovak frontiers. How much either country could do to hold up a German *Blitzkrieg* is doubtful. Moreover, it is not known whether England and France are yet ready to send adequate aid, or what, meanwhile, Russia, Italy, or Turkey would do.

With these questions to face, no wonder the governments of Yugoslavia and Rumania have been receptive to Italy's diplomatic drive to form the Balkans into a neutral bloc. (This fits in also with the momentary rapprochement between Hungary and Rumania, and with the desire of some leading Serbs for a greater South Slav state that would include Bulgaria.) Italy's game has been fairly plain: the internal situation would not allow Mussolini to fight on Germany's side for an object so remote as Poland, but since his sympathies remained un-

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changed, he helped Germany by keeping the Balkan states neutral until Hitler should be free to turn against them or to the west; at the same time he has deprived the Western powers of any access to Germany except through the Siegfried line. Some say that Britain and France are not yet ready to support a Balkan ally promptly, in which case a temporary neutral bloc would help them rather than Hitler.

But is Hitler now likely to leave Rumania and Yugoslavia in peace until they have the backing for resistance? He will wait only if the threat to the Rhine is intense. Already Germany is pressing hard for economic control. For instance, the Bor copper mine in Yugoslavia is owned by French capital, but the Yugoslav government has the right to buy its whole output. This the Germans are believed to have demanded. (Yugoslavia is Europe's largest producer of copper, and officials in Belgrade think that a British air raid badly damaged the Stolberg mine near Wilhelmshaven.) Germany refuses to pay in cash, even at the outrageous rate of exchange obtained in June, and is reluctant to pay in goods. In the first week of the war the Germans held up a delivery of armaments for Yugoslavia, protesting at the same time because Belgrade impounded a large consignment of arms being sent through, under a false declaration, from Germany to Bulgaria. Desperately short of rolling-stock, the Germans have kept seventy Yugoslav freight cars, demanding meanwhile that the Yugoslavs send more goods to Germany in their own cars. The sales of Rumanian oil to Germany, though large, are also limited by the shortage of cars; a German delegation came to Bucharest on September 15 to speed up the working of the March trade agreement. Now that German and Russian troops have taken over Poland, and there is even talk of Turkey closing the Dardanelles to armed forces, the test may come in the Balkans any day.

The Real Housing Issue

BY CHARLES ABRAMS

WHEN Alfred Rheinstein resigned as chairman of the New York City Housing Authority with a blast that shook the foundations of every project from Williamsburg Houses in Brooklyn to Portrero Hill in San Francisco, he unwittingly loosened the pins under the whole housing movement. When the smoke clears, it will be seen that, without any great principle having been established, New York City has lost the services of a good builder and the cause of the slum dweller has been handed over to its enemies.

The real issues have become so confused that it is no longer easy to separate sense from nonsense. Even freedom of speech and federal Hitlerism have been dragged into the picture. Rheinstein had done a good job in cutting building costs; therefore everything else he stood for was taken to be right. New Deal papers joined with anti-New Deal papers in attacking Administrator Straus for provoking Rheinstein's resignation. It looked as if Straus had dealt a deathblow to the housing cause in New York, and it was suggested that he resign, too. Social agencies deplored the loss of the New York builder. A lament was even heard from the arch-enemy of the housing program in New York, the New York Real Estate Board—a lament that gave the incident a touch of suspicion and irony.

Directing the housing program, locally or nationally, has not been an easy job. Straus is the fifth federal official in five years who has tried it. Rheinstein's resignation is the second in New York in two years. In other parts of the country also, members of housing authorities have been reshuffled. For not only is the program novel, but there are few educational facilities to inform the public or to train personnel, and opinion is sharply divided on policy and procedure. Politicians already have begun to see that public housing offers opportunities to bail out slum landlords, hand over big building contracts, give jobs to the worthy, and capture an unfriendly political stronghold by filling it with more sympathetic voters. Whether the local authority is an autonomous body or a department of the city—the issue which forced the resignation of Rheinstein's predecessor in New York—is still an unsettled question. Tax exemption of projects, civil-service requirements, public letting of contracts are other problems still to be solved.

Straus is to blame for many things. He was misguided when he stood aloof from disputes too long, permitting half-baked opinions to crystallize. He may have felt that public controversies would prevent further Congressional appropriations, that the majority favoring his program in the House rested on a few uncertain votes which might be cast against it if public differences developed. But meanwhile he allowed Rheinstein to build something besides the Queensbridge and Red Hook projects—namely, a body of opinion supporting the purchase of expensive slum land and favoring projects for higher income groups than those whom Congress had intended to benefit. He compromised on principles when he should have fought, when the issue involved was not federal

decentralization as claimed but adherence to Congressional intent. In his attempt to save the measure from conflict and possible defeat, he permitted the evolution of an oppositionist housing policy which has gained much public support, and which if adopted might deal a final blow to the housing program.

What are the real issues in this controversy? The question of the income groups to be rehoused is one. Rheinstein had first urged that the eligibles include families earning up to $1,923 annually, instead of the $1,399 of the federal limitation. He argued that projects would be like almshouses if rented to the lowest income group; that he would have to fill them almost wholly from relief cases; that New York City presented a special situation differing from other parts of the country; that there were deserving families with higher incomes who would be unjustly barred. Moreover, there weren't enough lowest-income applicants, he said, to fill Red Hook, and it would remain empty unless Straus's ruling were modified. The storm broke while Congress was debating the rule on the appropriation measure, and it struck fear in those who were fighting for the bill's passage in Washington. Why should Congress grant money to build more houses when in the city which exemplifies the slum problem people couldn't be found to fill those already built? But the New York chairman seemed to care little for the chances of the measure. He continued to charge that Straus had exceeded his powers in fixing the lower income limitation; the law, he insisted, simply said that, to be eligible, families must not have incomes more than five times the rent; any other conditions placed upon renting were in his opinion gratuitous and unwarranted. Rheinstein, of course, failed to realize that under the law dwellings may be rented only to the "lowest income group," and that the report which accompanied the federal housing bill referred to renting to "the lowest income group that can be reached . . . the lowest third . . . the $600 to $1,000 a year family groups who ought to be the beneficiaries of such a program." Straus had gone quite far enough in fixing the income limitation at $1,399. If he had allowed the projects to be used for the middle income group, and not just the lowest third, he would have not only endangered further appropriations but had to answer to Congress for exceeding his powers.

That Rheinstein couldn't find enough applicants to fill Red Hook has always seemed incredible, for two recent surveys disclose that more than 225,000 families of non-relief status in the city have incomes under $1,400. In fact, a handful of reporters for the New York *Post* found 500 eligible families in two days. When eligible families appeared so quickly, the New York chairman took a step of even greater importance to the housing program. He ruled out families which lived in tenements that did not violate the law. In other words, the six-story walk-up that covers 90 per cent of the lot area, with its foul odors, rats, and vermin, the tenement in which tuberculosis, crime, and infant mortality flourish, the tenement condemned by every city administration and by every state housing commission that has investigated it, had suddenly become a habitable dwelling simply by the addition of a few toilets and fire-retarding walls in the hallways. Though the death rate in the Brooklyn Navy Yard slum area was more than twice the borough rate and the tuberculosis rate in Harlem three times the city average, conditions could be remedied with a shot in the arm. Once this was done, there would no longer be any need for a housing program.

There was still another issue. Rheinstein contended that federal moneys should be used to buy up slum properties. Certainly this was the popular position. Straus had limited the price to be paid for land in New York to $1.50 a square foot. This barred the purchase of slum land unless the city paid the difference. Normally much can be said both for building on slum sites and for developing vacant land. For the first it can be urged that expensive city facilities already exist in these central areas, and that the best way to get rid of the slums is to tear them down. Advocates of using vacant sites say that projects can be planned better in outlying areas, and that the money saved on the land can be used for additional homes. Arguments will rage back and forth, but one thing is clear. Tearing down slum buildings might have been done in 1934, but during a housing shortage it is absurd to demolish occupied houses. This simply intensifies the shortage, drives the evicted tenants into still worse buildings, overcrowds them, and forces them to pay prohibitive rent increases. Rents near the Triborough Bridge rose more than 20 per cent when buildings were torn down to make way for the approach. In 1937 the threatened eviction of 4,000 families by savings banks which had acquired possession of houses not complying with the law caused a near panic. It forced a public investigation and the speedy enactment of a statute giving the banks six months' immunity from prosecution.

The situation has grown worse since 1937. Rheinstein's own survey admits that Manhattan apartments renting for $40 or less a month are only 3.1 per cent vacant; in three sections only from 1 to 2 per cent. No private construction boom, however great, can add to the supply of dwellings for slum families. They are completely removed from the sphere of private enterprise. Only public housing will build them. This situation is not confined to New York alone. With a sustained recovery and the undoubling of families, the present housing shortage might easily develop into a housing famine, as it did in the early twenties. Absorption of vacancies occurs rapidly once it is set in motion. In four selected New York areas the vacancy reduction was 46 per cent between March and October of 1936. A war boom may be the very development that will bring on the famine.

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We might look back for guidance to the post-war years 1918-23, when rents in thirty-two cities rose more than 52 per cent. If the public authorities continue to tear down available dwellings instead of adding to the supply, slum-dwellers can expect added hardship rather than relief. Congress authorized the administrator to defer slum-clearance operations if a shortage occurred. It prepared for the event. Yet when the shortage actually came, Rheinstein chose to ignore it.

Unfortunately, those who would destroy housing will reap advantage from the dispute. They were willing to accept it in 1934 when a recovery in building might prime the pump and pour profits back into the materials industries. But housing, they think, isn't needed today for this purpose. The war boom will do the trick. They want nothing that entails subsidy and taxation, not even homes for the underprivileged. "The Moor has done his duty, the Moor may go." If rents skyrocket and public projects aren't available, they have an answer. Rehabilitate the tenements. Patch them a bit here and there, give the owners tax exemption, and, presto, the housing problem is solved. The party is on again. The tenements may be with us for another hundred years.

The test will come in January when the next appropriation measure comes up for debate. It will then be decided whether housing is a temporary recovery measure, an experiment to be abandoned at the first sign of recovery, or a long-range program. Mr. Rheinstein made a contribution to public housing by saving millions of dollars through his building economies, but he may have innocently succeeded in losing for millions of people their right to a better way of life.

In the Wind

THIS IS the sad story of a staff man on one of the major radio networks. During one of the tense periods early this month he worked for twenty consecutive hours without a breathing-spell. When he was finally relieved, he staggered home and into bed. Half an hour later his phone rang insistently; he reluctantly answered it and heard a cheery, inquiring voice: "This is a representative of the Crosley Radio Company. We are making a survey of radio listeners. Could you tell me if your radio is on now and what station you're listening to?"

THE CHICAGO *TRIBUNE,* America's most red-conscious newspaper, is now voicing the suspicion that "Communists" were responsible for the Chicago fire. Admitting that the *Tribune* has always blamed the fire on Mrs. O'Leary's cow, the editorial reminds readers that a weekly magazine suggested in 1913 that Communists started the fire, that one of them had confessed as much, and that the whole story deserves fresh investigation.

DEPARTMENT OF UNDERSTATEMENT: "The International Goodwill Congress, which was to have met here November 10-13, has been called off until further notice because the arrangements committee said the European war would probably interfere with holding a worth-while meeting."—From the Milwaukee *Sentinel.*

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, who is now in Germany, got this story from a friend in Yugoslavia. A Berlin broadcast, heard in Yugoslavia, reported that Mr. Villard had toured Europe, returned to New York, and written an article asserting that Britain was "groping in the dark." The broadcast was based on his article in *The Nation* describing war-time London at night and called London Blackout.

THERE'S STILL a minor mystery (plus several major ones) about Ribbentrop's first jaunt to Moscow. Where, ask diplomats and foreign correspondents, did the swastika flags decorating the aerodrome come from? The most plausible explanation advanced so far is that they were borrowed from the State Theater—which had used them for anti-Nazi plays.

DESPITE WIDESPREAD reports—including one published in this column—that Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" would never reach the screen, the production is making rapid progress. And it isn't pulling any punches. That is what Steinbeck told his publishers recently when he visited New York. He revealed that he was much pleased by the film version and certain there wouldn't be any last-minute reversals.

EQUAL RIGHTS, ETC.: An Associated Press dispatch from Oak Grove, Louisiana, not widely published elsewhere, reported recently: "Roosevelt Johnson, twenty-eight-year-old Negro, was given the death penalty for *attempting to attack* a woman in one of six houses the state said he robbed near Oak Grove. Everette Miller, white, was given a life term for *attacking* a thirteen-year-old grammar-school girl at Epps, Louisiana." (Italics ours.)

IN HIS article in a recent *Saturday Evening Post* called I'll Sit This One Out, Milton Mayer relates that "ten years ago," when he was an undergraduate, "all the bright young men were taking the Oxford pledge." The pledge—not to go to war—was first formulated in 1933 in the Oxford Union and imitated here shortly afterward.

BOOSTING ITS annual drive for funds, the *Daily Worker* proudly displayed on its front page this letter to the editor from a woman reader: "I want you to know that there are two loves in my life—my husband Tony and the *Daily Worker.*"

IN PARIS it is rumored that as Hitler was passing through a devastated Polish town, a dog bit him. The French comment is: "Perhaps, but we're waiting to hear the dog's story." . . . London reports that an American tourist in Berlin asked an official how far away Rumania was. "About two incidents," the Nazi answered.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, September 28

PITY the head that wears the crown of Ireland—or rather him who holds the presidency. Other heads of small countries may look with envy upon Ireland's remoteness from the Nazis and its assurance that it will not be invaded by Hitler, but I do not believe that President De Valera thinks he is so much better off than the rulers of other small nations. It is true that he and his Parliament have announced the neutrality of Ireland. But that was merely the starting-point of his troubles. How to preserve that neutrality is going to bother him as long as the war lasts. For young Irishmen are volunteering for the British army by the thousands; the steamers that go irregularly from Ireland to England are full of them. And that fact incenses those who are hoping that if things go badly with England they will be able to "redeem" the north and drive the British troops there into the sea. De Valera's problem is to prevent the violation of Ireland's neutrality not only in favor of England, but also against it. Not that any Irishman wants to fight with or for Hitler. The Irish believe in democracy. But they want all Eire under one flag, and they want it with a passion that astounds the visitor who has perhaps thought that the many British concessions had finally satisfied them. It astounded me on my recent visit to Dublin.

Soon after the declaration of neutrality De Valera jailed a lot of revolutionists so that they would not make trouble. If it were possible for him to add to his unpopularity with the Irish Republican Army, the body which has been committing the bombing outrages in England, that would have done it. The extremists have long since forgotten everything that he did for Ireland in the early twenties and now have very much the same feeling for him that people are taught to have for Benedict Arnold or Judas Iscariot. They believe that he is actually playing the British game, notably by putting Simon-pure patriots in jail. Meanwhile, some of the English angrily contrast Eire's neutrality with the enthusiasm of New Zealand and Australia and Canada. Neutrality, moreover, makes it possible for the German minister, with his legation and consular officials, to remain in Dublin, in a most advantageous listening post; the British government might easily resent this, if the war were not largely conducted by wireless. Finally, though no Irish boy who has enlisted under the King can go back to Ireland to visit his parents while he is in uniform, English parents are pouring into Eire to place their children in school out of harm's way and perhaps to seek safety themselves.

To hold things down, De Valera has organized a special police force and called out the first line of the volunteers, or militia, to reinforce his small regular army—again not against a foreign foe but to head off revolution at home. How serious that danger is no one knows; few think it really serious. The feeling of large groups about the war can best be illustrated by this declaration of the Dublin Constituencies Council of the Labor Party: "The issue in the war is the supremacy of one bloc of great powers over the other. It is again the clash of conflicting imperialisms in which liberty, democracy, and the freedom of threatened small nations are but false catch cries to lure the workers and the common people into battle for their own destruction." The council then recorded its resolute opposition to "any participation in the war which is causing such misery, suffering, and torture to the workers of Europe." It asked for the prohibition of all English newspapers for the duration of the war to end their "poisonous propaganda" and also for the "non-admittance into Eire of any form of Nazi propaganda."

How will the Germans react to all this? So far, I believe, only one Irish ship has been sunk. It is obviously asking a good deal of a young submarine commander to be sure to sink Belfast ships and not Dublin and Cork ships. Some of the Irish mail ships have been suddenly transferred from the British to the Irish flag. Will Berlin object to this? During the last war England captured ships under the American flag because they had been German vessels. Curiously the British crews of these mail ships struck when the Irish flag was hoisted on them because they were British sailors and wanted to sail under their own flag and because under the Irish law their wives and dependents would not be compensated if they were injured or drowned. So far no German submarine has entered an Irish harbor to bother De Valera with the question of internment.

Today Eire acts both as if it were and were not in the war. It is blacking out its cities—why, if it is neutral?—has instituted a press censorship, and is building up an air-raid-precaution service. It is facing the same complete upsetting of its economic and industrial life as England and has instituted similar price-fixing. The London *Times* believes that Eire's neutrality has many advantages for England. Those men who wish to fight will fight and the Germans will have no excuse for intriguing in Ireland. It thinks, moreover, that the progress of the war will bring the two nations closer together.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Justice Frankfurter

LAW AND POLITICS. By Felix Frankfurter. Edited by Archibald MacLeish and E. F. Prichard, Jr. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH and E. F. Prichard, Jr., have performed no mere act of piety in collecting the scattered articles, editorials, and reviews which make up "Law and Politics." To adapt a phrase Justice Frankfurter used on another occasion, they help us to map his mind. The intellectual topography of any Supreme Court justice is of the greatest interest, for it may determine the course of our national development for years to come. It is particularly important in the case of one who promises to occupy a commanding place on the bench, for Frankfurter's first few opinions and dissents exhibit the clarity, bite, and perspective of a master, and demonstrate his right to stand in the line of succession that runs from Holmes through Brandeis and Cardozo. An earlier generation, using a term that has come to seem old-fashioned, might have referred to these jurists as the Holmes school in constitutional law. Though fear of Mr. Roosevelt has now driven most of our judges to enrol in it, Justice Frankfurter has older and more durable claims to membership. When, speaking for the court, he declined to permit an ingenious Oklahoma scheme designed to deprive most Negroes of the right to vote, one could hear the voice of Holmes in the decision: "The [Fifteenth] Amendment nullifies sophisticated as well as simple-minded modes of discrimination. It hits onerous procedural requirements . . . although the abstract right to vote may remain unrestricted as to race." The Frankfurter dissent in the Hetty Green Tax case has the same incisive and epigrammatic accents: "In the setting of modern circumstances, the inflexible doctrine of domicile—one man, one home—is in danger of becoming a social anachronism." Holmes would have approved the direct thrust of common sense in the Frankfurter decision upholding income taxes on judges: "To suggest that it makes inroads upon the independence of judges . . . by making them bear their aliquot share of the cost of maintaining the government is to trivialize the great historic experience on which the framers based the safeguards of Article III, Section 1. To subject them to a general tax is merely to recognize that judges are also citizens." Frankfurter's concurring opinion in *Graves* v. *New York,* discussing Marshall's "seductive cliché that the power to tax involves the power to destroy," will bear comparison with the best of Holmes, Brandeis, or Cardozo.

Essays on these three justices make up one section of "Law and Politics." They help us to understand Frankfurter's frame of reference and the school of thought from which he derives. The ideas of Holmes developed in the period and atmosphere which gave us Sumner's "Folkways" and the pragmatism of James. Distrust of absolutes in the law and an insistence on probing beneath the smooth surface of juristic utterance to hidden motivations characterize the Holmes approach. Frankfurter's essay on The Early Writings of O. W. Holmes, Jr., showed that Holmes expressed these characteristic ideas as early as 1879 in an article on "Common Carriers and the Common Law." Here Holmes found "the secret root from which the law draws all the juices of life" not in its logical formulations but in "considerations of what is expedient for the community concerned." Holmes developed a kind of psychoanalysis of the law which took on new importance in the 1890's when the philosophy of Justice Field came to dominate the Supreme Court. American capitalism sought to block social and economic reform by reading absolutist laissez faire conceptions into the Constitution, and disguised the smuggling as unavoidable obedience to a clear mandate of the Fathers. Holmes brought a corrosive skepticism to bear on the injunctions a Peckham or a Brewer claimed to read in the crystal ball of "due process." He undermined the myth on which the court depended for popular submission to unpopular decisions, the myth that it was enforcing the words of the Constitution rather than the majority's predilections. But if the application of the Constitution to specific cases was not a mere literacy test but an occasion for deciding questions of economic and social policy, there was no reason why judges should continue to meet the facts of life only in the back alleys of the unconscious. Brandeis's contribution was to bring the process into the open and provide the economic and social data on which alone a sound judgment could be reached. "Until his famous brief in *Muller* v. *Oregon,*" Frankfurter wrote in his essay on Mr. Justice Brandeis and the Constitution, "social legislation was supported before the courts largely *in vacuo*—as an abstract dialectic between 'liberty' and 'police power,' unrelated to a world of trusts and unions, of large-scale industry and all its implications." One should not overlook the difference in the conclusions drawn by the Holmes school from his basic premises, and those drawn by men of more radical bent. The latter sought to shear the court of its "usurped" powers; the former to educate judges in using these powers more wisely. One does not need to read the Frankfurter essay on the Supreme Court, reprinted here from the Enclycopaedia of the Social Sciences, to guess that he was as opposed to the Roosevelt plan to deal with the court's conservatism by dilution as he is to any other "mechanical device" to insure "the wise exercise" of the court's power. But it is also well to remember that all the profound wisdom and extraordinary persuasiveness of Holmes, Brandeis, and Cardozo were of no avail until in 1937 Mr. Roosevelt threatened to use the hairbrush. Nothing so enriches our constitutional law as a little well-timed contempt of court.

All the jurists of the Holmes school have had a natural talent for expression, but it is not entirely accident that they have made a contribution to American literature as well as to American law. Consciousness of their responsibility and their power lent majesty to their words. Harlan's manly anger often gave moving accents to his prose, but between

Marshall and Holmes there is little for the anthologist in "U. S. Reports." Marshall, too, was fully conscious of the creative nature of his role. The highly sophisticated simplicity of Holmes and the jeweled utterance of Cardozo made high art of a form as crabbed and ungracious as the judicial decision. Brandeis's eloquence is not as celebrated, though there are passages in the Anita Whitney opinion and the Florida Chain Store Tax and Oklahoma Ice dissents that stir and inspire. The essays in "Law and Politics" show Frankfurter's comparable gifts as a writer. "The momentum of the court's influence," he says in one of his essays on Holmes, "has been achieved undramatically and imperceptibly, like the gradual growth of a coral reef, as the cumulative product of hundreds of cases. . . ." "Wise foreign relations," he writes in defending the untraveled Smith against the cosmopolitan Hoover in 1928, "require fundamentally not a body that has traveled, but a mind and spirit capable of traveling." In The Young Men Go to Washington he complains, "People talk glibly about 'principles of government' as though there were a pharmacopoeia of politics and economics to which one could go for prescriptions." "Under the deceptive slogan of 'economy,'" he protested in What We Confront in American Life, "too many comfortable people preach vicarious asceticism." Elia himself could not have bettered Frankfurter's mock despair in a review of Cardozo: "Deference for the well-known shyness of the author has held this review much too long in check. If Judge Cardozo will publish, he must suffer the pains of public appreciation."

"Law and Politics" displays Justice Frankfurter's capacities and intellectual origins. It also charts his political boundaries. He is no radical, certainly no Marxist; sometimes he is almost conservative, as in his weak defense of the Child Labor Tax decision. If part of him can soar into the philosophic empyrean with Holmes, part of him is safely anchored with the social worker: in explaining why he would vote for Smith he includes among the candidate's achievements as Governor "a comprehensive grappling with grade-crossing evils." He pays tribute to Herbert Croly's "Promise of American Life," and many of the selections in this volume were contributed to the *New Republic* Croly founded and Frankfurter helped to launch. If I may be forgiven for speaking of *The Nation's* weekly comrade-in-arms, the young men who started the *New Republic* were concerned not so much with influencing the masses as with influencing important men. They hoped to affect events by memorandum rather than by manifesto. There is a revealing passage in Frankfurter's Why I Shall Vote for La Follette. He says, "Nowhere does the university so permeate the life of a state as it does in Wisconsin. That is an achievement of which Senator La Follette was the guiding spirit. Probably no other man in public life today compares with La Follette *in the extent of his reliance on disinterested expertness in the solution of economic and social questions.*" (The italics are mine.) During and immediately after the war Frankfurter was chairman of the War Labor Policies Board and warned against the anti-radical hysteria in industry. "We must see these industrial difficulties," he wrote, "as a challenge to social engineering, to be grappled with as the medical and the physical sciences meet their problems." This emphasis on "disinterested expertness" and "social engineering" both describes and circumscribes. These are not the diagnoses of a drastic mind. It is well to remember that the Holmes skepticism of absolutes provided a defense against uncomfortable conclusions flowing from the newer dogmatism of Marx as well as a weapon against the older dogmatism of laissez faire. But distrust of absolutes was limited almost entirely to property rights. In the field of basic liberties strategy prevailed over philosophy and skepticism became too costly a luxury; for unlimited freedom of discussion was as important as limitation of property rights if a democratic society was to make peaceful adjustments to changing conditions. Here there was no indulgence in lofty but enervating perspectives, and The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti, reprinted in this volume, is a memorial to Frankfurter as fighter, the record of his fiercest test and proudest matriculation.

I. F. STONE

The Dyer's Hand

SHAKESPEARE. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

IF IT is true that life provides everyone with the material for one good book, it is also true that everyone has something worth while to say about the plays of Shakespeare. Any approach yields results: Percy Simpson can find employment for his scholarship, Wilson Knight for his interest in Christian symbols, Granville-Barker for his experience as a producer, Wyndham-Lewis and D. H. Lawrence for their peculiar theories of life.

Of them all, the apparently easy approach of simple appreciation is really the most difficult; it requires both humility and courage, the humility to read the text without preconceived ideas of what is to be found and the courage to speak without caring whether one is being clever or original. Without these virtues appreciation is painfully embarrassing to read; well done it can be most rewarding, and Professor Van Doren, like Dr. Johnson before him—almost the only critic whom he quotes—does it very well. As in his book on Dryden, Professor Van Doren says nothing without quoting the text in support; in fact, he tells us nothing that we could not have found out for ourselves, or that, once he has pointed it out to us, we do not feel we must always have known. But the fact remains that we did not: Professor Van Doren enlightens us, not because he has any special knowledge or private advantages, but because his love of Shakespeare has been greater than our own.

The works of Shakespeare are the man; he is the only one of the great European figures of which this can be said. Leonardo left off painting the Mona Lisa to study engineering, Goethe could put aside "Faust" to take part in local government, Tolstoy rejected his own novels on moral grounds. One cannot imagine Shakespeare doing any of these things. Even in Dante one feels an interest in philosophy and history that is separable from his interest in their poetic expression. But in Shakespeare poetry and life are one. If we do not like poetry, he can mean nothing to us whatsoever. In the true sense of the word "pure," he is the purest poet who ever lived; that is to say, he explored all life through a single medium, that of language.

His range of curiosity was unlimited, but he confined

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himself to one mode of understanding, the poetic. All the other ways of organizing experience, philosophical belief, or scientific research he never touched and gave no sign of wishing to touch. The dyer's hand was completely immersed in what it worked in. Such a thorough specialization always bears with it the temptation to write "pure" poetry in the false sense, that is, to use language to explore not life but itself, to commit verbal incest. But as Professor Van Doren points out, Shakespeare was aware of this temptation and exposed it finally in "Richard II."

Other great men, like Leonardo and Goethe, have equaled him in their curiosity; other poets, like Dryden and Pope, have equaled him in their exclusive passion for poetic expression; but his combination of curiosity and gift is unique. To find a parallel one must go to music, to Mozart or Wagner.

Like every genius he took good care to be born in the right place and at the right time for the work he had to do. No other country in sixteenth-century Europe had a language as suitable for poetry as had England; at no other time in English history has there been a large-scale poetic form, like that of the Elizabethan drama, which by its nature kept poetry applied to life, encouraged it to explore the widest possible field of experience, and protected it from literary auto-intoxication. Had Shakespeare been born a Frenchman, he could hardly have written better than Racine; had he lived in the eighteenth century, his range could hardly have been wider or deeper than Pope's; and had he lived at the end of the nineteenth century, he might well have lost confidence in poetry altogether and abandoned it like Rimbaud.

No luck is perfect. Writing for a theatrical company had its limitations. Extraordinary as was his capacity to work wonders with unpromising or shoddy material, there are at least two cases, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "All's Well That Ends Well," of subjects with which he could do nothing.

And genius is rarely as artistically successful as talent. Had his range and power of expression been less, he would have been a better writer for the theater. In "Troilus and Cressida" and "Measure for Measure," for example, what he is interested in expressing, the vastness of human corruption, is a lyrical not a dramatic theme, and is more than the plots or the characters can bear. In "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew"—Professor Van Doren's verdict on the latter is the only one of his with which I disagree—the power of his language to arouse emotion transforms a harmless comedy about a dirty old Jew and a roaring farce about a tomboy into something serious, ugly, and intolerable.

For all his mastery of "theater," no performance of a Shakespeare play can ever give us the dramatic illusion that we are watching real people: we are always acutely aware that we are watching actors clumsily scrambling after a life far out of their reach. Indeed, no other dramatist can so convince us that actors are an inferior race of being. Just as the purest poet is the greatest enemy of "pure poetry," so the most skilful dramatist is the greatest enemy of "the stage."

Yet upon anyone who is capable of reading or hearing English poetry Shakespeare always makes the same impression, an impression summed up by Professor Van Doren in his introduction as well as in anything I have ever read:

> While we read a play of Shakespeare's we are in it. He conditions us to a particular world before we are aware that it exists; then he absorbs us in its particulars. The great world is not forgotten, but it is here confined to a single mode of its being. He is not telling the whole truth in any play, but the piece of truth with which he is occupied at a given moment is for the moment eloquent both of itself and of the remainder. The world is not there, but this part of it is so entirely there that we miss nothing. . . . The reader who places himself in his hands will not be protected from any experience, but he will be safe from outrage because he will always know his bearings. What is supposed to happen in Shakespeare's plays does happen; and what has happened anywhere cannot be finally hated. Shakespeare loves the world as it is.
>
> W. H. AUDEN

German View of British Strength

HOW STRONG IS BRITAIN? By C. E. Count Puckler. Veritas Press. $2.50.

WHEN the translation of this book, published in Germany early this year, appeared in England it was hailed by competent critics as well-balanced, accurate, and objective, and these adjectives are not undeserved. Count Puckler is a German newspaperman who for many years has been a correspondent in London. Such a job implies conformity to the Nazi creed, and this book makes several formal obeisances to the Führer and his achievements. But it is doubtful if the Count is a Nazi at heart, and it seems that his real purpose is to warn his fellow-countrymen that the British lion has not become paralyzed and cannot be safely provoked beyond a certain point—a theme most uncongenial to von Ribbentrop.

In considering the strength of Britain the author rightly gives foremost place to the economic factors. He reviews briefly the state of industry, agriculture, and shipping, and manages to cover most of the essential points. His views on agriculture are, perhaps inevitably, tinged with German romanticism about the soil. He does not fully appreciate the fact that Britain's willingness to forgo self-sufficiency and buy food in the cheapest market has produced economic advantages which certainly outweigh the strategical disadvantage of war-time dependence on imports. Count Puckler, also, is sufficiently bemused by German racial "science" to believe that agriculture is "a source of biological strength" and that Britain is suffering from diminished supplies of "fresh and healthy blood from the rural areas." I imagine most biologists would agree that a well-fed city child makes just as good human material as a well-fed country child and possibly better owing to the lessened chances of inbreeding in an urban environment.

One of the most interesting chapters in this book is that devoted to "the fifth pillar" of the British economic system—foreign investments. Count Puckler emphasizes the importance of this factor both in peace, when the annual stream of interest and dividends permits the nation to consume more than it produces, and in war, when the principal provides a financial reserve which can be turned into goods. He points out, however, that today only the United States is in a position to facilitate this alchemy, and in the event of American unwillingness or inability to assist the liquidation of British foreign

investments, the value of those investments would become problematical.

In any case, Count Puckler believes, Britain's era of overseas accumulation is ended. The draft made on foreign resources in the last war was largely replaced in the twenties. But since 1930 the British balance of payments has been adverse in most years, with the result that the country has been living on capital even in peace time. Apart from this, the author suggests, the growth of self-sufficiency on the Nazi model will block the foreign-investment channels through which Britain derived so much wealth. It does not seem to occur to him that autarchy is even more likely to recoil on the heads of its practitioners.

Count Puckler concludes that even though its economic strength may be at the beginning of a decline, Great Britain is still the richest country in the world, with a war potential, taking the dominions into account, probably greater than in 1914. But Britain's economy is essentially international—it must earn money abroad: "that is the categorical imperative of British foreign policy." In view of the necessity of peaceful trading relations with other nations Britain is "particularly dependent on world public opinion in her actions." Consequently British power can only be exerted on occasions when its use seems ethical not only in the eyes of the British people but in those of the world at large. Nor would propaganda to camouflage an unethical purpose be of more than limited use because of "the decency of the overwhelming majority of the British people" and the critical judgment of the dominions and the world at large. "It follows from this moral check on Great Britain's foreign policy," writes Count Puckler, "that no country in the world has anything to fear from her, no matter how strong she may be, providing its own foreign policy is as strictly ethical as Great Britain's is compelled by circumstances to be." This conclusion must sound positively treasonable in Germany today.

There are one or two errors in this book worth correcting. The population of New Zealand is one and a half millions, not half a million as stated; the great new steel works at Corby are not in Lincolnshire but much farther inland in Northamptonshire; London's architecturally undistinguished but busy Stock Exchange is not the same thing as the purely ornamental Royal Exchange.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Germanic Madness

GERMANY RAMPANT. By Ernest Hambloch. Carrick and Evans. $2.50.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE. By Franz Borkenau. The Viking Press. $2.

THAT *Deutschland* has been divinely appointed to rule the planet has long been an article of faith among pan-German patriots. Wotan has replaced Jehovah as Germany's heavenly benefactor, but the gift from the gods remains the same. The new imperialists at Berlin have so far outshouted their predecessors of the Second Reich in professing their destiny that the task of Allied war propagandists has been simplified. Nazi deeds and utterances speak for themselves. The last Kaiser occasionally conceded to other peoples the privilege of independent existence. The first Führer in his more candid moments has displayed no such weakness. To rule or ruin all the Western world has been his acknowledged aim. "Today we have conquered Germany; tomorrow the world is ours!"

The Anglo-French appeasers of yesterday have brought incalculable tragedy to their peoples by their refusal to recognize Nazi objectives. A host of more astute and more honest observers of the German scene, however, have long since insisted upon the inevitability of Hitler's resort to the sword to strike down all who might stand in the path of the Teutonic march toward mastery of the earth.

The nature and sources of the German national obsession are in part uncovered by these two volumes published on the eve of war. Ernest Hambloch, former member of the British consular service and correspondent for the London *Times*, completed his "Study in Economic Militarism" shortly after Munich. His thesis is that Nazi dreams of world conquest "must be considered as part of a national impulse with its roots in German tradition." He surveys pan-Germanism from Arminius to Hitler with brilliant insight and broad historical perspective. His juxtaposition of the Nazi credo and the swashbuckling utterances of the Lord's anointed prior to 1914 will startle those whose memories are short. "The Germany of today is only too true to her past—too true to be good." His suggestive interpretations of German folk psychology place in sharp focus what has been, what is, and what will be in the renewed assault of *Kultur* upon Western culture. And even as Chamberlain brought "peace with honor" back from the Reich, Hambloch wrote: "Today there seems to be little of care and less of calculation in British foreign policy, so that there is small likelihood that German hegemony can be arrested except by a Greater War with a Greater Germany."

Yet an indictment of a whole people is an uncritical acceptance of the Nazi gospel that Hitler is Germany. If Hitlerian foreign policy recalls and transcends Hohenzollern foreign policy, the similarity assuredly flows from the fact that now as then Junkers and plutocrats constitute the élite of German society. These landed and moneyed lords of the Reich are ever driven by interest and ambition to militant imperialism. The class basis of German aggression is hinted at by Hambloch. One would expect it to be developed incisively by a Marxist commentator. Franz Borkenau, erstwhile German Communist, does indeed seek to interpret the Nazi crusade in class terms, but the fogginess which characterized his earlier work on the Communist International reappears in "The New German Empire." His chapters are useful surveys of Nazi ambitions in Europe, Africa, and Latin America. He skilfully plays upon the theme that "the Nazis have adopted the Communist concept of conquering the world through revolution." Yet he misses the significance of Hitler's renunciation last March of Rosenberg's Ukrainian program. And he throws little new light on the economic and social roots of the *Furor Teutonicus.*

Germans in the mass are doubtless more docile, more gullible, and more addicted to *Schwärmerei* than other Western peoples. But their present psychosis, like the Hohenzollern delirium, is less a product of mass perversity than of class insecurity. No cure is likely until Junkers, industrialists,

and the neurotic *Kleinbürgertum* are alike excised from the German body politic. If the West defeats Hitler, his new friends in the Kremlin may be counted upon to help perform this necessary surgical operation. If not, the bitter words of Haile Selassie, abandoned in his hour of need, may become prophetic: "The West will perish."

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Aldington Again

REJECTED GUEST. By Richard Aldington. The Viking Press. $2.50.

LONG ago Richard Aldington was deeply hurt and disillusioned by life (you can read all about it in his poem "Childhood"), so deeply that he said he would never have a child, never bring a human being into the world to have it shut up like a chrysalis in a matchbox. (*N. B.* The biographical note on the dust-cover of his new novel states that he recently took up permanent residence in this country "with his wife and infant daughter.") Anyway, after writing a great deal of exquisitely sensitive poetry, mostly in the imagist mode, he turned to writing novels about the World War, in which he took part, and the post-war generation, novels that tried to conceal the real depth of the hurt under a veneer of hard-boiled cynicism. In "Death of a Hero," "The Colonel's Daughter," and "All Men Are Enemies" the veneer is laid on so thickly, the author has so often gone so far out of his way to say the derisive thing, to insert the blasé commentary, that I have always felt he was trying to hide perhaps even from himself the poetic idealism which the present-day world might brand as softness.

The new novel, "Rejected Guest," merely confirms that impression. It is the story of the illegitimate, posthumous son of an English officer killed in the war, of his soul-bruising collisions—like a chrysalis in a matchbox—with poverty, middle-class smugness, aristocratic snobbishness, and plain unadorned selfishness. And even though it positively glitters under a coating of raillery at things in general, of clever asides that serve as pin-pricks to burst any bubble of romanticism that threatens to materialize, I still get the impression that Aldington's mockery is a part of his losing fight to suppress his inherent poetic idealism, which, if he let himself go, might move him to write an idyl, as he came dangerously close to doing in "All Men Are Enemies"—or might prompt him to try to change this sorry scheme of things entire, which his reason tells him would be childish and futile.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

Shorter Notices

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

For over thirty years the initials A. A. M. have stood for the best that was to be had in British whimsy for adults and children, in verse and prose. If it is the conventional thing to say that Stevenson's mantle fell on Barrie, then Milne (who is only partly Scottish) wrapped part of that well-worn garment round himself even before Barrie had ceased



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to wear it. Now, succumbing to the current autobiographical mode, he tells how it all came about; how "When We Were Very Young" resulted virtually from the boredom of a summer house-party, bringing "Winnie-the-Pooh" and "Now We Are Six" in its wake, all three leaving Dorothy Parker not very much amused and Mr. Milne a little annoyed at her way of not being amused. He tells how "The Boy Comes Home" won unexpected success, how "Mr. Pim Passes By" and "The Dover Road" developed from the chrysalis of a vague idea to delightful stage hits; he tells enough of his war experiences to show why he wrote that serious-minded but rather ineffectual tract, "Peace with Honor." In short, he does what most writers do when they write their life-story: he leads you on from page to page with the will-o'-the-wisp expectation that he will reveal the secret of it all, the light that never was on sea or land, and when you finish the last paragraph and turn the page, rather surprised to find that there is no more, you realize that he has told all and revealed nothing. At least Milne does it charmingly, lightheartedly, obviously having fun all the way himself. In fact, he says writing has always been fun to him, for the simple reason that the sort of thing he likes to write has been eminently salable, and he has not had to go around trying to express somebody else's personality, use somebody else's style. If you are a Milne fan already, you will enjoy this; if not, you probably won't.

THE LIFE OF S. T. COLERIDGE: THE EARLY YEARS. By Lawrence Hanson. Oxford University Press. $6.

This opening volume of Mr. Hanson's projected complete biography takes Coleridge through childhood, the Cambridge period, Pantisocracy, the early years of marriage, the *Watchman,* his friendship with Wordsworth as far as "Lyrical Ballads" and the first German tour, the journalism for Stuart, and brings him to the important decision, in 1800, to leave Poole and Stowey in order to settle in the north at Greta Hall, near the Wordsworths. In thoroughness and general excellence no previous work can compare with it. Mr. Hanson possesses the tolerant, sympathetic understanding that his predecessors have so conspicuously lacked; his learning, his enthusiasm, and his common sense are equally remarkable. His account of the substance and progress of Coleridge's ideas is as sound as his whole view of the subject's character. If he is anywhere deficient, it is in literary judgment; some of his statements about the poems are exaggerated or simply untrue, as when he claims for Coleridge an accuracy in the minutiae of natural description that is to be found only in Clare and Hopkins. But this failure in the book is more than compensated for by a fine study of the young Wordsworth and the best existing analysis of the influence the two men exerted on each other's poetry and critical theories, which ought entirely to correct the usual false view that it was Coleridge who benefited most from the relationship.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50

Mr. Maugham is not at his best in this journal of young Charley Mason's week in Paris. The son of a well-to-do English middle-class family, Charley has already outgrown his early dilettante artistic leanings and is about to settle down into a safe, respectable niche in the real-estate business; but in Paris he meets two people who educate him in the facts of life in an entirely different way from the one he had intended, who in fact knock the bottom out of his world. The first is his old friend Simon Fenimore, now turned ascetic and bent fanatically on the resurrection of mankind through dictatorship; the other is Lydia Berger, wife of a convicted murderer, now earning her daily bread in a bordello, who spends the week with Charley at his hotel—quite platonically. Between the two of them he learns a good many things about life and art that he has never even suspected before, but he learns it entirely by hearing them talk, and when they start talking they knock off several pages at a clip, take a deep breath and dive right in again: speeches that are virtually little stories in themselves and sound much too theatrical to be convincing. Poor Charley's holiday turns out to be a course of lectures interspersed with practical observations; and it is his ironic fate to go back home looking rather peaked from the mental strain of it all, and to have his parents owlishly twit him with the dissipation which they assume he has indulged in, and which he wishes only too heartily that he had.

DRAMA

Gertrude Lawrence Tries Hard

THE new comedy called "Skylark" is apparently a success at the Morosco's box office. That fact, I presume, is not likely to be regarded with indifference by either Samson Raphaelson, the author, or Gertrude Lawrence, the star, but neither the one nor the other can have much further reason for satisfaction since the play is a sleazy affair and the performance a mere bag of tricks. Perhaps Miss Lawrence does as well as she or anyone else could do with a character which is convincing neither as art nor as artifice, but there is never a moment when one forgets that she is a popular actress behaving as she is expected to behave. She is, successively, arch, impulsive, tearful, and yielding. She trips back and forth over the stage, dangles her legs over chairs, and lies stomach down on the floor. She is also continuously "cute." But the succession of attitudes and moods does not add up to anything except a display of Miss Lawrence's known repertory.

If the star has done much better on previous occasions, so too has the author. In "Accent on Youth" he started out with a comic idea which was rather fresh as well as thoroughly sound, and the result was a crisp little play. This time he starts out with one of the most familiar of stories—the successful man who becomes so absorbed in his work that he is in danger of losing his wife—and gives it no new twists which are not too obviously just that and nothing more. Tony Kenyon, it seems, promised to give up his job as a big advertising man when his wife demanded that he and she should have more fun in life or call it quits. But Tony doesn't really mean to do anything of the sort. He

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means only to pretend to fall in with her ideas until she wants something badly enough to send him back to work. Naturally when she finds out what the real state of affairs is she is furious. But two minutes before the curtain goes down she makes a happy discovery. If her husband was willing to lie to her, that's proof enough that love was not dead. A new job, bigger and better than the old one, is already in the offing. Tony will try to remember to be more attentive in the future, and they will live happily ever after —eating their cake and having it too.

If "Skylark" had been written as a highly cynical farce-comedy which moved in a circle and ended on the implication "this is where we came in," it might have seemed passable at least. As a matter of fact, there are actually several purely satiric scenes which are penetrating and funny. But the dominant mood is one of rather gaudy sentiment, and we are asked to take it as some sort of happy solution for one of the problems of marriage in a world where "business" sets the tune. "Skylark" was first a serial in the *Saturday Evening Post* and then a novel in book form before it became a vehicle for Gertrude Lawrence. One gets the impression that the author has tried to adapt it to so many different requirements and to flatter the prejudices of so many different audiences that he has ended by forgetting whatever his original intention may have been. Donald Cook is suave and colorless as the husband; Glenn Anders does better than anyone else I can think of could have done with the inevitable role of tempter in this very much disturbed Eden.

The most striking thing about a theatrical season as slow to get under way as a world war is the fact that audiences are hungrily consuming their very scanty fare, and I am sorry to have to report that the popularity of the "Straw Hat Revue" (Ambassador Theater) seems to me explicable only in the light of this situation. It is a sort of secular "Pins and Needles" and, in my opinion, pretty dull except for one brilliant imitation of Carmen Miranda by Imogene Coca. Nevertheless, the fact remains that audiences like it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

SZIGETI and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra under Munch have recorded for Columbia a superb performance of Bloch's Violin Concerto (M-380, $6), his most recent work, and one that is characteristic in feeling and idiom, in its brooding introspection and passionate intensity. Bloch is like other artists who constantly work out new embodiments of essentially the same emotion in the same idiom; but his music more than any other requires the repeated hearings that reveal distinctions between things which at first appear to be the same—distinctions which in a single work make the structure clear.

The Milstein-Balsam set of Mozart's Sonata K.296 for violin and piano (X-143, $3.50) is not as good as the recent one of Beethoven's Opus 30 No. 3. I have the impression that the two artists played with the same excellence of style

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and ensemble, and that it was the placing of the microphones that causes Balsam's playing to sound too delicate and some of the piano's delightful passages to be obscured by the violin.

Two superb Columbia orchestral recordings are Beecham's of music from "Carmen" (X-144, $3.50) and Weingartner's of Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 5 (X-142, $3.50), both made with the London Philharmonic. The orchestral excerpts from Lully's operas recorded by the Paris Symphony under Cauchie (M 376, $2.50) are not very interesting. But "Les Éolides" is a work delicately wrought in Franck's subtle idiom—a work, then, free of the occasional Franckian bombast, thought not free of the Franckian repetitiousness; and it provides the occasion for one of the better Barlow performances with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (X-145, $3.50).

Chopin's great Sonata Opus 35, which has waited long for an adequate recording, will have to wait longer; for Kilenyi gives us the first movement pulled now this way now that by "interpretation" which obscures its shape and significance —and this for lack of the ability to phrase a simple melody in the second movement effectively (M-378, $5). On a single record (69688-D, $1.50) are two of Liszt's salon pieces, the "Valse oubliée" No. 1 and "Consolation" No. 3, done in elegant salon style by Emil Sauer. And two other singles offer an impressive Fantasia of Purcell well recorded by the Pasquier Trio, with some undistinguished Haydn on the reverse side (P-69687-D, $1.50); and the lovely "Adieu des bergers" from Berlioz's "L'enfance du Christ," well sung by the Strasbourg Cathedral Choir, coupled with Des Prés's "Ave vera virginitas," which I find less interesting (69693-D, $1.50).

This leaves only "The Voice of Poetry," Volume I (M-375, $6), in which Edith Evans has recorded a number of the classics of the literature. This is not my province; but I will report as a lay listener that I found Miss Evans's voice too cold and unvaried in color for the richness of sound it was called on to produce.

Beginning to play these Columbia records with no suspicion of evil in my innocent critical mind, I was suddenly aware that I was again hearing fuzzy reproduction toward the end of the record-side; and at the end when I ran my finger over the needle point it came away with a large speck of the loose residue that afflicted Columbia records before the recent improvement of their surfaces. In this respect the first, second, and fourth sides of the Bloch set were particularly bad: the second and third playings, each with a fresh chromium needle, gave the same defective reproduction at the end of the side as the first playing. Other records were not as bad as this; but none should be bad at all.

B. H. HAGGIN

Coming Soon in The Nation

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

has just been admitted to Nazi Germany. His first-hand accounts of conditions in Hitler's Third Reich in war time will be published as soon as they are received.

Letters to the Editors

"Don't Cheer, Boys . . ."

Dear Sirs: The obvious gusto with which liberals, laborites, and radicals are now leaping upon the prostrate necks of the American Communists is hardly edifying. Aside from the question of sportsmanship, it is a dangerous business. By now it should be evident enough that this sort of ganging up on a party which in the public mind has been identified with the causes of the left cannot be localized. It is human enough, no doubt, to take this chance to repay old grudges, but when this is done by tittle-tattling in the *Saturday Evening Post* or before the Dies committee, the effect is that of a boomerang. Sooner or later this spying, informing, purging, and the like will come back and smack the spies, informers, and purgers on their collective noses.

When reactionaries see a kill ahead, they are not choosy about their victims. They are delighted to be able to sidewipe Socialists, liberals, and laborites on their way back from the slaying of the Communists. As one of them said to me after reading the illiterate recommendation of the Dies committee for chasing the Communists underground, "Now we are going to get all of you." And by that he meant everyone to the left of Tom Dewey.

Let the Communists work out their own destiny. They are agile apologists and no doubt will soon think up a new slogan to take the place of "Communism is twentieth-century Americanism." That one of course is definitely out, together with the poster of Paul Revere's horse disguised as Earl Browder.

The job ahead for those of us who want a new social order is to consolidate our forces and work together for the use of the nation's resources for the peace and security of the common man. Our love for the Communists may not be exactly white-hot. In my own case they have accused me of everything from being a Social-Fascist to a co-conspirator with Vincent Astor in a plot to break up their meetings in Union Square. However, I believe that our attitude toward American Communists should be that of Captain Philip at the Battle of Santiago. When Cervera's ill-fated ships were piling up on the beach and the victorious American squadron was steaming alongside, the Captain is reported to have hollered: "Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying."

MCALISTER COLEMAN

Fairlawn, N. J., October 13

The Unromantic Truth

Dear Sirs: Your laudable enthusiasm (in your issue of August 19) over evidence "of the anti-democratic instincts of those now ruling Britain's destinies" led you rather astray in your comments on the Wholesale News Agents' Federation's refusal to handle *Time*. The explanation was simpler and much less romantic. It was the terror of the English libel law felt by ordinary, commercially minded men. The *Time* article, which you consider—by American standards—to be "not unflattering," would almost certainly be actionable in an English court, and the action would lie against the distributors no less than against the publishers. I am afraid that in poor democratic England we have not yet reached the pitch of freedom at which it is permissible to cast doubt on a person's legitimacy without supplying documentary proof, at least. Yet that is what the "not unflattering" article did. The British people are a poor downtrodden lot, one knows, and it will take us a long time to achieve the high standards of American justice and public morals.

AN ENGLISH JOURNALIST

London, October 1

The Cost of Warships

Dear Sirs: The article What Our Warships Cost, by Donald W. Mitchell, in *The Nation* for September 23 is so full of holes that it adds little or nothing to the critical examination of the shipbuilding industry which is seriously needed right now.

A lot of water has gone over the dam since the Nye committee investigated the shipbuilders. The Big Three and the Little Three are no more. There are a big five and a little six or eight. Many of the questions raised by the Nye committee about prices and bidding practices are still unanswered, but Mr. Mitchell sheds little light on the subject. He fails to mention the 10 per cent profit limitation, which has actually returned some cash to the United States Treasury. He skirts the problem of costs instead of tackling it. For example, "While the cost of labor and materials is somewhat higher in the United States than abroad, this cannot account for the entire difference." Mr. Mitchell should have explained that wage rates are at least twice as high here as in Great Britain, and probably three times as high as elsewhere. Direct labor is about one-third the cost of a naval ship. Material is 40 or 45 per cent. What's the difference here? We wish Mr. Mitchell would investigate.

Profits of private shipbuilders have not been so big for the past six years. If they are concealed we would thank Mr. Mitchell for exposing the means of concealment, but he doesn't do that. He cites the cost of navy-yard building, but completely ignores the private shipbuilders' claim that there is no fair basis of comparison, as the navy yards have no taxes, overhead, or various other charges that private contractors must pay, a claim with some basis in fact. Exactly how much, the Nye committee didn't finally determine, and neither does Mr. Mitchell.

As to the Pensacola project, was it advisable to attempt to open up a brand-new shipyard in the Gulf when thousands of shipyard workers were walking the streets in Quincy, Camden, and Newport News, and comparatively few shipbuilders lived in the South?

Let's be sensible. The navy needs, say, six battleships. It is required by law—not by whim, as Mr. Mitchell implies—to award half the construction program to private yards. There are only three yards equipped to build a battleship. Should the navy take the lowest bidder and give it all three? That is impossible, as they don't want, and can't take more than one each. Therefore they get one each. How are you going to have competitive bidding under these circumstances? Moreover, most of the yards today are full. They will bid only for what they want or can handle. Any yard that has an available way right now can get a contract. It can get it at its own price, with this reservation: that the navy or Maritime Commission can throw out any bid it considers unreasonable.

The Industrial Union of Marine and

Shipbuilding Workers of America, which represents half the private-shipyard workers of the country, proposed two years ago that the competitive-bidding farce be junked and that contracts be openly and frankly allocated on a cost-plus basis. We proposed that a joint governmental commission, with labor representation, make the awards and set up a competent auditing staff that would force uniform cost-accounting systems upon the employers and check actual construction costs. There is no reason why the scandalously slipshod and corrupt practices of the frantic World War period should be repeated. Why wait until the present boom gets out of hand and the government has to set up controls in reckless haste?

PHILIP H. VAN GELDER,
Secretary-Treasurer, Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America

Camden, N. J., October 3

Dear Sirs: Mr. Van Gelder's letter gives me comparatively little to answer as he has not attempted a refutation of my facts. He has, however, made a number of misleading statements.

Only one of his objections possesses much merit. He rightly notes that my treatment of costs was somewhat incomplete. The problem of costs is one of such magnitude as to be quite incapable of detailed treatment in an article of reasonable length. Thousands of units of labor and material go into the making of a ship.

Mr. Van Gelder apparently believes that conditions have considerably changed since the munitions investigation. He states that "the Big Three and Little Three are no more." If he would take the trouble to examine the list of ships for which the navy has recently awarded contracts, he would find this grouping still very much in evidence. Every battleship, cruiser, and airplane carrier, and many destroyers, for which the navy has awarded contracts has been awarded to one of the Big Three. As to the 10 per cent profit limitation, this cannot be effective at the present time because the navy doesn't know accurately the cost of building ships in private yards and therefore cannot tell when costs are being unreasonably inflated.

He wants to know the method by which profits are being concealed and later answers his own question by stating, "No doubt there has been and still is considerable inflation of private shipbuilding costs." In regard to profits, exact figures have not been available for several years. Mr. Van Gelder makes an unsupported claim of low profits and then refutes it himself by pointing out, "Any yard . . . can get a contract . . . *at its own price* with this reservation: that the navy or Maritime Commission can throw out any bid it considers unreasonable." Does he expect this last limitation to be effective at a time when the demand for ships makes the acceptance of private bids imperative? The main point of my article—with which Mr. Van Gelder seems to be in complete agreement—is that we do not have competitive bidding at present.

Lastly, Mr. Van Gelder suggests an awarding of naval contracts "on a cost-plus basis." Cost plus what? If such a plan could effectively determine private construction costs, it would offer an improvement. However, what if, after the government determined the fair cost of ships, private bids failed to come within any reasonable distance of them? The government would still need ships and would have to, as has frequently occurred in the past, make peace with the shipbuilders on or near their own terms. To continue to limit the number of yards so that shipbuilders in the East need not "walk the streets" won't save the government money. Furthermore, wherever cost-plus contracts have been used, namely, in Great Britain and the United States during the World War, the method has been an absolute failure so far as keeping costs down is concerned.

DONALD W. MITCHELL

Chico, Cal., October 11

Problems in Our Backyard

Dear Sirs: The attention of Americans is focused on Europe today, and we are apt to forget social and economic problems in our own backyard. Down South the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union continues a battle for the millions of disinherited tenant farmers, share-croppers, and other farm laborers.

The organization of share-croppers was weakened in the eyes of liberal public opinion when it was forced to withdraw from the C. I. O. after its integrity as an organization had been threatened by Communist disruption and attempted domination. However, it found renewed strength in its own membership, even though its annual money-raising campaign, National Share-Croppers' Week, was openly sabotaged by Communists, who urged every liberal supporter they could reach to withdraw his support.

The officers and membership of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union tightened up their belts and began a campaign to put the union on its own feet. In this they have been successful, though the small dues are still inadequate to meet operating expenses. Militant action in behalf of the membership is under way. A cotton-picking wage has been set, and the share-croppers who last January sat down on the highways of Missouri are demanding increases in wages in line with the increase in living costs caused by the war in Europe.

The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union needs your moral and financial support during the present emergency. Let us not have a blackout in America on its economic problem number one. Contributions may be made to Blaine E. Treadway, acting secretary Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, Box 5215, Memphis, Tennessee.

H. L. MITCHELL

Raleigh, N. C., October 11

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ELIOT JANEWAY is a frequent contributor to *Harper's, Asia,* and other magazines. He predicted the collapse of the 1937 price boom in *The Nation.*

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

THE SENATE VOTE ON THE NEUTRALITY BILL seems likely to have been taken by the time this issue of *The Nation* appears unless the diehards stage a last-minute filibuster. Amendments are probable, with "cash" more rigidly defined so as to prevent even normal ninety-day terms, but with the "carry" section eased so as to permit American shipping to continue trade with belligerent ports outside the danger zones. On the main issue of raising the embargo all observers forecast a comfortable majority for the Administration. Some disquiet, however, is being expressed about the situation in the House, where opposition to repeal is said to be increasing. Yet if the Gallup polls are to be relied on, isolationist propaganda has made little headway in persuading the people that to supply the Allies with munitions is tantamount to putting America into the war. Nor has the support lent by Senators Borah and Nye to the new Communist line that the war is a contest between rival imperialisms had any significant results. Eighty-four per cent of the Gallup voters are still hoping for an Allied victory. In the end this weight of opinion should prove decisive. It must be remembered, however, that Congressmen, with their smaller constituencies, are more susceptible to local pressure groups than Senators. Thus a good many of the Irish Catholic Democrats from the Northeastern states who normally stand by the Administration may bolt on this issue, believing that England's danger is still Ireland's opportunity. On the other hand, the capture of the American freighter City of Flint by a German cruiser and its internment in the Russian port of Murmansk, whatever their legal significance, will certainly tend to speed action on the bill. If the cash-and-carry provision had been in effect, the incident could not have happened, and this fact alone should serve to put a damper on the fires of oratory and reduce opposition in both houses.

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THE INDICTMENT OF EARL BROWDER ON A charge of passport falsification has been denounced by the Communist Party as "an attempt through legal pretexts to silence the Communist Party preparatory to destroying the democratic rights of all Americans." The fact that the accusation rests upon a technicality rather than on the confessed offense, which is no longer indictable under the statute of limitations, and the inordinately high bail lend color, for all its hyperbole, to the Communist cry of persecution. But democratic rights do not include the privilege of breaking inconvenient laws, and since Mr. Browder has admitted using a false passport, we do not see how the Department of Justice could avoid seeking an indictment. If revolutionary parties must use conspiratorial methods, they must also expect to face the consequences. Defenders of civil liberties should be on the alert for the slightest lapse from judicial fairness in the conduct of the Browder trial. Even more important, they must fight against any attempt to make the case a jumping-off point for a general onslaught on the civil rights of political minorities, however unpopular.

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JOHN L. LEWIS'S RECENT DECLARATION THAT Communists will not be tolerated in key C. I. O. posts is undoubtedly a product of the German-Russian pact; and it is part of the heavy price that Communist movements everywhere are paying for that agreement. Although some groups in the C. I. O. had clamored for such a move for many months, Lewis had repeatedly declined to initiate a purge. He was apparently convinced that its danger outweighed its compensations. There were persistent and authentic reports of friction between Lewis and Sidney Hillman on this score. The basic issue, of course, was one of expediency: would the C. I. O. ultimately profit or suffer from an anti-Communist house-cleaning? Whatever may have been true before, the answer was clear after August 25. The plain fact was that the Communists had become a serious political liability and their presence in leading posts a powerful weapon for the C. I. O.'s enemies. This fact did not, of course, simplify the problems connected with even a moderate purge. In the first place purges are rarely moderate. And certainly no worker should be barred from membership in a union because of his political affiliations. Nor can the C. I. O. afford to let its voice blend with the anti-red—and essentially anti-liberal—chorus now audible throughout the country. Lewis's moves thus far indicate his appreciation of these pitfalls; he has not proposed a red-hunt in the ranks but has directed his fire at Communist leadership.

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"ABOVE ALL, THE LESSON THAT 1938 SHOULD teach the public . . . is that unionization of the automobile industry is here to stay. . . . Whether we agree or not, the conclusion is inescapable that auto workers believe the union has helped them." These sentences appear in the October 16 issue of *Barron's*, the national financial weekly; and they provide indispensable background reading in the present struggle between the Chrysler Corporation and the C. I. O. United Automobile Workers' union. The corporation insists that it is fighting "sovietization" of industry; the Detroit newspapers faithfully echo its cry, and letters from anonymous "union members' wives" are freely exhibited, reciting the beneficence of the corporation and warning that most unions are Soviet unions. What is really at stake is not quite so grandiose an issue. The chief points of dispute are the union shop, a voice for the men in the fixing of productions standards, and a wage rise. If scant progress has thus far been made toward settlement, strong pressures in the union's favor are operating behind the scenes. First is the inescapable strength of the union itself; it has experienced a dramatic resurgence after the long interval of factionalism. Secondly, there is the pressure of the dealers, who have already appealed for federal intervention. Finally, a protracted war now would mean serious losses to the corporation. All of these forces may contribute to the early conversion of the Chrysler officials.

*

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAGE-HOUR ACT was completed on October 24, and the standards it scught to establish were automatically changed to 30 cents an hour and forty-two hours a week. The immediate effect of the act when it first came into force was to raise wages for some 300,000 workers and shorten hours for about 1,400,000. Under the new schedules pay envelopes will be increased for upward of 600,000, and a still larger number will be favorably affected by the hours provision. There are signs in the press of a renewed agitation against the act as these improvements take effect. It will probably grow in vehemence if the present business activity is checked. Since the act has become operative forty-seven criminal prosecutions have been instituted and forty-three suits for injunction. Only two of these cases have been lost in the courts. In spite of this record there have been complaints in labor circles about the alleged failure of the former administrator of the act, Elmer F. Andrews, to crack down on violators and speed up the formation of industry committees intended to fix higher minimums in certain fields. Mr. Andrews's resignation, however, is believed to have been due to personal reasons, and there seems no justification for reports, circulated by anti-New Deal journalists, that he was the victim of a "vendetta." There are better grounds for criticism in the appointment of Colonel Philip Fleming as his successor, or rather, since under the law an army officer cannot fill such a post, as assistant to a non-existent acting administrator. We have nothing against Colonel Fleming, who has a good reputation as an organizer, but we think that the practice of drafting military men to civilian positions requiring a broad social background "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished."

*

AMBASSADOR JOSEPH GREW'S FORTHRIGHT speech to the America-Japan Society at Tokyo was a well-timed blow at the persistent sunshine propaganda with which the Japanese government has sought to cover up hostile reactions in this country to the course and conduct of the war in China. His representative audience was clearly startled by his declarations that the "American people have been profoundly shocked by the widespread use of bombing in China" and that they regarded "with growing seriousness the violation of and interference with American rights by Japanese armed forces in disregard of treaties and agreements." After this it will be difficult for the Tokyo authorities to maintain that the United States, in contrast with Britain, views Japanese activities in China with benevolence, and any new "incidents" arising from "misunderstandings" will take on a different perspective. Reports from Japan suggest a favorable reaction to the speech in civilian circles. Military and naval authorities are furious, for Mr. Grew's warning represents another blow at their prestige, already undermined by the collapse of the anti-Comintern pact and the stalemate reached in China. It should also help to promote a realistic approach to possible negotiations for a new commercial agreement when our denunciation of the old one takes effect at the end of the year.

*

THE GERMAN EXODUS FROM THE BALTIC ON orders from Berlin provides one of the strangest mysteries of the war. Germans are not a large minority in Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, but they have been settled there for centuries and form a considerable section of the commercial and professional classes in these countries. Now they are being evacuated almost overnight. They are allowed to take only a few dollars apiece, and all their property is being handed over to a German government commission for liquidation. Why has the German government ordered this hurried retreat? Is it, as one report indicates, because of the insistence of Russia, which wants to eliminate any future German claims on its new proteges? Berlin hints that this move is merely a beginning for repatriating Germans from all over Eastern Europe—a gathering of the Teutonic tribes into one solid block. There may be political or sentimental reasons for such an undertaking, but economic

importunities may also be a powerful factor. The little Baltic states all have export surpluses of butter, meat, flax, and timber, for which Britain has hitherto been the best customer. Germany would like such supplies as a help in withstanding the blockade, but it is already in debt to these countries and has neither gold nor goods to spare for additional purchases. However, by taking charge of the property of the people it is evacuating, it in effect mobilizes investments which, as they are liquidated, can be turned into the Baltic currencies and used for financing imports of foodstuffs and raw materials. Obviously this same operation could be repeated by recalling the much larger colonies in the Danubian lands. The German landowners and merchants of Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, however, are still a little removed from the Bolshevik fire and so less willing than their Baltic cousins to jump into the Nazi frying-pan.

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OFFICIALS OF THE INTERGOVERNMENTAL Committee on Political Refugees who attended the White House luncheon in their honor must have come away from the table a bit shell-shocked. For several years they have found it a herculean task to keep their rescue efforts trailing at a pitiable distance behind the fascist juggernaut. And now President Roosevelt describes their project—not their accomplishments to date but their whole plan—as a "short-range program" presenting "a problem of comparatively small magnitude." What the President envisions as the real business of the committee is the preparation of plans to resettle "ten million or twenty million men, women, and children" in sections of the "African, American, and Australasian portions of the globe" when the war is over. This gargantuan program, tossed off almost casually, is said to have caused some annoyance in British and French diplomatic circles, and it certainly calls for clarification. Is the President resigned to a fascist victory in Europe? Probably not; but if the Allied powers win, why should he expect migrations on so gigantic a scale? It is this point which is reported to be the subject of informal representations by the British and French, who in the midst of war against the Nazi ideology can hardly be asked to accept the necessity of population shifts for "racial" reasons.

✶

GOVERNOR OLSON HAS SERVED THE CAUSE of justice once more by setting Warren K. Billings free. Billings was as innocent as Mooney of the 1916 Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco. The two cases involved different procedures because Billings had been convicted once before—of transporting dynamite in a San Francisco transit strike. Under California law the Governor may not pardon a man twice convicted of a felony without the recommendation of the State Supreme Court. The case of Billings came before that court in 1930, and permission for a pardon was refused, but both the decision and Justice Langdon's scorching dissent strengthened the conviction that Billings was innocent. The Governor has now commuted his sentence to time served, and done so with the approval of Chief Justice William H. Waste of California and a majority of the present members of the court. In the case of Billings as of Mooney the verdict of the people at the ballot box has proved a better safeguard of justice than the courts. Both men owe their freedom to the election of California's first liberal Governor since Hiram Johnson.

✶

WHEN CONGRESS PASSED THE EMERGENCY relief appropriation act—the Woodrum bill—last June, it inserted provisions designed to prevent the coercing of persons on WPA by local machine politicians. These provisions, in Section 28 of the act, were the result of the revelation that in Kentucky and Tennessee, as in some other parts of the country, the WPA had been used as a vote-getting apparatus. Section 28 has yet to be invoked against political corruptionists, but in Minneapolis it is being turned into a weapon against the freedom of WPA workers to organize, strike, and picket. In Minneapolis, as elsewhere, WPA workers struck last July against the relief cuts instituted by the act. But only in Minneapolis have federal authorities tried to use Section 28 as a repressive measure. So far as we know, Washington had no hand in the matter. More than 140 WPA workers were indicted, and seven have already been convicted on the ground that their picketing and strike activities constituted "coercion" within the meaning of Section 28. Bail was set as high as $10,000 in many instances, and those convicted are liable to sentences of two years in jail and fines up to $2,000. The C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. have joined hands in defense of the workers being tried. Dangerous precedents may be established by their prosecution.

✶

"MEIN KAMPF" AND "DAS KAPITAL" BY TWO well-known German authors are on the reading list prepared for the British fighting forces at the request of the British War Office. No odds are offered which book will win the war. . . . On the basis of his reports on "Herr Hitler" and his attendants, Sir Nevile Henderson might well hang out his shingle as a psychoanalyst; and isn't the time at hand when diplomatic training will have to include an interneship in a psychiatric ward? . . . Captain William Sallsten has just left New York in a twenty-five-foot catamaran for a trip around the world. The more we think about this world the more sure we are that Captain Sallsten has the right idea; the only thing to do is to take a detour around it.

War and Rumors of Peace

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

JUST before sitting down to write this summary of the week's news I read over the European dispatches of the last few days, the special articles in the Sunday newspapers, and the comments of several editors and columnists. No week since the period of pre-war crisis has produced a bigger crop of guesses and contradictory rumors along with some open confessions of total confusion.

As far as straight news goes, the week's record is easy to read. Several German air raids were made at the Firth of Forth and Scapa Flow. Only a handful of planes took part each time, and no large-scale damage was done, although four British ships were struck by bomb splinters and sixteen seamen were killed. Several German bombers were brought down. The western front came out of its state of suspended animation early in the week when the Germans recaptured most of the area taken by the French early in the war. The French troops fell back, and the High Command announced that it had previously decided to call off its attack on German positions and settle down to defensive action along a "prepared line." After this brief interlude relative quiet again settled on the front.

The impressive meeting of the Finnish President and the three Scandinavian Kings produced a new atmosphere of confidence in the Baltic. The conferees agreed only on a common program of neutrality, but Dr. Paasikivi has gone back to Moscow with considerable new backing in the form of Scandinavian solidarity and international good-will. The small army of Finland is mobilized, and various protective measures have been taken by Norway and Sweden, but the Finns expect to arrive at a compromise which will give the Russians some of the strategic advantages they want and yet preserve Finland's independence and neutrality.

But the most important happening of the week was the signing at Ankara of the British-French-Turkish pact of mutual assistance, which had been held up while the Turkish Foreign Minister stayed on in Moscow trying to find a basis for agreement with Russia. No official report of the Russian conversations was ever published, but it was understood that Stalin had demanded Turkish neutrality in any war in which Russia might be involved, acceptance of Russian neutrality if Turkey should be attacked by an ally of Russia, Turkish efforts to persuade Rumania to cede Bessarabia to Russia and the Dobruja to Bulgaria, and the closing of the Dardanelles to belligerent warships. Turkey refused on the ground that to accede to these demands would have violated existing agreements; actually they would have meant the end of Turkey's control of the Dardanelles and its effective independence. Turkey then hastened to sign the agreement with Britain and France. Its chief provisions are: a pledge by the two Western powers to aid Turkey if it becomes a victim of aggression by a European power; a pledge by all three that they will fight if any one of them is attacked in the Mediterranean; a pledge by Turkey to help Britain and France if they get into war as a result of their guaranties to Greece or Rumania, and to maintain "at least benevolent neutrality" if any other aggression involves



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So much for the news. But what does it all add up to? Will Hitler try once more for the peace he so greatly needs? Or will he attempt an overwhelming air and submarine attack and/or a mass thrust on the western front? And if he decides to strike, what will be the result? If twelve planes over the Firth could damage several ships slightly, what would 500 planes accomplish? Or is it possible that Hitler lacks the high-grade fuel needed for mass raids over Britain?

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And what about Russia? Does Stalin intend to back Hitler or check him, to supply him actually or only "in principle" with oil and food and metals? And how far does he plan to push his control in the Baltic? Did Stalin put forward the demands that ended his own negotiations with Turkey as a mere gesture to satisfy Hitler? Or is the new pact a genuine defeat for Stalin? And if it is, will he take Bessarabia in spite of it, assuming that Turkey will not fight and that the French and British cannot? And what effect will the pact have on Italy's relations with Germany?

Such questions have been multiplied to a wearisome total and asked over and over in the press and on the air. Few detailed answers have been offered, although hardy prophets have ventured divergent guesses. Only one belief is shared by correspondents and radio commentators alike—a belief that the first phase of the war has ended and that new momentous events are in prospect. Most of them expect at least one more unsuccessful effort by Hitler for peace on his own terms—and then a major attack; they don't believe internal conditions in Germany will permit him to accept a prolonged state of siege. Perhaps he doesn't hope for peace, but since peace would give him victory without further struggle and since war offers only uncertainty in the field and possible collapse at home, a peace drive must be made.

Already rumors of new moves for a settlement are whispered around the world, and most of them come by one route or another from Berlin. Hitler cannot ask for peace himself, nor can he put forward the arguments that are likely to work most successfully in Western Europe—or in America. But more and more we hear stories of the horror that will overwhelm Europe and the West if the war is not stopped now. The devastation of war itself is only the first and most obvious threat and the only threat that Germany can officially encourage. But other more permanent terrors are promised by the conscious or unconscious spokesmen of the Nazi peacemaker.

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their policy in the event of a war between England and Germany. Normally, we might suppose that the Indian people would take advantage of Britain's preoccupation with the war to push their long-suppressed demands for immediate independence; there is still much resentment over Britain's failure to keep the pledges made in the last war. During the last few years the Congress Party has been building up its position to a point where it could readily take over the government of the country. But left-wing Congress leaders such as Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru have consistently maintained that Nazi aggression is a greater threat to the world, and ultimately to India, than British imperialism. The Congress did not accept this position unreservedly. An official statement issued shortly after the outbreak of the war declared that while "India's sympathy is entirely on the side of democracy and freedom, she is not able to associate herself with the present war when freedom is denied her and even the present limited freedom is taken away." But the Congress agreed to defer final decision "to allow full elucidation of the issues on the present and future position of India." This resolution was issued with the full support of Gandhi. The Liberal and Labor press in England joined in urging the British government to state its war aims with regard to India and, if possible, to make wide concessions to Indian nationalist feeling.

A golden opportunity was thus presented to the Chamberlain government to assure itself of full support from India's 300,000,000 people, and to obtain an ultimate settlement of the troublesome Indian problem. What was needed, above all, was a clear statement of war aims which would show that Britain is fighting, not for its immediate interests, but to make a better world, of which India would be a part. It was necessary also that the government hold out some definite hope of Indian freedom, either immediately or at the end of the war. A friendly statement which recognized the legitimacy of Indian aspirations might have succeeded even if no immediate concessions had been granted.

Instead of making a generous gesture designed to win Indian support, Lord Linlithgow seems to have gone out of his way to insult Indian public opinion. While he reiterated previous statements that the goal of British policy is that "India may attain due place among the dominions," he emphasized the British contention that division of opinion among the Indians prevented immediate action in this direction. On the question of general British war aims, which was the point particularly stressed in the Congress resolution, the Viceroy could only offer the feeble comment that His Majesty's government had not themselves "defined their objectives in the prosecution of the war." Speaking in the House of Lords, the Marquess of Zetland, Secretary of State for India, was even more blunt. He declared that greater freedom would not be in the true interests of the Indian people and urged the Indians "to strive after agreement among themselves" before appealing for independence.

The effect of these statements on the moderate Gandhi indicates the depth to which the barb penetrated. He characterized the declarations as a manifestation of the traditional British policy of divide and rule, and asserted that they "show clearly that there will be no democracy for India if Britain can prevent it." Gandhi's reaction was bound to be mild compared to that of the majority of the Indian Congress Party, which is considerably to the left of its leader. The action of the Working Committee of the Congress Party may foreshadow a new civil-disobedience campaign unless Britain repairs its mistake and meets India's just demands with a specific, dated guaranty of the dominion status it has vaguely promised so often in the past. In this connection the British government might well consider the effect on the United States. On most issues American public opinion is on the side of Great Britain. But there is little sympathy here for Britain's Indian policy. Repressive measures against India under present conditions would do much to alienate pro-British opinion in this country. The Indian people have repeatedly indicated their willingness to work with the English as equals in checking the growth of dictatorship throughout the world. If the Chamberlain government is unable or unwilling to accept this proffer of friendship, Britain needs a new government.

The Colonel House Hoax

UNDER other circumstances, the story of the "secret letter" sent by Colonel Edward M. House to Lloyd George might be dismissed as a joke at the expense of the Honorable J. Thorkelson of Montana, General Moseley's friend and the Bund's favorite Congressman. Mr. Thorkelson is an indefatigable extender-of-remarks in the *Congressional Record*. In the *Record* of October 11 he placed a document of almost six full pages, a letter addressed to Lloyd George, signed "Col. E. M. House," and dated "British Consulate, New York City, June 10, 1919." It is assumed that when Congressmen insert other people's letters in the *Congressional Record* they first make sure that the missives are genuine. But when Congressman Thomason of Texas rose on the floor two days later to ask Thorkelson if the letter was genuine, the gentleman from Montana first said he felt the letter was "authentic in the manner it is written" and then, when asked whether he would say it was genuine, answered, "No, except as far as history speaks within the letter itself." The letter purported to show that Colonel House was trying to get a bribe of $100,000,000 for Woodrow Wilson as part of a plot to bring the United States back into the British Empire. Friends of the late Colonel House understandably felt this was a bit of a whopper,

and pressed Thorkelson for proof of authenticity. On October 18 the Montana Representative rose in the House to admit that the letter was not written by Colonel House and asked unanimous consent to delete "British Consulate, New York City, and the names of the writer and the addressee . . . from the *Record*."

Thus Thorkelson admitted that the letter was not written from the British consulate, that it was not sent to Lloyd George, and that it was not signed by Colonel House. Congressman Hoffman of Michigan wanted to know why the letter should be left in the *Record* at all. "What is the use of putting something in," he asked, "if we do not know who wrote it?" Thorkelson's answer was, "Because the substantive matter of the letter itself deals with facts." But an examination of these "facts" discloses that, among other things, Thorkelson is not particularly gifted with a sense of humor. "The cost of converting an American into a colonist of His Majesty," Colonel House was supposed to have written to his fellow-conspirator, Lloyd George, "is now 53 cents. Our expenses we have met by a levy on the population." Lloyd George is advised to flatter Wilson but is warned: "The adulators, however, should be instructed to consult the inventories I have prepared (appendices 45-83), which show that he is now surfeited with diamond stomachers, brooches, and bracelets. . . ." It is suggested that "His Majesty condescend to grace with His Royal countenance all stamps of a value of 30 cents and under. . . ."

The letter claims to have no less than 310 appendices, and its analyses are sternly mathematical and deliciously precise. Colonel House is supposed to have written that "the intrinsic patriotism of American industrialists . . . rarely exceeds 1.96 per cent of the normal average of the population. Investigation has clearly demonstrated "(a) that profits increasing in geometrical progression augment in arithmetical progression the coefficient of allegiance to the country of their origin, and (b) that profits decreasing in arithmetical progression diminish in geometrical progression that coefficient of allegiance. . . ." The plot is worked out to the finest detail. The British Ambassador is to be made Governor General, "the Rt. Rev. Dr. Manning . . . first Primate." Elihu Root is to become Lord Chief Justice of the Colony, and Nicholas Murray Butler and Thomas Lamont are among those to serve on the colonial privy council. "As a special mark of royal and imperial condescension" Washington is to be renamed Georgetown, but "lest sectional jealousy be thereby excited," Chicago and Boston are to be given royal charters and renamed Kingston and Guelf. These are a few of the "facts" that so impressed Thorkelson.

While Thorkelson was defending the "substantive authenticity" of the letter on the floor, a telegram arrived from Seward Collins, editor of the Fascist *American Review* and bondsman on at least one occasion for Bundsmen in New York City. The telegram said the letter was written by Dr. William J. Maloney, "distinguished New York neurologist who was active in Irish nationalist affairs," and that Maloney had sworn to its authorship before the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs on January 11, 1930. The document had been used by William B. Shearer, the shipping lobbyist at the Geneva arms conference, as "an amazing secret British document." Dr. Maloney explained that he wrote it as a skit, a satire, and that it had appeared "as a jest in serial form in Canadian newspapers." The Silver Shirt publishing house, from which Thorkelson finally admitted he obtained the document, added the House-to-Lloyd George touch as its own contribution. The "letter" was finally withdrawn from the record at Mr. Thorkelson's request after it had been denounced as "the most scurrilous, the most reprehensible, and the most un-American document" ever printed in the *Congressional Record*. But Representative Martin of Colorado has demanded that the House "visit its official condemnation" on the Montana Congressman. We second the motion.

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It's Germany's Move

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, October 23, by Radio

I HAVE spent the last ten days in France. Before that I was in England for three weeks. During that period I had a thrilling interview with Winston Churchill and talked with other high government officials, leaders of political parties, members of Parliament, editors, journalists, men on the street, and men on country roads. I am convinced that the vast majority of the people of Great Britain are resolutely behind the war. Since the war began, there have been no negotiations, conversations, or contacts between the Allies and Germany, all gossip to the contrary notwithstanding. All requests from American cable desks for the "lowdown" on backstage diplomatic peace moves are merely products of justly suspicious brains which cannot believe that appeasement is dead; but even the arch-appeaser of the British Cabinet said that Hitler's proposals were unacceptable, and the ambassador of a great neutral country who still dreams of "peace in our time" felt that neither the country nor the government was in a mood to deal with Hitler except on terms he probably couldn't consider. This doesn't mean, however, that Hitler won't try again.

The same spirit pervades France. Daladier has two guiding stars, the French army and the British government. The British know what they are fighting against; they want to know what they are fighting for. The only British war aims so far enunciated are the destruction of Hitlerism and the restoration of some sort of Poland and Czechoslovakia. The French don't go that far. They are fighting Germany to make it impotent, whereas the English mind is searching for a new international order. If the war should be long, bitter, and costly, no one can guess what passions the returning French soldiers would inject into politics. Therefore no Paris politician will commit himself now.

England is startlingly free despite the war. It is more democratic than France because it is more stable socially; it may be more stable just because it is democratic. The freedom granted British Communists is accelerating the split in their ranks. In both France and England the fact that Communists are pacifists makes pacifism unpopular. The British Communist Party's new policy has divorced it more than ever from the proletariat. The Labor Party enjoys unusual opportunities for consulting ministers and receiving secret information. Nevertheless, its criticisms are sometimes vehement and frequently effective. It is impossible to run a war without the trade unions. Several Labor leaders told me they were opposed to entering the government for the duration of the war. This attitude is approved by the rank and file, although one or two Labor front-benchers dislike it. Labor's hesitation, plus the close collaboration between Chamberlain and Churchill and the moderation of antagonism toward Chamberlain since the war began, militate against any early change in the British Cabinet. A major military setback might alter these calculations.

The Allies do not intend to take the initiative on land or in the air. Five months more of this "near war" would suit them perfectly. The spring will find them with undoubted air superiority, larger fleets, more munitions, and if the present rate of transportation continues, a million British soldiers in France. However, in both England and France considerable atmospheric pressure for action is communicating itself to the governments. This pressure will increase if Germany's darting attacks multiply while the Allies remain politely on the defensive. The Allies are sparing lives and saving time. This is shrewd but does not improve morale.

It is difficult for Hitler to remain passive. Experts are debating whether Germany will attack the Maginot Line or violate Holland, or Belgium, or both. Whatever it does, or if it does nothing, the situation on the western front is decisive for Russia's policy. I believe that before the war started Moscow had fixed its primary war aims: to obtain part of Poland, to control the Baltic states, and to increase its influence in the Balkans. It tried to achieve this through the Allies, and when it failed, it got what it wanted from Germany. Therefore, so far as Russia is concerned, the war could end. If Stalin had made an agreement with the Allies, he would have had to participate in hostilities in case of war, whereas the German pact allowed him to rob in peace. Now, just as the harvest is almost finished, Russia may have to fight or at least help Germany economically; if it shifted to the Allies' side, however, it could get economic help and wouldn't have to fight. The present, therefore, offers the Allies an opportunity to wean Russia from Germany—but on one condition. So long as the German forces are not engaged on the western front, Russia fears Germany and isn't free to desert Hitler. And until real war starts in the west Moscow won't trust the Allies or come to an understanding with Germany. This statement of the Russian problem found ready approval when I outlined it to several clear-thinking statesmen in London. Thus if Germany attacks in the

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west, it may lose Russia, provided Allied diplomacy is wiser and speedier than in the past, but if it permits the Maginot-Siegfried deadlock to persist and turns southeast, it may tempt Russia into Balkan adventures while winter mud rules on the western front.

This brings Turkey into the center of the picture. Hitler is disappointed that Russia either couldn't or wouldn't coerce the Turks. I am sure Saracoglu at Moscow endeavored to bridge the gap between England and Russia. If Stalin wanted to bluff Hitler by creating the impression that this Saracoglu maneuver failed and that he did not succeed in detaching Turkey from the Allies, then the interruption in the Russo-Turk negotiations is not ominous. The only other interpretation of Russia's demand that Turkey close the Dardanelles is that it intends actively to assist Germany or to invade Rumania, either alone or in the Reichswehr's company. Under the Montreux convention Turkey could admit the entire Anglo-French fleet into the Black Sea in case of aggression in the Balkans. If this is what Russia feared, then the Balkan states are in peril. Turkey fears Russian expansion toward Istanbul and the appearance of Germany on the Black Sea coast. The integrity of Rumania bars both. If Russia had been prepared to promise Saracoglu that Rumania would not be violated, he would have been prepared to close the Straits. The Anglo-French-Turkish agreement is hailed as the Allies' greatest diplomatic victory, partly because it is their first, but in it Turkey refuses to enter into hostilities against Russia. If this attitude is not changed, Russia can march into Rumania. It is possible, therefore, that in the next phase of the war Moscow believes it will be profitable to remain on Germany's side and extend the red-brown axis into the Balkans, perhaps even to the Near East.

Italy is concerned vitally with every Balkan development. The Turkish entente with the Allies and the presence of an enlarged French army in Syria must interest Mussolini passionately. London is convinced that Italy will remain neutral. I am going to Rome this week to see for myself.

Stalin's Boost to Mr. Dies

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, October 23

IT BEGINS to look as if the Dies committee, like the poor, would be ever with us. The Gentleman from Texas has announced that he will ask Congress at its next regular session for another appropriation and a renewal of authority. He doubtless will get what he wants. A majority of House members seem convinced that he is saving the country from a fate worse than death. Strange to relate, many liberals have become converted to the opinion of the majority.

Granted that in its second act the Dies investigation has not been the burlesque it was in the first, its methods still leave much to be desired. Since renewing its inquiry it has called competent witnesses, and from some of them it has extracted enlightening information. It has found some Moscow gold and shown that the Communist Party is better financed than most outsiders suspected. But it has persisted in the practice of permitting witnesses to throw around accusations and political tags indiscriminately, without supporting evidence. And it has acquired the equally bad habit of staging apparently illegal raids on such organizations as the American League for Peace and Democracy and the Socialist Party.

The personnel of the committee has of course been improved by the appointment of Joe Casey and Jerry Voorhis, but they constitute a small and in the showdowns impotent minority. Voorhis, moreover, has been telling friends that the investigation has opened his eyes and is otherwise showing signs of conversion by the majority. More than ever Research Director J. B. Matthews, the embittered former fellow-traveler, is the committee's guiding genius. Counsel Rhea Whitley, a former G-man, is long on cooperation with J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI but short on effectiveness as a cross-examiner.

All in all, the set-up and method are not so altered that they explain the sudden acceptance of the Dies committee by its former critics. What does explain it is the rapprochement between Hitler and Stalin and the consequent loop in the American Communist Party line. Non-Communists, who used to insist that the comrades should enjoy civil liberties just like everyone else, aren't so enthusiastic about the principle now that Russia is part of the axis. Convinced that the Communist Party will be chased underground anyway and fearful that its burrowings will take the form of industrial sabotage, liberals are among those calmly suggesting that the Dies committee, regardless of its demonstrated unscrupulousness of method, may just as well do the chasing.

This cynical attitude might be understandable if the objectives and past performances of Dies were not so well known. The committee's new apologists seem to forget that Dies and his supporters are dominated by a passion for unanimity. They believe and want everyone else to believe in what they call "Americanism," and

another A. Mitchell Palmer performance, this time with Dies in the lead, is inevitable unless there is a drastic and sudden change in the European situation. As matters stand, the nation to which American Communists give first allegiance is tied up with the nation most Americans want to see beaten. Fighting this entente is the group of nations this country is about to support with materials of war. It is the kind of set-up that induces hysterics. Those who insist upon civil liberties for the Communists will be howled down. Yet if the Communists are silenced, the liberties of other dissenting groups won't be worth a nickel.

What happens to civil liberties is of more than academic importance. The peace at home born of war abroad cannot last forever. At the moment we are enjoying a truce on the domestic front: Congress is content to confine itself to a sham battle over the mechanics of neutrality; business is enjoying a psychological war boom; everyone is preoccupied with European news and relatively happy. But unless the war lives up to its business promise, which now seems unlikely, the unpleasant realities of unemployment, wholesale violation of the wage-hour law, and maldistribution of income will soon have to be faced again. John Garner is already telling his cohorts that the war honeymoon is about over and that the time approaches when Roosevelt must be hit with a Congressional rolling-pin.

Unless war orders start rolling in much faster after the embargo is repealed, the President will ask Congress, when its regular session starts next January, for another large spending bill. Preliminary work on the new program already has been done. The tentative plans call for outlays of about $5,000,000,000 for national-defense projects—roads that can be used for military highways, hospitals that can be converted into military receiving stations, low-cost houses useful as military barracks, new railroad equipment needed to assure adequate military transport, and so on. Although preparedness will give the program its justification, economic necessity will be its real motivation. Essentially, it will be much the same sort of government spending for recovery as Congress rejected at the last regular session.

We shall be back where we were when Hitler diverted our attention by marching into Poland. Dies will have the authority and the money to carry him through the 1940 campaign. It is one thing for him to run down the agents of foreign governments, self-appointed and otherwise, but quite another for him to use his committee as a propaganda agency for reaction in a purely domestic political fight. To anyone who believes he couldn't or wouldn't do such a thing I recommend a rereading of the shameful testimony that helped to beat Frank Murphy and Elmer Benson in 1938. I further suggest some consideration of the Dies committee's recent condemnation of Murphy, Senator Robert F. Wagner, and others for daring to address a meeting of the American Civil Liberties Union. Finally, there is food for thought in Dies's repeated assertions that he has a long list of communistic New Dealers which for reasons of his own he has not yet made public.

Let Canada Be a Warning

BY S. J. KENNEDY

Ottawa, October 18

ALREADY, in Canada, we think twice before we speak. If we have something to say about the war, we must say it only to those we can trust and where we will not be overheard. We feel that it is better not to be seen with those of our friends who are suspected of communism. We are beginning to worry a little about some of the books around our homes.

This after six weeks of war. The Defense of Canada Regulations, promulgated by the Cabinet without reference to Parliament, have bitten deeply into basic civil rights, and the hunt for dissenters is in full cry. The regulations provide penalties up to five years' imprisonment and $5,000 fine for such generalizations as "causing disaffection to His Majesty" and "prejudicing recruiting." If any fish should escape that broadly flung net, another clause empowers the Minister of Justice to have arrested without warrant, and hold imprisoned at his pleasure, any person he suspects may act "in any manner prejudicial to the public safety or the safety of the state."

These are federal laws, passed by an administration credited with an authentic though antique liberalism. The little dictators in the provinces can be counted on to climb aboard with repressive legislation they would never dare attempt in peace. In Ontario, Hepburn has already moved to give every local sheriff or police chief power to prevent assembly and to arrest on suspicion of disloyal thoughts. In Quebec, Duplessis is making a probably successful bid for reelection, with new restraints on liberty in prospect.

If there is a virtue in all the sorry business, it is the warning it may deliver to American liberals. One of the most important points they can learn is that such regulations are not hastily drawn in the hysterical days follow-

ing a declaration of war, but are prepared long in advance of the emergency. Accordingly, the way seems open for insistence upon previous publication and discussion.

Here, without the knowledge of the general public, a Committee on Emergency Legislation has been sitting since March, 1938, and finally reported its recommendations in July of this year. In spite of the administration's constant insistence that Parliament must make all vital decisions, including that of war itself, the regulations were promulgated by order-in-council (Cabinet decree) on September 3, under authority of a Great War statute, although Parliament was soon to be called to legislate for a new war. Nor were copies available to the public until Parliament had risen from its special session last month.

The committee of fifteen was dominated by legal and military civil servants, with an inspector of the Mounted Police and a few other specialists added. They are respected men, but committed to the dangerous tenet of bureaucracy that all possible power should be secured to a well-intentioned executive in the interests of orderly government. Even at that, some of them had their doubts. On the clauses authorizing detention at the Minister's pleasure, the report admitted that some committee members "are not prepared at present to recommend the adoption of such a regulation, as they feel it is an unnecessary interference with the liberty of the subject." Accordingly, the draft of this regulation was "marked with a black line in the margin to draw attention to the fact that it will be necessary for the Cabinet to consider whether such wide power should be assumed by the executive, and also whether it is expedient to introduce the regulation at the outset of an emergency or whether its introduction should be postponed until it is known how the situation will develop."

No such doubts troubled the Cabinet. It adopted the draft regulations without modification, and within a month drastically extended them so that "disaffection to His Majesty" covered the printed as well as the spoken word. The amendment was passed by order-in-council on September 28. Before a week was up, a test case was under way in Toronto.

There had been prosecutions in September under the original regulation. A street-corner pacifist was jailed; a man was picked up for indiscreet remarks in a saloon. But when the red-coated and, on this occasion, unromantic "Mounties" raided a radical's home in Toronto and made five arrests under the new clause, it was apparent that a wholesale clean-up of dissidents was in the making.

Oddly enough, they chose a group of Italian anarchists for their test. Few people knew they existed, much less what were their views. (They have a roughly equal distaste for war, fascism, and the Soviet Union.) Emma Goldman is in Toronto and is a fairly familiar figure there, but this was the first public challenge to her followers. A number of opinions are being offered as to why they were selected. Perhaps their weakness, compared with relative Communist strength, made them ideal game for the test. Perhaps the stigma attached by the public to the word "anarchist" was a factor; perhaps they were merely victims of Italian Fascist informers. In any event, there is no difference of opinion that conviction will bring much more extensive prosecutions.

The charge against them is based on books and other literature seized by the police, the Crown claiming they tend to "cause disaffection to His Majesty and prejudice recruiting." The implications are as dangerous as they are obvious. Literature which could be so construed abounds in thousands of homes and hundreds of workers' libraries. J. L. Cohen, K. C., a counsel with long experience in labor and civil-liberties cases who has been retained by the defense, is demanding that the Crown indicate which document in the mass of seized literature is being condemned, so that the issue may be pinned down.

The outcome of the case will be watched anxiously by people who have scarcely heard of anarchism, who have only a nodding—and, at the moment, curtly nodding—acquaintance with communism, but who fear that their own small liberties will be affected. They have as yet no knowledge of the full scope of the regulations. Still to come to public attention are such items as the removal of an accused man's right to elect in what court he shall be tried and transfer of his privilege to the Crown, with a tenfold increase in the penalty if the Crown so decides; or the fact that if newspapers adhered strictly to the censorship regulations their war news would be confined literally to the official communiqués; or the clause providing that if any publication is banned from Canada, then possession of any past issues becomes an offense; or the amazing prohibition against statements or writings *"false or otherwise"* which may cause disaffection, and so on.

All radicals seem to be facing a difficult time, but it is the run-of-the-mill Canadian liberals who are most uneasy. On the whole, they believe that the war had to be fought and that Canada's motives in entering it were essentially pure. Long before it became an imperial rallying-cry they were saying that "Hitlerism must be crushed," and they continue to say it today, as undismayed at some of their new fellow-travelers as they were at the old ones. And if they still believe that Canada's destiny lies on this continent, they do not think this the proper time to press the point.

It is these simple beliefs which have made the war accepted if not popular in English-speaking Canada and have brought to the recruiting offices far more men than can possibly be handled. With them goes an appreciation that sacrifices and restraints are necessary in a warring nation. But no one was prepared for an immediate and complete extinction of basic civil rights.

Berchtesgaden—Russian Style

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

Copenhagen, September 30

THE "treaty of mutual assistance" signed at Moscow between the Russian bear and the Estonian gnat is a remarkable affair. Not, of course, that there is any originality in the way it has been brought about; this closely follows the familiar pattern of Nazi diplomatic technique—an elaborately preconceived scheme of subjection, a series of arranged "incidents," an overpowering display of military, naval, and air forces, a more or less veiled ultimatum, the hurried departure of the small state's leaders for the bully's capital, surrender.

As there was no Russian minority at hand in Estonia, the flight of the Polish submarine Orzel from Tallinn Harbor, where it had been interned, was alleged to have been abetted by the Estonian government. Shortly afterward the Soviet freighter Metallist went down in Narva Bay, torpedoed by one of those handy unknown submarines. No more evidence was needed to set the bully's military machine in motion against the midget. At the very last minute the catastrophe was averted by the arrival in Moscow of Estonia's Foreign Minister, Karl Selter, not for any negotiation but to sign away his country's independence.

I have it on good authority that the meetings between Selter and the masters of the Kremlin yielded little in poignancy to the famous Berchtesgaden interviews with Schuschnigg and Hacha. After a more than cool reception at the Moscow airport by some very subordinate official—while Ribbentrop and the Turkish Minister, Saracoglu, were being feted like kings—Selter, who is still a comparatively young man, forty-one years old, was bawled at like a schoolboy and curtly told to sign away three naval harbors and airports to the Soviets. White as a sheet as he sensed the probably inescapable threat to Estonia's freedom which these conditions implied, Selter in vain opposed a dramatic No! No! No! Although he had been provided on his departure from Tallinn with exceptionally wide powers, the Foreign Minister did not think he could accept such terms. But after a long and painful telephone consultation with Konstantin Päts, the massive and patriarchal President of the republic, Selter gave way. There was no other choice left.



Drawing by LOW
Joseph Stalin

In taking from the Estonians, nominally on a ten years' lease, three naval and air bases at Paldiski (Baltic Port) and on the isles of Dagoe and Oesel, Moscow has achieved its long-cherished ambition to relieve the fast growing Russian Baltic fleet—which counts at present two battleships, three cruisers, four flotilla leaders and some fifty destroyers, one aircraft-carrier, seventy submarines, and a hundred torpedo-boats of all sizes—from the perpetual menace of being bottled up, from the very outbreak of war, in the Bay of Kronstadt.

And who, in heaven's name, would think of bottling up the Soviet fleet at Kronstadt or anywhere else in the Baltic? Surely not the Estonians, Finns, Danes, or Swedes, or the downtrodden Poles. Even the British fleet is quite out of the question as long as Germany commands, as it now does, all the entrances to the Baltic. Who, then? Of course the Nazis alone.

In the light of these hard facts, the Russo-Estonian treaty, which was signed the same day—September 28, 1939—as the final Nazi-Soviet agreement for the partition of Poland, appears as a Bismarckian *Rückversicherung*, a much-needed reinsurance against Stalin's new friend. Rarely has diplomatic ink more conspicuously served to belie itself than in the case of these two treaties, poles apart in spirit.

And now let us recall what happened exactly one year—almost to the minute—before this virtual seizure of Dagoe and Oesel by the Russians. On the night of September 28, 1938, the Baltic fleet, having secretly left Kronstadt, was making for the pendant to these Estonian islands, the Aaland archipelago, situated just across the Finnish Gulf. The purpose of this move, which remained abortive thanks to Munich, was exactly the same—to provide "living space" for the Soviet navy. At the same time the Nazi fleet was heading for Aaland at top speed with orders to forestall the Russians or to oust them from the archipelago, at any cost whatever.

This strange attempted race for Aaland, now a recognized historical fact although at the time it passed almost unobserved in the shadow of Munich (the writer alone drew attention to it in three articles which appeared in *Truth* of December 29, 1938, the *National Review* of February, and *Ken* of January 12, 1939), must be set against Moscow's recent treaties if one of the most ironical tricks of history is to be appreciated. Last year, on September 28-29, the Nazis were prepared to fight to the

last man to keep Bolshevism inside the Finnish Gulf; this year, on the same date, they are pushing the doors wide open to the Soviet forces, which have now Estonia, Latvia, Finland, perhaps even Scandinavia practically at their mercy.

One could fill page after page with quotations from the best-authorized Nazi leaders proclaiming it the Nazis' holy duty to protect Scandinavia and the Baltic states against the onslaught of Bolshevism. Now, seemingly for a slice of Poland, Hitler has deliberately let loose this same Bolshevism against the whole of North Europe. The day may not be far off when the new friends will fall out over some piece of booty and Hitler will bitterly regret the course of his present policies.

That War "Prosperity"

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

THE war has been under way now for approximately two months. So far it has had little effect on the lives of most Americans—apart from quickening their interest in the news. Except for the tourists who were caught in Europe and a few radio commentators or newspapermen, few of us have lived differently during these past few weeks than we should have if the conflict had been avoided.

For a few days, it is true, there was a vigorous boom in Wall Street. Some war babies advanced from 70 to 300 per cent virtually overnight. Main Street also had its boom. Recalling the shortages of the last war, hysterical housewives rushed to lay in stores of sugar, flour, and other staples regardless of price. Unprepared for such a rush, retailers were cleaned out in some communities. Sugar prices skyrocketed from a little over four cents a pound to seven and even eight cents. But the hysteria soon died down, and food prices are again close to the pre-war level.

Does this mean that the boom was a flash in the pan, as Eliot Janeway, writing in *The Nation* for October 21, seemed inclined to believe? This is possible, but the preponderance of evidence points in the opposite direction. Business is definitely being affected by boom psychology. About half of the increase in steel production from 60 to 90 per cent of capacity, for example, is due to a normal business upturn. The rest may be attributed to the accumulation of stocks in anticipation of a sharp war-time increase in prices. Throughout the entire business world this situation is found repeated. Business firms are buying more heavily than usual, partly to meet increased demand, partly out of fear of higher prices. Speculative buying would be much greater if there were not great uncertainty regarding the duration of the conflict.

It is fair to say that the war's direct effect on American business has thus far been inconsequential. Outside of a few airplane orders, on which shipments cannot be made until after the repeal of the arms embargo, no direct war orders have been received. Some of our normal export trade, particularly that with Germany, has been cut off. It is natural, then, that the enthusiasm of Wall Street should have cooled off somewhat. We are still in the 1914 stage of the conflict. In the First World War the boom did not actually get under way until 1916 and 1917. When it came, it was not a flurry generated by speculative influences. It was driven by forces too powerful to be controlled.

Unlike the ordinary business cycle, a war boom is not in the least mysterious. Wars create an immense demand for many kinds of supplies. Tremendous quantities of oil and gasoline are needed for airplanes, tanks, warships, and motor transport. Huge amounts of iron and steel are required for shells and other war equipment. Copper, lead, zinc, and aluminum are used in abnormal quantities. The withdrawal of millions of men from normal production is bound to create shortages of food and other essentials as soon as the reserves are used up. When these shortages appear, prices inevitably rise. They rise because of a general scramble to obtain such supplies as are available.

It is still too early to say definitely that we shall reenact the experiences of 1916 and 1917. No one knows how long the war will last. Until the last week or so there seemed a possibility that it might end almost any day. Much depends, also, on the kind of conflict that is waged. A war that consisted chiefly of an economic blockade would not create an insatiable demand for munitions and supplies. In that kind of war the Allies could presumably provide for their own needs. The British Empire is much less dependent on foreign raw materials than it was in 1914. It can obtain all of its war-time needs of copper from Empire sources. Canada has enough wheat in storage to supply Britain for eighteen months. France has adequate supplies of bauxite. In fact, the only important raw material that the Allies lack is oil. And they have sufficient stores of this essential commodity to last for many months.

The events of the past week, however, suggest that this will not be a passive, economic war as seemed possible during the first month of the conflict. Britain will have to replace the warships destroyed and damaged by German airplanes and U-boats. It will soon have to take steps to replenish its merchant marine. Its air fleet will have to be enlarged to ward off the threat of German raids. And the recent heavy fighting on the western front will create a demand for increasingly heavy supplies of all kinds. British and French industry will not be able to meet all of these exceptional demands. It seems safe to say that if the war continues beyond the first year, the economic pattern of 1916 will be repeated, perhaps in a less accentuated form. And when this happens, everyone of us will be affected.

For many Americans, talk of war-time inflation conjures up a picture of silk shirts for day laborers and unprecedented prosperity for the farmers. To others it recalls meatless and sugarless days and shoddy suits for $100. What will a war boom mean for the average American? Will it bring prosperity or penury? These are questions on which the public wants full and complete information.

There is no simple answer for the reason that a war boom is bound to affect different groups within our population very differently. As is usual in times of rapidly increasing prices, speculators will reap a large harvest. Business men and stockholders will profit by the increased earnings that result from greater business activity and from the advantages that producers gain by selling their finished products at a higher price level than that which prevailed at the time raw materials were purchased. Many working groups, by the special nature of their product, will benefit in relation to others—for example, the skilled employees of airplane and munitions plants. Farmers and miners, as producers of primary raw materials, will be in an advantageous position; their earnings are likely to increase more rapidly than the cost of living. Skilled workers in general will do relatively well, particularly since the depression has left us with a shortage of many types of specialized workers.

The group that stands to benefit the most is made up of the six or seven million jobless men and women who can look forward to getting a regular wage once again. Not all of the present nine or ten million unemployed will find jobs even in war prosperity. Many are too old, have been jobless too long, or are physically incapacitated for regular work. Even some young people are unemployable because of their lack of specialized skill. But at least two out of three persons now jobless can look forward to the prospect of regular work.

Large groups of Americans, however—probably the majority—stand to lose far more than they gain from war-time prosperity. This fact should be faced frankly and fairly. The experience of the last war showed that white-collar workers as a whole were heavy losers. This was particularly true of the employees of federal, state, and local governments. School teachers fared somewhat better than other government employees because there was a scarcity at a time when the schools were growing rapidly. Such conditions are unlikely to be repeated. Today attendance at grade schools is diminishing. Nearly all the larger school systems have long waiting lists of teacher applicants. Teachers, therefore, like other persons on a fixed income, are likely to find that the cost of living rises more rapidly than their salaries. Unskilled workers may also in the end pay heavily for war prosperity, though the first stages of a boom are generally beneficial to labor: the unemployed are put back to work; men who have been working part time get more hours of work a week; there is perhaps a long-sought raise in wages. But although wages are adjusted more readily than salaries, wage rates tend—in all but a few industries—to lag well behind prices. Inflation involves a concealed but none the less painful cut in real wages.

Inflation, too, works havoc with the savings of the average family. While stocks are booming and speculators are amassing profits in commodities, the purchasing power of savings accounts, life-insurance policies, and mortgages is steadily undermined as prices rise. Our entire system of social security, one of the greatest achievements of recent years, would be gravely threatened. The federal old-age-insurance system is really a form of forced savings. The size of the benefit, in dollars, is linked with past wages. A substantial decline in value of the dollar such as would occur in an inflationary period would make the benefits hopelessly inadequate. This could be corrected only by abandoning the principle upon which the system is based. A somewhat different problem would arise in connection with the federal-state old-age pensions and unemployment insurance. Maximum benefits are established by law in each of the forty-eight states. While changes could ultimately be made, it is probable that the existing standards of security would be at least temporarily impaired.

Those who seem to gain the most from war-time prosperity may turn out to be the heaviest losers. Take the farmers, for instance. During the last war they enjoyed several excellent years. Stimulated by the prospect of profits, they expanded their output, bought new machinery, and went deeply into debt. When the war boom finally ended in the fall of 1920, they found themselves saddled with an impossible burden of indebtedness and permanently bereft of markets for their increased output. American farmers have been paying for their mistake ever since. And the same kind of thing occurred in many branches of industry. War profits are the most treacherous of profits.

Reference has been made to the silk shirts and similar

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luxuries which ordinary workers are supposed to have enjoyed during the First World War. What we do not hear about are the basic necessities which could not be obtained because so great a part of the world's resources were being utilized to make engines of destruction. The war brought about a fundamental dislocation in our economic structure. Good shoes and good suits were unobtainable at prices the ordinary man could afford to pay. Home building came to a standstill. Decent houses became so difficult to get that they were out of reach of the typical worker. It was not until some five or six years after the war that this shortage was remedied. An even graver situation may develop as a result of the present conflict. Ten years of subnormal building activity have left the United States short at least seven or eight hundred thousand homes. During the last year we have nearly reached a normal building schedule, but the shortage remains. A full-fledged war boom might force millions of individuals to continue living in sub-standard houses regardless of their increased wages.

Housing is but one example of the inevitable consequences of a war. An overwhelming majority of persons are bound to lose from an extended war boom, for the simple reason that our energies will be devoted to other purposes than satisfying our basic economic needs. The experience of Germany in the years since Hitler came to power is enough to show that a nation cannot squander its resources for non-productive, non-consumable war supplies without suffering a severe cut in its standard of living. A neutral country is hardly likely to devote as great a part of its resources to war purposes as a belligerent. But if the pattern of the last war is followed at all, the United States will be called on, as a neutral, to export many more billions of dollars' worth of goods than it imports. This difference will be America's material contribution to the war. If it is substantial, as it may eventually become, it will inevitably interfere with the normal production of goods for American consumers.

Yet even if it were never paid for, this contribution could not all be chalked up in the loss column. For it is an ironical fact that our economic system only operates at full capacity when we have a substantial export surplus. The reason for this is plain. Despite pump-priming and the WPA, we have not yet learned how to create sufficient purchasing power to call forth our full productive capacity. During the First World War the gap was more than filled by war purchases. It was filled in 1928-29 by unrepaid loans to Germany and Latin America. The chances are that the present war, provided it is of sufficient duration, will again stimulate us to utilize our full resources. But if it does, it will also usher in all the problems and disastrous consequences that marked the aftermath of the last conflict. If that struggle taught us anything, it was that sound prosperity cannot be built on the abnormal demands of war.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Automobile Economics

THE war has practically killed private motoring in Europe. Belligerents need to save as much gasoline as possible for their military machines; neutrals, fearing with reason that the rival blockades will curtail shipments, seek to hoard what supplies they have for use in emergencies. So civilian Europe is getting about as best it can with the aid of bicycles and legs.

We can be sure this deprivation is keenly felt, although car ownership is still a luxury for most Europeans. But for the majority of Americans a car has become a fifth limb the amputation of which would have a shattering effect on their lives. After minimum needs for shelter, food, and clothing have been satisfied, the automobile has first claim on the pocket-book of the average American family. Even in 1932, the worst year of the depression, more than 1,100,000 new passenger cars were bought at a total cost equivalent to about 2 per cent of the national income for that year. In the comparatively good year of 1937 sales amounted to almost 4,000,000, absorbing some 4 per cent of a much larger national income. Remembering that new cars form only a fraction of the total in use, and allowing for all operating costs, it is probable that America's motoring bill accounts for around 10 per cent of our total expenditures in any fairly prosperous year.

The year 1939 has been very satisfactory for the automobile industry, and total sales, including trucks, for the full twelve months are expected to be upward of 3,600,000. In 1940 it is anticipated that results will be even better, and a writer in *Barron's* estimates that production will reach 4,000,000 units, allowing for the fact that some increase in sales to Latin America will probably be more than offset by decreased European takings.

What are the inducements being offered to prospective car purchasers? The 1940 models now on show feature few radical changes in style. The chief engineering innovation is fluid flywheel transmission, which Chrysler and Oldsmobile have introduced in a number of models. This system eliminates the clutch altogether and makes gear-changing entirely automatic. No untried experiment is involved here, for the fluid flywheel has long been employed in certain British automobiles and has met the test of heavy service through its use in London buses.

One improvement in 1940 cars will be hailed by all motorists if it approximately justifies the claims made for it. This is the sealed-beam headlight which is standard on 95 per cent of the new models, and is said to give both more light and more efficient dimming. Its general introduction is due to cooperation between automobile manufacturers and headlight makers. There will be no complaint on this page of industrial combination of this nature.

So far as quality goes, there is no doubt that 1940 cars will be as good as, if not better than, ever. How about prices?

In the early months of this year leading automobile makers, taking advantage of slack conditions in the steel industry, were able to place advance orders for sheets at bargain prices. They are also believed to have used their huge buying power to great advantage in securing other important raw materials, such as rubber, copper, aluminum, lead, and mohair. Consequently there was reason to hope that the upward trend in prices which has been developing since 1936 would be checked and that some of the savings brought about by lower costs would be passed on to the consumer. It is disappointing to find that, while Packard has made some drastic cuts and some other higher- and medium-priced cars are rather cheaper, most models in the lower range are either unchanged in price or more expensive. The increases are especially notable on models having the largest sales, such as the Chevrolet Master "6" sedan, up $30, and the Ford V-8 two-door sedan, up $23.

In extenuation it is said that these increases in factory prices will be partially offset by adjustments in delivery and handling charges. Moreover, we are told, the new models have more value "built into" them and include, as standard, gadgets which previously were "extras." With regard to the last point the question might be raised whether this gadget business has not gone too far. It might be a good idea for some manufacturer to produce a full-sized model which was a straight engineering job but omitted all non-essentials. What America needs is a good $500 car.

In spite of the fact that, by and large, the automobile manufacturers are swelling this year's profits by their savings on materials, we are threatened with higher prices in the early months of 1940 if they then have to pay more for steel and so forth. Alfred P. Sloan, chairman of General Motors, has declared, however: "We are strongly of the belief that prices of goods and services should not be advanced beyond the economic necessity of doing so through increased items of cost that make such action imperative. *And, in consideration of that question, weight should be given to any possible favorable effect on cost through increasing volume.*" I have italicized this last sentence because in a mass-production, mass-consumption industry prices and volume are inseparable factors. By and large the automobile industry has in the past recognized this truth, and this is the chief reason for its great success.

A general rise in costs next year is only likely if recovery continues, which would mean a rise in national income. Under those circumstances the new car market would automatically be enlarged, provided that prices were not appreciably increased. It is therefore greatly to be hoped that the automobile industry will not prematurely increase quotations and thus prevent the volume factor from exerting its full influence.

How rapidly mounting production can cut costs and add to profits—the converse is equally true—is illustrated by the following analysis of General Motors' results in the first half of 1938 and 1939:

	1938	*1939*
Unit sales of cars and trucks	614,953	950,998
Net profits	$33,020,000	$100,991,000
Profit per unit	$53	$106
Profit per share	$.66	$2.24

That is to say, an increase in output of about one-third doubled the profit per unit and almost quadrupled the profit per share. No doubt lower material costs account for part of this striking improvement, and some allowance must be made for a possible increase in profits of G. M.'s other interests, such as Kelvinator. Nevertheless, the figures prove incontrovertibly that in deciding a sales policy the car manufacturer will neglect at his peril the effects of higher prices on volume.

In the Wind

A CONSTITUENT RECENTLY wrote to Representative Melvin J. Maas of Minnesota urging him to vote for the repeal of the arms embargo. Back came a neatly mimeographed letter from Mr. Maas which declared: "It is very gratifying to know that your views are in accord with mine. I assure you I shall vote against repeal of the arms embargo."

THE DIES COMMITTEE is said on excellent authority to have received a request from responsible Republican quarters to stop all agitation for outlawing the Communist Party. The theory appears to be that an attack on the Communists would divert fire from the New Deal and that a ban against the reds during the present Administration would steal G. O. P. thunder for 1940.

BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE summary of recent German-Russian relations as reported in *Time and Tide:* "Now all the isms are wasms."

THE NEATEST juxtaposition of World Series and World War headlines was engineered by the Cincinnati *Post.* Its front page carried these two streamers: "Will Fight to the End, Says Hitler"; "We're Not Through Yet, Say Reds." The same paper carried this headline summarizing Chamberlain's rejection of Hitler's "peace" offer: "Chamberlain Defies Hitler Peace Threat."

DEMOTION OF Harry Pollitt from the secretaryship of Britain's Communist Party appears to be only one development among many in leftist circles there. American youth organizations have received word that seven British youth organizations, including those in which Communists heretofore played a major role, have come out in support of the war.

MICHIGAN'S AGED Governor Dickinson has become a perennial problem child for legislators. Recently he inexplicably vetoed a minor bill which no one in the state had opposed. When a delegation urged him to change his mind he abruptly fell to his knees, then rose a moment later and announced: "God says the veto must stand." One of the legislators remarked privately: "I can fight a Democrat or a Republican—but I can't fight the Almighty."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, October 4

YESTERDAY was the Sunday appointed for the loyal and devout of all England to go to church to ask God to bless the British arms and insure victory to the Allies. I have not read that Hitler has ordered his loyal subjects to do the same in their churches, but I have no doubt that the prayers of many an honest, clean-handed German man and woman beseeching God to give Germany an early victory and to spare the lives of their innocent sons reached heaven at the same time as these English prayers. I happened to be in St. Albans, and I watched the procession, headed by the police band, march past on the way to the wonderful old cathedral. It was a pitifully weak parade—boy scouts, nurses, women of the auxiliary services, some brass-helmeted firemen, and finally the mayor in his robes, flanked by a few other dignitaries, one in the wig of a judge. If these were all the loyal sons and daughters the church could muster, then God could hardly have been much moved by the volume of prayer. The site of that church had been holy ground for sixteen hundred years. How often during that time had prayers for peace been uttered while British were being massacred in different parts of the world!

The truth is that the role played by the church since the war began, and in the events leading up to the war, has been as negligible as it has been futile. Of course the great and generous Archbishop of Canterbury, who was so very kind and considerate to the present Duke of Windsor at the time of his abdication, has blessed the British arms and certified to the justice of the Allied cause. And innumerable lesser lights of the church have explained how right and proper it is to go out and kill your fellow-human beings in this particular instance. It is a relief to have the noble-minded bishop of Chichester, Dr. G. K. A. Bell, pleading with his clergy through his diocesan gazette "not to give way to nationalist emotion." Recalling the terrific disillusionment of the last war and its failure to bring earthly salvation, he writes: "In this war as in the last the clergy will be pressed to lead the national cause and to stimulate patriotism. But while we know only too well how greatly we in the church have ourselves failed, in this fearful crisis there is a different and harder part for us to play."

As I read those words, my mind went back to the previous Sunday in London when I had visited St. Pancras's Church. As the services ended and the people poured out, a poorly dressed man and I went in, only to be hurried out by the verger, who was bent on closing up and getting home to dinner. I didn't mind, but the other man flew into a rage. "That's what they call a church," he said. "Why, he fairly pushed me out, that fellow, I suppose because of my worn clothes. How can I help it when I, an ex-serviceman, haven't had a job in a year? And that's what they call a church, and giving help to the needy. I've 'arf a mind to go back and give that fellow one in the face. That's what I ought to do." And he followed this with a volley of oaths. I had no consolation to offer.

The British pacifists have begun to recover from the first paralyzing shock of the war. At first it seemed as if they could do nothing but urge the formulation of peace terms and help the conscientious objectors. But now they are beginning to stir. Dick Sheppard's Peace Pledge Union demands that the war be stopped and that Hitlerism be ended by "attempting to work out with all the peoples concerned a way of sharing the organization of the world's life, so that no one people needs to obtain advantages over another in order to be sure of possessing the means of life." Dick Sheppard's words, "The core of Christian pacifism is the belief that it is never right to take human life," are again being brought forward, and the pacifist and the Independent Socialist movements are going to run a "Stop the War" candidate at the forthcoming by-election in Clackmannan, Scotland, in opposition to the agreement of Labor, Liberals, and Conservatives not to contest any election during the war. Their candidate cannot possibly win, but they will make their protest. They are right in asserting that this war will no more bring peace on earth than the last one did. But they are only a handful. The vast majority of their fellow-citizens are determined once more to do away with the German menace by force of arms or to go down to destruction in the attempt. Nevertheless, I think that in this most tolerant of countries there will be tolerance for those who hold pacifist views.

As for the church, let me go on record as saying that if it had been wiped out and every place of worship closed on September 3, there would not have been the slightest change in what has happened. It was Lloyd George who said that if world war came again the churches of England and the United States should close their doors, once and for all, because they would never be needed again.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Healing of a Wound

THE NAZARENE. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Maurice Samuel. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

A MIRACLE is to religion what a coup d'état is to politics. When successfully accomplished, what these two acts have above all in common is a certain fine brevity, which is the soul of their performance. And does not literary tact require that this essential condition of the miraculous should also be carried over into its imaginative representation? Indeed, in this sphere such qualities as brevity and intensity seem imperative (these qualities are well exemplified, by the way, in D. H. Lawrence's narrative "The Man Who Died," a version of the Jesus legend). Yet Sholem Asch, who is an experienced literary tactician, has fashioned out of this same theme a novel of enormous bulk.

However, we need only grant Asch his individual intentions to perceive that he is quite within his rights. In order to achieve his purpose, no method save that of historical documentation was open to him; and his purpose was to restore Jesus to the Jewish tradition, but in such a way as not to dispossess the Christians. Nor has history, in this case, proved intractable: on the contrary, this author's devotion to it has enabled him to reclaim for his people a religious hero long banished by the militancies of faith and dogma. Moreover, his portrait of Christ as a "martyr in Israel who died for the sanctification of the Name" is really in the nature of an act of mediation between Judaism and Christianity. Because of its disastrous consequences for the Jews, the fate of the Nazarene has induced a kind of traumatic neurosis in the orthodox Jewish mind. But now at last the wound has almost healed. And in this novel a nationalist Jewish writer bears witness to the fact that at least one ancestral bitterness which has divided mankind is finally being transcended.

Asch's conception of the career of Jesus depends entirely on his re-creation of the Jewish world of that era—and the re-creation is brilliant, convincing, and unprecedented in its range. At that time the might of Rome was crushing the Jewish people; their successive revolts, having failed to dislodge the invaders, served merely to increase their despair; and since no mundane solution was available to them, it was to ultimate ideas and last things that they turned for consolation. Frustrated in their struggle against the absolute power of their oppressors, the masses in Palestine, famished for the Messiah, created out of their extreme need a new absolute—an absolute of spirituality. The Rabbi from Nazareth was the one who most completely mastered this absolute, who was the most gifted in negating the norms of mortality, and who in his teachings, therefore, felt free to cast off the ideal of national exclusiveness in favor of a doctrine of universal salvation.

In this novel all the men and women that appear in the New Testament, and many more besides, are brought to life. The dominating figure of the Galilean is studied psychologically as well as socially and politically—the logic of the spirit evolves here side by side with the logic of the act. It is shown how Jesus, on coming to Jerusalem, becomes implicated in the party strife, which is related to the greater strife between the Jews and the Romans; and his death is depicted, in all its grand and tragic determination, as the fatal issue of the interaction between his own seminal desire for martyrdom and the punitive, imperious temper of the alien overlords. Asch absolves the Pharisees of all responsibility in his death, and in this he has utilized the findings of modern historical scholarship, which has considerably revised the severe judgment passed on them by the authors of the Gospels. This favorable estimate of the Pharisees is much stressed by means of the elaborate characterization of Rabbi Nicodemon, who belongs to their sect. Striving to protect Jesus and to avert from him the ire of the government and of the Saducceean aristocracy, it is he who undertakes to speak for what is best in the Jewish tradition. His interventions in the plot, both as actor and interpreter, give unity and emphasis to the book's ideational scheme.

To bring the distant historical events closer, Asch has made use of a daring device. He transports into latter-day Warsaw two contemporaries of Christ, one of them Cornelius, the Roman Hegemon of Jerusalem, and the other Joseph, a pupil of Nicodemon. This assumption of uninterrupted identity permits the writer to tell his story from two strongly contrasted points of view and thus to turn it into a dramatic dialogue between a Jew and a Roman. And as they tell each other what they witnessed in ancient Judaea, more than one intimation of the present creeps into the sorrowful tale.

PHILIP RAHV

The State Department

INSIDE THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE. By Bertram D. Hulen. Whittlesey House. $3.

A BRITISH philosopher named Stirling who published an involved work entitled "The Secret of Hegel" was congratulated by a critic because he had kept Hegel's secret so well. And so it is with Mr. Hulen and his provocative, if not stormy, subject, the State Department, which he has covered during two tumultuous decades, first for the Associated Press and since 1926 for the New York *Times*.

In justice to Mr. Hulen it should be conceded that his purpose was quite evidently not to give an account of the course of the United States in international high politics between the last war and the present one. But precisely because the story of our State Department—smugly untouched by the main currents and preferences of American life—is so important, Mr. Hulen's genteel Baedekerizing of everything unimportant in the department from architecture to etiquette merits reproof for its omissions.

In the actual impact of the department, the White House,

the other executive departments, and Congress upon one another Mr. Hulen breathtakingly manifests no interest at all. If his newspaper audience did not suspect that a reciprocal trade pact explained, for example, the passion for international law of Pittman of Nevada and the shameful silver legislation of recent memory, readers of his book would be encouraged to assume that legislation just happens, or that it flowers like the department's many specimens of Groton and Harvard. It is no coincidence, moreover, that Mr. Pittman is the peer of any New Deal baiter on the Hill.

A major omission of Mr. Hulen's derives from his unconcern with Realpolitik. As Mr. Moley said in his memoirs, the Assistant Secretaryship of State which the President tendered him is only nominally a State Department job; that particular Assistant Secretary hangs his hat in the department and spends his time playing roving center for the White House. The present incumbent, Adolf Berle, for example, would hardly bother with a job in the State Department, which is a political Siberia, unless it gave him an excuse to meddle with domestic set-ups. Of this there is not a word.

Mr. Hulen pays tribute to what is technically the most efficient section of the department, the Far Eastern Division, although he does not comment upon the adventurist imperialism of the Hay-Rockhill tradition. But since he has words of praise for contemporary leaders of other, less distinguished divisions, he is grossly unfair in not recognizing the prodigious labors of Dr. Stanley K. Hornbeck, political adviser on Far Eastern matters, one of the least wishful of thinkers.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the department since 1933 has been its imperviousness to the nervous atmosphere of trial and error, to the sense of institutional change, which has electrified New Deal Washington. The State Department has no more participated in the New Deal experience than has the Smithsonian Institution. For this we have the intellectual authority of the Secretary himself. In 1933, before the World Economic Conference in London, Mr. Hull spoke his still unaltered credo: "Business recovery must be preceded by the restoration of international finance and commerce [right now it is being restored by war—E. J.], an alternative to which is a continuance of the unsound economic policies under the operation of which the entire world since 1929 has been in the throes of an unspeakable depression." Now, as a matter of fact, the unspeakable depression of 1929 marked nothing so much as the failure of the United States to win prosperity by the Rube Goldberg method of saving Europe first. Unfortunately, Europe not only took our money; it closed the particular route to recovery Mr. Hull still has in mind for us. As the Beards have pointed out in "Midpassage," at the very moment Mr. Hull was going on record for a better and gentler world, the government of the United States was having recourse to exactly the "unsound economic policies" he was deriding in London: "It was attempting by 'bootstrap methods' to lift itself out of its troubles." Such bootstrap methods were all that was left for the New Deal—or for any United States Administration—when Europe reverted to type after the collapse of the democratic illusion of the high twenties. Short of going to war there is still no other method for the United States to try while Europe remains unregenerate. Mr. Hull has always been out of step with the New Deal, which believes that the United States can rebuild itself into prosperity.

Mr. Hull has gone right on making speeches about a free-trade Europe bringing the cotton South back to its feet—presumably so that it could remain the cotton South—while the plight of cotton has become still worse. His department tried to suppress the National Emergency Council's sensational report on the South. It has piled up a shameful record in the Chinese War, where it did not want to invoke the neutrality law—which it wrote—and in the Spanish War, where it used the same law with practically treacherous unconcern for the security of Monroe Doctrine waters.

Mr. Hulen's insight into what goes on is revealed by his final word on Under Secretary Sumner Welles: "Close in the confidence of the President and the Secretary of State." To anyone who has really been inside the Department of State it is incredible that Welles should be regarded as subordinate to the Secretary. Beside the Under Secretary, who is a virtuoso as a political manipulator, the Secretary is an amiable expert in clichés; while he philosophizes, the Under Secretary must of necessity be relied upon to run the departmental machinery, which he is supremely if arrogantly well-equipped to do. By the same token, the Secretary is a naive village dominie beside that untamed infant prodigy Mr. Berle, who, though not equipped to be a successful politico, can handle such thinking as goes on each week in and for the department. This reviewer regrets the lack of space in which to discuss the recommendation of the department, and especially of its economist, Dr. Herbert Feis, against the accumulation of a stock of strategic imports in anticipation of precisely such an emergency as the present one. ELIOT JANEWAY

The Prophet of San Francisco

HENRY GEORGE. By Albert Jay Nock. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

MR. NOCK'S "critical essay" on Henry George makes not unpleasant reading. To be sure it is possible to disagree about the merits of Mr. Nock's style; some may feel that the continually recurring literary allusions are a bit overworked, or that some of the carefully selected quotations from the great of the past will not bear up under the weight of Mr. Nock's pontifications. But these are minor matters. On the whole the essay reads well and contains not a little useful and pertinent information about Henry George's life and career.

When it comes to explaining and evaluating Henry George, however, it must be said that Mr. Nock's success is more open to question. Nearly everyone will agree that Henry George was in some sense a great man. Wherein lay his greatness? Mr. Nock takes a position on this question right off the bat. "Here you have a man," he tells us in the preface, "who is one of the first half-dozen of the world's creative geniuses in social philosophy." The essay itself is in a sense an attempt to make George's career and his treatment at the hands of posterity square with this a priori judgment.

The effort is, so it seems to me, a complete failure. This can best be explained by frankly admitting that the major premise is simply nonsense and without impugning Mr.

Nock's dialectical talents. In the realm of social philosophy—and by this Mr. Nock means primarily one's attitude toward the individual and the state—George assimilated and gave eloquent and forceful expression to ideas which were part of the mental climate of his time. But this is a long way from being a great social philosopher. It therefore needs no lengthy disquisition to discover why "in this capacity he is preeminently the Forgotten Man of Anglo-American civilization."

The adoption of this view forces us to look elsewhere for the source of George's greatness. It is to be found, I suggest, not in the realm of creative thought but rather in the field of social attitudes and action. George had a profound and unpatronizing regard for the common man; he detested privilege and loved freedom; he pleaded and fought for his ideals with passionate eloquence and without a trace of personal ambition. George's whole personality, in fact, fitted him perfectly to be the symbol of popular protest against the crude exploitation of nineteenth-century capitalism. In point of historical significance George can best be compared to such British Chartists of the preceding generation as Bronterre O'Brien. Both violently denounced the existing order of things, and particularly the prevailing system of land tenure; both advocated and practiced popular political action as the remedy. Further, neither understood that capitalism, and not its abuses, was their real enemy; so that the immediate practical legacy of each was a sort of sectarian reformism without vision and without influence.

This analysis would, of course, be quite unacceptable to Mr. Nock. To him George's political activities were a kind of clownishness which seriously interfered with the operation of his philosophical instinct. This, however, I think only proves that in many ways the book tells us more about Mr. Nock than about Henry George. Mr. Nock firmly believes that mankind is divided into "a small but socially valuable minority" on the one hand and an "ineducable mass" on the other; that democracy is at best a fraud and at worst popular rule. It is an interesting point of view, and Mr. Nock reveals it with commendable frankness on nearly every page. But there is no real reason to believe that it furnishes a good basis for understanding the prophet of San Francisco.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Crime and Criminals

CRIME AND SOCIETY. By Nathaniel F. Cantor. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

CRIME AND MAN. By Ernest Albert Hooton. Harvard University Press. $3.75.

THE AMERICAN PRISON SYSTEM. By Fred E. Haynes. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $4.

THOUGH "that which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," the unorthodox, national use of a current scientific term is scarcely admissible unless we admit that there is such a thing as "German" physics or believe that the philosophies of Hume or Kant are "un-American." It was an Italian scholar, Baron R. Garofalo, who coined the term criminology, using it in the sense that Webster (1939) uses it—the scientific study of crime and criminals.

Strangely enough, most American textbooks on criminology and recently some German scholars, too, attribute to this word a wider sense inclusive of criminal law, criminal procedure, penology, or even the science of detection. Hence no exception can be taken to Professor Cantor's using it in the American way, all the less as he is fully aware of "the existing confusion in criminal theory and practice." This confusion, however, is partly due to the lack of discrimination between criminology and criminal law, the rules of which, unlike those of social phenomena, are set deliberately by the state.

If by science we mean only natural science, we can readily agree with Professor Cantor that criminology is not a science. Yet the existence of *Geisteswissenschaften* (cultural sciences) is undeniable. Whoever thinks that research work has to result necessarily in an unassailable explanation of social facts should read Professor Cantor's brilliant chapter on the Science and Art of Criminology, in which the author most convincingly points to the "unimaginative scientists" who assume that statistical charts can definitely clarify the causation of crime.

However, Professor Cantor's conclusion that criminology is not a well-developed science cannot be challenged. Fourteen years ago, in answer to George W. Kirchwey's remark that "we have more of a sporting than a scientific interest in the game of crime," another member of the National Conference of Social Work replied that a critical spirit is developing. Professor Cantor's book bears witness to this development. Most serious research workers in criminology will indorse his criticism of the methods of approach.

In order to disentangle the intricacies of the problem, an agreement has to be reached upon the concepts of "crime" and "criminal." We have to realize that whereas crime, at least if its occurrence has not become unusually excessive, is a normal mass phenomenon in any human community, it is an abnormal event in the life of individuals unless they are habitual offenders. There is nothing mysterious in crime, except in mystery stories, since anybody may be a potential criminal. Criminals are very human, yet the explanation of crime, in spite or rather because of this fact, is extremely difficult. Fully indorsing what Professor Hooton says about the inseparability of and interaction between the organism and its environment, I don't think there is any reason for despair. In Professor Cantor's view "the precise and systematic connections between all of the facts involved in crime . . . will probably never be understood." Most probably not, but the unlikelihood of our ever landing on the moon is no excuse for not improving the methods of astronomy.

Were it not a singular apparition, Professor Hooton's "Crime and Man" would seem less encouraging than Cantor's work. His prediction that "the anthropologist who obtrudes himself into the study of crime is an obvious ugly duckling and is likely to be greeted by the lords of the criminological dunghill with cries of 'Quack! Quack! Quack!' " has certainly come true in the crushing criticism by Professor Sutherland in the *Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology*. But I wonder with what cries the lords of the anthropological dunghill would greet a criminologist who disregarded the fundamental concepts of both anthropology and logic and dared to embark upon an anthropological adventure.

Who is a criminal? "A criminal for our purpose—that is,

French pictures "Harvest" and "The End of a Day." An honest young man is sent to the country's capital as Senator by the corrupt political machine of his home state; the intention is to use his inexperience for fraudulent ends. But being an honest fellow—I avoid the word idealist, which seems nowadays to be applied to anyone who is not prepared to steal—he clings to his notion that he must tell the truth and fight even for lost causes. Of course he wins in the end—and we know all the time that he will—but the way in which this happy ending is achieved makes the picture perfect. As the story is told, it is a modern, and successful, fairy tale.

Frank Capra has added a new masterpiece of direction and production to his imposing list. There are few pictures of such pace without haste. Every possibility of the camera is used to convey atmosphere and information. I am thinking especially of the excellent sequence showing the better aspects of Washington as seen through the eyes of the hero, and another sequence which exposes the workings of a corrupt organization. The Senate chamber itself, with its members, is reproduced with frightening reality—big scenes, hundreds of people, but not the usual mass scenes in which every individual is lost. In contrast many intimate scenes show the hand of a director who in mastering technique has not forgotten his art.

James Stewart as Jefferson Smith takes first place among Hollywood actors. It is not so long ago that he first drew attention in a small part as the criminal brother in "Rose Marie." Now he is mature and gives a difficult part, with many nuances, moments of tragi-comic impact. And he is able to do more than play isolated scenes effectively. He shows the growth of a character through experience. The art with which he causes the man to emerge out of the simpleton would in itself makes the picture worth seeing. In the end he is so forceful that his victory is thoroughly credible. One can only hope that after this success Mr. Stewart in Hollywood will remain as uncorrupted as Mr. Smith in Washington.

There are many other excellent performances: Jean Arthur as the cynical secretary with her heart in the right place; Claude Rains as the Senator who plays the game; Thomas Mitchell as a journalist with the sensibilities of a suppressed poet; and many others. Harry Carey as president of the Senate deserves special mention.

In addition to all this the picture has the spirit of true democracy—there is no trace of the fake patriotism which certain business men have been trying to sell in the movie houses.

"On Your Toes" (Warner Brothers) is a pleasant musical featuring the dancer Zorina, one of the most beautiful and most sympathetic members of her craft. "Jamaica Inn" (Erich Pommer production) is a crass disappointment. Hitchcock of "The Lady Vanishes" must have been asleep while directing this picture, and Charles Laughton, the star, is mistaken if he thinks it is enough to rest on his laurels and display the eccentric qualities of his fat face. "Jamaica Inn" is a fraud perpetrated with great names.

The "March of Time" for the month, which shows certain aspects of the English fleet, fails to achieve the interest of its report on the Maginot Line.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Coming in The Nation

A NEW PROGRAM FOR THE LEFT

BY LEWIS COREY

Has orthodox Marxism failed? Is the "proletariat" the only social group to be considered? Is socialism possible without a dictatorship, without totalitarianism? These are the questions which Mr. Corey, long an outstanding social scientist of the Left, discusses in a reexamination of Marxism. Those who have been stunned by recent developments in Soviet policy will welcome Mr. Corey's two articles on new directions for the Left.

VILLARD IN GERMANY

A world-famous journalist and regular contributor to *The Nation* is admitted to Nazi Germany. Mr. Villard's articles from the land of Adolf Hitler will be in *The Nation* tradition of exciting, first-hand reporting.

POLITICS AND TRADE UNIONS

BY HERBERT HARRIS

Is there discord within the C. I. O.? What is the attitude of the C. I. O. leadership toward Communists in the union? What are the chances for peace with the A. F. of L.? What are the attitudes of both labor bodies toward the Roosevelt Administration as 1940 approaches? Herbert Harris, author of "American Labor," treats these questions with the sure hand of a veteran labor reporter.

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N-10-28-39

Letters to the Editors

Socialists and the A. L. P.

Dear Sirs: New York City voters will remember that in behalf of the Socialist Party I wrote a letter of inquiry to Councilman Michael Quill concerning his relations with the Communist Party. When I got no reply I released the letter, to which, by the way, I have never had a reply.

Later the American Labor Party took up the matter. Its official committee adopted a resolution concerning communism, and when Mr. Quill refused to indorse the resolution the party took away its indorsement from Mr. Quill in his campaign for election. This action was I think justified and has the support of Socialists.

I am not myself a member of the American Labor Party. As is well known, I emphatically support not only the retention but the extension of the embargo. I think that the Labor Party was very badly advised from every point of view in putting in one resolution its position on foreign policy and its demand that its candidates be clearly out from under Communist control. This coupling of issues which should have been separated was particularly unfortunate because the Labor Party candidates had been nominated at a time when the party as a whole had taken no specific stand on foreign policies and was understood to have no official policy beyond the general desire to keep out of war. However, the party, through its secretary, Alex Rose, at once made it clear in the public press that it was the anti-Communist part of the resolution only which was binding on candidates.

What is more important is the vindication of the right and the duty of the American Labor Party to free itself from direct or indirect Communist control. I shall not ask space to give the evidence which greatly impairs the force of Mr. Quill's denial that he is or ever has been a member of the Communist Party. In his political life Mr. Quill has made it clear that he follows the Communist line.

Now the Communist line, as is today abundantly clear, is something laid down in Moscow, not even by the Communist International, but by one man—the brutal, Machiavellian dictator, Stalin. It does not follow that the party which blindly follows him in America should be outlawed by legal enactment. That way lies grave danger to civil liberty. It certainly does not follow that workers in labor unions should be expelled merely for being Communists. That would be a terrible punishment in unions with closed-shop agreements with employers, and the effort to prove communism involves a widespread witch hunt.

A Labor Party, however, is a voluntary association which makes up its own policy and program. Its members and certainly its candidates cannot be allowed to owe their primary allegiance to Stalin, Hitler, or any other dictator. Civil liberties are themselves endangered in America by men's refusal to understand that the right of free speech and free association guaranteed by law by no means implies logically or morally the right of men to leadership in a party or a civic association whose democratic principles they may at any time openly or secretly despise. The Labor Party would have signed its own death warrant if it had not taken drastic action to affirm in positive language the independence of its candidates of direct or indirect control by Joseph Stalin. It is, I repeat, regrettable that the job was done awkwardly, and that two resolutions which should never have been considered together were presented as one. Nevertheless, we Socialists who believe that the best way to keep America out of war is to extend, not lift, the embargo renew our general indorsement of A. L. P. efforts to discover and repudiate Communists or Communist fellow-travelers in its ranks. NORMAN THOMAS

New York, October 16

Mr. Quill's Record

Dear Sirs: The eyes of America are focused on the campaign of Michael J. Quill for reelection to the New York City Council. This local test will do much to decide the resistance of the progressive movement to the splitting and red-baiting tactics which now appear to constitute the basic strategy of the reactionary forces in preparation for 1940.

Michael Quill has been labeled a Communist despite his repeated public denials of this charge and the lack of any evidence to substantiate it. Such charges, sufficient only for Martin Dies, are based wholly on the desire to remove from public life a militant legislator and uncompromising trade-union leader.

We, as physicians, are interested in a scientific appraisal of his actual deeds, particularly in medico-sociological problems. Here his record is unequivocal. He has initiated a model voluntary health-insurance program in the Transport Workers' Union; he has conducted a valiant battle against slums and for modern low-cost housing; he has worked incessantly for public distribution of milk; he has advocated improved facilities for hospital and dispensary care of the indigent. In short, he has earned consistently the enmity of all the obstructive, union-hating, Tammany-driven reactionaries, who drag out the old red herring in lieu of honest rebuttal.

PAUL A. KAUFMAN, M. D.,
Vice-Chairman, Medical Section of
All-Professional Committee to
Reelect M. J. Quill

New York, October 17

Sweden Feels the War

Dear Sirs: On the whole the people of Sweden are sympathetic to the Allies, and certainly the pact with Russia took away a lot of Hitler's prestige. Russia is the historical bogy of Sweden, and one of the reasons for whatever support Hitler enjoyed before was the belief that he was a bulwark against Bolshevism. It is not very comfortable being a small state in the neighborhood of great states at war.

Sweden is of course now making somewhat tardy preparations against the eventuality of being drawn into the struggle, though no one is quite sure how or when this will happen. One possibility generally discussed is that England will be unable to strike at Germany effectively till it controls the Sound and the south of Sweden. Germany may also find it more effective to stop supplies to England from Denmark and Sweden by an occupation in addition to the submarine warfare. Finally we are a little apprehensive of what Russia is intending to do with its enormous army. There is a lot of anxiety and indignation in Scandinavia over the sinking of neutral ships bound for England.

A partial evacuation of school children is being organized for the larger cities but this is only for certain classes, roughly those from nine to fourteen.

Presumably the younger children will also be arranged for later. The women are all getting a questionnaire to fill out as to what sort of work they would be willing or be able to do and what training they have (nursing, ambulance, etc.); and this is all being done by voluntary workers.

Everybody hopes that Sweden can continue neutral, and a part of the reserve (*Landstorm*) has been called up to keep watch on harbors, etc., and to learn anti-aircraft work. The anti-aircraft guns have *all* been bought by private subscription and presented to the state. We have money for two in Hälsingborg, but they haven't arrived yet.

Of course in times like these stories of all kinds are going round. The boys in my son's school were warned by their headmaster not to discuss the war or politics because of the risk of espionage. Harbor towns are naturally an attraction for spies. One of the most persistent and most horrible stories—we've heard it several times in different versions—is of Swedes or Danes of German nationality who have been called up for German military service. When they arrive late, delayed because of the necessity of making arrangements for business and other affairs, they are promptly shot as deserters. I find it a bit difficult to believe that people who *do* actually turn up are shot, unless it is to impress others from the same countries of the importance of punctuality, but this is typical of the sort of story going around.

As to the effects of the war on our daily life, the first result was a rush of people to the shops to buy up sugar, coffee, soft soap, sewing cotton, and all sorts of things; in a few days there was a serious shortage of these articles. Now the shops have had to ration and sell only to their ordinary customers. This week for instance we get half a keg of sugar per head. This is ample of course for ordinary use, but it doesn't go far if one is preserving—and that is what everyone is doing now, for there is a glut of fruit, and cranberries are very cheap and plentiful.

Gasoline needs a story all to itself. When the situation began to look serious at the end of August, an appeal was made to car owners to economize because of the risk of shortage in the event of war. As a result three times as much gas was bought as in a normal week, and the day that England declared war heavy restrictions were put in force. There has been a great demand for bicycles, and people who haven't cycled for years are now seen pedaling to their work. Of course the price of bicycles is going up. Actually with so little motor traffic on the roads cycling is more of a pleasure than it has been for years, and there has been a great reduction in motor accidents. Horses are of course in great demand, and there was even a large advertisement in Stockholm's *Tidning* the other day for "live donkeys, suited for cartage in Stockholm's traffic."

C. B. M.

Hälsingborg, Sweden, October 1

Wagner and B. H. Haggin

Dear Sirs: The opening paragraphs of B. H. Haggin's record column in your issue of September distressed me deeply. Are we so soon to start smearing German art because a madman holds the German people under a brutal political system? Remembering the first World War, I have been fearful as to when the mass mind in this country would degenerate from a pointed aversion of Hitlerism to a hatred of all Germans and their works, and thence by an ever-so-slight twist to suspicion of any reasonably sane person who still insisted upon keeping his artistic interests and his political beliefs separate. But I had scarcely expected to find this ugly hysteria exhibited in the pages of *The Nation.*

It is obvious that Mr. Haggin dislikes Wagner's music. That is a personal prejudice to which he has every right. But it hardly entitles him to see a manifestation of sinister political systems in the object of his artistic dislike, any more than I would be entitled to connect hot jazz, which I detest, with the evidence about us of political corruption.

R. W. SNYDER

Indianapolis, Ind., October 19

[*Mr. Haggin replies to this letter in his column on page 476.*]

Souvarine's Sources

Dear Sirs: I was greatly astonished to read in Hans Kohn's review of Souvarine's biography of Stalin, in your issue of October 7, that the book was not "well documented." The French original of the book is available in this country, and Mr. Kohn could have satisfied himself that it contains twenty-six large pages of sources in compact small type. It was only for reasons of economy—no doubt much to the dislike of the author—that the references were not given as footnotes, as they should have been. The English translation completely omits these references. In my opinion this is a vandalism on the part of the publisher which gravely affects the value of the book and hurts the reputation of the author.

MAX NOMAD

New York, October 13

Yankee Complex

Dear Sirs: Of course, *The Nation* is published on that side of the Mason and Dixon Line which has never admitted it was wrong, and Villard has a hereditary complex on the subject. But there is no excuse for his cracks on "the usual horrors of Libby prison" in his review of "The Road to Richmond" in your issue of September 9. It was Northern refusal to exchange prisoners which caused their privation, as he could find out from any scholarly work on the subject.

C. G. HAMILTON

Aberdeen, Miss., October 10

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER has been sending *The Nation* regular dispatches from Paris and London on the European war. He is now on his way to Italy.

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The Shape of Things

THE CITY OF FLINT IS REPORTED, AS WE write, to be somewhere off the coast of Norway with its German prize crew hoping to slip it through the British blockade into a German port. Whatever the conclusion to its physical odyssey, its case seems destined for a much longer legal journey. The State Department has protested sharply to the Soviet government on the ground that the vessel should have been turned over to its American captain on arrival at the supposedly neutral port of Murmansk. According to some authorities on international law, however, the Russians have acted within their rights, since under Article 23 of the Thirteenth Hague Convention a neutral power may allow a prize to be taken into its ports and there sequestrated pending decision of a prize court. Russia and Germany accepted this article, but the United States refused, maintaining its policy of barring entry to prizes except for humanitarian purposes. When the City of Flint first steamed into Russian waters, Moscow itself seems to have adopted the American doctrine, for it interned the German crew. Its reversal of this action and its acceptance of the German view that the ship had to seek shelter owing to lack of charts—later the reason was given as engine trouble—suggest uncertainty about the legal position.

*

PASSAGE OF THE NEUTRALITY BILL IN THE Senate by a more than two-to-one majority ended the most spectacular phase of the fight to repeal the arms embargo. The bill has now gone to the House, and there is a strong possibility that the deciding vote will be reached not later than Thursday or Friday of this week. Although the debate in the House will be brief, the vote will be much closer than in the Senate. Some Administration leaders place the margin at thirty votes, but it will probably be much smaller. The bill as it emerged from the Senate was, in general, more satisfactory than either the Bloom bill considered by the House last summer or the Pittman measure introduced in the Senate at the beginning of the special session. The restrictions on American ships visiting British and French ports in the Pacific, Indian, and South Atlantic oceans have been struck out. Exemption was also granted to American ships visiting ports in Bermuda, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. The ninety-day credit provision was eliminated, but efforts to force payment in strict cash—gold or American currency—were defeated. Whether the House will confine debate to the arms-embargo issue or new amendments will be accepted is still uncertain.

*

MUSSOLINI'S SUDDEN REORGANIZATION OF his Cabinet is clearly of more than casual significance. Achille Starace, who has long held the all-important post of secretary-general of the Fascist Party and has become chief of staff of the militia, has always been regarded as among the chief proponents of the Rome-Berlin axis. So has Dino Alfieri, Minister of Popular Culture and Propaganda, another victim of the shake-up, while General Pariani, who is replaced as chief of the general staff by Marshal Graziani, is the officer who early this year worked out a plan for military cooperation with Germany. Statements in Berlin minimize the changes, but the German ambassador in Rome has received a hasty summons to report to Hitler.

*

MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS ACCOUNT FOR 5 per cent of our national income and are of vital importance in every family budget. Yet a report by the Federal Trade Commission on concerted efforts to hold up milk prices in certain cities was buried in the back pages of leading metropolitan newspapers. Nor have the similar conclusions of a nation-wide investigation into the milk situation published in the November issue of *Fortune*—clearly a case of man bites dog—received much greater attention. We recommend this article to all our readers. It shows that without reducing the price to the farmer milk could be sold in most cities at nine or ten cents a quart. The huge spread between the price the farmer gets and that which the housewife pays is in part due to the expensive method of door-to-door delivery in bottles. But extraordinary efforts have been made in many places to prevent milk from being put up in cartons and sold in stores at a lower price. In some cities, *Fortune* points out, stores are forced by law to sell at the same price charged for doorstep delivery. A Boston ordinance not only fixed a one-cent differential as maximum

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but ordered that milk sold in paper containers should be priced one cent above bottled milk. As a result, milk consumption in the Boston area dropped 100,000 quarts a day. Who is responsible for such crimes against children's health? According to *Fortune*, the big cooperatives, the big dairy companies, and the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union have all exercised pressure against the growth of store sales. The willingness of the cooperatives to play the dairy companies' game is amazing, for greater consumption of fluid milk would certainly aid the farmers. Yet they seem to have been sold on the erroneous notion that any cut in the price spread must be at the farmers' expense.

✶

THE DEFEAT OF PREMIER DUPLESSIS IN LAST week's Quebec elections ends a dark chapter in Canada's political history. Elected three years ago on a reform platform in protest against Liberal corruption, Duplessis set up a virtual dictatorship along totalitarian lines. His most notorious essay in this direction, the so-called "padlock" law, permitted the police to padlock any private dwelling, hall, or meeting-house if a raid disclosed the presence of "communist" literature; the term "communist" was purposely left undefined, but was often interpreted to include any progressive or labor literature. Throughout his entire time in office Duplessis was in conflict with the Dominion government. He opposed constitutional reform that would have enabled the Dominion government to enact such social legislation as unemployment insurance. The election was called to demonstrate Quebec's opposition to conscription, but this was a false issue since all parties in Quebec were pledged to resist conscription. Duplessis's dramatic overturn suggests that the Catholic church, all-powerful in Quebec, has revised its views about the desirability of a semi-fascist regime. It helped to put Duplessis in; it has now aided in kicking him out.

✶

THE FIRST ENCYCLICAL TO BE ISSUED BY Pius XII has already won high honors in Germany and Italy: in the former it was suppressed; in the latter it was subjected to the Fascist blue pencil. The Pope's lyrical (and politic) reference to "our dear Italy, fruitful garden of the faith" has been given wide publicity in the Italian press. But his reflections on Colossians 3:10, 11—"Where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian nor Scythian, bond or free. But Christ is all and in all"—have been discreetly omitted. They are too pointed a reference to the racism newly adopted by the Duce. The Pope's meditations on patriotism were couched in terms equally uncomfortable for "Aryans." "The Divine Master Himself," said His Holiness, "gave an example of his preference for His own country and fatherland, as He wept over the coming destruction of the Holy City." Pius XII's stand against treaty-breaking and his reference to "our dear Poland" and its coming resurrection also help to explain why the encyclical did not make the front page of the *Völkischer Beobachter*. Two days later the Pope gave practical effect to his denunciation of racism by elevating two Negroes to the episcopacy. These, it is said, will be the first Negro bishops in the church's history.

✶

THE REFUSAL OF THE CZECHS TO ACCEPT enslavement quietly and work with a will to help their taskmasters win the war is proving extremely inconvenient for the German high command. It means that a large amount of man-power must be diverted from the fighting lines and munition factories to garrison and terrorize the conquered provinces. The same thing is true in Poland, although for the time being the devastation and state of famine prevailing in that land may help to keep the Poles comparatively quiet. We may be sure, however, that the gallant defenders of Warsaw are not going to take kindly to the Nazi yoke. Nor will such decrees as that issued by the Nazi Commissioner in Bydgoszcz, providing that Poles are to be treated as "inferiors," help to turn them into willing workers. Even terror has its limits, as is shown by the way Independence Day was celebrated in Prague despite prohibitions. Quietly and silently the citizens paraded the streets, dressed in Sunday clothes with black ties and black armbands. The German police seem to have concluded it was wiser to leave the task of controlling the crowds to the Czech gendarmerie. A number of students were arrested, however, for shouting anti-German slogans, and late at night shooting was reported in several parts of the city. Meanwhile the Slovakians appear to be extremely irked by their "protectors." There are reports of increasing anti-Nazi agitation and of arrests of many prominent persons, including leading members of the Hlinka Guards. The economic situation in Slovakia is said to be critical owing to the locust-like activities of the Germans, who have stripped the country of foodstuffs and raw materials.

✶

SECRETARY MORGENTHAU HAS PROVIDED his own postscript to I. F. Stone's Portrait of a Dollar-a-Year Man in *The Nation* for September 30. The subject of that portrait, Earle Bailie, leading partner in J. and W. Seligman and Company, has been "released" by the Secretary. "Released" with him were the other two dollar-a-year banker-advisers referred to in that article—W. R. Burgess, of National City, and Tom K. Smith, of the Boatmen's National Bank of St. Louis. The Secretary announced that the Treasury's success in its Com-

modity Credit Corporation exchange offering—hardly more than a routine operation—indicated that the emergency situation had subsided. "The tension in the government bond market has improved so much, the Secretary said, that he had released the three banking advisers whom he called in early in September" (New York *Times*). But there are emergencies and emergencies. Later at the same press conference the Secretary explained that " 'in the tremendous shake-up that is going on in the world today' it would be necessary for him to have the continued advice of three economic advisers named at the same time as the bankers." We suspect that the real emergency was the criticism evoked by the appointment of Old Guard bankers as emergency advisers to the New Deal Treasury.

They Cry War

SINCE the collapse of Poland the most vigorous fighting of the war has taken place on the front pages of the American press. But even our journalists, for all their vigor and enterprise, cannot continue to fight a world war by themselves, and are beginning to succumb to the lotus-eater tempo of the western front. It is worth noting, almost as one might a historic event, that on October 30, for the first time since the war began, the New York *Times* appeared with a front page of chaste single-column headlines. The "war" was on page 4. The New York *Herald Tribune* still felt that the war was worth page 1. But its cable beginning "The worst autumnal weather France has had in a decade. . . . Rain has been falling steadily in Lorraine" seems to have come from sources close to the Paris weather bureau. There are sound strategic reasons for the Franco-British policy of fighting a defensive war, but the German failure to attack seems so out of keeping with Nazi "dynamism" as to stir the suspicion that the Third Reich is somewhat less than totalitarian in its feeling about the war. Von Ribbentrop's speech at Danzig was more defensive in tone than is customary with Hitler and his lieutenants. The *Essener Nationale Zeitung,* supposedly Göring's organ, provided our press with scare headlines the next day by saying, "The time has come in which the war desired by England must rain down in full force upon the British Isles themselves." But so far—if *Paris-Soir* is to be believed—the chief attack on England seems to have been the purely verbal one made by the Führer in Miss Unity Freeman-Mitford's Munich apartment. Patriotism thereupon prevailed over hero worship, and Hitler's most publicized female admirer is reported to have attempted suicide. This, while regrettable, does not constitute a major blow to the British Empire.

It may be that Hitler will yet spring one of his characteristic surprises. Perhaps the "surprise" in this case is to be German passivity. It took a great deal of indignation and many affronts to work the Western democracies up to the pitch necessary for mobilization; Hitler may be planning to wear them down by sheer ennui. Correspondents report that British fliers are beginning to find the inaction irksome, and Britain is full of complaints about government "controlitis"—covering a variety of annoyances from the blackout to censorship. One wonders whether the Führer hopes that his foes will beg for peace out of boredom. But this kind of waiting game accords neither with Nazi temperament nor with Germany's economic position, which can hardly stand too prolonged a blockade. It seems more likely that diplomatic activity behind the scenes is as furious as the war is sedate, with London, Berlin, and Moscow striving to sell each other out at the highest price they can get. So long as the armies face each other in the west, Moscow holds the best cards in this diplomatic poker game. At one and the same time it remains neutral, makes conquests in the Baltic, and summons the Council of the League.

The most paradoxical aspect of this war is the contrast between the action in the east, where there is "peace," and the inaction in the west, where there is "war." Neither London nor Berlin is committing non-aggression on its neighbors. While the Finns are still having their minds made up for them, the Rumanians are frantically looking about for some means of support against an expected Soviet offer of "mutual assistance" in which Bulgaria, Hungary, and Russia will mutually assist each other to slice off those sections of Rumania which were taken from them after the last war. One correspondent in London piously points out that "Hungary . . . is a Catholic country," presumably implying that Budapest would not join in if Moscow began to make a meal of Rumania. But Catholic countries have been known to lapse in their foreign policies from strict adherence to the Sermon on the Mount, and other reports hint that Hungary would give Russia the Carpatho-Ukraine in return for Transylvania.

Anything may happen, and when even Chamberlain adopts a mellow tone in speaking of the Soviets, one cannot exclude the possibility that Russia may decide to be neutral in favor of Britain instead of neutral in favor of Germany. But it is also well to keep in mind the wishful thinking that goes on to right and left of us. Some British Tories find it hard to believe that Hitler can look on the advance of Bolshevism with equanimity, and some of our own liberals find it hard to believe that Stalin does not share their devotion to the Western culture menaced by the Nazi tide. But so long as the British declare it their aim to "overthrow Hitlerism," and they can hardly promise less, is not Hitler forced to lean more and more on Moscow? And Moscow more and more on Hitler, in fear lest a German military dictatorship under British auspices might revive the *Drang nach Osten?*

Keeping Down Prices

A NUMBER of our leading industrialists have attempted in the past few weeks to damp down the war-boom fever. They have declared that war business is an unhealthy basis for prosperity; they have deprecated speculative buying and expressed intentions of discouraging price inflation. No doubt these good resolutions are partly due to the knowledge that Washington is keeping a very watchful eye on the price situation. But although business magnates have often given evidence of astonishingly short memories, we may perhaps give them credit on this occasion for remembering the way in which the 1937 recovery was cut short by a punctured inventory boom.

Since the beginning of September rapid expansion has brought industrial production back almost to the 1937 level. To what extent the additional goods produced have gone into warehouses, either as a safeguard against future scarcity or in the hopes that rising prices will enable their sale at an increased profit, is a matter of dispute. But if present output rates are to be maintained, it is obvious that there must be a rise in consumption commensurate with that in production. Clearly, then, nothing should be done to reduce purchasing power, which in any case is apt to lag behind production in the early phases of a recovery. Hence in its own interests, no less than in those of the economy as a whole, business should do everything possible to curb rising prices. This is a matter of simple arithmetic. If prices rise on the average 10 per cent while consumers' incomes as a whole increase only 5 per cent, the actual volume of goods which those incomes can buy must be diminished.

At the present time the general price level is still well below that of 1937. The sharp upturn of early September has been checked pretty effectively, and many of the more speculative food products and raw materials have shed a large part of their gains. Meanwhile, there have been few advances in important industrial products, despite pressure on "price leaders" to advance quotations. A struggle is now going on inside the steel industry around this question. With output up to over 90 per cent of capacity, many steel men feel that a golden opportunity has come to hoist prices and boost profits. They are disgusted to find, however, that United States Steel, to which they look for leadership in price policy, is hesitating to make a move. Perhaps the management is aware that the demand for steel could very easily be curtailed by higher quotations; certainly it is conscious of the strong disapproval which such a step would arouse in Washington.

The economic advisers of the Administration are keenly alive to the dangers of a price boom at the present time, and they are particularly anxious to prevent any advance in steel. For this basic commodity, they contend, is the bell-wether of industry. It accounts for something like a sixth of the value of manufacturing output in this country; it is a basic material for nearly all other industries. Thus an increase in steel prices is very apt to lead to a general advance in industrial prices.

Actually there has been some leveling up of steel quotations since the war started owing to the reduction of discounts and allowances. But the cuts made earlier in the year remain in effect, although guaranties of delivery at existing prices after the beginning of next year are being refused. Those steel-makers in favor of price increases are calling attention to the sharp rises in such important raw materials as scrap, coal, and ferro-manganese. They are less willing to acknowledge the reduction of costs resulting from near-capacity production. Yet there can be no denying the magnitude of these savings. Bethlehem's third-quarter report just published shows that with production averaging 70.1 per cent of capacity profits jumped to over five million dollars compared with under half a million in the corresponding period of 1938, when only 46.4 per cent of capacity was employed. Bethlehem is now operating at 100 per cent of capacity, and so long as it can keep up volume is clearly in a position to return ample profits. Mr. Grace, announcing these results, stated: "With the volume we have now we see no reason to advance steel prices unless something happens to increase costs. We do not want to have an inflated situation and then have the bubble burst later on."

This conforms very closely with the attitude of Administration economists and offers ground for hope that the arguments of the latter have proved convincing. There is no getting away from the fact that the steel industry, despite appearances of competition, is a semi-monopoly, and as such its structure and policies will shortly engage the attention of the Temporary National Economic Committee. This will provide an opportunity for its outstanding figures to defend the principles of price leadership. There could be no better way of doing so than by thrusting aside the temptations which the immediate demand for steel presents.

From Poll to Poll

TO MOST Americans the central fact about the war in Europe is its failure to conform to the advance build-up. The contrast between expectation and reality may explain the perceptible shifts in American opinion which have occurred since the war began. Numerous surveys, especially those made by the Gallup Institute and *Fortune*, agree that such shifts have occurred; they also agree on the major drift, if not the precise details, of the change. If we correlate these and other tests of opinion, the dominant trends become fairly clear. There

has been a significant increase in the ranks of those who want the United States to stay out of the war even if England and France should be losing. In the first week of the war 44 per cent of those polled by the Gallup Institute favored our intervention—with our army and navy—in that eventuality; by mid-October the figure had fallen to 29 per cent. There has been a simultaneous decline in the number of those who believe that, whether we like it or not, our entrance into the war is ultimately "inevitable."

Although the polls have been under heavy fire in recent weeks, with General Johnson leading the offensive against them, the tendencies described in these recent inquiries seem to us familiar and real. And on the surface they might be interpreted as an appreciable victory for the German Propaganda Ministry. Unfortunately for Herr Goebbels, one factor has remained almost fixed amid the shifts. In September the *Fortune* survey reported that 83.1 of those interviewed desired an Allied victory. In October that figure had risen to 84.3. In the same interval the number of German sympathizers had increased from 1 per cent to 1.3 per cent. This scarcely resembles a Nazi landslide.

If, since the war started, the Allied cause has actually increased in popularity while the Nazi adherents have remained a tiny minority, what explains the apparent growth in anti-interventionist feeling? The most plausible explanation is that, while American sympathy remains overwhelmingly with the democracies, the intensity of that allegiance has diminished—with a concurrent lessening of American enthusiasm for sacrifices to avert a Nazi triumph. The change might be traced to the ambiguity of Allied war aims, to the spiritless and incongruous leadership of Neville Chamberlain, to the failure of Allied aid to Poland, to British shortsightedness on the issue of Indian independence, to renewed memories of American losses in the last war, and to the large-scale increase of isolationist propaganda. But the decisive element, we suspect, is the military character of the war.

We had studied the form-charts of war for a good many years. We had been warned to expect the pitiless bombing of London and prompt retaliation, the speedy envelopment of a whole continent under a blanket of frightfulness. When the war finally came, a thousand rumors streamed out of Washington: England and France would be doomed unless we were in the trenches by Christmas, six months was the maximum of possible Allied resistance without our aid. But eight weeks have passed, London remains intact, the "Second World War" is not yet even a general European war, the Allies proceed methodically with the task of defense and blockade, and Hitler hesitates to unleash the "war in earnest." Our instinctive dread of sending young men into war is deep; and it grows stronger in the absence of vivid and conflicting emotional pressures such as a *Blitzkrieg* would produce. The military character of the war has not merely diminished American enthusiasm for our early entrance; it has nourished the belief, irrespective of desire, that we shall be able to stay out. For if the war is to be fought at sea and in the air, for a considerable period at least, the need of American man-power is abruptly deflated.

In this setting of war-time tranquillity American opinion is registered today. But suppose that tomorrow the *Blitzkrieg* descends? Suppose that the images of total war, of which we had a preview in Spain and China and Poland, suddenly come true? And suppose that Americans are confronted, not with the hypothetical question of an inquiring reporter, but with the immediate threat of Anglo-French collapse? To what extent can polls taken during this strange half-war prophesy American emotions after long and brutal real war? What the polls can provide is a systematic and probably accurate fever-chart as the war progresses. They can hardly furnish a blueprint of American behavior in a future entirely subject to change without notice.

Japan's Soft Answer

AFTER floundering for weeks in indecision after the signing of the Soviet-German pact, Japan has apparently decided on a desperate effort to regain British and American friendship. Conversations are scheduled to open within a few days between Sir Robert Craigie, British ambassador at Tokyo, and Admiral Nomura, the Japanese Foreign Minister, to reconsider the issues growing out of the Tientsin dispute. Advance reports indicate that Japan is prepared to accept a compromise on the demands which led to a breakdown of negotiations last August. Also within a few days, according to present plans, conversations will open between Nomura and Joseph C. Grew, the American ambassador, for the adjustment of American claims against the Japanese army in China. The Japanese hope that these discussions can be made the opening wedge for the negotiation of a new trade treaty to replace the one abrogated by the United States last July. There are indications that in exchange for recognition of the puppet Wang Ching-wei regime, scheduled to be set up at Nanking almost any day, Japan will offer to respect American treaty rights in the occupied sections of China.

Six months ago we should have said that any settlement between Great Britain and Japan was impossible. Today it is a very real possibility. Britain is at war and has everything to gain from liquidating its dispute in the East. Moreover, Japan is a convenient pawn to play against Russia in Britain's attempts to keep the Soviets from going into the war on the side of Germany.

The United States has no such reason for accepting Japan's sudden offer of friendship. There is not the

slightest chance that this country will extend recognition either to Wang Ching-wei's regime or to the corresponding puppet state in Manchuria. Japan does not really expect this. It hopes to gain some recognition of the "special situation" which led to the restrictions on American trade in China and to forestall, if possible, Congressional action to embargo all American trade with Japan. If an Anglo-Japanese settlement is reached, there is danger that Japan's hopes may be fulfilled. While the United States has never precisely followed a "parallel policy," it has repeatedly hung back awaiting British support.

Japan may be expected to throw all its energies into the campaign to forestall the embargo because a Japanese victory in China is impossible without American assistance. Therefore we shall doubtless be hearing that the Japanese government has turned over a new leaf. All sorts of promises of good behavior will be made. To these gestures there is one honorable reply. The United States is ready to extend its hand in friendship when Japanese troops have been withdrawn from China in accordance with the principles of the Nine-Power Pact. Japanese promises are meaningless. Unless they are backed up by action, the United States must not swerve in its determination to dissociate itself economically from participation in Japanese aggression.

The Law and Mr. Dies

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

I HAVE always liked revolutionists. This is a dangerous confession with Martin Dies abroad in the land and every milk-and-water liberal under suspicion of conspiratorial leanings. But it stands as a fact. Robin Hood and Huckleberry Finn are the rebels who won my earliest allegiance, but as the years multiplied I added other more contemporary heroes. I listened enraptured to the rousing, rasping voice of Emma Goldman in the old Ferrer School, concealing only a mild disappointment at the fact that she looked like a composite of my female teachers at the Horace Mann High School. But Eugene V. Debs, although the mildest-mannered man that ever attempted to scuttle the capitalist system, was a more satisfactory hero. He was bold and uncompromising; he was gentle and human. One could easily imagine the New Society blossoming in a world populated mostly by Eugene V. Debses.

Came the Revolution. The most ruthless and inefficient of tyrannies was wiped out by the most intrepid and experienced of revolutionaries. A year earlier, in coffee houses in Vienna or Zurich or the lower East Side, those same men might have seemed less awe-inspiring, but the revolution transformed them into creatures of high destiny assigned to the role of constructing out of vast shambles a new and decent world. Their pasts were floodlighted by their glamorous present; conspiracy and even violence became them. I recall writing a piece in the winter of 1917-18 about the New York days of Leon Trotsky. It was almost as detailed as a *Fortune* article. I talked to a man in a store on Third Avenue who had sold Trotsky a "suite" of furniture. Photographers took pictures of the exterior of the flat house in the Bronx in which he had lived. Ludwig Lore told me disarming stories of Trotsky's ways with children, while his former colleagues on *Novy Mir* dismissed my questions contemptuously, explaining that the personal lives of revolutionists were unimportant.

The article was never printed. Complete with pictures, text, and a translation of an essay by Trotsky on the significance of gum-chewing in American life, it lies today in a box in my attic. The editor of the paper, Bruce Barton, decided not to use the piece because, as he explained, *Every Week* was printed in Springfield, Ohio, and it was as good as certain that by the time the issue it was scheduled for appeared everyone would have forgotten Leon Trotsky. The point of this story is not the fallibility of even the most high-priced editorial judgment. That perhaps needs no demonstration. I tell the story because it brings back to me sharply a state of mind that time and the processes of history have very nearly submerged. But it existed, and no doubt it produced certain standards and expectations that lurk to this day behind the curtains of disillusionment.

Perhaps Earl Browder cried when he was arrested the other day, as the newspapers reported. Perhaps he didn't. If he did, his tears are easy to understand. Do you remember the emotions experienced by Johannes Pinneberg, the bedraggled hero of "Little Man, What Now?" when he was first arrested? He was sick and humiliated. His whole being craved respectability, and he tried to look upon his slow progress toward the gutter as a series of accidents that had left him essentially untouched. He was still a little bourgeois who had been badly treated.

For four years the Communist Party has been suffering from a split personality, not unlike Johannes's. One half of its being has clung to the bourgeois comforts of democratic action and ideals; it has been hanging around the fleshpots of political respectability and has even succeeded in snagging an occasional morsel when the cooks weren't watching. On the walls of party headquarters Lenin and Stalin have hobnobbed with Washington and Jefferson. The *Daily Worker* covers the ball field as fully as the picket line. Organizations formed for a wide variety of democratic ends have been supported—or captured—by Communists, who may indeed have looked upon them as "transmission belts" but who none the less fraternized with the rest of the boys and treated even the stuffiest middle-class members with a nice condescension.

But the other half of the Communist personality has

been busy with old-line conspiratorial contrivings. False passports, hidden sources of income, mysterious and secret missions, elaborate political activities designed to support, by a complicated Goldbergian system of joints and elbows, the foreign policy of the Soviet Union—the old revolutionary impulses were still at work. Split personalities result in a miserably ineffectual whole. It is natural that Earl Browder, representing the conflicting habits, policies, strategic methods of the Communist Party, should have resented his arrest. Lenin in like circumstances would not have cried. Neither would Debs. And for that matter, neither would Franklin D. Roosevelt. The revolutionist would break the law if necessary to achieve his political ends, but he would also accept the penalty of the law when it caught up with him. He would not consider himself persecuted. He would neither expect nor ask favors of the government whose code he was attempting to evade; he would go to prison calmly and without complaint; and then, if possible, he would escape. The democrat would not break the law in the first place. He would work within the law and demand its protection. If he were attacked or suppressed or arrested he would lash himself to the Bill of Rights and dare his persecutors to overthrow him and it together.

Mr. Browder, implementing democratic professions with revolutionary technique, was easy game for Mr. Dies. Liberals will waste no particular sympathy on him as a law-breaker, though they will insist that his trial be a fair one and his punishment made to fit a very minor crime. But the case of the League for Peace and Democracy is another matter and demands the attention and protest of everyone who takes his democratic beliefs seriously. The league is an above-ground, legal organization open to anyone who supports its program. It draws no color line and consequently harbors in its membership an active minority of Communists. The Communist Party at times backed the league and even gave some money to it. The league has supported a program of resistance to fascism here at home as well as in Europe to which almost any liberal person would subscribe; if it has been "controlled" by its Communist members, their influence has been singularly moderate. Not even before the committee has the league been accused of "subversive" activities. When the committee published the names of federal employees who were also members—or on the mailing list—of the League for Peace and Democracy, it was with the clear intention of ruining the political reputation of a group of men and women who admittedly represent a wide variety of points of view. The President was restrained when he described this outrage as a "sordid" performance. It was, in fact, a job of character assassination that would have done credit to the Ogpu or the Gestapo. Fortunately it snapped back in its authors' faces; the best friends of the committee joined its severest critics in condemning the whole procedure, and I believe that Mr. Dies may have discovered that persecution is still unpopular in a nation that is still democratic.

But the incident is disturbing just the same. If activities such as those carried on by the league can expose persons to threat and attack, no civil rights are secure. The Dies committee is doing its best to turn democrats into revolutionists and drive law-abiding organizations underground. If it fails, it will not be because Mr. Dies has learned to distinguish between legal and illegal acts. It will be because Americans who have chosen to be neither Browderites nor out-and-out revolutionists but ordinary citizens exercising their right to organize and protest refuse to be intimidated. Mrs. Roosevelt summed up the liberal position with beautiful economy when she said at the *Herald Tribune* Forum last week:

> I am not afraid of talking to a Communist or meeting a Communist. I believe in democracy and in my inward power to work for democracy and to make it seem worth while to other people, and for that reason I am not afraid, and I don't want you to be afraid. I want you to make this country a land where we do not live under fear, and where we work to make life worth living.

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The Joads on Strike

BY CAREY McWILLIAMS

Los Angeles, October 29

FOR the first time since 1933 cotton pickers are on strike throughout the San Joaquin Valley. Accompanied by the usual employer violence and intimidation, the strike is valley-wide. To understand its causes, it is necessary to retrace the events leading up to October 1.

Large-scale cotton production is relatively new in California. In 1921 there were only 1,500 acres in cotton; by 1937, a "wildcat" year, a peak of 700,000 acres was planted. Since then the acreage has decreased, the figure for this year being about 331,000. Although the California production is still relatively insignificant, about 4 per cent of the total national production, cotton is tending to move westward into the irrigated sections of Arizona and California. The average yield per acre in California is about 600 pounds—almost three times the average for the nation. And while in the period 1933-36 218 man-hours of labor were required to produce a bale of cotton for the nation, in California only 126 man-hours were required. In other words, three times as much cotton per acre can be produced in California with about one-half the number of man-hours per bale. The California growers contend that these advantages are offset by their higher production costs and land valuations, but actually only acreage costs are higher in California. It costs less per bale to produce cotton in California than it does in the nation as a whole.

An efficiency-and-cost study of California cotton production made in 1938 for Kern County by the Extension Service of the University of California indicated that, with 1938 cotton prices, the growers derived an average income of $21.46 per acre. This income included certain payments received under the Triple A program but not soil-conservation payments. The total soil-conservation and parity payments for one county in California—Madera County—will this year amount to approximately $950,000. On a 500-acre ranch all of which would have been planted in cotton but for the AAA program government benefit payments this year would amount to as much as $4,684. This figure assumes, of course, full compliance, that is, that the grower would plant only 255 acres in cotton. The growers insist on construing the government payments as "rent" for the land not planted to cotton. But this land does not have to remain fallow.

On April 13, 1926, the growers in the San Joaquin Valley established the Agricultural Labor Bureau. This bureau—occupying joint offices with the Associated Farmers of Fresno County—is the agency through which labor is recruited and wage rates are fixed. The Arizona growers have a similar agency in Phoenix called the Farm Labor Service. For many years the growers have been accustomed to meet in Fresno in advance of the cotton-chopping and cotton-picking season, and in the name of the Labor Bureau to fix a so-called "base" rate for these labor operations. The growers contend that the rate is only a "base," and in no sense a maximum, rate, but in actual practice it tends to become the prevailing rate. A minority of growers who might feel inclined to pay more are reluctant to do so once the rate-fixing mechanism has become operative. It offers all growers an alibi: they can say that they are paying the "going" rate, "what everyone else is paying." The unfairness of this procedure is obvious. It is tantamount to asking the individual destitute migrant family in the San Joaquin Valley to bargain, not with an individual grower, but with the entire industry organized for this purpose.

The increase in cotton acreage in California has been the major factor attracting dust-bowl migrants to California. These migrants at present constitute perhaps 80 per cent of the total number of migratory workers in the state (estimated at 200,000). The growers in general would rather employ the newly arrived transients than local labor. The reasons, of course, are obvious. The migrant from outside the state usually has no resources whatever and will work for any wage that is offered. The result has been, of course, that the relief loads of the rural counties in California have mounted to staggering totals since 1933. The newly arrived transient family soon discovers that it cannot eke out an existence following the crops. During the first year of residence the family receives aid from the Farm Security Administration. After legal residence has been acquired, the family will usually be found on the rolls of the State Relief Administration. This system has certain advantages for the growers. Relief funds are provided by indirect taxation in California, by state and not by county taxes. Therefore the amount spent for relief in the rural counties is primarily provided by the large urban areas. In past years the State Relief Administration has, at the demand of the growers, always suspended relief during the harvest season, thereby flooding the labor market with thousands of workers. The intimacy of the relations which formerly existed between the SRA and the growers is indicated by the fact that Harold Pomeroy, who was in charge of the State Relief Admin-

PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

istration under Governor Merriam, is now executive secretary for the Associated Farmers of California. The great influx of dust-bowl migrants has, naturally, undermined the earnings of the experienced migratory worker, shortened the duration of labor operations, and decreased annual earnings. The operation of the system has involved a direct subsidy by the state to the large-scale corporate farming interests which dominate California agriculture.

Governor Culbert L. Olson abhors this system. He is committed to the idea of eliminating "industrial peonage" in California. In May of this year he ordered the Commission of Immigration and Housing to hold a public wage-rate hearing in Madera County and to recommend a fair wage for cotton chopping. The SRA then refused to cut people off relief unless they were paid the recommended rate. In April of this year I visited the cotton camps and reported to the Governor that there would certainly be a strike in cotton picking this fall. Most of the camps at that time, no employment being available, were about 60 per cent occupied. With no place else to go, the workers had been stranded there after cotton picking ceased in December. The temper of the workers was running high even then, and the camps beggared description: they must be seen, and smelled, to be appreciated. In order to avert a strike if possible the Governor ordered another wage-rate hearing, this time designating a wage board of seven members, with the farming interests represented. The board held an open hearing in the valley on September 28 and later filed a report. Unfortunately it was divided: a majority of four recommended a formula for the guidance of the SRA; the other three, including myself, recommended $1.25 a hundred pounds as a fair wage scale. The growers had of course met in advance of the season and fixed a wage rate of 80 cents—no labor representation whatever was at the meeting. The Associated Farmers, although they were invited to attend, boycotted the wage board's hearing. Every member of the board, including the president of the State Grange and the president of the Farm Bureau Federation, joined in denouncing the wage-fixing procedure of the growers and agreed that it inevitably provoked friction in that it prompted the workers to meet and fix an offsetting rate. The wage hearing delayed the strike a week or ten days, but when the growers failed to increase the rate, the workers acted.

To appreciate the unfairness of the 80-cent rate, one needs a few figures. An experienced cotton picker cannot pick on an average more than 200 pounds of cotton a day, and he does not work every day. Fog causes delay; rain will postpone picking. At 80 cents a hundred, working six days a week, a cotton picker would theoretically earn $9.60 a week. Out of this he must pay his own transportation, buy his own cotton bag, and, usually, purchase supplies from a company store. Most of the growers provide cabins; a few furnish wood and water. There is no uniformity of practice about the perquisites supplied. The average family on relief in the San Joaquin Valley consists of four persons; the average state-relief allowance for a family of this size is about $43.45 a month. But this budget assumes that the worker is idle—not working ten hours a day in a cotton field. Moreover, a family on relief can obtain allowances for medical care and emergencies. Thus at 80 cents a hundred, the cotton picker could not possibly make the equivalent of his relief budget. Living costs are high in California compared with other cotton-producing areas, and workers simply cannot live on the 80-cent rate.

Cotton pickers in general are not organized in California. The C. I. O. has a field workers' union, but it is not strong. Knowing its weakness, it used every effort to avert a strike. The Workers' Alliance, however, is strong in rural counties. Every effort was made by the workers to avoid provocation. But the Associated Farmers were out to start trouble. In the town of Madera a large mob of vigilantes met in the War Memorial Auditorium practically under the eyes of the sheriff—ironically, the sheriff is W. O. Justice, known to the workers as "With-Out" Justice—and set plans in motion to raid strike headquarters and to disrupt a meeting in the public park. In breaking up the meeting, they went into action under the very eyes of the Governor's special representative and with two representatives of the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee also looking on. (One of the latter received minor injuries and was treated at the hospital.) Workers have been evicted from cabins; the usual fake "plants" have been carried out, such as setting fire to cotton trucks and endeavoring to fix responsibility on the workers; and the usual arrests have been made. In short, the same old story has been repeated, with only a few noticeable differences. For one thing, the California State Employment Service, under recent rulings of the Social Security Board, is prevented from making referrals to strike areas. This automatically prevents the SRA from sending workers into the area and is a definite check on strike-breaking.

This year, partly owing to the wage hearing, a strong body of public opinion, even in the San Joaquin Valley, supports the strike. Governor Olson has announced that, if necessary, he will call out the National Guard to protect civil liberties in the strike area. Naturally he hesitates to take this action and will only do so as a last alternative. Present indications are that the strike will be settled, with the growers paying $1 a hundred. Had they offered this rate, which they can well afford to pay, at the outset of the season, there would have been no strike. In any event, Senator La Follette's young men have been thoroughly initiated into the ritual of the Associated Farmer technique in labor disputes.

War Divides Mexico

BY HARRY BLOCK

Mexico City, October 16

A SUPERFICIAL observer of the effects of the war on Mexico might be moved to remark that the only tangible result thus far has been that one of the afternoon papers has risen to the dignity of a second edition. Under the surface, of course, real changes are taking place; the progress of the Presidential campaign during the coming months will probably reveal just how deeply the pre-war alignment of forces has been disturbed. But in its everyday aspects Mexico City, at least, presents no greatly altered countenance. If the newspapers were filled with Nazi propaganda prior to the war, they still are; all movie theaters have a fair sprinkling of applause, in proportion to the social position of their patronage, for the appearance of Hitler on the screen, and in the more expensive cinema palaces the newsreels of the bombardment of Warsaw brought down the house. There is nothing surprising in this; it merely proves once more that the Mexican middle class is largely anti-democratic, pro-fascist, and, since Roosevelt came into office, anti-gringo.

There is a paradox here. Traditionally, it has been the poor people of Mexico who have nurtured the country's instinctive anti-imperialism. The landholding aristocrats welcomed Maximilian and the French, just as the wealthy bourgeoisie which flourished under the Díaz dictatorship allied itself with the agents of foreign economic penetration at whose tables it fed. Now it is the new middle class, usurping the place of the former financially dominant groups, which finds the worker-and-peasant connotations developed by the Mexican revolution of the last thirty years extremely distasteful. It tried unsuccessfully to bring the popular upheaval to a halt at least ten years ago, and fear of the masses has since made it an easy prey to fascist propaganda. In Calles's time Mexican reactionaries were able to count on American pressure to help them hold the Mexican people in check, but the radical-reform aspects of Roosevelt's New Deal have thrown these reactionaries into a state of mind bordering on panic. Feeling themselves abandoned by Washington, they began to turn their eyes abroad, where Hitler and Mussolini were demonstrating the latest wrinkles in the art of stifling popular aspirations.

It is this reversal of roles which explains the bitter anti-Americanism of the Mexican commercial press, just as it explains the efforts of the labor movement to promote better relations with the United States. During the successive war crises of the past three years and the ominous advance of fascism throughout the world, this paradox has deepened. When the war finally broke out, the Mexican reactionaries, who had jubilantly hailed the Munich pact last year, took up their expected position on the side of Hitler. The labor movement denounced the war as a new imperialist conflict for redivision of the world, but it also branded fascism as the chief foe and even advocated Mexican participation if the United States should become involved, a development which it believes must sooner or later occur.

The government necessarily strives to achieve a middle ground between strict neutrality and overt partisanship. Its sympathies are firmly engaged on the anti-fascist side, as its record on Ethiopia, Spain, and the other countries swallowed up in the fascist offensive attests. Nevertheless, the obvious duty of the government is to seek to derive every possible advantage from the circumstances of inter-imperialist conflict, a purpose for which, ideally considered, strict neutrality is perhaps the best course. This was the Carranza policy in the last war. After 1917 it earned him the reputation of pro-Germanism for his efforts to play off German imperialism against American; this was rash, in view of the comparative distances from Mexico of Washington and Berlin, but it was characteristic of Carranza's didactic romanticism whenever issues affecting Mexico's abstract autonomy were at stake. Cárdenas is at once more flexible and more realistic. He has proclaimed Mexican neutrality and is taking what steps he can to advance Mexico's economic and political position to the extent that the war provides him with opportunities. But he has also followed the American lead in the Declaration of Panama, thereby calling down on his head the wrath both of those who adhere to the Carranza doctrine and see in this action no more than an abject surrender to Yankee ambitions for domination of the Americas, and of the reactionaries who mask their real purpose to offer aid to the fascists behind the same "anti-imperialist" argument.

All the obscurities of the confused European situation are more or less faithfully reflected here. Is it really a democratic war against fascism? Is it, in fact, really a war at all? Labor, at least, was in the beginning ready to believe both, but it has since been developing considerable skepticism. The quick collapse of the Polish army and government gave birth to the opinion that Poland was merely a pawn in the game of the British and French imperialists, alive at last to the threat of Nazi expansionism to their own shaky empires. The subse-

quent Soviet occupation of White Russia and the Polish Ukraine, with all the imponderables latent in the Russian-German pact, subjected Mexican politics to a violent shake-up.

Up to the outbreak of the war, the political alignment of the country was clearly determined; in its broad outlines it still remains unchanged, but there has been a significant blurring of the edges. The two principal candidates for the presidency, Generals Manuel Avila Camacho and Juan Andreu Almazán, had polarized the social forces: a progressive alliance, including labor, the peasant federation, an apparent majority of the army, and many other groups within the P. R. M. (Party of the Mexican Revolution), supported Camacho, while the reactionary coalition, made up of big business, the chambers of commerce, landowners, retrograde militarists, and the Nazi-directed anti-Semitic gangs, with the tacit blessing, and possibly funds, of foreign capital and the Catholic church, boomed Almazán.

The campaign program of the first group boiled down to support for the Cárdenas government and a continuation and consolidation of its policies during the next Presidential term. The second group has still been unable to compose its conflicting internal rivalries, and its numerous attempts to unify the opposition parties into a single federation with a single candidate—Almazán—have so far been unsuccessful. Nevertheless, the general aims of its members are clear enough, even if Almazán's statement of them has been marked by a certain strategic evasiveness: a curb on labor; sapping of the agrarian reform by a return to parcelization of *ejido* grants among individual microscopic proprietors; a retreat on the oil question and settlement on their own terms with the oil companies; "guaranties" (read: protection from taxes and labor troubles) to foreign capital; "friendly relations with all countries," a euphemism for closer ties with the fascist states and recognition of Franco's Spain; educational freedom for the obscurantist and medieval Mexican church; and a war on native "communism."

Naturally, this program was duck soup for the middle class. In essence, it is an invitation to turn the Mexican clock back all the way to the coup d'état of Victoriano Huerta in 1913. The Cárdenas regime, according to Almazán, is "a boss rule a thousand times worse than that of Díaz." Casting himself in the role of a new Francisco Madero, he is again ready, he announces, to devote his life as in 1909 to the overthrow of an iniquitous tyranny. This piece of impudence has a certain grotesque humor which could be better appreciated if there were space here for an account of his career. Perhaps it is enough to say that he served in Huerta's regime and thus became an accessory to the murder of Madero (he had himself rebelled against the Madero government in 1911); that from 1914 to 1920 he consistently fought the revolutionary movement led by Carranza and opposed the new Constitution adopted in 1917; and that when he finally entered the Obregón wing of the revolution in 1920, it was apparently only for what he could get out of it. He is reputed to be one of the richest men in Mexico.

Almazán's past has been dredged up and broadcast by his opponents, but it may be doubted that the exposé is doing much to damage his reputation with his more fervent admirers, on whose brief memories he can confidently rely. The disheartening fact is that the new generation of the rising middle class is unconscious of its enormous debt to the revolution, has had little first-hand experience of the movement, is ignorant of its origins, hostile to its purposes, and frantically opposed to Cárdenas, its present leader. Their answer to the charge that Almazán is another Huerta is in essence: so what? And it is from this group that Almazán is drawing the majority of what might be termed his bona fide following, as distinguished from the horde of hungry racketeers that so liberally adorn his campaign committees.

The extreme right-wing backers of Almazán have found the war a process of disenchantment. Nearly their whole stock in trade had been a dutiful shouting of slogans learned by rote from pamphlets generously distributed by German emissaries. Hitler, they had been trying to persuade Mexico to believe, was Europe's—and America's—firmest bulwark against the red menace; now the ground has been cut from under their feet by their idol's new friendship with the "Bolshevik czar." A comic scramble ensued among the Nazi spokesmen to dissociate themselves from the Hitler label: one of their chief "theorists" has been driven so far as to argue that all the political ideologies which have given rise to the great "myths" of mankind—monarchy, democracy, communism, national socialism, fascism, etc.—are now irretrievably dead, and that the human race will have to wander through the valley of darkness for an indeterminate period until a new *mythos* is evolved, universal enough to make life again tolerable.

The other side of the medal has created difficulties on the left. Lombardo Toledano's C. T. M. (Confederation of Mexican Workers) has in the past often had to face charges of "Moscow gold" because it subscribed to policies, such as the popular front and collective security, of which the Soviet Union was the foremost exponent. In common with other labor and progressive organizations throughout the world which have followed the same line, it has been placed in an extremely awkward position. Some of the right-wing and opportunist elements of the C. T. M.—fortunately a minority—show signs of cracking under the strain, and they may yet give the Lombardo leadership some serious headaches.

Lombardo has been away from Mexico City on organization business and has not yet made any statement on

Russia. However, the issue cannot be indefinitely postponed. There have already been several abortive attempts in Congress to secure suppression of the Communist Party. The real nature of these efforts is clearly to find an opening wedge for an attack on the C. T. M. The labor daily, *El Popular,* no longer the official organ of the C. T. M. but completely identified with it in the public mind, has prudently adopted a non-committal policy, refraining from editorial comment on European events and appealing to Mexican labor to preserve its internal unity for the national struggle against fascism.

Within the P. R. M. a certain restiveness begins to be visible. Many of its politicos are none too enamored of the socialist theory to which they nominally subscribe; there will be a tendency among them to seize on what is being called by the press "Stalin's betrayal of socialism" as a pretext for ridding themselves of lip-service to an embarrassing ideal. (Incidentally this fidelity of the fascist press to the purity of Marxist doctrine is one of the more ludicrous developments since the war.) The logical end of such a tendency would be the undermining of the labor movement, the greatest single force in holding the revolution to its generally progressive direction. How far this current has gone, and what open schisms, if any, it is likely to provoke, may become known at the P. R. M. national convention next month.

If the democratic coalition can be held together in spite of these latent threats, the election of Camacho next July is practically assured. Cárdenas has promised, and gives every indication of abiding by his word, that the elections will be free. This has not prevented his enemies from raising the cry of "imposition," and they will doubtless claim fraud after the elections are over. The accusation is lent a certain color by the fact that Camacho has so far proved to be an indifferent and uninspiring campaigner, although it should not be forgotten that Cárdenas himself made an equally poor impression during the early stages of his prenomination campaign in 1933. But the charge is hollow, even though it is perfectly true that imposition has been the normal pattern of most Mexican elections. It is being advanced this early in the game to justify the uprising on which the opposition is banking, should its candidate lose. One of the reasons, in fact, for its failure to round up the entire reactionary crew in Almazán's support is probably the fear that he will not go all the way with them and will run out when the pinch comes; in view of his record, there would appear to be some basis for this suspicion. He and his advisers are fully aware that the numerically weak middle class cannot possibly win him the election, and his "popular" support is virtually confined to the former labor czar, Luis N. Morones, whose indorsement would be a liability to any candidate. Their only hope for a peaceful victory is to make a serious breach in the P. R. M. and to bring large sections of labor and the party over to their side. At present this seems a remote possibility, in spite of the confusion and cross-purposes which the war may engender. And a rebellion could succeed only on the premise of a sudden rise of reactionary sentiment in the United States strong enough to upset the whole present balance of Washington's policy toward Latin America.

Economically, Mexico stands on the verge of a new boom which may soon fully develop unless it is hamstrung, for political reasons, by business itself. I have in the past written of the earnest hope in opposition breasts that Cárdenas and all his works might be buried under an economic depression; the crisis that set in after the oil expropriation seemed made to order for this purpose. That the remains of this crisis are now almost wholly artificial is shown by the tendency of business to pick up whenever its practitioners give it half a chance.

Trade has been temporarily dislocated by the curtailment of imports from Europe and by uncertainties about future prices, but this situation will probably soon be clarified; a large part of the former European trade will naturally be diverted to the United States. The position of the peso has greatly improved—it has risen from six to the dollar on September 1 to 4.85 this week—and the prospect of increased exports of oil, minerals, and other raw materials may induce further improvement. Illogically, internal prices, particularly of foodstuffs, continue to soar in response to the speculators' field day that has defeated all efforts of the past five years to bring the national economy into some kind of balance. Living standards are being depressed and labor wage gains wiped out as a result. More serious still, industry itself is a victim of the speculative orgy, apart from the political capital it derives from it, since the masses of the population are unable to spend any large proportion of their wages on consumer goods other than foodstuffs. Until and unless government action begins to make a real dent in the price level, it is unlikely that the country will be able to take the fullest advantage of the opportunities opened up by the war. Renewed labor unrest due to falling real wages may soon break the industrial truce that has lasted since the oil expropriation; a major strike wave would further impede industrial expansion and permit employers to complain, to good effect, that "business confidence is being killed."

From this viewpoint, it is clear that the C. T. M. policy of combating high prices and speculation, without, if it can be avoided, unleashing a new strike offensive, and of striving to prevent differences of opinion on European affairs from disrupting labor unity, is essentially sound. Labor remains the key to the political struggle. Good generalship and an undivided army can insure the victory of the working people of Mexico over the atavistic forces led by Almazán.

France at Its Best

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

I AM not writing this from Paris, but from Glasgow. Having suffered some damage in a road smash during my summer vacation in July, I spent August and the first weeks of the war in a Glasgow bed, with no direct contact with reality except one of those barrage balloons which I could see from my window. These balloons are supposed to protect the Clyde docks and shipyards from accurate hits. As it swayed in the wind and turned its ugly elephant face at me, it seemed to be laughing at the newspaperman who was missing in this absurd way the beginning of his biggest story.

However, I am returning to Paris next week. It will be sad to return to Paris; for nearly everybody I know has been mobilized. All the younger men—all my French colleagues, left, right, Communist, everybody—have been called up; so have my landlord in the Boulevard Arago and his two brothers; so has the podgy ironmonger round the corner who wears goggles on his peaky little nose, and who has a wife and a little girl of seven; so has the green grocer who is so obviously in love with his young wife (both have the same childish giggle—and how foolishly they giggled whenever I told them that war was coming!); the curly-haired fellow behind the counter in the *bureau de tabac* must also have been called up, and the waiters in all the cafes and restaurants I frequent. All gone. The only man who may still be in my neighborhood is the one-eyed plumber; he lost his eye in the last war. And even he may be attached to some auxiliary service unless they find him quite useless; in which case he may have gone home to his village to fish all the day long—his constant ambition—or he may be waiting in Paris for the plumbing jobs that will result from the air raids. Even the politicians have not been spared. The other day I got a note from one of my deputy friends:

Chambre des Députés, September 10

MON CHER AMI: In spite of this notepaper I am not writing you from the Chamber, and not even from Paris. I have joined my regiment of Algerian fusiliers, and if you come out as a war correspondent I hope you will spot me under my tin helmet.

Yours ever, P. O. L.

The note was strangely moving in its brevity and simplicity. Here was France at its best—accepting this war as something necessary and inevitable, and ready to fight it to the end.

Everybody mobilized! You can scarcely realize what it means. The French people are not accepting this war with any bravado or mock heroics; it is the slightly lesser of two fearful evils—one, vassalage, that is, the total destruction of France; the other, the partial destruction of France, a partial destruction from which it may take many years to recover. "Le Français se fait rare," the famous playwright and novelist Giraudoux recently wrote in a significant book called "Pleins Pouvoirs." The Frenchman in Europe today is becoming a comparatively rare human specimen: there are only forty million Frenchmen as against eighty million Germans; and there is some sad irony in the thought that only a few weeks before the war broke out the Daladier government passed a large batch of decrees tending to increase the French birth rate. The average Frenchman, who had usually been flippant about such matters, was beginning, perhaps for the first time, to take a solemn view of the whole birth-rate problem; the population question, on which the future of France and French civilization ultimately depends, was beginning to be treated with an earnestness one had never seen in France before. The widespread Catholic revival and the vogue of Charles Péguy —who was killed on the Marne in September, 1914, and through whose writings there runs the constant refrain, *Il faut que France continue*—were the psychological counterpart of the government's action in dealing with the population problem. In the last war France lost nearly one and a half million men. It was a sincere and weighty French argument a year ago—"we cannot waste the youth of France on Czechoslovakia." It was the biggest French pro-Munich argument. But today the French people know that it is not a case of "wasting" French lives on Poland or any other foreign country, that the choice lies between the two evils already mentioned—vassalage and war. The millions who have gone to the front know that only one choice was possible. France will not waver, and will not be impressed by German propaganda.

What this propaganda is we all know. It consists in saying that Britain is spoiling the chances of a happy Franco-German understanding; that this is England's war. The argument no longer cuts any ice, not since conscription was introduced in England—a measure which filled French hearts with gladness. And yet it is important, if France is not to lose heart in the dark days of the war that lie ahead, that Frenchmen be as conscious as in the latter days of the last war of the comradeship in arms between them and the British, that they be tangibly aware that the maximum effort is being made by both countries—in all fields. A pressing question

asked in letters I get from France is: "How many troops are you sending over, and how soon?" For in the first phase of the war the most decisive battles will be fought on land. The economic battle, the battle of the sea, can be decisive only at a later stage when Germany's economic stores are exhausted. Not that the French want us to sacrifice quality to speed; they know that it is both merciless and useless to send untrained men to the front.

If such questions are asked, it is because France knows that this war, more even than the last war, is a life-and-death struggle for France and Britain. If we had lost the last war we should have been compelled to sign a treaty many times worse than the Treaty of Versailles; but we should not have disappeared as independent nations. This time we should—with "protectors" established in London and Paris.

Till the last moment France hoped that war was not "absolutely" inevitable, that some attempt might yet be made to reach a compromise over Danzig. On September 2, after war had already broken out in Poland, at least two men in the government still looked hopefully to Mussolini and tried to delay the ultimatum to Germany. Mr. Chamberlain's embarrassment in the House of Commons that Saturday night was apparently due to these hesitations in Paris. Such last-moment and even after-the-last-moment hesitations were perhaps only human and natural; but there was no choice, and Daladier knew it all along. Since last December he has known what was coming; his speech of June 27, before Parliament rose for the summer vacation, was more tragic in tone than any other of his I had heard. "He is anxious to get us out of the way and wants to scare us," some of the deputies remarked. I remember that speech very clearly, and at no moment did I have the impression that it was a parliamentary maneuver. I felt that the man was speaking from his heart, and that he knew what all this would mean to every French home and to that *jeunesse française* which, instead of taking advantage of the marriage and "large-family" allowances provided in his new decrees, would once again be sent to the north and the east to fight more Verduns, so that the fairest land in the world should not be turned into a "protectorate" and a vast concentration camp. *Il faut que France continue,* Charles Péguy wrote before being killed on the Marne. Today his sons are fighting the same battle. It is a tragic continuity—a continuity of death.

The French attitude toward Russia is in the main hostile, and the French government has started its drive against the Communist leaders, some of whom are still preaching Stalinist "pacifism." The view held by Pertinax and a few others that the interests of Germany and Russia are fundamentally hostile is giving way to the rather less pleasant theory of the ideological kinship between Nazidom and Stalinism. The Hitler-Stalin pact has resulted in the disappearance of the Communist Party as a political force in France. Its strength, particularly in the 1936



HOW MUCH CAN YOU GIVE US ON THIS ?

election, when it assembled 1,500,000 votes, lay in its dynamic anti-fascism. Today it means nothing. And the ex-Communist voter fails to understand why so popular a leader as Maurice Thorez, who had always maintained that "he was not taking his line from Moscow," failed to do the one obvious thing the day the Hitler-Stalin pact was announced—which was to resign from the Communist Party and dissociate himself from the Third International. Had he done that, he would still be the leader of the profoundly patriotic French working class.

Propaganda's Golden Age

BY MAX LERNER

1. Freedom in the Opinion Industry

LIKE other Americans I get letters from Europe that have always the same note: Europe is doomed; can a free society survive in America? It is now fashionable to answer Yes. The new note in speeches, books, and editorials is either "the coming victory of democracy" note or the "America is different" note. A native democratic élan is excellent, but, aside from the fact that every exhorter uses democracy in a different sense, it has thus far been left largely in the realm of exhortation. The New Deal program has bogged down not only because of its own lack of plan and cohesion, not only because of the bitter opposition of its enemies, but also because of the sabotage of those who should have been its friends—the very liberals who have been whipping themselves to new fervor in defense of the democratic principle.

If we are honest with ourselves we will not blink the fact that we are entering one of the blackest crisis periods in our history. Whoever is elected in 1940, the outlook is bearish from any humanist angle. Already budgets are being cut, taxes eased for big enterprise, labor-protective legislation repealed, new labor-smashing laws introduced, strikes met with repression, educational expenditures whittled away, alien-baiting and red-baiting measures passed—and all while we engage in top-flight oratory about making democracy work. I have been reading a recent history of criminal-syndicalism legislation after the World War, and the story is a grim one. But nothing in the palmiest days of Palmer, Lusk, and the Centralia hysteria can equal the new tidal wave of reaction that is descending upon us. From Boston to San Francisco, from the Mexican border to Madison, there are ungentle preparations being made by corporate capitalism to take over just as soon as the New Deal has relaxed its grip.

I do not say this to register myself on the Jeremiah rolls. I say it because the fact that the once advancing democratic armies in America are now in full retreat is a fact that needs explaining. The current explanations run in terms either of "the swing of the pendulum" or of "the tyranny of words." But pendular theories are only a polite way of saying: "I don't know, but I won't admit it." And before words can have the power to become tyrants, the minds of people must be prepared for the tyranny through demoralization. My own belief is that the turning-point in that demoralization came with the 1937 "recession." The reactionary press campaign, which had reached a fierce intensity during the 1936 elections without showing any marked effect on them, was now resumed with a much greater probability of success. The masses had voted for Mr. Roosevelt not for any sophisticated reasons but because he had reached them by the propaganda of the deed—the actual accomplishments of the New Deal. They had caught the contagion of his assurance and felt that, whatever happened, he would be master of the occasion. But such a sense of confidence could not survive a new and drastic depression. The Roosevelt image lost much of its magic, and it became easy for the Coughlins and Gerald Winrods and Fritz Kuhns and their fellow-travelers to marshal their forces effectively on the battleground of opinion.

We are in the midst of a sharp struggle over opinion, and there is a sharper one still to come. Everyone feels a swing of the country's mood to the right—a swing well engineered and maneuvered. The pattern itself is clear: anti-Semitic (Coughlin, Kuhn, and eight-hundred-odd fascist organizations), anti-labor and vigilantist (Ford, Girdler, Associated Farmers), red-baiting (Dies, the Catholic hierarchy), anti-alien (the xenophobes in Congress and out), anti-democratic (all of them). What is not so clear is how far the swing will go before it is checked, and what is likely to check it. One answer is that a direct grappling with the problems of unemployment and shrinking capital investment will check it. And it is a good answer—if it can be translated into reality.

In short, we are in what may be ironically called a new Golden Age of propaganda. The last Golden Age came with the discovery and spread of advertising technique, the revelations in the army intelligence tests of the low level of popular thinking, and the underscoring the World War gave to the irrational character of all political thinking. The new Golden Age, using all that, has added to it the control—either by a state monopoly or by a class monopoly—of the channels and sources of opinion, and their systematic exploitation for state or

class ends. As Harold Lasswell says, "A new skill group has come into existence in modern civilization . . . skill in propaganda has become one of the most effective roads to power in modern states." And that propaganda skill is at the service of those who are ruthless enough to use it and can pay for it.

As there is a new Golden Age of propaganda, so also there is a new Unholy Alliance in the winning and maintaining of power. There was once a phrase that passed current among historians—"the barons of the bags and the barons of the crags." There are groups in every culture today corresponding to these—and the unholy alliance is between them. The barons of the bags are the holders of economic power, acting through their government and dependent upon it. The barons of the crags are the newspaper publishers and editors, the masters of the radio, the propagandists, the back-stage manipulators of opinion—those who occupy the strategic passes to the castles of the mind and exact their heavy toll.

The vast new fact that is emerging out of the struggle for majority rule is that our fates are currently being determined by two sorts of minority strategy. A few men within the political governing group make decisions that condition the destiny of peoples. Nothing is clearer than that Chamberlain's whole appeasement policy was dictated by the fear that the defeat of Hitler and the collapse of fascist prestige would mean a genuine democratic victory throughout Europe. And the important thing is that he was able so to play on the fear of war of the English people that they accepted this appeasement policy; and then, when Hitler's territorial ambitions turned west rather than east, Chamberlain was able to play upon the English instinct for survival and modify his appeasement policy even to the extent of introducing conscription and finally going to war. Moreover, nothing could be clearer than that Czechoslovakia would have chosen to fight rather than be absorbed if a few men in the governing group had not preferred German domination to the acceptance of Soviet aid. One of them expressed it: "I would rather be invaded by Hitler than helped by Stalin"; and the important thing is that he was able to make his own personal preference override the exactly opposite preference of millions.

What happened yesterday in Spain and Czechoslovakia, what is happening today in England and France, may happen tomorrow in America. The Roosevelt government has weakened the hold of the Big Money group and has even succeeded in undermining the blind faith we once had in the barons of opinion, but it has not succeeded in controlling or displacing either group. They are still in control in the two strategic centers of American life. Their great weakness used to lie in their pathetic reliance upon money in the old sense—money to be used in buying power; and Chamberlain's government in England, with its cowardly betrayal of Spain to Franco and its bewildered hope that it could then buy Franco off by loans, is the classic illustration of this. But that is an old-fashioned and vestigial capitalist view. The new groups are today learning the subtler uses of money. They understand not only that money must be used very delicately and indirectly—behind the rhetoric of majority rule and the screen of a free press—to buy power, but also that power must be captured and retained in order to protect money. I should be greatly surprised if the economic groups behind the Chamberlain government ever allowed their kind of Cabinet—whether under Chamberlain or Halifax or Churchill or some essentially reactionary coalition—to be replaced by a genuinely democratic government, short of civil war. I should be equally surprised about France. Nor do I think a civil war will be necessary. In a time of confusion, when the big battalions of the majority are distracted and demoralized, the compact and ruthless storm troopers of opinion march in and take possession.

That is beginning to happen today in America. If the liberals do not know it yet they are blind. If they fail to act they are committing suicide.

How have they acted thus far to insure the survival of a free society? Whatever the contribution of the politicians and administrators, the contribution of the intellectuals seems to have been the fetishism of the principle. Many of them recognize the extent of fascist propaganda and the preparation of fascist terrorism in America today. Some of them even recognize the extent to which the formation of opinion in America today is a class monopoly, and the hopelessness of taking active measures for greater economic effectiveness and social well-being while that is true. Nevertheless, they persist in asserting that though the heavens may fall and the democratic state be destroyed, they will do nothing to qualify the principle of laissez faire in the opinion industries.

Of course, they do not see it quite that way. To them the realm of opinion-formation is not an industry but the sacred and untouchable province of the individual. They do not see that since Jefferson's day two things have happened that have wholly changed the conditions of freedom—first, the unremitting thrust of economic empire until it has subdued the political and the social unit of the corporate sway; second, the replacement of the free small newspaper by the mastodons of the press and radio, and the perfection of propaganda techniques to swell the power of those who control opinion.

The newspaper industry is one of the outstanding examples of the crowding out of the relatively free small enterprise by big capital. One reason why William Allen White is so tragic as well as so exciting a figure in modern journalism is that, as the editor and publisher of the Emporia (Kansas) *Gazette*, he stands for a world that was but that is no longer—stands for it with complete

integrity but with a final ineffectiveness. The huge independent newspaper, such as the New York *Times,* which could not be replaced or effectively met in competition except by an enormous capital investment; the newspaper chains, like those of Hearst, Scripps-Howard, Gannett, Paul Block; the powerful press associations, such as the Associated Press or the United Press; the special-feature syndicates; the new and powerful pictorial weeklies; the advertising agencies—these have left the William Allen Whites in splendid isolation, attractive but none the less museum pieces. The temper of this group may be judged by the fact that for seven years now it has been consistently anti-New Deal while a majority of the people have been consistently pro-New Deal. It may be judged even better by reading the speeches and resolutions at the last convention of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association—one that had every index of a convention of the right-wing Republicans after the dissenters among them had been expelled and only a rump was left. The fact is that these gentlemen express the interests and the sentiments of big enterprise not only because of advertisers' pressures, but basically because they are themselves big enterprise. We cheer when a J. David Stern attempts to break this solid phalanx as he did for a time with the New York *Post;* but the reason Stern failed was that no single individual alone can break the phalanx, so long as the rest remain solid. And while a Stern was trying to do that in New York, hundreds of cities and towns had only a single newspaper or several owned by the same company—with no competition of ideas in either case.

Given these conditions, it is idle to talk any longer of "freedom" of press and opinion as though it were synonymous with the absence of governmental intervention of any sort. The fact is that here, as in other industries dominated by big corporate enterprise, laissez faire has come to mean not the freedom of all but the tyranny of the few.

[*In the concluding part of this article, to appear in our next issue, Mr. Lerner will outline a plan for a "TVA in the Opinion Industry."*]

From a European Diary

BY EMIL LUDWIG

Locarno, October 2

WE OWE much to fascism. The swiftness with which it tries to master the world forces democracy to be equally quick. Its propaganda has made its enemies multiply their propaganda a hundred-fold. In a village near Tunis six weeks ago I saw a dozen natives drinking coffee and smoking, and listening attentively to the radio. My French friend said: "Until last year these people were fascists; they could hear their own language only in broadcasts from Rome." Fascist technicians have the same experience as all others: the inventor is soon overtaken by his competitors.

Moreover, the ether, being common to all, imposes a remarkable self-restraint upon the enemy. In peacetime several stations used to interrupt the Moscow radio, and also the other way round. Today, when thousands are being killed every hour, no station disturbs another, for each knows that would lead to the complete ruin of radio throughout the world. Each nation lets the other report its deeds. Now that even the Red Cross is shot at, the announcers are the last practical pacifists and the first citizens of a coming world—a world in which man will fight only with spiritual weapons.

October 5

The coming partition of Germany suggests that the German princes may be brought into the picture again. That would be a great error. They must be ruled out, not because we are hurrying into the middle of the twentieth century, but because for twenty years they have been without exception ignoble, that is, have shown themselves without any means of self-defense, and because in these twenty years they have not produced a single able representative. If a bold revolutionary were to be found in any one of the twenty-two princely houses, I should prefer such a prince to the corporal who has come up in the world. But where is such a one? Most of them are dull and lazy; the better-educated are decadent.

A short time ago I sat at table in Paris with one of the most talked-of pretenders. Herriot sat opposite him. The petty-bourgeois Frenchman discussed Beethoven with the son of a German king, and the latter fell into difficulty after difficulty. The scene presented a delightful impromptu on the theme of birth and talent, tradition and education.

The ridiculous futility of these princes' sons, none of whom have any ability, or knowledge, or aspiration—all are too foolish for that, or too rich, or both—is shown most strikingly in the very fact of Hitler. This plebeian, who has nothing in common with the princes but a lack of education, has destroyed their future among a people thoroughly inclined toward monarchy because he could at least make speeches and carry on intrigues and struggle passionately to rise.

That nothing can be done with the princes after Germany's defeat has this advantage—the country can be divided into two or three instead of twenty-two parts. To see Bismarck's work fall to pieces must be the wish now of even such an admirer as I have always been. I occupied myself with him for long years, I presented him three times to the public, and now, after ten years in which I had completely forgotten him, he suddenly appears to me as in the flesh. His work falls in ruins because Germans are less than even he with his skepticism supposed.

What he demanded of Germans would have been hard even for other peoples to fulfil. "Be united and strong," he said, "but do not covet world power." Bismarck, the last bulwark against imperialism, the man who for twenty years maintained peace in Europe by force and never tried to obtain colonies, believed openly that a lucky gambler should leave the game while he is winning and retire, if not to rest, at least to his broad world interests, and not again engage in great risks. William the Grandson spoiled this concept of grim and wise old age.

The first attempt at world power miscarried lamentably; the second is about to do so. Thus the old German precept will have been again demonstrated—that limited not heightened national power opens the way to free development of the great gifts of the German people. If Prussia is isolated and reduced to a third-class state, and the land south of the Main joined to Austria in some kind of *Ost-Reich,* the German genius will again unfold and astonish the world as it did when Germany was disrupted and incapable of governing itself.

Ceterum censeo Germaniam esse dividendam.

October 8

The noiselessness with which this war begins is affecting. In the region where its greatest battles may be expected armies are marching toward each other almost in silence. There has been no declaration of war on culture. Who in France today would propose a boycott of German music? (Of Wagner, yes, for he has turned out to be a high-political symbol of German world domination.)

A second difference between this and the last war I find in the divisions that cut across national lines. The foreign legions which are being formed everywhere to fight against the motherland—are they not a symbol of the anachronism of exalted national feeling? If all troops on both sides carried their own flag, as they used to do, and a Martian looked down at them through his opera glass, he would laugh and ask who really was fighting whom. But one must make a distinction. Under the German flag are enemies of Germany, compelled to fight; under the French flag there is no foe of France. As long as I have studied history, I have never found lasting victories won by the side that used compulsion.

In the Wind

WHEN CORRESPONDENTS in London got word of the sinking of the Courageous, the dispatches they immediately submitted were delayed for some time by the Ministry of Information. Asking for an explanation, they were told that although the story had spread like wildfire through London and everyone in key positions apparently knew it, the censor hadn't been informed of the catastrophe. He promised to investigate at once.

WIDESPREAD RESENTMENT over the Browder case exists inside the Department of Justice. According to well-informed sources, the department did not intend to push the case at the present time. At the President's request it was compiling material on passport violations as the basis for projected anti-espionage legislation, when the Dies committee got wind of its discoveries and popped the question to Browder. Browder confessed, and the department was forced to take action immediately.

A PROMINENT German psychologist has scored another point for the Nazi doctrine of race superiority. Writing in a German psychological journal, E. R. Jaensch asserts that the superiority of the Nordic race can be proved in the poultry yard: the Nordic chick is better behaved and more efficient in feeding than the Mediterranean chick, and less likely to overeat. This, he argues, also refutes the "liberal" claim that "race" differences are really cultural differences, since race differences among chicks can't be accounted for in cultural terms.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS are full of white space denoting the censor's activity. The most tantalizing emptiness appeared in the *Lumière,* where the headline "Comments on the Suppression of the Communist Party" was followed by a long stretch of white space. But at the bottom there proudly appeared the by-line of the author—although every word of his piece had been eliminated.

TYPOGRAPHICAL TRAGEDIES: "The Chamberlain wing is said to favor organization of another anti-Comintern pact, based on the old lies and the remnants of the old anti-Comintern pact, which would mean Spain, Italy, and Japan" (from the Detroit *News*). . . . "*Amsterdam.* (A. P.) A twenty-five-year-old German military plot was interned by Netherlands authorities Wednesday . . ." (from the *Daily Oklahoman*).

TOLEDO'S RETIRING city manager, John Edy, was tendered a farewell banquet recently at a large hotel. Outside, 200 pickets, whose relief had been cut off allegedly because of Edy's ineptness, paraded with signs such as "Inside they feast; outside we starve." The Toledo *Blade* and the Toledo *Times* both gave space to the story of the banquet. Neither mentioned the pickets.

[*The $5 prize for the best item submitted during October goes to D. L. of St. Paul, Minnesota, for the story about Congressman Maas published last week.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

London, September 19

NOW that the full measure—or very nearly so—of Stalin's and Molotov's perfidy has been revealed, it must be pointed out that they did much more than stab Poland in the back and abandon the anti-dictator front. They dealt a deadly blow to their Communist movement, and to its friends at home and abroad, of which they will not hear the last for many a year. Many persons besides myself, without being themselves Communists, have wanted to see the Russian experiment tried out fairly and squarely. When I testified before the New York State Reconstruction Commission in 1919, I said that it seemed to me most fortunate that the Russians were ready to try a system which has been urged for mankind ever since human beings abandoned their communistic method of living in the earliest ages. I came back from Russia in 1929 deeply impressed by the extraordinary progress made in industry, on the farm, and in every walk of life, and thought it thrilling that a state was trying primarily to serve its workers and not its privileged classes. Ever since then my faith that communism was being fairly tried out in Russia has been waning. I could not believe that a government based on the ruthless dictatorship of one man, that had to be kept going by wholesale purges and by the starvation of millions of people, as in the Ukraine, could give communism the chance to show whether or not it was the way out of our decaying capitalism.

Now I am hopeless of any good coming out of the experiment. Three months after Molotov said that Russia was not going to desert the anti-aggressor front it joined the aggressors, and used the precise language of Hitler and Goebbels in so doing. The *Pravda* editorial which gave the show away might have been written in Berlin, or even lifted bodily out of one of Hitler's tirades. Today Molotov is congratulating the army on its "heroic deeds," these being its valiant march over a prostrate neighbor with whom Russia had signed a non-aggression pact. After all those fine speeches that Litvinov used to make at Geneva, speeches that I and *The Nation* frequently called the only civilized utterances in international politics, the Russian government has revealed itself as a common despoiler and robber. If any group in America again puts out a statement urging me and the rest of their fellow-citizens to think differently of the Russian dictatorship than of the others, I shall refuse most emphatically. It is not only just as bloody as the others, but just as crooked, treacherous, and criminal. At the very time that Litvinov was demanding that the League of Nations enforce sanctions against Mussolini for making war on Ethiopia, some of us called attention to the fact that the Russian government was calmly lining its pockets by selling gasoline to Italy for its planes and tanks. That, we now know, was the true measure of its sincerity and honesty.

I have heard many pacifist-minded Americans defend the great Russian armies on the ground that Russia had suffered so much from the military intervention without declaration of war of the United States, Japan, Great Britain, and the others that it was justified in preparing to defend its frontiers, especially after the appearance of Hitler. But when the Russian army began to number millions, I for one began to have my doubts, though it was only to be told that this great army was the one force that could possibly save democratic Europe from domination by Hitler and Mussolini. When the undeclared war in Mongolia began several years ago I found myself extremely disturbed, but I was assured that the guilt was solely Japan's and, moreover, that the diversion was helping China and so helping democracy. Then, after having thrown away heaven knows how many Russian lives, Stalin made peace with Japan, and abandoned China. And now he is rescuing the Polish minorities and forcing Latvia and Estonia to give him whatever of theirs he wants. Soon, I suppose, he will be taking Bessarabia away from Rumania. If Hitler wins the war, he and Stalin will divide the swag in Rumania precisely as they have done in Poland.

It is not certain to what extent Stalin has damaged the military prospects of the Allies. The British government is undoubtedly worried about what he actually proposes to supply Hitler. Some people think he will give a great deal of help; others are sure that he can deliver very little, and will ask a high price for whatever he contributes. One military expert with whom I have just talked thinks that Hitler, knowing the character of his fellow-criminal in Poland, will have to leave at least forty divisions there to prevent the Bear from walking in on him and to hold down the Poles. Stalin has four million men in arms! But whatever happens now, Stalin, I repeat, has dealt his cause a blow from which it will not recover for generations and has greatly strengthened the enemies of communism the world over.

[*Mr. Villard is now in Germany, but will not send us any articles on conditions there until he is outside the country.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Chicken or the Egg?

THE BRITISH WAR BLUE BOOK. Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.

HIS Majesty's Stationery Office is not the most objective observer of British policy, and the Blue Book it has issued on the origin of the war is history with its face lifted. Documents, like figures, never lie, but much depends on how one arranges them, and what one omits. These were chosen to support a thesis. "Now that all the relevant documents are being made public," Mr. Chamberlain said on September 1, "we shall stand at the bar of history knowing that the responsibility for this terrible catastrophe lies on the shoulders of one man—the German Chancellor. . . ." The crucial word is "relevant," and the Prime Minister was the judge of that. History may take a less simple view. In retrospect the war-guilt question may seem a variant of the riddle—which came first, the chicken or the egg? Hitler caused the war, but who "caused" Hitler? Britain's Tories share the final honors.

Der Führer has done his best to support the Chamberlain thesis, and it is he who supplies the Blue Book's most effective pro-British propaganda. The anthology of duplicity opens with Hitler's ten-year non-aggression pact with Pilsudski (January, 1934), and proceeds with a selection of the Führer's pledges and compliments to Poland. He thought the Poles "a great nationally conscious people" (May, 1935). It would be "unreasonable and impossible" to deny them an outlet to the sea (March, 1936). As late as last January Hitler felt there could "scarcely be any difference of opinion" on the value of his non-aggression pact with Poland. The cadavers of these past promises, laid out for inspection on the slabs of the Blue Book, are morbidly fascinating, though they will come as a revelation only in the more cobwebby corners of the House of Lords.

Less obvious are the Nazi tactics, of which the Blue Book provides a close-up. The Nazis have refined their methods far beyond the crass kicking of a man when he's down. The victim is not knocked down. He is persuaded to lie down. While Hitler administers the kicks, Goebbels shrieks for justice and the British stand by, advising the victim to remain "moderate and calm." The phrase appears over and over again in the dispatches. Nothing in this volume is more striking than Hitler's ability to cast himself in the role of the insulted and injured, and the time spent by the British begging Warsaw not to hurt his feelings.

The mystery is why Hitler chose to fight. The British seem to have been prepared to push the Polish fly into the German parlor if only the spider had been patient and decorous. It is significant that the only reference in this volume to the "territorial integrity" of Poland is in Roosevelt's message to Hitler and Moscicki. The British avoided the phrase. Chamberlain's formula was that aid would be given "in the event of any action which clearly threatened Polish independence, and which the Polish government accordingly considered it vital to resist." But Henderson's memorandum on his August 28 conference with the Führer and Ribbentrop shows that the British wanted the Nazis to know that London rather than Warsaw would decide what was a clear threat to Polish independence, that is, the limit of reasonable concessions to German demands. At the same interview Henderson not only offered Hitler Britain's friendship but said he personally did not exclude the possibility of an alliance between the two countries if the Polish question were settled peaceably. The next day Hitler felt encouraged enough to demand that a Polish emissary "with full powers" be sent to Berlin within twenty-four hours. An emissary with full powers to answer "yes" or "no" on the spot would have been in much the same position as Schuschnigg or Hacha. But in the frantic flurry of telegrams which followed, Halifax's first reaction was merely that it was "unreasonable to expect that we can produce a Polish representative in Berlin today." It was not until late in the day, after the Polish government had made it clear that "they would certainly sooner fight and perish rather than submit to such humiliation," that Halifax finally decided that Hitler's proposal was "wholly unreasonable."

Hitler was unwilling to help the British find a face-saving formula, or to take what he wanted piecemeal, as he did in Czechoslovakia. He denied that the demand for a Polish emissary in twenty-four hours constituted an ultimatum, but proceeded to act as though it did. The German troops were ordered to march even though the Poles, under British pressure, had accepted the principle of "direct discussions" and their ambassador was waiting to receive the German terms for a settlement. Hitler wanted not a new Munich but "a little war"; the latter had obvious advantages in terrorizing the next victim. The Russian agreement and Hitler's conviction that the British would not aid the Poles encouraged him to try. It is still too early to say that he was wrong. Agonized cries for help from Warsaw echo unanswered in the pages of the Blue Book. "Minister for Foreign Affairs has just telephoned to me in the middle of an air raid," British Ambassador Kennard telegraphed Halifax from Warsaw on September 1, "to beg me to point out to your Lordship that various cases of armed German aggression . . . cannot be taken longer as mere isolated cases but constitute acts of war." The next day Beck, pointing to widespread bombardment of non-military objectives by the Nazis, "very discreetly suggested it was essential that there should be some diversion as soon as possible in the west." Chamberlain, after a hesitation yet to be satisfactorily explained, finally declared war on September 3, but while Hitler dropped bombs on Warsaw the British dropped leaflets on the Reich.

The hammer-and-sickle, as well as the umbrella, is linked with the swastika in responsibility for the attack on Poland. As early as August 16 Henderson reported that the German State Secretary "seemed very confident, and professed to believe that the Russian assistance to the Poles would not only be entirely negligible, but that the U. S. S. R. would even in the end join in sharing in the Polish spoils." Had there been

an Anglo-Russian pact, Hitler would hardly have dared to attack Poland. Why there was no such pact will probably be the subject of further "Blue Books" from Moscow as well as London. This first of the series is full of vivid pictures: Göring's pride in Karinhall, Hitler's volatile temperament and curious concern with castration, Ribbentrop's aping of the Führer, the impatience with appeasement that reflects itself in the reports of the British ambassadors at Berlin and Warsaw as contrasted with the Foreign Office's persistence in trying for a respectable way out. One gets to know the upper-class Englishman in these pages and that quality which the non-English, not quite but almost fairly, call hypocrisy—the quality which enabled Chamberlain to talk of "good faith," Halifax to say that "the principle on which the British Empire is conducted is education in self-government," Henderson to tell Hitler that the British never break their word. This will make odd reading in Spain, India, and Czechoslovakia. Finally one may note the Nazi characteristic that did more than anything else to alienate their Tory friends. It was impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that they weren't gentlemen. In Document No. 91 the Nazis complain to Henderson about the Poles. Henderson explains that the British "had constantly warned" the Poles against provocative action. "Herr von Ribbentrop replied that His Majesty's Government's advice had had cursed (*verflucht*) little effect. I mildly retorted," Henderson writes Halifax, "that I was surprised to hear such language from a Minister for Foreign Affairs." The bounder!

I. F. STONE

Defense in a Vacuum

OUR MILITARY CHAOS. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

IN HIS long and distinguished career as a publicist Oswald Garrison Villard has never pamphleteered on a more important, a more ominous, and, in a sense, a more neglected subject than the one with which he now deals: the increasing militarism of these United States. I say neglected not because writers ignore the subject, but because so few other people seem to be alarmed by the piling up of "defensive" weapons —which may well be "offensive" weapons—under cover of a refusal to discuss where and against whom they may have to be used. Mark Twain said that everyone complained of the weather but no one did anything about it. In this case there are complainers, of whom Mr. Villard now takes the lead, and the wrong thing is done. It is about to be done again—increased appropriations at the next session of Congress in a vacuum from which thought has been excluded.

From what competent quarter comes any denial that the geographical position of the United States makes us well-nigh impregnable against invasion or even attack? Generals and admirals admit it before Congressional committees—Mr. Villard quotes them—and then ask that appropriations be increased for "defense" purposes. Non-official authorities—Major Eliot and Hanson Baldwin—assert that our defenses are adequate. We have in the United States, as Mr. Villard again points out, less civilian control over, and knowledge of, what the generals and admirals are doing than is the case in any other country which pretends to have representative institutions. In Great Britain the civilian Secretaries of State for War and Air and the First Lord of the Admiralty can dominate their departments. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy here, save when they are men of exceptional qualifications—and that has happened rarely in recent years—are completely the servants of the chief of staff of the army and the chief of naval operations. In Great Britain, apart from the civilian control through the departmental boards on which civilians and the chiefs of staff sit, there is a coordinating board composed of civilian ministers and service experts, namely, the Committee of Imperial Defense, which has a highly competent secretariat. In the United States the only effective coordination that we can have comes from the President in the spare moments which he is able to take off from attention to legislative programs, concern for a hundred administrative matters, and the tedious burden of ceremonial duties.

Naturally there is competition and duplication rather than coordination. The army has ships, and the navy has land forces. The army has planes for defense beyond the boundaries of the United States, and the navy has land bases from which its planes take off. The two services can't agree on how to play war games jointly so they play separately. Who can assure the country that the huge appropriations are spent wisely? Mr. Villard points out that up until 1938 the American army was spending on horses, mules, and harness as much as it was spending on tanks, arms, and armed vehicles. Years ago the War Department began to complain that our coast defenses were antiquated. It still complains, but in the meantime it has spent hundreds of millions on other things.

Mr. Villard says many true things about the probable waste of appropriations and about the inevitable tendency toward fascist control which comes when civilian effort is directed to a greater and greater degree into military channels—when industry has to be geared to produce for war purposes. His constructive proposals are that there be a Cabinet Secretary for National Defense, with the army and navy subordinate to him. Would this really help?

Both the services would be bitterly hostile and could probably persuade a Congress which had accepted the principle of a single department from passing legislation essential to effect real reorganization. Hence the Defense Secretary would be the slave of routine and signing that the Secretaries of War and the Navy now are. Even if he were not, the size of the new organization would be so great as to threaten its efficiency. What is needed first is not unified administration, but more thought. If that is adequate, the administrative problem solves itself. Hence the more promising procedure would be to have a super-secretary for the coordination of defense, like Viscount Chatfield in England. Of course such a Presidential *alter ego* would have to be an extraordinarily able man, for his job would have to be done by intelligence, by watchfulness, by tact, by pressure, and by publicity. If these qualities did not suffice, he would ask the President to interfere and function as commander-in-chief. That would be better than, and might in the end lead to, an amalgamation of departments. For another of Mr. Villard's proposals—that there be a committee of inquiry to determine the extent to which we need more defense weapons and the extent to which the weapons for which we have poured out much

treasure may be adequate in certain emergencies—there can only be approval. But who dares hope that the suggestion will be acted upon?

Years ago Lord Salisbury declared that "if you believe the doctors, nothing is wholesome; if you believe the theologians, nothing is innocent; if you believe the soldiers nothing is safe." The trouble with this country is that it doesn't make the soldiers and sailors say why they want more money. The soldiers increase personnel, and the ratio of officers to enlisted men—exceeded only in certain South American states—becomes less noticeable. The sailors ask first for battleships and then for the other units that are necessary to protect them—in harbors which it is too risky to leave. Do battleships defend a country? The events of the last and the present war have not shouted an affirmative answer. They suggest that the word "dreadnaught" will be dropped from the naval vocabulary.

LINDSAY ROGERS

The Traditions and Henry Miller

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN. By Henry Miller. Paris: The Obelisk Press. 60 francs.

IN THIS latest scarlet volume Henry Miller ironically inquires of us whether we do not recognize in him "just a Brooklyn boy communicating with the red-haired albinos of the Zuni region." Honesty dictates the reply to this brilliant writer that, while we do perceive his wildness, primarily we conceive him to be the Casabianca among American expatriates.

He went abroad, he has told us, in 1928. Born in Brooklyn in 1891 of parents of German extraction, he had worked awhile at tailoring, his father's profession. Later he had acted as personnel director of a big corporation, and "in off hours had been a concert pianist." He had also been struggling to write. He has remained almost continuously in Paris. It was his intention, he assures us, "to study vice." The subject must have proved immense. The years of the depression multiplied. The great mass of literary expatriates gave up the ship. Miller unbudgeably "stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled"; maintaining himself with newspaper hackwork; hilariously editing the *Booster,* a leaflet of the American Country Club; writing prolifically.

The flames "shone 'round him o'er the dead." They also shone on a new, international group of dreamers and dithyrambic prose-men in process of formation in the hospitable city, including himself. The Anglo-Irishman, Lawrence Durrell; Anaïs Nin, the Spanish woman who writes volcanically in English; Alfred Perlès, the Viennese who gently writes in French; and the rest of the fresh and troubling talents that composed it were, like Miller, giving surrealism new life. They were bringing to light in larger prose forms like the novel the perpetual flow of irrational thought shaped in images which occurs in every human mind. In Paris, too, this last heroic representative of the once flourishing literary tradition of expatriation has found a publisher. The Obelisk Press issued first his violently visionary "Black Spring"; later, his "Tropic of Cancer," the book which bestowed upon Miller if not international fame at least a fairly substantial notoriety; then, the miscellany "Max and the White Phagocytes"; and, most recently, "Tropic of Capricorn." (The less "tropical" of these works have proved unobjectionable to the American censor. New Directions is publishing in November, under the title "The Cosmological Eye," the meat of "Max" and representative sections of "Black Spring." The same publisher is including in its annual collection "New Directions in Prose and Poetry" for 1939 three chapters of "Tropic of Capricorn," which is not at present available here.)

These books redouble our impression of Miller's Casabianca-like steadfastness. One and all reveal the fact that this survivor of the ancient order of American Writers Abroad is also conspicuously faithful to another tradition, recently neglected by newer American writers, and indisputably valuable. In general, it is the tradition of originality. Specifically, it is that of D. H. Lawrence and of Hart Crane: the custom of production in the spirit of a celebration of life, in a condition of white heat, through the exploitation of a rich vocabulary. New phenomena and formally significant of a new content, Miller's volumes have fire—bright for all its coldness—and comic extravagance. His prose at its most characteristic is elevated in pitch, lyrical, dithyrambic. The sometimes brutal style is prevalently high-colored; spare, but in many instances precious and magnificent. The experience half bitterly, half humorously represented by it, while mainly comprehensive of the present "winter" upon earth, lassitude, decomposition, frozen sexuality—it includes well-nigh ecstatic sensations of ugliness and disgust—equally comprehends the hibernation of forces, the first tiny reemergence of light. The vital rhythm is the essence of the literature.

In "Tropic of Cancer"—the notorious book is an original picaresque novel, alternating direct narrative and rhapsody—the frozen rubble is symbolized by the chaotic beings of moldy or riotous bohemians of the Latin Quarter; the new seeds by the driving forces in the personality of the subjective, lyrical narrator. He is a writer, sharing their sterile riot but believing in himself. He starves and suffers for the sake of freedom to express his feeling of the truth. What is working in him, besides stoical resignation to the ignominies of existence, is a sense of a worth in life independent of hope of change or progress: also an artist's ability, forming within the circle of his spiritual solitude, to exist by expression. It is a pity that, with all its penetration, frequent sensuous density, and chains of surrealist images couched in grandiose prose, this book of 1934 has qualities which render not easily resistible the temptation to dismiss its author as less than an artist. The smaller of them lies in the slackness of the form and the circumstance that the style oftentimes pounds the note of violence. The greater inheres in the circumstance that, despite its vigor and exuberance, "Tropic of Cancer" is often obscene to the verge of pornography.

Doubtless, pictures of prostitution and vulgar expressions of conflicting sexual attraction and repulsion inevitably were its symbols. None the less, it is difficult for us to reconcile ourselves with the heaviness and would-be comic spirit of exaggeration with which Miller frequently has handled these materials, or with their superfluous abundance. To say that the book's positive qualities, while they do not quite compensate the critical reader for the massive filth, at least encourage him to endure it, is therefore to give the measure of Miller's worth. We have mentioned some of these quali-

ties. Another is "Tropic of Cancer's" caricatural yet accurate presentation of a special human type. This type is that of excessively demoralized Werthers and Hamlets: neurasthenic individuals, apparently produced by their families' over-rapid transition from an uncultured stratum to a cultured one, imprisoned by inner conflicts which they share with the unaggressive adolescent and the idealist who learns that love of the good, true, and beautiful has no seat in the vast majority of human hearts. Almost cruelly but inimitably, Miller hits off their cerebral confusion and enervate amours.

In a spirit of celebration, "Tropic of Capricorn," the new volume, also represents an experience of the birth of new life from beneath the prevalent old. Its verbal pattern is a contrast between two selves and existence presented as autobiography. The one is that imposed on the narrator by his aggressive American milieu, or better, the ugly existence that his efforts to conform to ways never his own imposed on him —he is a black swan, partly the product of changing conditions and probably molded upon his gargantuan author. The other is the desperate, lonely, but gratifying life of inwardness and expression which by fits and starts slowly replaced the first. Symbols evoking whole landscapes of tough, lower-middle-class Brooklyn life tersely exhibit the narrator's early environment, his father's abject end, the rank habits and characters of his business associates, above all the shallow, febrile eroticism which may readily have been the entail of his denial of himself. Again the constructive principle is the conviction that *"being* is marvelous"—fortified in this instance by the conviction that "full consciousness is like an inexhaustible ocean which gives itself to the sun and moon and also *includes* the sun and moon."

If possible, even more shockingly than in "Tropic of Cancer," a load of partially inevitable, mainly superfluous obscenity befouls many pages. The spirit of the excessive, orgiastic, and eruptive troublingly suffuses even the cleaner ones. A particularly noteworthy section paradoxically glorifies madness. These and other blemishes, however, do not obscure the volume's grand qualities.

Pages of its prose are even more incandescent than the dithyrambic ones in its predecessor. Its surrealistic imagery is forceful. The Poe-esque climate of a neurotic love relation, represented by an episode, is conjured up with phrases such as "We lived in black holes with drawn curtains, we ate from black plates, we read from black books. . . . Each morning she soared aloft from her perch as from some Himalayan peak; she seemed always to direct her flight toward some uncharted region into which, if all went well, she would disappear forever." The form—again it is directly narrative in parts and rhapsodic in others—actually is more original than that of the other "Tropic." It is wholly surrealistic. Now satiric, now nostalgic, and now extravagant or ecstatic, the moods and their symbols illogically interweave. The experience itself was irrational. The process of birth appeared a spasmodic, discontinuous one to the author.

The form, besides, is tighter than "Cancer's"; the various moods and their symbols are sustained and contrasted. The feeling is often deep and clear. The cultural references have a wide range. Among Miller's most priceless pages are the many portraying with his characteristic bitterness and exuberance Brooklyn streets, American big business, and specimens of the New York white-collar class. Few writers, indeed, have more of the essential New York and Brooklyn in their blood than this our twofold Casabianca. A disturbing but involuntary and affirmative force has projected itself fully in "Tropic of Capricorn," making contemporary American literature richer for a free and important author.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Death of a Soldier

A CHILD OF OUR TIME. By Odon von Horvath. The Dial Press. $2.

THE fascists command the masses to believe, obey, and fight, and the nameless protagonist of this ardent and compact little novel—which is as topical as the latest news bulletin from the battlefronts of Europe—gladly complies with both the letter and the spirit of the stern injunction. He is no hero, this young man, nor was ever meant to be; he is no more than a child of his time, the product of a cruel and unceasing struggle for a meal, a job, a home. Indeed, what reason could he have to resist the demands of the Moloch state? During the years of the despised democracy he had been jobless and alone, whereas as soon as the Führer takes over he joins the reconstituted army, planning to carve out for himself a career as a soldier. And it is quite right that he should nowhere in the narrative be designated by name, for of what avail is self-identity to a man who is inordinately proud of being "in line with the rest," who repeatedly notes that the individual no longer counts and that nothing is real save the fatherland, which, of course, must be avenged. It is better to live than to think. "Man is just an animal, and our leaders are animals too, though gifted in a special way."

Eventually, however, this mass-man of the Third Reich discovers the impossibility of abolishing the mind; and it is the very state on whose power he has relied to provide him with security and shield him from consciousness which in the end throws him on the scrap-heap. Now he is again helpless and alone, except, pointedly enough, for a quantity of brand-new and contentious thoughts. This unexpected reversal occurs when he returns home wounded from service as a "volunteer" in a "punitive expedition" let loose against a small and defenseless country. There is no reward in store, no care or pity, for the discharged soldier who has helped to lay low an innocent people. The sole momento of victory in his grasp is an intercepted letter from the captain of his regiment explaining that he was committing suicide because of his inability to endure the shame of fighting in a war which was actually no war at all but "a mean and cunning onslaught on women and children." A civilian in spite of himself, he is now faced with the vertiginous experience of regaining his lost individuality. But that is exactly what the regimented fatherland will not tolerate—and the soldier reborn as a man freezes to death on a bench in a public park.

In recent literature there has been no lack of protest, at once emotionally eloquent and intellectually informed, against the totalitarian assault on humanity. But few have written so effectively on anti-fascist themes as Odon von Horvath, the gifted young playwright and novelist who died in exile last year. In "A Child of Our Time," as in the previously pub-

lished narrative, "The Age of the Fish," he was above all concerned with representing the struggle of the human being to survive in a dehumanized environment. And though it was not to a workable social program but rather to ethical principles and transcendental ideas that he looked for the defeat of fascism, still there are very few generalities in his work that interfere with the creative assimilation of political facts. Horvath's harried Germans are properly placed within the material world; only their dreams of heaven are dreamy.

PHILIP RAHV

Radio Round by Round

HOW WAR CAME. By Raymond Gram Swing. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.

IF ANYONE doubts that Raymond Gram Swing is our number one radio commentator, let him read this book, which is a collection of Mr. Swing's news talks giving a round-by-round account of how the crisis developed into war. Starting with the German seizure of Czechoslovakia last March, there are occasional talks until August 21, and then two or three talks a day through September 3, when the white war became a crimson war. Through the mist of secret diplomacy—a mist which Mr. Swing penetrated better than any other commentator—the grisly drama unfolds during the tense summer of Hitler threats up to the hour when Britain and France decided they could back down no more.

Thanks largely to Mr. Swing, the art of interpreting news by radio is growing out of its primitive stage. He refuses to sensationalize news in the breathless, mile-a-minute manner made popular by the late Floyd Gibbons. He does not allow himself to become hysterical and crusade for his own beliefs (*vide* Boake Carter, Dorothy Thompson, and Father Coughlin). He does not have to dilute the content of his stuff through ad libbing most of it, as do H. V. Kaltenborn and Elmer Davis. Raymond Swing writes his talks out, after having mulled over the day's happenings in the light of his own European experience dating back to World War days, and after careful research. His mind, being sophisticated, works with a rare objectivity—a gift that should be more prized in all forms of news-dispensing.

Mr. Swing never peddles spurious "inside dope"; his technique is to outline various possible meanings which may lie in a diplomatic development, and then offer his own estimate. Some of his guesses were wrong; many of them were surprisingly right. Immediately after the seizure of Czechoslovakia he began predicting that Poland would be the next victim. On March 14 he doubted whether Stalin would go to war to help Britain and France, and on May 4, nearly four months ahead of the event, he wondered if Stalin had come to an understanding with Hitler. Later, to be sure, he misguessed Russia's motives; on August 29 he thought Stalin was trying to prevent Hitler from attacking Poland. The most remarkable of his forecasts was on July 10 when he outlined Hitler's plan for the war which was to start seven weeks later. Hitler, Swing said, "may think that . . . he can beat Poland in short order, and then turn to the British and French and offer peace . . . not having sent his air raiders over London and Paris. He can ask, why go on fighting?"

It would be interesting to know whether a radio commentator could adapt Mr. Swing's technique to domestic affairs, where more listeners' toes are apt to be stepped on, more advertisers annoyed. Could our typical business man endure to hear a discussion of the C. I. O. by a man as objective as Mr. Swing? Would our typical Republican allow a broadcasting chain to evaluate the New Deal as fairly and frankly as Mr. Swing evaluates more remote developments?

Getting back to "How War Came," there is one drawback common to all collections of radio talks. They don't actually add much to our knowledge of a subject; reading them is somewhat like reading a mystery story after you know who killed whom. Perhaps this book, and others like it, will be more interesting ten or twenty years from now. They will revive the mood of the incredible weeks preceding the war and will make us marvel at how little even the shrewdest of us knew about the forces leading the world to catastrophe.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Poetry as Love

THE BURNING ORACLE. By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

WILSON KNIGHT'S equipment as a critic of poetry is unique in its richness today. No one listens to the lines of the old masters with such eager and generous devotion, or with such understanding ears. The richness is so great indeed as to be sometimes embarrassing; or, to put it another way, Mr. Knight's powers are imperfectly balanced along the thin line any critic must walk between thought and feeling. His thoughts are as rich as his feelings, but their expression is less clear. The theme which he pursues through these essays on Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Swift, Pope, and Byron is a difficult one to state, since it has to do with matters fundamental to the art of poetry; and perhaps we should expect no one to state it finally. We can imagine, however, a clearer success than Mr. Knight has achieved in those passages which make the attempt directly. There should have been more such passages or none at all—the latter alternative being the likelier in view of Mr. Knight's genius at suggestion. This genius is such, in fact, that the theme of his book is everywhere implicit in it, and even lucidly so. It is only when he sets out to be lucid—to explain, to recapitulate—that clouds gather. "We must always remember," he says of Shakespeare, "what the plays are, not only what they say: what they say, indeed, seeming sometimes merely a dust obscuring the poetry's ultimate direction." His own ultimate direction is least obscure when he seems least aware of it; when, that is to say, he is writing his essays as good poets write their poems, out of saturation rather than of conviction.

When he is writing that way he is unsurpassed, nor can there be doubt of his direction. His theme, for instance, expresses itself perfectly in sentences like the following—sentences which, with their contexts, are the result in each case of an absorption with the poetry immediately at hand:

> **Shakespeare is continually *married* to whatever he is treating, accepting it as itself and as a whole. His animals and people are thus neither ideal nor realistic, but real: the vital principle of each is apprehended and their actions are therefore powerful.**

> Though Shakespeare's world is crammed with all kinds of evil, loathing, horror, it is not itself evil, because ordered; and could not have been ordered without first being, all of it, understood and therefore loved; and could not have been loved if it were not, in essence, vital and therefore good. . . . You can never properly distinguish good from evil whilst you are hating either, still less if you are fearing either; and indeed must love both before you are in a position to prefer one.
>
> Milton is . . . a grand pagan, and half knows it. Therefore his barbaric splendors are necessarily most convincing when most condemned, with a condemnation that yet enhances their essential glory. In hell Milton buries the whole heroic past of the race, its intellectual and artistic achievements, its ambition and greed, courage and futility; while the requiem is his noblest poetry. The willed effort to create a corresponding grandeur for heaven from the materials already, and in part rightly, repudiated, is necessarily unconvincing.
>
> Such subtlety of technique cannot of itself harmonize a wide chaos. . . . The result is, too often, a thin, wavering time-stream rather than a created world. Rhythmic and verbal modulation work to remedy a preliminary weakness in organization. This is how Milton becomes, in places, our most perfect "technician" while failing as a "maker" in the wider sense. He tries to do by art what art by itself cannot do.
>
> Byron is the only poet since Shakespeare to possess one of Shakespeare's rarest gifts: that of pure artistic joy in the annals . . . of human action; in close association, moreover, with places.

All of that and more is what Mr. Knight's book says—or, if we remember his distinction, is. "The Burning Oracle" is not so much a statement as a revelation of what poetry can be: a "living stillness," something that leaves us with "a feeling of both power and peace; of a rhythm, deep as winter or night or sleep, necessary to the pulses of existence; of emotional depths that therefore are not finally thwarted; of a thunder that is but a part of some universal music." A high style, but Mr. Knight justifies it by the gift it brings—a sense of poetry at work, and at work for us. We can accept or reject his concluding chapter, in which he tries to say what his book means, but we cannot doubt this sense, for it is already ours.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

Brave New World!

I WAS, last spring, a member of that sizable minority which looked with favor upon William Saroyan's first gift to the theater, "My Heart's in the Highlands." Perhaps the author was going a bit too far—he often does—when he announced publicly his conviction, not only that the work was a classic, but also that "the greater and truer American theater shall begin its life after the appearance and influence of this piece." He was, however, speaking pertinent truth when he added, "As I see it, the basic trouble with the American theater is that the element of 'play' has been completely forgotten by American playwrights and completely left out of their plays." At least half of Mr. Saroyan's famous impudence consists merely in his ability to be happy in a world which, so the best modern writers have proved, inevitably makes everybody miserable.

"The Time of Your Life," produced at the Booth Theater by Eddie Dowling and the Theater Guild, ought to add considerably to the circle of his admirers. In deference to those who found the previous play too bewildering, it has been given what looks like a realistic setting as well as the outward form of conventional drama, but it is actually as free, as ingenious, and as amusing in its fantasy as "My Heart's in the Highlands." The plot doesn't matter—at least there is no point in reducing it to solemn outline—but the play is about what all its author's stories are about, namely, the fantastic and happy unexpectedness of life when seen through Mr. Saroyan's shamelessly romantic eyes. Its moral is simply that nearly everybody is either good or would like to be if he had not got confused in a society full of problems too hard to solve, and that once you have grasped this fact the world is so full of delightfully surprising things that we all should be quite a good deal happier than kings. The only reason, I think, that this is not said more frequently in literature is simply that it is one of the hardest things in the world to say with convincing sincerity. Only the rare artist can proclaim that he loves people without seeming fatuous, but there is nothing pleasanter to hear when it is said with Mr. Saroyan's ingenuous, disarming exuberance.

All the characters are, to be sure, simply the author in disguise, and they have to be for the simple reason that they need his temperament to be as fantastically themselves as he wants everybody to be. What we get, then, is Mr. Saroyan as the philosophical spectator (played with delightful unction by Eddie Dowling), Mr. Saroyan as the amiable saloon keeper, Mr. Saroyan as the puzzled cop, as the noble prostitute, as the boastful bum, and, perhaps best of all, Mr. Saroyan as the ambitious young comedian whom everyone admits to be theoretically funny but at whom no one laughs. That means, however, that all the characters are volubly coherent as well as excitingly alive, and I suspect that it is their willingness to go to such lengths in being themselves that is responsible in considerable part for the pleasant glow which the laughter at their extravagance leaves behind.

WAR

WHAT is really going on in Europe? To keep fully informed read *The Manchester Guardian*, for more than a century Europe's leading liberal newspaper. Mailed directly by the publisher, copies of *The Manchester Guardian Weekly* arrive without censorship delay, bringing news from the actual seat of war directly to your letter box sometimes as much as three weeks quicker than first-class mail. Take advantage of our introductory offer of 13 weeks for only $1.00.

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Mr. Saroyan has undoubtedly been denounced as an "escapist." Such things as his complaint against reformers in the present play—"they are all so anxious to take a bad world and make it worse"—will probably lead to the charge that he is counter-revolutionary besides. But I suspect that an even deeper heresy is responsible for the sense of freedom which accompanies the laughter of the audience. This, we have been told many times of late, is a world in which everything and everybody is determined. Characters are what they are because they can't be anything else. You may be a Marxian and believe them the products of economic determinism, or you may be a Freudian and believe that they are the product of infantile experience. You may even be an endocrinologist and hold that the glands they were born with make it inevitable that they must behave thus and so. But you can't believe that people are unique people. You must believe that they are typical members of the decaying middle class, perfect examples of the mother complex, or characteristically hypo-adrenal. Mr. Saroyan rebels against all this dismal science. He proclaims the strange uniqueness of human beings and presents them achieving themselves to the limit. The result is fantastic, but a world of eccentrics is a gayer sight than a world of robots, and one accepts his mad universe gladly because one is so willing to believe that life is less dully predictable than the "scientific" psychologist or the "scientific" Marxian would have us believe. Far from achieving the Arnold ideal, Mr. Saroyan sees life shakily and sees it in little pieces. But he is highly amusing.

"Too Many Girls" (Imperial Theater) is certainly not inspiringly named, but it turns out to be a first-rate musical comedy written by Rodgers and Hart and staged in very lively fashion by George Abbott. Of the hearty rather than the anemic school, it is full of fast dancing and noisy music, but it manages to be good fun nearly all the time. Favorite songs with the public are "I Want to Hear the Tune" and "Give It Back to the Indians." I liked best an innocently carnal ditty sung by the sweethearts of the football team.

"The Possessed," based more or less on Dostoevski's novel and presented in highly stylized form by a new group, manages to retain the vagueness of the original's philosophy without capturing any of its hypnotic intensity.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

VICTOR'S October records have been delayed; and I can report only on a few of the most important sets. One of them is quite the most inept job of packaging and labeling that I can recall: it combines Toscanini's performance of Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo" with the N. B. C. Symphony's violins, a mere orchestral tour de force, and his performance with the strings of the scherzo and slow movements of Beethoven's Quartet Opus 135, which are among the greatest of works in which greatness of human spirit has expressed itself in artistic terms; and it combines these under the title "Encores" (M-590, $4.50). The gaiety of the scherzo movement has the strangeness that makes portions of the last quartets difficult of access; the slow movement, with its halting middle section, is one of the most deeply affecting embodiments of the exaltation after pain that one hears in these works; and Toscanini gives them an effect which they do not have in any of the other recorded performances. A person, therefore, who wanted to enter the world of the last quartets could do so in no better way than by playing these records repeatedly.

Bruno Walter's excellent new recording of Mozart's Symphony K. 551 (known as the "Jupiter") (M-584, $5.75) invites comparison with Beecham's older one; and such comparison reveals that Beecham's performance has the advantage of the dynamic phrasing that distinguishes his treatment of Mozart, but also the disadvantage of his overdeliberate pace in the minuet movement, and is recorded with ample clarity and fidelity to timbre. Similar comparison reveals that Gieseking's playing in his recent set of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 57 ("Appassionata") may have a little too much nervous excitement; but if this robs the work of its rugged power it gives it intensity and passion; whereas Serkin's performance (M-583, $6.50) gives it placidity. In addition, the piano is recorded with more beauty of sound in Gieseking's set.

The new set of Brahms's Violin Concerto (M-581, $9) offers the solo part played by Heifetz with dazzling perfection of technique, with dazzling radiance of tone, with simplicity of phrasing; and the orchestral part played by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzy with fabulously beautiful sonorities that are reproduced with the spaciousness and fidelity of present-day recording. To these the old Columbia set, with its shabby recording of an undistinguished orchestral performance, can oppose only the superbly dynamic style of Szigeti's handling of the solo part; but that is a great deal.

I do not find all the pieces in Alice Ehlers's album of harpsichord music (Decca Set 61, $2.75) enjoyable; nor do her performances seem to me distinguished. Gomez's guitar-playing, on the other hand, is exciting even in the mediocre music that he has recorded in Decca Set 60 ($2.75).

Among recent jazz records a few good ones are "The Fives" of Basie and his rhythm section (Decca 2722); Billy Kyle's "Finishin' Up a Date" (Decca 2740); Mildred Bailey's "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" (Vocalion 5086) for the playing of what I take to be members of the Kirby band; and Ellington's "The Sergeant Was Shy" (Columbia 35214).

Correction: The price of the Scott thirty-tube Philharmonic, printed as $397.50 in last week's column, should have been $379.50. And I might add that a person who can afford this set should inquire of Scott whether it is possible to use the superior Audax D-36 pickup, which costs $22.64 at Radio Wire Television, Inc.

B. H. HAGGIN

In Early Issues of The Nation

Talents in the Wilderness—1. John Steinbeck
First of a series of articles by Margaret Marshall

"Freedom and Culture" by John Dewey
Reviewed by William Gruen

PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame

Letters to the Editors

Defending the U. S. S. R.

Dear Sirs: American liberal support of the Soviet Union has always been contingent upon its good behavior—according to our amateur concepts of what constitutes good behavior on the part of a socialist republic in a capitalist world. Every shift of Soviet policy to meet changing conditions at home and abroad has found us joining the enemy chorus of boos and hisses. We have denounced in turn the New Economic Policy, the Five-Year Plan, collectivization, joining the League of Nations, the Franco-Soviet pact, and after the pact's collapse at Munich the recall of Litvinov, the treason trials—and finally the Soviet-Nazi pact. We proclaimed "the end of socialism" in 1937 and the "liquidation of communism" in 1939.

Ours was a hypercritical friendship, constantly demanding "explanations" from Moscow. At the same time we were shamefaced about open collaboration with the Soviet Union, even when admitting that we were seeking the same ends. Understanding in a vague way that the international policies of the U. S. S. R. were anti-fascist, we condescendingly allowed Russia to be a fellow-traveler in the American struggle against war and fascism. Few clearly understood that, precisely because the U. S. S. R. is a functioning socialist economy, it is a congenital foe of fascism, whether in the bold, forthright form of Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy or the more covert and crafty form of the Chamberlain and Daladier cliques, and their anti-New Deal colleagues. In timid deference to red-baiters, American liberals hesitated to support the Soviet Union openly when its powerful voice was raised in protest against the invasion of Manchuria, Ethiopia, China, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Memel.

At the Pittsburgh People's Congress in 1937, in all the impassioned speeches and resolutions of protest against fascist aggression, the U. S. S. R. was studiously ignored, although it was the only nation which was giving concrete aid to the victims of aggression. Thus, while we were shouting President Roosevelt's slogan about quarantining the aggressor, we ourselves were quarantining the most active foe of aggression.

This confused, defensive policy was even more apparent at the Writers' Congress last June. In all the eloquent speeches against fascist invasions, the Soviet Union was not mentioned, despite the fact that it was the only government to give aid to China and Spain, the only nation which had been ready to fulfil its treaty obligations toward Czechoslovakia up to the moment the Czech government itself refused aid. Thus, unity on the literary front was preserved by pretending that the Soviet Union did not exist. This false unity led to the present confusion, disruption, and bitterness.

Every time a liberal opens his mouth to denounce the Soviet-German pact, he should have the facts about the Moscow negotiations with Britain rammed down his throat: four months of "dawdling" with a "fifth-rate Foreign Office bureaucrat" and then a "thoroughly inferior military mission" without credentials or instructions; British double-crossing in the Hudson-Wohlthat negotiations with Hitler for a billion-pound "appeasement loan"; British refusal to give adequate guaranties in the Baltic states; and the crowning absurdity of Poland's refusal to accept the aid of Soviet troops on Polish soil, in which it was backed by Britain. Obviously, "negotiations" had collapsed when Russia opened conversations with Berlin, although the impotent military mission hung on in Moscow, hoping, perhaps, to prevent the Russians from taking any alternative measures of defense against Hitler's scheduled march into Poland to the gates of the coveted Ukraine. Had the English people seen behind that screen, they would have known who was to blame for the loss of the Russian cooperation they had clamored for, and would have demanded the resignation of Chamberlain.

As it was, under cover of the confusion, Chamberlain was able to exploit the consequences of his latest betrayal (the Soviet-German pact); Daladier established an outright fascist dictatorship, arresting Communist deputies just as Hitler had done when he came to power; while the Dies committee profited by the example.

The "timing" of the pact was what devastated the smartest of Russia's intellectual friends. These experts said this had precipitated Hitler's attack on Poland, although for months they had been prophesying to the day when Hitler would march again. The bitter truth is that it was the collapse of the negotiations in Moscow, because of Chamberlain's sabotage, which "precipitated" the war. Nevertheless, while rushing to brand Stalin the "betrayer," the doughty anti-Nazis forgave Chamberlain all, for he had declared "war"—a new technique of appeasement to replace the mock mobilization before Munich.

Meanwhile, Chamberlain's propaganda office, ably assisted from Berlin, had released upon bewildered America a flood of anti-Soviet propaganda unequaled since the "nationalization of women" era. The cooperation of the American press was gratifying. The editor of the New York *Times* led off with a eulogy of Chamberlain: ". . . robbed by duplicity of an alliance on which he had counted heavily. . . ."

By the time the Red Army marched into Poland, American liberal opinion had become conditioned to the *Times* editorial epithets—"stab in the back," "partners in plunder," "Heil, comrade," etc. But reliable *Times* correspondents and leading British statesmen blamed the Chamberlain government for the loss of Russia to the non-aggression front. They agreed that the Red Army had marched only after Poland had been cold-bloodedly abandoned by her allies, Polish resistance had collapsed, and the government had fled. They were not "sickened" by the similarities to Hitler's slogans when the Red Army came to "liberate their brothers" from the horrors of immediate Nazi invasion and to protect the Soviet frontier—nor skeptical that a socialist republic could rescue an oppressed population where a fascist dictatorship could not.

Then followed Moscow's brilliant strategy which checkmated Hitler in all his plans of Eastern conquest, and made its own defenses impregnable against German attack. The "Russian enigma" is easily solved: Chamberlain dealt with Hitler for two years, gave him everything he wanted (not Britain's), and got nothing but a pledge of "peace in our time." Stalin, excluded from the democratic front, dealt with Hitler for two months in his own way, took away from him everything he wanted, and gave him nothing but a pledge to support a peace plea. To accomplish this,

the Soviet government made no effort to soften popular hatred of Nazism at home (Gedye, September 29), broke no treaties, robbed no peoples of their liberties, but cleaned out the nests of pro-Nazi and anti-Soviet intrigue in the Baltic states and saved the Balkans from imminent capitulation to Hitler.

While shocked liberals deserted to the Chamberlain-Daladier war camp, Russia *stopped Hitler.* The *cordon sanitaire* around Russia is smashed, the anti-Comintern pact is shattered, and wails of American liberals that the temporary truce with Japan meant that Russia had abandoned China have proved unfounded.

As in 1917, American liberals are facing momentous decisions. Since the Russian Revolution our worst mistakes may be traced to our stupid distrust of Soviet policy and our readiness to believe Russia's enemies. For twenty-two years Soviet Russia has withstood civil war, blockade, Allied intervention, slander, conspiracies within and without. This pressure from a hostile capitalist world has hampered the creation of material prosperity, and made those individual liberties Americans enjoy in peace time a luxury for the Russians.

Today, as we look toward Europe, the thick fog of censorship and propaganda obscures the view. To the west lie the marshes of Old World intrigue and social disintegration, letting off the stench of decay. To the east, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics looms on the horizon, like the Soviet pavilion at the World's Fair, a solid reality of the World of Tomorrow.

RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL

Palo Alto, Cal., October 22

Mr. Untermeyer Protests

Dear Sirs: It was gratifying to see your review of my "From Another World" headed with the pleasant alliteration: "Amazing and Amusing." Nevertheless I am ungrateful enough to protest against Miss Babette Deutsch's assumption that the book is a cross between "a revised edition" of my "New Era in American Poetry" and "an expansion of the commentary" in my anthologies, as well as her implication that the volume is, essentially, a set of uncritical critiques. Perhaps "From Another World" is not a completely self-revealing autobiography, but it is (obviously, I should think) a book of reminiscences, a set of informal memoirs, which happen to have the literary scene for the immediate background.

Miss Deutsch takes a pretty feline thrust at my sense of discrimination in that I am "not over-critical." She shows, for example, that my chapters devote ten pages to Nathalia Crane as prodigy and only two and three-quarter pages to T. S. Eliot as poet. It might be explained that for years I was an intimate friend of the young Brooklynite who puzzled the world, and nothing more than a literary acquaintance of the eminent expatriate who bewildered it. It is as a series of personal portraits that I hope my book will be read; not as an attempt to deliver conclusive critical verdicts.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Elizabethtown, N. Y., October 27

"The Annenberg Empire"

Dear Sirs: The issue of *The Nation* dated September 16 contained an editorial on the crack-up of the Moe Annenberg racetrack gambling empire. It was a courageous editorial and it was forceful. The Chicago *Daily News* reprinted your editorial conspicuously on its editorial page. This really great Midwest newspaper has been outstanding in its news treatment of the whole Annenberg case. It has, likewise, printed some very pungent editorial comments on this smelly mess—conduct all the more to its credit when one understands the Chicago political, banking, and social influences which have so far stood shoulder to shoulder in support of Moe. Of course, your articles by Mr. Warren in the summer of 1938 told of the complete control of the local courts by the Pat Nash political machine.

HOMER GUCK

Eagle Harbor, Mich., October 15

John Hammond on B. H. H

Dear Sirs: B. H. Haggin, in your issue of October 14, had a lot to say about jazz criticism with which I agree completely, but I feel that I ought to point out certain unintentional misrepresentations of my taste in the field of jazz. In the first place I agree entirely with Mr. Haggin that Benny Goodman's 1934 performance of "Moonglow" is far better music, and incidentally far better swing, than any of his 1938 recordings. And I need only say I don't remember having praised, either personally or in print, any of the 1938 music of the large band of Benny Goodman, which passed through a musically sterile stage from which it has just recently emerged. My personal preferences have always been for small intimate groups rather than for large bands which I realize must pander to the public taste.

I hope that what Mr. Haggin says about my "ambition" isn't true, but I'm afraid that it is not for me to deny it. I deny bitterly, however, that I am more partial to a musician because his color is black and that there are as many "extraneous irrelevant considerations" in my writing as he maintains. I realize, also, that my present position at Columbia makes it pretty nearly impossible for me to function properly as a critic, and therefore I have stopped whatever critical writing I once did for magazines.

There is just one thing I want to add. I think that Mr. Haggin is the best-equipped and most penetrating critic in the country, and I think you are lucky to have him.

JOHN HAMMOND

New York, October 30

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The Shape of Things

THE ONE INDUSTRY FOR WHICH REPEAL OF the embargo provides an immediate boost is aircraft production. With the signing of the bill, orders amounting to $170,000,000 were released, and this figure will probably be brought up to $500,000,000 shortly. Taking into account the enlarged requirements of our own army and the needs of neutral countries, it is certain that the present productive capacity of the industry will prove inadequate. A program of plant extension will, of course, mean more work for builders and machine-tool makers. Apart from planes, the Allies are likely to place orders for small arms, explosives, and fire-control instruments. However, the resources of the Allies in this country, although large, are not unlimited, and with credits barred they will only buy here what they cannot readily obtain elsewhere. At the same time, since they will continue to restrict purchases of non-essentials, improved business for armaments will to some extent be offset by a loss of trade in other directions. The chief immediate sufferer from the Neutrality Act, however, is the shipping industry. Eight regular foreign trade routes will be closed down, involving ninety-two vessels hitherto earning a gross revenue of over $50,000,000. Some of these ships may be diverted to Latin American routes, but it is said that, at present, there is not nearly enough traffic available to employ them all. It is possible that some British shipping now engaged in inter-American trade may be employed on North Atlantic routes; in which case an opportunity would arise for idle American tonnage. The chief difficulty of the shipping companies will be keeping their passenger liners in commission. There should, however, be a real chance to develop tourist trade to the south, and tourist dollars spent in Latin American countries would improve their exchange position and thus promote an increase in our exports.

*

THE MARGIN OF THE PRESIDENT'S VICTORY on the neutrality bill came as a surprise even to the most loyal Administration supporters. A sixty-two-vote majority in the House for repeal of the arms embargo was particularly remarkable in view of the fact that this same body wrote the embargo into the bill last July, against the Administration's wishes, by some forty-two votes. Much has happened since July to account for this striking reversal. But it is a sad commentary on human foresight to reflect that the primary argument for repeal last summer—the possibility of preventing war by a forthright warning to Hitler—no longer existed. The turnover of fifty votes may be attributed in part at least to the lure of prospective profits. But perhaps it is not wise to look at a gift horse too closely. Belated though it may be, a long step has been taken toward a realistic peace policy. The United States has taken a stand which, though technically neutral, is actually against Hitler. We are in less danger of being drawn into the war through such frank economic assistance to the Allies than if the embargo had been retained. Nevertheless, some curb on war profiteering is imperative if the country is to retain its sanity through the difficult months that lie ahead.

*

WE HAVE NEVER BEEN AMONG THOSE WHO assumed that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh's extensive travels qualified him as a statesman. Neither have we taken it for granted, on the other hand, that his cordial relations with Marshal Göring made him a Nazi or that his speeches on behalf of the arms embargo made him anything but an astonishingly naive isolationist. But now we begin to have doubts about the Colonel's harmlessness. In a groping and vaporous essay appearing in the current *Reader's Digest,* called Aviation, Geography, and Race, the literary eagle gives an alarming demonstration of race monomania. His fight for American isolation, it appears, is based on an intense desire to force an immediate peace, and this in turn rests on a conviction that unless England, France, Germany, and the United States settle their quarrels and consolidate their ranks, something called the "white race" is doomed. Even now, "while we stand poised for battle, Oriental guns are turning westward, Asia presses toward us on the Russian border, all foreign races stir restlessly. It is time to turn from our quarrels and to build our white ramparts again." All the old nonsense is here—Gobineau, Stewart Chamberlain, Rosenberg—wrapped into a small, shapeless package: the struggle of the "white race to live at all in a pressing sea of yellow, black, and brown . . . time to guard our heritage from Mongol and Persian

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and Moor . . . a Western Wall of race and arms which can hold back either a Genghis Khan or the infiltration of inferior blood . . . guard ourselves against attack by foreign armies and dilution by foreign races." Colonel Lindbergh is not a demagogue; he may be that far greater menace, an intensely sincere, humorless man with a marked neurosis and a wide potential following.

*

THE GHASTLY HORRORS OF THE GERMAN concentration camps, related in the new British White Paper, cannot, unhappily, be written off as baseless wartime propaganda. Incredible as the facts may seem, they have been confirmed all too amply by other sources. Heaven knows cruelty is a vice from which no nation is wholly free; brutes in authority are brutal everywhere. But in Germany under the Nazis sadism has been encouraged as a consistent and official policy in a way almost unparalleled in history. It is, indeed, difficult not to agree with the British consul general at Frankfort who wrote after the 1938 pogroms that the only possible explanation seemed to be "mass sexual perversity." In releasing the documents in the White Paper for publication the British government stated that it had hitherto refrained from making them public because so long as there was any prospect of reaching a settlement with Germany it would have been wrong to embitter relations between the two countries. Even after the outbreak of war, it hesitated because it did not want to promote hatred, and action has now been taken only because of "the unscrupulous propaganda" spread by the Nazis. This appears to be additional evidence that Britain is neither expecting nor seeking any compromise with Hitlerism. But if there is now recognition of the pathological abnormality of the Nazi system it certainly comes rather late in the day. With documents of this kind in its archives, how was it possible for the British government to maintain for so long that there was nothing in the nature of the Hitler regime which precluded a deal, or even friendship, between the two countries?

*

THERE IS ANOTHER TERROR GOING ON IN Europe which has been forgotten in the spate of war news. In Spain Franco's vengeance on the Republicans has not yet been satisfied, and although there have been reports of an amnesty for some political offenders, the executioners are still busy. In the city of Gijon the Nationalist paper *El Commercio* published lists of men executed almost daily between August 18 and 27. The total in this short period in one small town was no less than 186. Lists of men and women "wanted" for the crime of loyalty are a constant feature in the Spanish press, and anyone who knows of their whereabouts is invited to denounce them and so earn the favor of the authorities. November 1 was named as a deadline for all Spaniards who had belonged to the Republican army to present themselves before the courts and prove that their service was involuntary. We have no doubt that the British government has information about the Spanish terror, but it chooses to turn a blind eye. So does our own government, intent upon reestablishing a market for American goods in Spain. Most astonishing of all is the attitude of the French toward the thousands of refugees still herded in concentration camps near the Spanish border. The able-bodied veterans of the Loyalist army are only too anxious to offer their services to France in fighting lines, fields, or factories. Some of them have been put to work under armed guards and in wretched conditions. But the French government seems mainly anxious to persuade or force the refugees to return to Spain in accordance with the demands of Franco. In view of the shortage of man-power in France, the French attitude toward political exiles in general is inexplicable. Germans and Italians who are known anti-fascists, and even Poles, are being victimized; in many cases they have been interned or jailed.

*

WHEN MOLOTOV REFERRED TO OUR POLICY toward Cuba he was throwing brickbats from the glass house of Russia's cunning new form of "non-aggression." But some of the self-righteous comments evoked in this country were as disingenuous as Moscow's own apologetics for "mutually assisting" Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania. If the Kremlin has been less than candid in explaining its enlarged—shall we say?—"sphere of influence," our own press has been equally so in patting the United States on the back about Cuban "independence." Cuba will remain "independent" only so long as it agrees to pay the Chase Bank loans to Machado and does not become too democratic. "Cuba," the New York *Times* said in a lecture to Molotov, "has been wholly free and independent for more than five years." The statement will earn the *Times* an undeserved reputation for humor in Latin America. Cuba during the last five years has been "free and independent" under a military dictatorship put into power and kept there by an alliance of our State Department, Wall Street, and reactionary Cuban politicians. The democratic Grau government was overthrown as a result of our refusal to recognize it, and the chief objection to Grau was his refusal to pay the Chase loans, whose corrupt and unconstitutional character was exposed by the Pecora investigation. Despite the New Deal's good-neighbor policy and "truth in securities," its SEC capped the Welles-Chase Bank campaign with success last year by permitting an unrepresentative Cuban government to refinance the old loans, most of them at 110 cents on the dollar. Cubans are paying heavy consumption and transportation taxes to service these Chase loans, and will continue to do so at the risk of losing their "independence."

THE CRISIS IN INDIA WAS NOT RESOLVED this past week despite conferences between the Viceroy, Mohandas K. Gandhi, Rajendra Prasad, president of the National Congress, and M. A. Jinnah, president of the Moslem League. Five of the eleven provincial ministries have resigned in protest against Britain's failure to define India's permanent status at this time. In each case the resignation was preceded by action in the provincial assemblies disapproving the Viceroy's recent declaration of Indian policy. The Viceroy now announces that since the conferences have failed he has no choice but to use the emergency powers in the India act. The British government seems determined to follow a naked and stupid imperialist policy. This was foreshadowed in the belligerent declaration, before the House of Lords, of the Marquess of Zetland, Secretary of State for India, that the British might soon take over administration of the provinces in which the ministries have resigned. A week earlier an appeal by Wedgewood Benn, Secretary of State for India in the last Labor Cabinet, that India be given some assurance that the cause for which it is asked to fight—that of freedom—is also its cause was rejected by Sir Samuel Hoare. The Lord Privy Seal declared that if the Congress Party resorted to non-cooperation, British rule would be maintained "with efficiency, strength, and justice." Unless the Chamberlain government undergoes a change of heart, Britain has slight chance of winning India's support in the war.

*

FORMAL NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN JAPAN and the United States in settlement of American claims have been blocked by another shift in Japanese policy. Since the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact a sharp struggle has obviously been under way in Japan between the moderate elements, who desire to patch up relations with the West, and the militarists, who prefer to maintain Japan's link with the totalitarian powers. Although the advantage at the moment seems to rest with the former group, the military have succeeded in vetoing all concessions pending the formal launching of the Wang Ching-wei puppet government at Nanking. Ambassador Grew had a preliminary conversation with Foreign Minister Nomura last week at which America's grievances against Japan were aired in some detail. This time the Ambassador seems to have been somewhat less frank than in his recent Tokyo speech, for the State Department has declared that there was no mention of a possible embargo. Unofficial circles in Japan indicate a readiness to settle outstanding American claims resulting from Japanese operations in China. But somehow the Japanese should be made to realize that the demand for an embargo has not arisen primarily because of these claims but is the outgrowth of Japan's invasion of a country to which we have treaty commitments.

IF THE NLRB ORDER AGAINST WESTERN Union is upheld in the courts, it will provide a new and potent deterrent to the formation of company unions. The Labor Board declared the Association of Western Union Employees to be an organization under company control, and instructed Western Union to repay more than $500,000 in dues collected by the association since July 5, 1935, the day on which the Wagner act became effective. Counsel for Western Union calls the decision "biased and vicious" and will appeal. But what seems vicious to us is the practice of herding employees into a union they don't want and making them help to pay for its upkeep. Western Union's labor record, if the board's decision is correct, has been no shining example. The association now declared a company union was formed in 1918, according to the board, shortly after Western Union had refused to comply with recommendations of the National War Labor Board which asked the company to reinstate employees discharged for union membership. All the War Labor Board could do was to inflict a public slap on the wrist. The NLRB has a weapon that may make other employers pause before embarking on experiments in "independent" unionism.

Communist Imperialism

AS WE write, negotiations between the Soviet government and the Finnish delegation have been resumed, and there are reports that the Finns are more hopeful of a satisfactory settlement. This should not be impossible provided that Russia does not insist on pressing its demands to the point where Finnish integrity would be destroyed. The Finns realize that, in the event of a Russian invasion, they could depend on little more than moral support from any other country, and they are prepared to make sacrifices within reason. Unfortunately, the bullying tone of the Moscow press suggests that the spirit of compromise is not very strong on the other side.

The demands which Russia is making were broadcast to the world by Molotov in his speech to the Supreme Soviet, but the counter-proposals of the Finnish government have not been published. The main stumbling-block, however, appears to be Soviet insistence on the lease of a naval base at Hangoe near the entrance to the Gulf of Finland. This, it is declared, is necessary for the defense of Leningrad although, with the newly obtained bases in the Baltic states and the islands in the gulf which Finland apparently is willing to cede, the security of that city cannot very easily be threatened. Hence the belief that Russia wants Hangoe as a jumping-off place for offensive purposes in the western Baltic and as a means of maintaining a hold on Finland are not unjustified. Nor can Finland be blamed for thinking that such a concession would invite violation of its

neutrality by any power which became involved in war with Russia, in addition to undermining its independence through the pressure which could be exerted by a foreign force occupying a part of its territory.

It is true that the Soviets have offered concessions in return, but they hardly measure up their demands. The strips of territory in Eastern Karelia which they propose to cede have a sentimental interest for Finland, but strategically they provide no additional security. The withdrawal of opposition to fortification of the Aaland Islands appears at first sight to be of greater importance, but the fact is that Russian control of Hangoe would destroy to a great extent the defensive value of that archipelago. Nor is the proposal to demilitarize part of the Finnish-Russian border very impressive. It is as if the wolf said to the sheep: Why should we let a fence separate us when we have agreed not to bite each other?

Whatever the outcome of the present negotiations, the methods by which Russia has conducted them tend to confirm the belief that a new form of communist imperialism is emerging. Recent articles in *Pravda* read almost like parodies of the *Völkischer Beobachter* in the crude violence of their threats. A speech by the Finnish Foreign Minister Eljas Erkko, which stated in extremely moderate tones that Finland was prepared to make concessions contributing to the security of Leningrad but determined to resist aggression, was reported under the headline: "Foreign Minister of Finland Incites to War Against the U. S. S. R." There followed an account of the speech attributing to Mr. Erkko statements which nowhere appear in the Finnish report, and on this basis Finland was accused of imitating the provocative (*sic*) attitude of Poland last spring and warned that it might incur a similar fate.

Several readers of *The Nation* have written protesting against our recent criticisms of Soviet Russia and particularly resenting suggestions that Stalin was adopting an imperialistic policy. Such critic ought to read the article quoted above, substituting Britain for the Soviet Union, London for Leningrad, Holland for Finland, and so on. Typical passages would then appear as follows: "A glance at a map of the North Sea reveals that the question of the safety of Britain is particularly acute along the Dutch coast. Britain not only has the right but is obliged to take measures to guarantee the safety of the land and sea approaches to London, whose population is equal to that of Holland. . . . Certain influences in the east oppose a guaranty of safety for Britain in the North Sea. Well, what about us British people? . . . Our answer is simple and clear. We shall chuck to the devil any game of political card players and go our way despite everything. We shall secure the safety of Britain . . . by breaking down all and every kind of obstacle in the path of this goal."

If the London *Times* used language such as this to demand control of Rotterdam in order to safeguard British security, neither *The Nation* nor its critics would hesitate to condemn it. Yet there really is a present danger to London owing to the possibility of German invasion of Holland, while Russia is on terms ostensibly of warm friendship with the only power which could threaten it through Finland. The fact is that security can always be adduced as an excuse for imperialist adventures. Japan seized Manchuria in self-protection and then to make that safe went on to take North China. Hence the Scandinavian states can hardly be blamed for fearing that if Russia gets Hangoe it will soon seek another strong point further west in order to cover its new outpost.

"Upon What Meat...?"

MARTIN DIES is making progress. He goes from one triumph to another. He soon made himself the Republican Party's favorite Democrat. Industry acknowledges his help in smearing some of our most militant unions. He hopes now to turn his talents against consumer organizations. The idea seems to have come to him all of a heap. He was invited to speak at the convention in New York City of the Associated Grocery Manufacturers of America, but the speech somehow failed to click. Although the bustle is coming back via Mainbocher, it is a little late in the day to do imitations of William Jennings Bryan. Dies spoke highly—and lengthily—of God, and wrastled lustily with the Muscovite devil; everybody applauded, though afterward there were snickers in the lobby. But when the reporters crowded around, Dies hit pay dirt. He declared that he was going to investigate "research organizations identified with the consumer movement"—and investigate them, of course, for C———t influences. This gave the press a fresh "angle" on the story, and fitted in with the plans of the association, which devoted one session of its convention to consumer organizations. In fairness to the association it must be said that its own resolution on consumer organizations did not raise the red bogy, but attacked "insincere" groups which "disseminate false or misleading information."

But whether or not the Dies suggestion is kindly received by the grocery men, it has possibilities. Dies is far more optimistic even than Browder about the wide influence the Communist Party exerts, and if he once puts his mind to it he can find reds anywhere along the political spectrum. The technique that was used against Murphy and is used against labor unions can be applied to other groups as well. It may soon be evidence of "red" activity or "fellow-traveling"—dread disease—to question the efficacy of Glutz's Wonder Salts. There is no reason why Dies cannot peddle his wares in the same way to other

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

industries. How useful it would be to the utilities to have Dies discover that efforts to obtain lower electric or gas rates was the result of communistic boring from within in our regulatory commissions! Or that the attempt to cut rates was a Moscow plot to undermine the American way by reducing the profits of the power trust. The great oil monopolists are worried about the onslaught being made upon them in some parts of the country by spokesmen for the independents and the motorists. What if Dies "investigated"? He can always be depended on to find a red. The Texan feels about reds as Voltaire did about God; if there are none, he digs up a mailing list.

Dies claims to be against "all isms," but his widening activities strikingly resemble at least one ism. Hitler panhandled his way to power in Germany by currying favor with—and collecting contributions from—one special interest after another by attacking its pet enemies as "reds." The 1936 campaign here showed the technique in use on a wide scale. Fortunately it failed. It may fail again. The attack made on Dies by Wendell L. Willkie, of Commonwealth and Southern, for "undermining democratic procedure," like the widespread denunciation of Dies for publishing the mailing list of the League for Peace and Democracy in Washington, may indicate a turn in the popular attitude toward the activities of Dies. Just as German experience has shown that the knife of fascism is double edged, so Willkie knows that business, as well as the left, has an interest in establishing safeguards against "investigation" of the Dies variety.

No Boundaries

THE award of the Nobel Prize in physiological medicine to Dr. Domagk, director of the I. G. Farbenindustrie laboratory in Elberfeld, Germany, for his discovery of the therapeutic power of sulfanilamide is a happy reminder that science acknowledges no national boundaries. The recognition of Dr. Domagk's achievement has been world-wide; there could have been no reason other than a political one for withholding the award. In making it, the Swedish Nobel Prize Committee completely disregarded Hitler's announcement that German scientists would not be allowed to accept Nobel prizes, and Dr. Domagk has regretfully declined the prize. But the award stands, and in the present wave of nationalism and anti-German—in extension of anti-Nazi—feeling, the choice is a particularly happy one.

As for the discovery itself, the actual therapeutic value of sulfanilamide is less important than the new trend of thought it has brought with it. In bacteriological research the technique invented by Ehrlich and developed by a thousand laboratory workers has been to find some chemical agent which would kill bacteria in a test-tube and then to see whether the human organism could tolerate it. Previously known bactericides that are tolerated by the body are much less active against the bacteria in the body than in the test-tube. In the case of sulfanilamide, the reverse is true—it is not nearly so effective as a bactericide in the test-tube as it is in the body. This fact will inevitably stimulate a search for other therapeutically active chemicals which may have been overlooked in the past on account of their feeble action in the test-tube.

Although the current award is well deserved, the Nobel Prize, as an institution, has not been an unmixed blessing. There has been a tendency for scientific men in positions of influence, with the prize in view, to gather around them, through financial or political pull, juniors of superior caliber, and thus acquire reputations wholly incommensurate with their personal ability. With the increased overlapping among the basic sciences, and with the lack of generalizations to pull together the various categories of scientific knowledge, most pieces of research today are joint undertakings. The nominating committees would render service to science as well as justice to individual scientists if they were to include the names of the coworkers.

Anniversaries

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

BEGINNINGS are exciting, and anniversaries were invented, I suspect, to give us an excuse to recall the events they celebrate. Otherwise, they would be little more than empty rituals in honor of an ancient superstition—an obeisance to the magic of numbers.

Last week our contemporary the *New Republic* marked the twenty-fifth year of its existence by issuing an impressive anniversary number, bringing together a collection of articles by many of its ablest contributors on subjects related to a central theme, The Promise of American Life. The theme itself has reminiscent value for an old *New Republic* reader; it was the title of the most important book written by the journal's first editor, Herbert Croly. But the issue is sternly contemporary, even anticipatory. It says no word about the journal's past or the development of American life in the war and post-war years that coincide with the *New Republic's* own life span. I should have liked a discussion of the role of liberal journalism in these years of our generation. The nearest thing to such a stock-taking is an article, Looking Backward, by Charles A. Beard, in which the author uses the Progressive Party platform of 1912 as a touchstone of progress—with illuminating effect. But if the *New Republic* modestly refrains from editorial mention of its own life and times, the omission may itself serve as a reminder of the journal's role: it has always given its

gies to the present and future, and this issue is a monument to that tradition.

Perhaps I should add the note of reminiscence that the *New Republic's* editors have left unsounded. I easily recall the excitement with which young people in 1914 greeted the first issue of the new journal. The war in Europe had roused even the dullest to a painful awareness of the actual world. The first two books of Walter Lippmann had opened pathways for intellectual exploration which most of our college texts had buried in dust and dead leaves. Those few favored ones who, like myself, had sat in the Columbia classrooms of James Harvey Robinson and Charles Beard and James Shotwell had been bred in a stimulating atmosphere of realistic, even harsh and irreverent, political thinking and were more than ready for the weekly stimulus promised by the *New Republic*.

I recall, too, a Saturday soon after the *New Republic* first appeared when I went to the Yale-Harvard game at New Haven with two friends and Walter Lippmann, whom I had never before met. The game was important to a college junior, but it was overshadowed by the major sport of the afternoon—a rapid canvass of the newsstands of New Haven to discover how many carried the new-born *New Republic* and how well it was displayed.

Nineteen fourteen was also the year of Barnard's twenty-fifth anniversary, which means, by the inexorable laws of numbers, that the college is now celebrating its fiftieth. It is not hard to put the two together in one editorial column because the Barnard of twenty-five years ago is closely linked in my mind with the birth of the *New Republic*. In 1914 Barnard celebrated its birthday by an imposing public dinner at which I modestly represented the undergraduates. The other speakers, apart from university officials, were mostly women of considerable eminence, among them the novelist Alice Duer Miller, who, with Susan Myers, is the author of an anniversary volume just printed.* I devoted my own rather tremulous remarks, I remember, to the admirable absence at Barnard of the traditional sort of "college spirit." We had developed, I insisted, a new sort, a spirit which was tuned to the pressing claims of our time and our society. The labor movement and the march of reform in Washington, the drama of rising skyscrapers and "modern" art, the thunder of war on the Continent and its threat to our nation—these were among our chief concerns, I believed, and the fountain-head of our spirit. My words may have sounded both young and pretentious, but they sprang from the influence in our college community of such teachers as I have named above, and in the community at large of the men who had just founded the *New Republic*.

* "Barnard College: The First Fifty Years." Columbia University Press. $2.

Now Barnard is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary with another dinner and is looking back on a second twenty-five years of swift growth. But it can still recall its beginnings. They have been described in a lively volume* by Annie Nathan Meyer, who has served as a trustee since the college was founded. One important item in that book holds special interest for *The Nation* and its readers. It is a long letter by Mrs. Meyer ably pleading the need of a women's college in New York and recounting the discouraging struggles of the few men and women who were trying to meet that need. The letter opened the public campaign for the founding of the college, and it appeared in *The Nation* on January 26, 1888.

It is pleasant to know that *The Nation* had a modest hand in Barnard's beginnings; and it is interesting to note that in the year when the college was finally born, *The Nation* was about to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary and today is looking ahead to the imminent approach of its seventy-fifth.

* "Barnard Beginnings." Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

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The Army "Talks" to Lewis and Green

BY ROBERT BENDINER

Washington, October 29

SUDDENLY and with considerable secrecy American trade unionism finds itself confronting a Hobson's choice between what amounts to at least temporary self-extinction, should this country go to war, and the risk of forcible extinction at the hands of a war-time government. The first alternative, in fact, is reliably reported to have been already accepted in principle by Colonel John P. Frey on behalf of the A. F. of L. and is now being considered by the C. I. O. as a basis for further discussion. At last month's conventions of the two great trade-union bodies labor's attitude toward war found resounding expression in resolutions and speeches—no war is good for labor; let's keep out at all costs. But while these inevitable sentiments found their way into the minutes, the chiefs and their lieutenants battled in closed session—at least the C. I. O. leaders battled—over specific and Draconian M-Day plans which were confidentially submitted to them by liaison officers attached to the staff of Assistant Secretary of War Louis Johnson.

Mobilization Day blueprints are always subject to change and always open to skepticism. Their exact nature depends on the military state of affairs at the moment a country enters a war. Should this country go in under circumstances not too different from those obtaining now, it is distinctly possible that our role would be that of a gigantic workshop and supply house for the Allies, a transporter of ships, guns, planes, and food, in a program of No-Cash-and-We-Carry. In that case only sections of the standing army, navy, and air corps would be sent abroad by way of man-power, and the complexion of industrial-mobilization plans would be considerably altered as to draft provisions, censorship, and the like. What would be least altered under these or, in fact, any circumstances is the schedule of events as they relate to labor and industry. Whatever the Allied powers need from us in the way of fighting forces, they are sure to want the products of our factories and to want them on a scale hitherto undreamed of. The War Department is getting ready for that contingency, and its proposals to John L. Lewis and William Green show that it has not the least intention of encumbering itself with such excess baggage as the niceties of collective bargaining.

In the M-Day preview now showing before an exclusive audience of trade-union executives, the program for labor is reliably held to look something like this: First an emergency period will be proclaimed, even before the declaration of war, during which the President will suspend the provisions of the Walsh-Healy act, which requires the maintenance of specific labor standards in the manufacture of products bought by the federal government. During this period, and subsequently, the Employment Service, now removed from the jurisdiction of the Labor Department and placed under the supervision of Paul V. McNutt, will become a key agency, geared to distribute and furnish adequate supplies of skilled labor to all the war industries and to prevent its diversion into the armed forces.

Once the war is declared, the President will invoke his war "emergency powers." These are practically boundless, and if there are any limits nobody can say what they are. It may be significant that Attorney General Murphy has already been asked by the Senate to indicate their lawful scope, and even more significant that he replied simply that he could not answer the question. As a matter of fact these powers have never been defined by the courts, and according to Leo M. Cherne, whose detailed outline* of M-Day plans had the indorsement of the Assistant Secretary of War, "the war-time powers of the President as exercised by Woodrow Wilson during the World War would have been ample to insure the immediate and complete application of the industrial-mobilization plan in all of its details without a single enactment of Congress, if this were considered desirable in an emergency."

Nevertheless, certain "restrictive legislation" will be in order, and under the pressure and hysteria of the day it is unlikely that Congress will bat an eyelash at speeding it through. At the request of the War Department an omnibus program will be presented which will include, first and foremost, a revival of the notorious May bill. This alone would give the President sweepingly dictatorial power to draft civilians for labor as well as for military duties, fix prices and wages, control industry through a system of licensing and priority regulations, and in fact do everything necessary to a dictatorship except what the bill was ostensibly drawn to do, namely, "prevent profiteering in time of war." All provisions of the Walsh-Healy act relating to wages and hours and to child labor will be repealed (only safety and health provisions will be retained), and the National Labor Relations Act will be amended to make possible a system of what will amount to compulsory arbitration. Strikes and

* "Adjusting Your Business to War," published by the Tax Research Institute.

lockouts will be forbidden prior to the lapse of a "reasonable time." As Mr. Cherne's publishers put it:

> The enactment of the National Labor Relations Act and the entire problem of collective bargaining will unquestionably present one of the more ticklish labor problems to the War Labor Administration during the war. As can readily be understood, the right to strike will become a burdensome one to the instrumentalities of national defense when it is exercised in industries which are producing the needs of the armed forces. It is not probable that the right to strike will be completely terminated, nor is it probable that the ease with which it can be asserted under the NLRA will be continued. The great probability lies in the adoption of machinery similar to that now used in the railroad industry calling for mediation, conciliation, substantial notice, and lapse of time before strike, and similar controls which will assure continued production without termination of labor's rights of self-representation or collective bargaining.

The advance-notice requirement with regard to strikes is a tried and effective device and will allow labor to sit down at the collective-bargaining table only after its hands have been securely tied. Before it can act, the mediation machinery will be set in motion. As far as can be learned, the proposals communicated to organized labor by the army chiefs are even less conciliatory with regard to arbitration than the Cherne version, which is based on the 1936 industrial-mobilization plans, with revisions down to June of this year. Unlike the War Labor Board of World War days, the new agency will have statutory authority and its mediation decisions will be legally binding. Whatever the language of the law, the right to strike will become a pre-war memory.

Execution of the entire plan will be placed in the hands of a War Resources Administration, which will wherever necessary supersede the authority of the old-line departments and agencies. Coordinated with this administration will be a War Labor Board, whose chief, happily enough, is to have the "confidence of all groups." It will be a sad day for labor if that "confidence" is misplaced because labor will have no representative of its own choosing on the board. Aside from its head, the board is to have one deputy "satisfactory" to labor (find one who will be at once satisfactory to the C. I. O., the A. F. of L., and the Brotherhoods) and one "satisfactory" to industry, but in any case the "labor" man is all but certain to hold a minority vote. Representatives of each of the major labor groups will have seats in an Advisory Council, but since the council can be convoked only by the Resources Administration and ignored at will, its advice may as well be tendered to the Weather Bureau. In general what is expected of labor is a "Gompers agreement"—consent to preserve the status quo, with wages and hours, working conditions, and union organization to be frozen "for the duration" except in so far as the Administration will take "real wages" into account.

Offhand one would not think that there was any basis here for serious discussion by men who have brought American trade unionism to the peak of its power. At least three members of the C. I. O.'s executive board did in fact protest vehemently in a stormy closed session at San Francisco against the consideration of such proposals even as a basis for negotiation. To accept them as such, they argued, would be to yield fundamentally, to accept the principle that war is all but inevitable, no matter what Administration is elected in 1940, and that labor's best bet is to give the present Administration labor's support, lest the alternative be a war-time regime under even less favorable auspices.

These objectors were voted down, however, and there is increasing evidence that the truculently isolationist and anti-Administration tone of C. I. O. leaders early in the fall has given way to resignation and determination to stand by the Roosevelt Administration, whatever adjustments may be necessary. In his Labor Day speech Lewis lashed out at the New Deal not only for "callous indifference" and "cold brutality" toward labor but for its preoccupation with "the political quarrels in Europe." And he made it plain that "those who seek the votes of the workers of America" must guarantee among other things "freedom from foreign wars." By the time his convention met at San Francisco, scarcely more than a month later, he was still unequivocally against American participation in the war, but he urged complete confidence in the President's wisdom in foreign affairs, warmly defended the lifting of the embargo, and at the same time displayed more than a little uncertainty as to whether or not this country could keep out of the war after all. Imperceptibly the theme changed from a simple anti-war position to a demand for labor representation in the event of war: "There is but one thing for the men and women of labor to do and that is . . . build up a modern labor movement here in America to such proportions that its voice may never be ignored here in our homeland whether it be for peace or whether it be for war." And "The future will determine, according to the incidents which occur, the question of whether or not the American people will again be compelled to take up the sword to maintain what they understand to be the integrity of their political forms of government and the validity of the institutions that they have through the decades created." Speeches by other C. I. O. leaders during and since the convention sounded the same note, even more clearly, and the conviction is inescapable that the die has been cast; the haggling has not yet started, but the decision to bargain has been made.

Something must have happened between Labor Day and the opening of the convention on October 10 that induced in John L. Lewis this change of heart. It cannot

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have been solely the receipt of the War Department's thoughts on M-Day; if anything that would have heightened his isolationism. Three possibilities, not mutually exclusive, present themselves: first, Lewis sees in the situation the promise of power, a chance to assume the Gompers mantle as the man who helped win the war on the labor front; second, he and his colleagues see an opportunity to speed up organization under the benevolent eye of a cooperating government which will not have to take any back-talk from industry; and, third, there is in the generals' proposals the implied threat of a ruthless drive by a war government against the C. I. O. should it reject their overtures out of hand.

There is no evidence pointing to the first of these possibilities. Even if labor succeeds in forcing genuine representation on the War Labor Board it is certain that the government would not dream of tossing the A. F. of L. at the feet of John L. Lewis—especially if the federation has in fact already accepted Mr. Johnson's M-Day prescription. Nor is there much reason to assume the validity of the second alternative. Industry might well be subjected to curbs as drastic as those imposed on labor, but without the possibility of winning union victories through strikes or otherwise, with wages fixed by the government, and with patrioteering rampant, it is unlikely that any labor leader can hopefully anticipate war time as a god-sent opportunity to revitalize trade unionism. This leaves the dismal third possibility: that labor can take what it has been offered—or else.

The proposals drawn up by Mr. Johnson and his colleagues were not blatantly offered as an ultimatum, but neither were they offered as a tentative suggestion. They constitute the government's mobilization program, and they are being shown to labor in advance with an invitation to cooperate. Labor can reject the invitation, but if it does it must realize what the attitude of the government will be when the day of reckoning comes: "We have tried to treat with these people, but they would not listen to reason." Then the handiwork of the Dies committee, the exhibits of red-smeared C. I. O. unions, will be taken out and reexamined—only this time they will be taken seriously by a war-time Administration, which will act accordingly. This is what worries the C. I. O. leaders as they take bearings. Rather than court such a fate they are seemingly prepared to surrender in advance on the crucial issue of labor support for the war, and to throw all their weight into the fight for adequate representation. In this connection it is worth noting the persistent rumors that the War Industries Board which Roosevelt just "disbanded" will soon be revived, with labor represented by Sidney Hillman for the C. I. O. and Daniel Tobin for the A. F. of L.—provided that the two organizations sign a treaty of peace. For better or worse, organized labor is getting set to run the risk of a war-time catalepsy, hoping primarily that this country will keep out, but that if it doesn't there will be those in high places who will bring it out of the trance when the war is over.

Night Falls in Berlin

BY TONI CHRISTEN

Berlin, September 28

BERLIN'S most lavish Cabaret—das Kabarett der Komiker—was to open its winter season on September 1 with a show that bore the curious title, "Nacht muss es sein!" (Night must fall). Its directors feared they would not be allowed to open, but at the last minute the Ministry of Propaganda decreed that theaters, concerts, and minor entertainments, with the exception of public dancing, were to go on as usual in spite of the war. Moving-picture houses had to ban all tragedies and put on comedies. Cabarets and their humor were more than welcome.

"Nacht muss es sein" had a good press, and the Berliners stumbled through pitch-black streets to see it. The title stimulated their ever-ready wit, but the author and composer had not dreamed of any reference to blackouts or war. They had desired merely to give a pleasant picture of night life in Berlin—in peace-time Berlin. People liked the show because it recalled their once brilliantly lit Kurfürstendamm or Unter den Linden. It made them forget the dreary present.

For the real blackout came soon. As early as May some people were saying that Danzig and the Corridor would soon be German again. They would add cheerfully, "Our government is planning an alliance with Russia, and the two will divide Poland between them." By June the same well-informed people—they could be met with any time in a store or subway—predicted the mobilization of the German army for August 15. "The order has been given that the harvest must be brought in before that date, whether the grain is ripe or not." By July the press was seething with reports of Polish atrocities against the German minorities in Poland. The facts brought forward were impressive. The "people," that vague, amorphous mass of unconnected individuals that set in motion public opinion even in totalitarian states, had a good deal to

say. "Our army will be moving into Poland any day now; we had the same headlines before the Czech crisis." Nobody, however, thought it worth while to spill German blood to recapture the Corridor or to avenge the mistreated minorities. Rumors that Poland was making a desperate last-minute effort to defend itself were received with concern. But optimism still ran high: "England will not back Poland, and Hitler does not want war either—real war. It would ruin all that he has built up in the last six years."

The Russo-German pact was received not as a bombshell but as an expected display of brilliant fireworks. "Didn't we tell you it would happen?" Some persons were a little overcome, but, oh, wasn't it wonderful! "Now we shan't have war; it would be madness for the Allies to fight us." Many a German then and later began to speculate with naive enthusiasm on the great days that lay ahead for both Germans and Russians. The German Ministry of Propaganda invented the happy slogan: "Whenever in the past Germany and Russia were united they were truly happy and prosperous."



My janitress said, "There is really not much difference between communism and National Socialism, is there?" She smiled cynically, but she had been that way for the past six months. Her former automatic Nazi enthusiasm had been dampened. She had seen too much high living among the upper bourgeoisie while the standard of living for the working classes continually deteriorated. The gap between the classes had been widening. Herr Ley of the labor front had cleverly cemented this gap for a while, but the artificial prosperity enjoyed by the few during the last years had broken it wide open.

There is no doubt that the pact was popular with all classes, if only for the reason that England might now be frightened into acquiescence so far as German demands on Poland were concerned. Apparently it was no tour de force for the German people to hang Stalin's picture beside Hitler's and Mussolini's.

When on August 26 the German population learned that the army had actually moved into the Corridor and that "German guns were roaring over Polish soil," as the radio announcer neatly phrased it, they sighed and hoped the conflict would begin and end right there. But their smiles grew thin in the days that followed, and a wary look crept into their eyes. With dismay they watched the anti-air-raid preparations in the streets. The big buildings in the center of the city and in some of the suburbs, particularly around the Funkturm, were manned with soldiers and fitted out with anti-aircraft guns. Sandbags were heaped over basement windows and air-raid shelters hastily prepared. Curiously enough, the air-raid precautions of the big city were far from adequate. Even in the center there was an insufficient number of shelters, and the suburbs had almost none. Nor were house-owners any too eager to provide them. In Charlottenburg, for instance, they did nothing until the middle of September, and then simply cleared out a basement room and padded the windows with sandbags. Protection against gas attacks was practically non-existent; scientific gas-proof shelters could be found only in the ministries, some of the bigger banks, and the homes of the staff connected with the military airdromes and barracks around Berlin. Even by the end of the month the majority of people did not own a gas-mask.

For three days the smell of revolution was in the air—of a women's revolution, for it was they who flared up in resentment and despair. Quite suddenly they found words to curse Hitler. Like strange, unconnected little jets of flame their hatred burst out—in market-halls, over store counters, in house corridors, and around basement laundry tubs. And the flames grew, and linked up, and threatened a general conflagration. "We haven't had a quiet hour since that man came to power . . . he is gone mad . . . somebody ought to shoot him like a dog!" How could they remain silent with their husbands sent to the front, their children hungry, their homes in danger of being bombed. Food was almost as scarce as it had been in 1918. "We have gone through starvation once, we don't want to go through it again."

Wrathfully they waved their new food cards in my face. "Look at this! Ninety grams of butter a week! Bacon, oil, cheese, meat, milk, eggs, cereals—everything rationed. And even your ration can't be obtained. No meat at the butcher's today, not a scrap of fresh meat. And no potatoes either. And look here, no soap! How do they expect me to keep my house and my children clean with a handful of soapsuds each month? Say, my husband will have to grow a beard. He is allowed one shaving-stick in five months."

Great confusion was caused by the new restrictions, by the difficulty of purchasing provisions or clothes or shoes or even a spool of thread, and in spite of police precautions shops were raided in the poorer quarters of Berlin. But worse than the fear of future starvation was the immediate sorrow of the women who saw their men leaving for the front. In Döberitz and Köpenick troop trains were stopped as women threw themselves on the rails and clung there until the police clubbed them away. There were no flowers, no songs, no cheerful goodby

wavings for soldiers leaving for the east or the west. Troops were entrained clandestinely, and if any came back, they came at night, on the hospital trains. Hospitals quickly filled up around Berlin, but they were closely guarded and no news about their wounded filtered through to the outside. After September 10 one saw more women in mourning.

And always women's faces were gray with fear and sorrow, whether they sat with downcast eyes in the subway or scanned the skies while a German plane hummed overhead. Their loud resentment was damped down as quickly as it had flared up. New decrees promising death and imprisonment to anyone who dared criticize the government or alarm the population silenced their bold tongues. They kept still—the charwoman, the janitress, the market women, the shopkeepers, the housewives who lived in your street, the unknown woman who jostled furiously against you in the post office, even the young Nazi matron who supervised the welfare work in your quarter. They dared not speak now. Docilely they stood in line for hours to get their bits of rationed food; they spoke indifferent words for the benefit of listening strangers.

They told of their duties as *Luftschutzwart* or Red Cross assistant or welfare nurse. Those who had no small children at home had been asked to go into the country and help the farming population. The newspapers displayed large advertisements asking women to enter big industrial concerns and be trained for expert jobs. Yes, sooner or later they might consider such a job if their husbands continued to be at the front. One morning a woman friend whose husband was in the Air Ministry called me up and told me that she had applied for a secretarial job in her husband's department. Of course she had to learn stenography first, but before long all women would be mobilized for work, she thought. Apparently she was taking early precautionary measures to avoid being drafted into a munitions factory.

Yet everywhere was still that undercurrent of unbelief that the war would go on or "really start." "Himmler is said to have told Hitler that in case of a real war there might be a revolution."

S. S. and S. A. troopers were secretly stationed in halls and barracks and schoolhouses all over Berlin. Occasionally one would get a glimpse of an open police truck carrying some poor person off to jail. One morning a police-car with a machine-gun in the rear dashed along Unter den Linden toward the Alexanderplatz. A woman dressed in rags, with untidy hair and aggressively watchful eyes, came and sat in a fashionable sidewalk cafe, ordered *Kaffee und Kuchen.* One was reminded of the post-war days of 1919-20 when the underworld rose to the surface. Instinctively women of the well-to-do classes wore their older coats and last year's hats, if they wore hats at all.

Everywhere was tension, tightening of the nerves. People seemed to take pleasure in fighting each other on small issues. They went into unexplained rages over store counters. Quite unexpectedly a waitress in a Kurfürstendamm cafe had hysterics and began to exclaim against Hitler. One of the customers took her by the arm and dragged her out of the room. The manager came after them both, and outside in the corridor explained to the customer that the girl had had a bad time—her husband was in a concentration camp, she was trying to keep herself and her small child from starving by serving in the cafe. The customer, a young S. S. man in mufti, shrugged his shoulders and said, "I don't want to have her jailed, I dragged her out so that nobody would hear her." All night huge searchlights play over the city. Occasionally there is an air-raid alarm. Next morning people look a bit more sullen, more hollow-eyed than ever. "God," the workmen say, "we are worked to the limit, and now they even rob us of our few hours' sleep!"

But there is still hope, and the hope is called Russia. "If Russia will fight with us, there will be no war." Their minds, if not their faces, are turned eastward.

> It is as if life had retreated eastward. As if the Germanic life were slowly ebbing away from contact with Western Europe, ebbing to the deserts of the east. . . . The inevitable, mysterious barrier has fallen again, and the great leaning of the Germanic spirit is once more eastward, toward Russia, toward Tartary. The strange vortex of Tartary has become the positive center again; the positivity of Western Europe is broken. The positivity of our civilization has broken.

D. H. Lawrence wrote this in "a letter from Germany" in 1924. It seems poignantly descriptive of the present German situation. There is a fatalism in the way Germany is turning to the East today.

Yet the war is not lost, and as reports of successes pour in, the temper of the German people is likely to improve. The war may become more popular, especially if bombardment of the civilian population is avoided. The British Empire may be destroyed in this war. It is possible though not likely. But whatever the outcome of this terrific duel—if it is carried on at all—the losses will be so great that victor and vanquished alike will be ruined. And when the time comes, in what direction will the Germans turn for hope and reconstruction? To the West? Six years of strenuous training in Nazi politics and economics have turned the minds of the German youth away from Western ideologies. They can no longer understand, let alone appreciate, Western liberalism. They will turn to the East, because the East speaks a language more like their own. They are subtly pushed in that direction even now.

The war goes on. Fearful eyes scan the skies. When will the enemy come? Will the ghastly show never stop? "Nacht muss es sein!"

On Britain's Left and Right

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, October 15

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech of October 12 marks, I think, an epoch in the war. It is a pronouncement that the period of "appeasement" is definitely over, that, so far as Great Britain is concerned, no peace is possible which leaves the aggressor the fruit of his conquests. It did not close the door on peace; but it made it as plain as words can do that, if Hitler genuinely wants to end the war, acts and not verbal promises are required. Mr. Chamberlain's speech met, I think, with the general approval of the House of Commons. Criticism came either from absolute pacifists like Mr. Lansbury or from those—like Sir Stafford Cripps, who made perhaps the ablest speech in the debate—who want from the British government a detailed declaration of war aims now. But the pacifists apart, there was widespread agreement that Herr Hitler's "terms" offered no prospect of serious discussion.

The best commentary on the position was offered by the electors of Clackmannan in a by-election. A Labor candidate fought a pacifist candidate in this working-class constituency and won by fifteen thousand to a thousand votes. That, I think, is the general mood of the population. There is not an atom of enthusiasm for war as such. There is rather an eager desire for peace as soon as it can be attained on terms which offer guaranties against a renewal of aggression in the wonted Hitlerian manner. But there is also a grim determination to go on until the shadow of perpetual threat is removed from our lives. Those who, like Mr. Shaw, argue that Hitler has now been "appeased" and that we ought to trust him rather than risk appallingly destructive conflict have no serious following.

This does not mean that the country, especially the Labor Party, is by any means satisfied with the government. There is a strong demand that the claims of India be satisfied; the paradox of fighting Hitler and maintaining a semi-despotic government in India is widely acknowledged. The recognition of India's claim to self-government will have to be conceded, and the sooner this is done the better will be the morale of all of us. There is a growing insistence, too, that those British colonies not yet ripe for self-government should be brought under a greatly strengthened mandates system. There is deep dissatisfaction at some of Mr. Chamberlain's appointments, above all at that of Sir John Gilmour —a forgotten Tory relic—to the important Ministry of Shipping. The plans of Dr. Burgin, the Minister of Supply, are not regarded as in any way adequate to his problems; and most of us think that the structure proposed for the economic coordination of the national resources is defective both in principle and in detail. The Ministry of Information is generally regarded with mingled amusement and contempt, and its drastic reorganization is now under way. Some of these issues, no doubt, reveal the inevitable difficulties of mobilizing a democracy for war. But some of them, the problems, for instance, connected with the major social services, reveal the bias of a Tory government whose incurable fault is invariably lack of imagination. There will be serious fighting about them before many days have passed.

In *The Nation* of September 30 Mr. Villard expressed the view that the war had struck a serious blow at parliamentary institutions. Outsiders, no doubt, see many things that are concealed from those on the spot. I can only record my own view that its result, so far, has been a remarkable renovation of those institutions. Members feel more free from party ties; they criticize with vigor; grievances are ventilated with a persistency that is notable. Contrary also to Mr. Villard's impression, there has been, so far, no interference with essential freedoms. The pacifists, the Communists, the I. L. P. freely distribute their propaganda; so, also, in a characteristically slinking way, do the fascists of the Mosley brand. There is wide resentment at M. Daladier's suppression of the French Communist Party. It is felt that this is incompatible with the objects we are seeking to attain. I know of no attempt to interfere with the normal freedom of the press in any realm where discussion is desirable. The censorship, of course, imposes irritating, and often stupid, control of war news; and the radio has been handled with an unintelligence that is the despair of those who realize its immense potentialities. But the result of this has been not only a continuous barrage of criticism but a greatly increased interest in obtaining foreign stations. A bus conductor spoke to me the other day with real amusement of the German radio's skilful impersonation of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Among the major intellectual casualties of the war I think the Communist Party must be reckoned. The policy of the Soviet Union has left it bewildered. On September 2 it issued an able pamphlet by its secretary, Harry Pollitt, urging the need to fight fascism and insisting that this could only be done effectively by a workers' government. On October 7 this line was officially repu-

diated, Mr. Pollitt was deposed from his post, though it is announced he is to remain in the party, and the war was denounced as an imperialist adventure by Great Britain. The party line seems to be that nothing done by Moscow can be wrong. But in the intervals of action by Moscow the party shuffles from side to side, contradicting itself relentlessly in its desire not to deviate from its masters. It is possible to respect people who, like Mr. Strachey, frankly declare that they cannot penetrate the veil behind which Stalin conceals his purposes. But it is difficult to respect those who shout approval of them without any notion of what they are, who had up to August 21 denounced as a shameless lie the idea of a Hitler-Stalin pact and immediately afterward hurried to defend it as a supreme contribution to peace. It will take the Communist Party a long time to recover from its present habit of defending policies it cannot explain by arguments which have rarely any consistency from one week to another. Hitler is no longer the embodiment of evil, and all his past is conveniently forgotten. The one point on which others of the left sympathize with the Communists is their demand that a British statesman of eminence go to Moscow to discover the intentions of the Soviet government. I think myself that this is a wise demand. And I can understand that his discoveries would interest and enlighten none more than the members of the Communist Party.

The Labor Party is predominantly engaged in three tasks. (1) It goes on with the normal task of providing the necessary criticism of government policy. I think it is true to say that, in this realm, it has a wider audience and a deeper general approval than at any previous time. On the technical issues of war administration some of its members, notably Arthur Greenwood, have done invaluable work. (2) It is concerned with the issue of an official declaration of its war aims. For the past three weeks there have been long and careful discussions of this problem. Premature publication, in so rapidly shifting a world, would obviously be a mistake; it is important not to pin its faith to principles which a month from now may cease to have meaning. But I think it is now true that the general lines of its international program have taken firm shape. In the next fortnight the whole movement, industrial and political, will probably be asked to approve a declaration which the party will be prepared to defend not only against Hitler but also against the British government should a divergence of its aims from those of the government be revealed. (3) The party is rapidly resuming its propaganda and educational work, naturally under conditions of some difficulty owing to transport problems and the "blackout." But in such Labor meetings as I have addressed since the war I have been greatly impressed by two things. First, there is an intense demand, which will have to be satisfied, for positive aims in international affairs. "We know what we are *against*," said a miner to me; "we want to be very definite what we are *for*." The Labor Party will have to satisfy that demand. More, it will have to bend its energies to the serious problems of post-war reconstruction.



Drawing by Strom
Shaw Pricks the British Empire

It may sound premature to speak of these. But from innumerable conversations I have had I am convinced that the war has already laid the foundations of something akin to a psychological revolution in men's minds. Partly, this is the result of the very interesting interchange of ideas that has come from the evacuation of hundreds of thousands. Partly, also, the temporary suspension of social services like education in the "dangerous" areas has given a new idea of their significance to the voters. A farm laborer from whom I had never been able to extract a political opinion said to me spontaneously the other day, "Why should my boy have half a day's schooling and the Eton boys go on as usual?" That kind of questioning is going on in many thousands of households, and the Labor Party will have to adjust itself to a constituency which will expect far more from the state after the war.

The Soviet Union remains the great enigma. My impression is that opinion, so far, may be described as follows: It is pretty universally felt that the pact with Germany is indefensible. All save the Communists believe that it precipitated the war, even though they may blame Mr. Chamberlain for his blunders and delay over the Anglo-Soviet negotiations. Opinion is deeply divided over the Russian partition of Poland. The trade-union leaders tend to be very critical of it. The more general view is that, in the long run, it will prove valuable in checking Hitler's eastern ambitions. There is a general tendency to withhold blame from Soviet expansion in the Baltic. Partly, this is because it is regarded as anti-Hitler in its effective result, and, partly, because it is realized that Russia needs safeguards against the use of the Baltic by its enemies. Its treatment of Finland is regarded as a test case. If Stalin imposes unjust terms upon Finland by the threat of force, many of those now most concerned to defend Russia will find it impossible to do so; and this, of course, the more if Finland is compelled to fight.

There is singularly little comment upon the United States. With few exceptions those whom I meet fully understand America's desire to keep out of the war; and

there is a profound sense that President Roosevelt has handled his very delicate problems with much skill. I have heard great resentment at Senator Borah's remark about this being a "phony war," and bitter criticism of Colonel Lindbergh's oracular utterances. Everyone feels that American mediation, if it is to come, is a matter upon which the President is by far the best judge; and there is complete confidence that he will not seek the kind of mediation which merely procures an armistice instead of a genuine and enduring peace.

Propaganda's Golden Age

BY MAX LERNER

II. A "TVA" for the Opinion Industries

LIBERALISM fights for its dogmas inch by inch before it yields them. The doctrine of the final triumph of the idea—that the truth, even though unaided, must prevail—died a hard death, if indeed it may be said to have died at all. But even more tenacious is the linked notion that there exists anything like a competitive system for ideas. To say that because I can get up and spout on a soap-box in Union Square or write in *The Nation* or start a newspaper in competition with Mr. Hearst or Mr. Howard I have a freedom of opinion comparable to theirs is fantastic. I speak with the voice of one, Mr. Howard with the voice of millions. It is not because he is a better man than I, or because his ideas are truer or sounder, or because they represent more authentically the humanist tradition. It is because he has a major control in the opinion industry and I have not. My freedom to start a newspaper in competition with him is as real as my freedom to enter the field against the United States Steel Corporation. The fact in each instance is that it is hollow to talk of "freedom," whether economic freedom or freedom of opinion, except where there is equality or at least a framework of governmental control to reduce inequality.

Freedom is not laissez faire. We have come by this time to recognize that in the area of our economic life, but in the area of opinion we still cling to the belief that it is. It has taken us decades of social blundering to understand that economic freedom in the sense of the unregulated decisions of an irresponsible capitalism is no longer possible. We had better face the fact that the opinion industries are as much "affected with a public interest" as any others. A nation that has decided on a program of democratic control of the rest of its industrial area endangers the entire structure of control by allowing the corporate interests to shape public opinion at will. It is very well for liberals to speak of making a weapon of liberalism; but to make a fetish of the principle is far different from wielding the weapon.

But all ideas have their uses. There has been much discussion among liberals of the problem of means and ends. We tend to forget that here, as elsewhere, absolutes are arid, and that ends and means are interrelated. Freedom is an end with respect to economic security; a culture that does not give scope to diversity of opinion is an unfree culture no matter how economically secure it may be, and the whole economic life of that culture is truncated. But freedom is also a means with respect to economic security, majority rule, cultural creativeness. To have an abstract freedom of opinion in a culture that is so organized that freedom—or, better, laissez faire—of opinion plays into the hands of economic scarcity and economic tyranny is but sand in our mouths—not nourishing but a matter for gritting of teeth. And that is actually the case with us. Freedom of opinion is precious in itself, yet it is also self-defeating if it is not used to insure the free building up of majority opinion, the orderly replacement of one majority by another, the refashioning of economic institutions to achieve the maximum security for all. Freedom has little meaning except in the context of equality, just as economic equality has only a stunted meaning except in a free society.

We must organize our freedom of opinion in such a way as to make it usable and not academic. But how do it? It is not an easy task, and it has its risks. The first step is to face the problem and face it in a tough-minded way. The question of means can then be tackled. My own preference is to extend the principles of the TVA "yardstick" and the SEC "truth in securities" into the opinion industries.

We must avoid a government-operated radio as in Great Britain, and we must avoid a government-monopolized press as in Germany, Italy, Russia. I propose the TVA principle in our radio system: in addition to, and side by side with, the great private broadcasting chains, let us have two major airways reserved for the government and run for it not by its bureaucrats but by the guild of radio artists. That it can be done has been demonstrated with brilliant success by the Federal Theater, which has prodded the creative forces of the theater from their slumber. Why should not a similar Federal Radio chain, run non-competitively and without advertising, serve to set a standard for the other chains to live up to,

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and serve to broadcast the merciless truth about our social conditions when the other chains fear to? The radio is inherently a better mechanism to use in the competition of ideas than is the press. To begin with, the air already belongs to the nation and there can be no question raised legitimately of confiscation. The radio chains have their present position on sufferance. It would be only a step forward to use two of these strategic airways directly for public purposes and turn them over to the technicians, just as the actual teaching in our school and university system is in the hands of technicians.

With respect to the movies, the TVA principle would have to be different: it would have to be a private TVA. But why should not socially conscious money enter the movie industry, and set up great producing units that would put out the sort of film toward which Hollywood is only now beginning to make some feeble gestures? And why should not an RFC that finances all sorts of schemes be used to finance culturally productive enterprise of this sort? This would involve tackling the problem of distribution outlets as well; and there is much to be said for a framework of governmental controls over these outlets. It would involve also using the new film consumer organizations to give utterance to protests against the cowardly and the shoddy and to shape the supply in relation to the demand.

As for the press, the only solution is the long and hard road of creating competition by the deliberate and large-scale process of creating new competitors. There is no inherent economic law toward gigantism among newspapers. We could do with a good many more newspapers, even though it meant that none of them could be leviathans. Here, too, in every locality where there is no competition of ideas in the press, socially conscious money must enter to create competition—and it would be a legitimate function of the government to subsidize individuals and cooperatives that want to start such newspapers, much as we subsidize new housing. In the end, in the hands of good working newspaper men and women, they would pay for themselves financially and more than pay for themselves in cultural enrichment. Alexander Meiklejohn has suggested that our press be socialized like our universities. We could do much worse and we are doing much worse. But there is another possibility: to use the government power and the whole liberal tradition to bring about competition of ideas in a press that remains free from government control; which is, in the best sense, to socialize the press.

Given the reorganized opinion industries, one can turn to the problem of the control of outright propaganda with some hope of success. The problems of the internal organization of the opinion industries are problems of power; the propaganda problem is one of truth. The first involves the adequate representation of diverse points of view, equality of bargaining power in opinion, the accessibility of adequate information for the common man; the second involves a ban on flagrantly distorted information, intended deliberately as a poison for the public mind. The first involves the break-up of the opinion monopolies and the creation of a positive framework for competition in ideas; the second involves the regulation of cutthroat competition and fraudulent practices in opinion. Of these the first is most important in the long run if we are ever to have a genuine market for ideas; but the second is more urgent in the short run as a matter of sheer democratic survival.

In meeting the propaganda danger, something like the SEC pattern would be the most effective procedure. We have a Truth in Securities Act to make sure that there is no rigging of the stock market, no false prospectuses, no unethical practices in the marketing of stocks and bonds. Yet we allow rigging the opinion market, unethical practices in the marketing of ideas. Are our securities more precious to us than our security, our stocks more delicate plants than our ideas, our investors more in need of protection than our common people? We have a Wheeler-Lea act against false advertising of drugs and cosmetics; are we to have nothing to protect us against the infinitely more dangerous advertising of anti-labor, anti-democratic, anti-Semitic lies?

I know that liberals will immediately say: Why could not a Truth in Opinion Act be used against the left as well as the right? The answer is that it is already in use against the left. Anti-alien and anti-radical measures are already being passed in Congress and in virtually every state legislature. Have any of the corporate heads or any of their legal aids protested against them? The Dies committee is already smearing the left with its so-called investigations; has it done anything substantial to investigate corporate fascism and regional fascism in America? We know perfectly well that before the legislation was enacted to control business, labor was already hemmed in by a de facto regulation. There was always a danger that the regulatory structure imposed upon business would be turned against labor as well; and, indeed, the Supreme Court tried its best to do so. Yet the total effect has been on the whole to carry through the original legislative intentions. The liberals and the left need not fear the creation of precedents that may be used against them. When a time of crisis comes, it will not be past precedents that count; new precedents, as Hitler has shown in Germany, can easily be created in the interests of ruthless power. What must be feared is not precedents but the sort of social breakdown that will make all precedents, good and bad, equally irrelevant.

To avoid this social breakdown we must move in the direction of a clear economic program, calling for democratic control of industry, and at the same time in the direction of regulation of anti-social propaganda. Individuals of the highest caliber would be required to man

board such as I have suggested. There come to my mind men like Lloyd Garrison, Alexander Meiklejohn, Alvin Johnson, William Allen White—men wise and tolerant in the way of words but so tenacious of the ethics of the thinking craft that they could recognize the spurious and dishonest. The task of such a board would be to require complete information about the provenience and financing of political statements, to see that all inflammatory radio statements are backed up by a bill of particulars, to allow for the answering of controversial material—and, if necessary, to ban material that is poisonous and spurious. The decisions of this board would be, of course, reviewable by the courts under the rule of law. With any sort of good direction the task of the board would become that of monitor rather than censor; and as one of the consequences the press and radio would in the long run set up their own code of ethics. Such a law would be hard to write. Yet surely it would be no more difficult than the drafting of the SEC.

This would not proceed on the principle that there need be no tolerance for the intolerant. I think that is an unnecessarily dangerous principle. To pick the intolerant would be a subjective matter; to hound them, an all too easy absolutism. What we want to create for all is a set of rules within which tolerance and intolerance shall operate.

What chance has such a program of becoming a reality? In the immediate future, very little. The confusion between laissez faire and genuine freedom in the opinion industries is unlikely to be dissipated easily, and as long as it remains in the popular mind, any attempt, however prayerful and innocuous, to restore competition in ideas will lead to anguished howls from the monopolists—and the howls will be echoed through the entire country. Nevertheless, we must continue our attempts to clarify our thinking in this area. One of the crucial reasons for the failure of progressive movements in the past has been their unwillingness or inability to operate in this area, with the result that the mass mind has been turned against them and they have been doomed to a melancholy soliloquy.

American history is the story of the attempts of the minority will to suppress the democratic consciousness. It is the story, therefore, of successive upsurges of democratic strength, each of which has threatened to break the minority power. In 1932 there was such an upsurge. There will be another. When it comes, the progressives must understand that unless they can restore freedom in the opinion industries, they are again doomed to a brief flurry of excitement and reformism and then to a frustrated soliloquy.

[*Mr. Lerner's article, the first half of which was printed in last week's issue, will be discussed editorially in a forthcoming issue.*]

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

The Investment Outlook

DISCUSSING, on September 30, the slump in government bonds that followed the outbreak of war, this department suggested that the weight of idle money would soon provide a corrective. In the weeks since, an appreciable recovery has occurred, and the market is now proceeding on an even keel, rendering unnecessary additional ballast in the shape of Federal Reserve purchases. What is more, the Treasury has been able to carry out a major refunding operation on terms which, if slightly less favorable than those possible in June, are very much better than anything that would have been possible a few weeks earlier. To be specific, it was able to induce holders of $526,000,000 of 1⅜ per cent notes to exchange into a new 1 per cent issue due March 15, 1944. This means a saving of about $1,800,000 in interest charges and indicates that the government can still borrow on extremely advantageous terms.

Cheap money is also available to private industry, provided the borrower can show a sound balance-sheet, but the oft-prophesied revival in corporate financing is still just around the corner. Prior to September there had been a fair volume of refunding operations, particularly by the utilities, which despite all their tribulations were in numerous instances able to replace high-coupon bonds by 3 or 3½ per cent issues and thus improve the equity of their long-suffering stockholders. But private issues calling for new money—that is to say, representing additions to real capital—were few and far between. According to the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, total financing of this character for the first nine months of the year was only $302,000,000. This is the poorest showing since 1935 and compares with $705,000,000 and $1,075,000,000 for the corresponding periods of 1938 and 1937 respectively.

Since economists of almost all schools are agreed that recovery must lag unless there is a steady increase in new investment, these figures do not make very cheerful reading. Fortunately the statistics of new public financing do not tell the whole story. Many big corporations are extremely well supplied with cash and thus in a position to finance plant extensions without seeking the assistance of the market. Quite a number of projects involving the investment of appreciable sums have been announced in the last few weeks without any suggestion of a corresponding sale of securities. In this connection it may be noted that a small decline in public construction in September was more than offset by a 16 per cent rise in private contracts. This improvement was entirely due to a larger volume of commercial building, with contracts for factories practically double those awarded in September, 1938. Complete figures are not yet available for October, but the latest reports suggest that private contracts continue to compare favorably in volume with a year ago. However, they are not increasing rapidly enough to offset the decline in public contracts due to the diminished activity of the PWA and other federal agencies. Private enterprise will

have to do better than this to justify its claim that public investment has become unnecessary.

Another and extremely important sector of the investment field where increasing activity can be observed is housing. The total of new dwelling units constructed during the current year is expected to reach 300,000, with a value of one billion dollars. This figure would represent an advance of 22 per cent over the 1938 figure, but it is still 100,000 below the total achieved in 1929. The possibility of a further improvement in this direction next year seems to hinge largely on the question of costs. Wholesale prices of building materials have risen 3.3 per cent since the middle of August, and further advances are threatened. Figures recently released by the SEC show that a cross-section of the building-products manufacturing industry returned profits of 12.6 per cent on sales in 1937. This suggests that there is room for a reduction in profit margins with a view to a stimulation of sales. Certainly any attempt to broaden them would react adversely on the volume of home-building. The current investigation of the building industry by the Department of Justice may, however, tend to discourage profiteering.

The rather tenuous nature of recovery in housing is illustrative of the still-undetermined course of our economy in the coming year. Unless an increasing part of our mounting industrial production can be translated into additional capital equipment, the upward trend is likely to be as rapidly reversed as it was in 1937. And no doubt, if that happens, business will once again blame the New Deal for undermining its confidence. The alibi is already being prepared. An article in the current *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* advises executives to exercise extreme caution in expanding operations so long as Mr. Roosevelt occupies the White House, or until the fiscal, labor, and business-regulation policies which Wall Street dislikes are discontinued. The same article, however, admits that the real crux of the matter is the question whether "goods will continue to be in large-enough demand to warrant further capital investments." It is not very easy to see how scrapping the New Deal would increase the demand for goods; indeed, it is much more probable that it would lead to a sharp curtailment of demand and send all the business indices plunging downward.

The fact is that the road to increased demand is wide open to business should it care to take it, and recent geometrical increases in profits in response to arithmetrical increases in output have given it the signal to go ahead. Again and again in this department, at the risk of boring my readers, I have insisted that the way to stimulate demand is to reduce prices and give elasticity to the consumer's dollar. There is nothing in the least radical about this doctrine. On the contrary, it is part and parcel of the classical principles of economics to which business likes to appeal when any restriction is put on its activities. It would be well, therefore, if our leading industrialists, instead of attempting to eat their individualist cake and have it, would try the effect of lower profit margins as a cure for anemic confidence.

Correction. On October 28 Kelvinator was mentioned in this column as among General Motors' "other interests." This, of course, should have read *Frigidaire*. Kelvinator is the product of the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation.

In the Wind

TO INTIMATES in the United States Alfred Duff Cooper has confided that Britain will have a new Prime Minister in the fairly near future. Although he will undoubtedly deny it publicly, Cooper has even told friends the name of Chamberlain's successor. It is, he says, Alfred Duff Cooper.

SCOOP: FROM the International News Service ticker. "*Amsterdam, October 20.* An early major move by Reichsführer Adolf Hitler in favor of peace or vastly increased hostilities was predicted by well-informed sources in Amsterdam today."

AT THE TIME of the Courageous sinking, London correspondents wanted to remind readers that the King and Queen had visited the ship six weeks before the war began. But the Ministry of Information banned all references to the visit, reminding correspondents that no mention could be made of the movements of the Royal Family—although the visit had been reported in newspapers throughout the world.

VIA UNDERGROUND GERMANY: A German mother taught her child to end her prayers each night by saying: "Thank God for Adolf Hitler." The child faithfully followed instructions, then one night turned bewildered to her mother and asked, "How will I end my prayers if Hitler dies?" "Oh," said the mother, "just say, Thank God."

APPARENTLY THE colonial censors are overworked. An American who received a letter from Trinidad found the envelope stamped: "Opened by the Censor." A piece of gummed paper was glued over the edge where the letter had apparently been opened. The recipient soaked the letter and removed the gummed paper. The envelope was intact.

THE "CHRISTIAN MOBILIZERS" are suffering from serious internal disorders; there was a fist-fight in their offices recently between leader Joe McWilliams and one of his chief aides. . . . It won't appear publicly for some time, but a new left-wing group is definitely being formed. . . . Newspaper circulations have nosedived sharply since the war settled down. . . . At least four more Communist Party chieftains are likely to be indicted for passport trouble.

THE BRITISH government has flashed the green light to lecturers planning American trips. At first it had intended to keep all its orators home, letting American sympathizers and Canadian speakers plead the Allied cause here. But evidence of anti-Chamberlain and even anti-British feeling here has altered the decision. Former critics of Chamberlain—like Alfred Duff Cooper—are being especially encouraged to speak here.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Holland in War Time

The Hague, October 14

IF THE war should end quickly no country would rejoice more than Holland. Yet many would regret a settlement which did not wholly remove Hitler from the scene. As long as there is a Nazi government in Berlin, nobody in Holland will feel safe. There is here a small and waning Dutch Nazi Party which still publishes a weekly, but I hear that it has lost ground rapidly since Hitler went into partnership with Stalin. Not a daily newspaper, save perhaps one, leans to the Nazi cause. It is true that bankers and traders, and Holland is a nation of traders, would be sorry to see Germany wrecked, since it is their natural hinterland and a chief customer, but those same bankers and traders are heartily behind every move to perfect the arrangements for flooding a large part of Holland to keep out the Nazis—some very interesting things are being done in this connection which never appear in print. It is also true that Holland is not nearly so menaced as Scandinavia or suffering so much. It has stood the first shock of war much better than in 1914 and better than anyone thought possible two months ago. If its merchant fleet has been thoroughly disorganized by the British blockade control, that has not been going on long enough to be felt too grievously.

There will be suffering, however, if the war continues a long time, for export and import trade is extremely important and mobilization has entailed great expense. Holland makes a good deal of money out of its colonies and will benefit from the increased prices which their products have brought since September 1, provided these products can be brought to Europe. The government is helping out the merchant marine by supplying war-time insurance and has been bringing over cargoes of grain on its own account, one of which, worth 1,500,000 guilders, was lost last week with the Binnendijk. But when I went around the harbor at Amsterdam yesterday I was appalled to see only one foreign flag in the harbor and that over a French vessel undergoing repairs. Still, the figure of the unemployed does not seem to have risen alarmingly. Some 400,000 in a population of 8,600,000 were out of work before war came, and probably not many more are now jobless. For this the mobilization is in part responsible; nearly 400,000 troops are under arms, enough, it is hoped, to keep back the Germans until the land can be flooded. But the unemployed will increase slowly and steadily if the war drags on. Everyone I have spoken with here or in England says that if the war lasts three years it will wreck the economy and the civilization of all Europe. That is the view of an important banker with whom I talked this morning and of a number of the diplomats stationed here.

Today Holland is still bartering milk, butter, and eggs for German machinery, chemicals, and medicines. It is not very eager to do this, but it does not dare to cut down the trade for fear of antagonizing the Nazis, who have for some time past been making trouble by demanding the removal of Jewish directors and owners of Dutch firms as a price of continued German orders. The Nazis have also threatened to throw their business to Belgium. Blackjacking is now a regular part of German business policy. Already the Dutch government has had to introduce gasless Sundays, and sugar rationing, the first of a series in all probability, goes into effect in two days. To set an example, the royal family has returned to horses and taken up bicycles—it seems to me that Holland must have the largest number of bicycles per capita of any country on earth and the highest percentage of reckless riders. Outwardly, the country looks prosperous and happy despite the depression that existed in certain lines before the war. The trains are crowded and so are the cafes; the shopping streets are jammed, and the movies—mostly American—very well patronized.

One thing is notable about the press in Holland, and that is the volume of excellent American news that it carries. The dailies are ahead of the English papers in this respect. Indeed, the amount of their foreign telegraphic news and the excellence of their special correspondents in the great capitals are striking and ought to make a profound impression on such Germans as come here. I hear the Dutch papers criticized on the ground that their editorials exert no influence either in peace or war, but I suspect they are well aware of the danger of being too aggressively anti-German just now. If they are not brilliant editorially, they still keep up high standards and give no impression of being primarily advertising mediums. They are numerous too, especially when one recalls that Chicago has only one morning newspaper (and look at the damn thing) and New York really only two. That is not the only thing in which Holland is ahead of us. It makes a New Dealer hang his head in shame to see how housing in this country has kept up with the growth of population—21 per cent in fifteen years. All the cities have superb blocks of new homes on their fringes. Page all our innumerable housing authorities!

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

HAVE WE AN AMERICAN ART?

BY CONSTANCE ROURKE

GIST OF ART. By John Sloan. American Artists' Group. $3.75.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S STORY. By George Biddle. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

AND HE SAT AMONG THE ASHES: A Biography of Louis M. Eilshemius. By William Schack. American Artists' Group. $3.

MODERN AMERICAN PAINTING. By Peyton Boswell, Jr. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES. Edited by Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster. $10.

HAVE WE AN AMERICAN ART? By Edward Alden Jewell. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.75.

AMERICA'S OLD MASTERS. By James Thomas Flexner. Viking Press. $3.75.

THE ARTIST OF THE REVOLUTION: The Early Life of Charles Willson Peale. By Charles Coleman Sellers. Feather and Good. $7.50.

AMERICAN art is having something of a gala day, to judge by the number of current exhibitions, anthologies, histories, biographies, autobiographies, and critical inquiries the season has brought us, with others in the immediate past and more promised. An explosion of interest is occurring not unlike that which American poetry enjoyed some twenty or twenty-five years ago.

Among the artists no single impresario has come forward to rival Amy Lowell among the poets by a gift for reverberating publicity; but contemporary painting has its enthusiasts, or at least one, who like Miss Lowell have played favorites, and other parallels between the two movements are extensive. They began at about the same time, around 1910, each with a bias toward the American subject or scene —in poetry through Masters, Lindsay, and Sandburg, in painting through Sloan, Henri, and other members of the "Eight," unpleasantly called the "ashcan school." Each movement has experienced a strong French infusion, and the two have been closely intertwined through friendships. Poetry developed in the Middle West earlier than did painting and became part of a general literary insurgence. Painting, though less in the public eye, fought its way through the dense undergrowth of a dealers' market in French art in New York. It is now well out in the open. American art is to be seen in all parts of the country with a multitude of fresh subjects; and painters are disclosing literary gifts. In the bulk of their writings they threaten to match the war correspondents, that is, if we count one reproduction of a painting as equal to ten printed pages, which seems fair enough.

What John Sloan and the other members of the "Eight" accomplished in their fighting years was not so much a discovery or rediscovery of the American scene as proof that its raw or homely aspects could become subjects for art: scrubwomen at their daily tasks, loafers at a bar, women cooking a late meal in a shabby apartment. No one of the "Eight" fought this battle more resolutely than did Sloan, both as a teacher and by the example of his own work, yet in "Gist of Art" he is concerned not with old wars but with his craft. He is against "direct" painting, passionately in favor of underpainting, glazing, low relief, what he calls sculpturing in paint, and a conscious division of form and color. One may belong to the other side at any point yet find his concern irresistible because of the ardent and generous character from which it so clearly derives. Here in terms almost wholly of techniques we have the sharply drawn self-portrait of one who is continually refreshed by the springs of visual experience. Some 270 of Sloan's paintings, etchings, and drawings, reproduced in a time sequence at the end of the book, are the more enlivening because of the candid salty bits of Sloan's talk set alongside of them.

Toward the end of "An American Artist's Story" George Biddle says, by way of retrospect, that the "Eight" had hardly begun to attract public attention when "an intellectual rift" occurred, signalized by the appearance of a group of modernists who were unconcerned with the American subject. Under the influence of French art they tended toward abstraction. Mr. Biddle does not trace the course of this group, perhaps because his own allegiances in art did not develop until after the war, nor do we learn by what transit he passed from some of the more exotic phases of modernism to the point where he could paint the murals in the Department of Justice Building or "In Memoriam, Sacco and Vanzetti." Contemporary use of art as social protest or social affirmation, or, as is more commonly said, as propaganda, seems a clear sequence out of the work of the "Eight." Sloan's cartoons in the old *Masses* are a definite antecedent. It is stimulating to keep such continuities in mind. But if Mr. Biddle omits an account of this step he has written a highly readable personal record with a broad sketching in of art movements and social backgrounds, as he traces his emergence as an artist from Philadelphia, Groton, and Harvard by way of the Far West, the South Seas, and Paris. His descriptions of personalities, particularly if they tend toward the bizarre, have a way of lighting up general issues. Sometimes they provide illumination of the farther past in our art history, as does the strongly drawn chapter on Mary Cassatt.

The biography of Eilshemius, the self-styled old Mahatma, goes off on another tack altogether. We shall hardly

expect to find there a reflection of broad movements. Eilshemius has been cut off from the contemporary world by an obsession as to recognition which has driven him to the brink of the psychopathic. His life seems to have contained no dramatic episodes; his free and rather delicate lyric talent has shown no marked stages of development. But it is humanly as well as aesthetically significant that a gift such as his could carry a dead weight through many years and keep its intrinsic quality. This is matter for a slender, sympathetic study. Mr. Schack has blown it up beyond the natural scale of its form and content in "And He Sat Among the Ashes," producing a massive book packed with inconsiderable detail. His tone, unfortunately, is facetious, and the slight inner theme is lost.

If Eilshemius represents an exception or digression, we return to the question of movements in Mr. Boswell's spacious anthology of color reproductions, "Modern American Art." He has ruled out the abstractionists as "not American" —Marin, Weber, Walkowitz, Stuart Davis, and others who typify the "intellectual rift" of which Mr. Biddle speaks. He skims rather lightly in his choices over work that represents social protest. The American scene of the "Eight" was mainly urban; this is only touched upon, with one picture each by Sloan and Bellows. The principal figures are those whom Thomas Craven has discussed far and wide: Benton, Burchfield, Curry, Marsh, and Wood, who have come into notice within the last ten years and who, with the exception of Marsh, represent the rise of the Middle West in painting, with an emphasis upon the rural or provincial subject. Other work representing the same drift in New England and the South is broadly shown. Except for Sheeler's "City Interior" and one or two other pictures one wouldn't guess from this collection that the actual American scene is highly industrial. Mr. Boswell includes informal brief biographies of some seventy artists that give a great sense of vitality to the movement he portrays. By way of preface he has written a rapid sketch of American art history, and he shows some eighteen reproductions of American paintings from the past. His choice here seems somewhat cursory. Copley, for example, does not appear. Mr. Boswell obviously views the past only as a backdrop. With unmistakable enthusiasm he insists that American art has at last come of age through the work of a very contemporary, selected group, and still further that these artists have created "the only new development in the world of art," one which promises to be "the most important movement since the days of the Italian Renaissance."

Even a confirmed Middle Westerner may be abashed by these statements. We have at last the rise of the Middle West and of some other regional art, but does this make the occasion for hanging out so many large bright banners? At least the season brings this view well forward. In the preface to his sumptuous collection in color of world masterpieces Mr. Craven offers it again, declaring that his chosen five are "leaders in the most exciting and important art movement existing in a troubled world." It would be too much to say that the magnificent sequence of the "Treasury," beginning with Giotto and the great Italians and coming down through the greater stages of European art history, is only a prelude for the work of Benton, Burchfield, Curry, Marsh, and Wood; but they achieve a climactic final position in this volume, and they occupy one-third of the space devoted to American art. No other contemporary American painters except Sloan are included; and Mr. Craven's consideration of our earlier American art, like that of Mr. Boswell, seems casual. He has reproduced the exceedingly well-known Mrs. Seymour Fort by Copley, the perennial Washington by Gilbert Stuart, the much-reproduced "Snowy Heron" by Audubon, not a typical work nor one of the finest: indeed, the background of the Carolina rice plantation was almost surely painted by another hand.

Both Mr. Craven and Mr. Boswell buoyantly note the poor reception of the American exhibitions sent to Paris and London last summer. They believe our art was disparaged beacuse it differed from French or English art, and this they take to mean that our art is at last distinctively American. A good many sly remarks were made by the French and English critics, it is true, but their main view seems to have been that American art is still imitative, mainly imitative of French art, or else only weak and sprawling. The whole affair made a little episode which Mr. Jewell has perhaps taken too seriously in "Have We an American Art?" These remarks belong to the harmless back-talk always going on outside the realm of politics among the nationals of various countries: the French and the English have been at it for decades among themselves. We have always been a particularly easy target because of our habit of throwing our hats over the moon. Mr. Jewell is against hat-throwing. He disapproves of "the band-wagon movement of the American scene" or what in another place he calls with considerable severity "its inebriate debauch." He wants to see painters less occupied with the question whether their work is or is not American, more concerned with universal values. The true subject, he says, lies within.

This is wise counsel; but since outspoken controversy is the life of the arts, we wish that Mr. Jewell had named names, for this would have added both sparkle and clarity to the argument. In the same connection he might have named pictures, and still further he might have discussed the work of those artists who, as he feels, are achieving universal values. As for the question posed by Mr. Jewell's title, he answers it with a resounding yes, but when we eagerly turn the pages to learn what American art substantially is, we learn only that it is American because it is created in America by Americans.

Neither Mr. Jewell, Mr. Boswell, nor Mr. Craven has defined the character of American art, though each leads us to expect that he will do so. Each either diminishes or disregards the past. Mr. Boswell believes that we have "emerged from three centuries of European subservience" into the position of "a world power in art" because of "disillusionment with international entanglements during the World War." But surely disillusionment is a minor motive, and any art promising a firm development has deeper roots than can be established within twenty years. Perhaps the time is not yet ripe for defining native qualities; there is still plenty to be studied and restudied and much territory that is unknown or only partially known. If sequences or continuities

have existed they may only gradually come to light. It is an evidence of vitality that two books have appeared in the midst of the contemporaneous approach which go at the question the other way around, well toward the beginning: "The Artist of the Revolution: The Early Life of Charles Willson Peale," by Charles Coleman Sellers, and "America's Old Masters," by James Thomas Flexner, who applies the phrase to West, Copley, Peale, and Stuart, thereby suggesting that in their rather long period we had an art that was our own.

To be sure, Mr. Flexner throws away the implications of his title at once, saying that he is concerned with the character of these artists, not with their art, which he leaves to the critics. Their lives were full of change, rich in episodes; so Mr. Flexner gets, in each case, a story; and he has a shrewd eye for effective detail, great competence in handling masses of material, and a spirited style. But what comes out of these biographies is not the character but the career, except in the case of Stuart, who is broadly and even brilliantly drawn. West never emerges as an individual from his vast mythologies and his friendship with George III. Copley is strangely seen as the embodiment of a single quality, timidity. Though Mr. Flexner warms toward Peale in the end, he describes this artist's odd restless acts so crisply and piles them up in such a heap that Peale becomes ridiculous. Mr. Flexner has obviously enjoyed his expeditions into the lives of these artists; it is therefore difficult to understand why he has blacked out or generalized their immediate backgrounds, why, for example, he speaks so frequently of "the wilderness," "the savages," "the Jehovah-haunted coast." Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, where these men lived for varying lengths of time in the second half of the eighteenth century, cannot be accurately described in such terms; the cities then exhibited a distinct worldliness and sophistication. Nor were West, Copley, Peale, and Stuart by any means "the first artists of the new world," as Mr. Flexner's subtitle has it. They were preceded by a very considerable number whose paintings are known; and Ralph Earl's beautiful, severe work belongs to the same period as theirs, with that of other lesser but interesting men.

In his book on Peale, a period study, not a full length biography, Mr. Sellers is not concerned with aesthetic criticism, but he has evoked Peale's work against the minutely circumstantial background of this artist's life in Maryland, in Philadelphia, and during the Revolution; and he has drawn the portrait with an intimate charm. The limber, irrepressible, generous character comes to life. We now need Peale at full length, and finally we should have the voluminous Peale diaries, which Mr. Sellers knows so well.

Probably some significance attaches to the fact that nearly all these books have used the approach of biography rather than of criticism, as by a common instinct to place artists and their work within that native scene which is now so much discussed. Mr. Craven is at his best in the informal notes, partly biographical, that accompany each picture in his monumental anthology. If we may quarrel with some of his choices of American painting, for the rest he has given us an inexhaustible collection, one which moreover may suggest certain broad commentaries upon American art: the pictures in his great sequence offer eternities in art; they provide touchstones. It may be salutary to compare Benton's "Persephone" with Cranach's "Nymph of the Spring," which Mr. Craven also reproduces. Mr. Boswell's whole panoramic collection may be played off against Mr. Craven's with significant results, not only as to the quality of individual American works but as to the elusive American element. There may be no final agreement about what is American, and we shall probably hear more from those who contend that such distinctions are futile, that art is not national. We may hope that further controversies may develop, with new panoramas of pictures, for the spilling out of conflicting ideas should mean a more general exploration of our diverse and burgeoning art and a larger, more widespread enjoyment of it.

Lobbies and Lawmakers

THE PRESSURE BOYS. By Kenneth G. Crawford. Julian Messner. $3.

PERHAPS the most striking accomplishment of the New Deal has been to pack the executive arm of the government with a minority of able and honest men. Not one of them would have previously had the opportunity or digestion to touch politics with a ten-foot pole. Yet they are not rich and righteous silk stockings who want nothing more than to disqualify Irish building contractors from wielding political power. They have made their peace with the dilemma of muckraking days: why do all the able young men want to work for our corporations and why don't any of them want to work for our government? The New Dealers by and large reflect the feeling of so many Americans that the only way to do anything about corruption is by a revolution whose corruption would be worse; as a matter of fact, many Americans are grateful right now for the opportunity of living under corruption by Congressional vote rather than corruption by dictatorial decree. To them the New Dealers' concentration on economic and social objectives rather than on corruption as such undoubtedly seems the better part of realism.

Coming as it does at the end of eight years of this effort of decent, intelligent people to live alongside their Congressmen, this book by Mr. Crawford, who writes for *The Nation* from Washington, is particularly important. For the New Dealers are the first to confess that their achievement to date is embodied more in memos and unfulfilled programs than in legislation and reemployment. This book about the corruptionists describes the people who have stalemated the New Deal. Indeed, nothing could make this book more timely than the recurrence of war—it licked Wilson's New Freedom—which has reunited the Democratic Party under the hegemony of the Southerners, who have only their votes to sell, and given political leadership to Pittman of the silver pork barrel, who has been demanding the scalps of the New Dealers. The names which recur again and again in Crawford's lurid tale of the lobbyists are Tydings, O'Connor, Cummings—the old line politicos who have been most effective in making the New Deal just a popular smoke screen for bigger and better favors.

Take, for instance, the case of former Attorney General Homer Cummings, author of the court-packing bill for which Tommy Corcoran has always been blamed. Crawford tells about Bruce Kremer, purged National Committeeman from Montana, whom you had to see if you wished to arrange matters with the Department of Justice. He relates how Kremer turned up as lawyer for Hopson's Associated Gas system, whose financial set-up is so fantastic that utility magnates talk like SEC commissioners about it; how one of Kremer's colleagues in the Associated affair was that well-known Washington lawyer Pat Hurley, Hoover's Secretary of War. He tells the story of that other Associated lawyer Basil O'Connor, whose brother, Rules Committee O'Connor, finally paid with his political head for his scandalous protection of Hopson. He goes into the story of Cummings's former first assistant and later law partner, William Stanley, who represented Columbia Gas and Oil while he was on the department's pay roll for $10,000 a year, which is tops for government. Nor does he omit mention of the still intriguing relations between Cummings, his Assistant Attorney General, Brien McMahon, and Cummings's old law client, a Connecticut industrialist of parts named Coster.

"The Pressure Boys" is worth reading if only for the way it takes the frock coat off the back of Millard Tydings, who invokes only the loftiest principles in fighting economic and social legislation. It seems that Tydings's entrepreneur activities were conducted in partnership with a lawyer named Levy, who was retained by liquor interests and the National Association of Retail Druggists. Thereupon, Tydings got busy with his famous price-fixing bill—government intervention in business on a scale no New Dealer ever envisioned—which, explains Crawford, he shoved through Congress as a rider on the District of Columbia's 1937 appropriation bill: Roosevelt could not veto the bill without depriving Washington of funds for its local government. Tydings, to protect the taxpayers, has fought government spending: on page 25 Crawford tells how Tydings lobbied the USHA to get $100,000 for a client of his who owned slum properties; on page 291, how even Dan Roper was scandalized by Tydings's lobbying for a ship-scrapping contract for another client; most incredible of all, on pages 290-91, how the WPA built a road to his estate for $7,000 —nearly a year's pay for a Senator—on the contract for which another law partner of his pocketed a commission, and how the government dug "a yacht basin in front of his Havre de Grace home—handy for his mother-in-law's yacht."

Then we have the sugar crowd, with its enormous Senatorial strength and its fantastic civil wars. And the shipping gang, where we meet up with Elisha Hanson, who likes to play Joan of Arc for free speech, some Hoover luminaries, and the rest of the crowd. It is too bad that Crawford finished his book before he could tell the story of how Bill Shearer came back to town in connection with cash-and-carry, and how the other ship lobbyists have been operating in the Senate—this is one reason the bill took so long to get through. At any rate, people who like the New Deal enough to vote for it again in spite of the fact that it doesn't get anything done can learn by reading this book about the motives of many who have put sand in the machinery. The publishers deserve to be hung for not indexing all the fascinating documentation in the volume.

ELIOT JANEWAY

Patroon Schuyler's Son-in-law

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By David Loth. Carrick and Evans. $3.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S is the first of our great American success stories, and the tale of the "bastard brat of a Scots peddler" from St. Nevis in the Danish West Indies has been told many times. William Graham Sumner used it to illustrate the wickedness of government interference in business. Henry Cabot Lodge turned the story into a kind of Republican campaign document. Robert Warshow celebrated Hamilton as the greatest Secretary of the Treasury before Andrew Mellon. Vandenberg, the literary man from Michigan, called Hamilton "the Greatest American" and explained away his hero's contemptuous reference to "our real disease, which is democracy." It seems that Hamilton was "the great original American crusader" against "what the modern day would more accurately brand as bolshevism." Hamilton has been twice psychoanalyzed. Harry Elmer Barnes once traced Hamilton's "authority-loving" personality to the fact that he was practically fatherless, though the old gentleman did write home occasionally when he ran out of funds. Johan J. Smertenko, after running a hand over Hamilton's id, pronounced him "a susceptible neurotic" burdened with an inferiority complex due to his birth out of wedlock.

Loth's approach in this new biography is indicated by its subtitle, "Portrait of a Prodigy." Hamilton's early maturity and exceptional ability would have brought him success in any society. But while his low origin and penniless beginning would have been serious obstacles in the England he admired, they did not prove so in the States. Hamilton despised democracy and loved order, but it was only in the more equalitarian atmosphere of America and in a turbulent period of revolution and social reconstruction that he could have achieved so rapid a rise. At twenty he was aide-de-camp to Washington, at thirty-one a Founding Father, at thirty-three Secretary of the Treasury, Washington's one-man brain trust, drafter of the President's speeches, dominant figure of the Cabinet, hated "King of the Feds." Hamilton at thirty-eight was already an Elder Statesman, retired from the Treasury to a profitable law practice in New York. Loth tells the story well, and those who have not read it before will not be disappointed in his pages. He has an eye for color and a feeling for the dramatic. But he makes no contribution to our understanding of Hamilton, and he writes of the great political struggles of his time in a curiously a-political way. The details are there, but the fire is lacking. The "Report on Manufactures" becomes a kind of interlude amid assignations with Maria Reynolds, and the struggle between Hamilton and Jefferson, between the plutocratic and the democratic point of view, is too prettily refereed. Hamilton is declared right in mistrusting the "brain power" of the people; Jefferson,

in trusting to their "instinct." But the real job of the historian and biographer is not to weigh anti-equalitarian abstractions against equalitarian but to study their impact on immediate and practical issues. All men may not be created equal, but those who thought they were helped to create the equality in which they believed.

We have not yet had a revaluation of Hamilton in terms of contemporary doctrine and in the light of contemporary problems. Though this Gracchus-in-reverse has always been the hero of our upper classes, his broad view of the federal government's powers has become one of the mainstays of New Deal constitutional theory; thus the minority in the first AAA decision went back to Hamilton's conception of the "general welfare" clause to support government intervention in behalf of agriculture. For Hamilton was no believer in laissez faire. Under his leadership the merchant and the speculator seized boldly on the instruments of the new government and used them for their own purposes. Hamilton's rationalization was that a strong national government could only be established if it served the interests of those classes that wanted a strong national government. Loth, like past biographers, regards this circular reasoning as statesmanlike insight. But only Gustavus Myers, in his "History of the Supreme Court," has given us a glimpse of the clients and wealthy family connections which provide as good an explanation for Hamilton's actions as his theories. Hamilton, like Madison, was a "Marxist," for we sometimes forget that the view of society as a struggle of classes is far older than Marx. Yet we have no Marxist biography of Hamilton, no "economic interpretation" of the poor boy who married a Schuyler, of the eighteenth-century John W. Davis who came to conclusions on society that coincided with the interests of his clients.

I. F. STONE

The China War

CHAOS IN ASIA. By Hallett Abend. Ives Washburn. $3.

THE head of the China Bureau of the New York *Times*—Hallett Abend—has been widely criticized in recent years for his failure to bestir himself out of Shanghai into the interior of China where things have been really happening. Your reviewer confesses to have been one of the critics. But criticism gives way to sincere praise on reading what, as a journalistic achievement, must be set down as one of the best books written on the Far East since the outbreak of war.

It is not the book of a war correspondent. Mr. Abend's experiences with actual fighting were limited to Shanghai, where he was wounded in a misguided aerial bombing in the early weeks of the conflict. Yet it is a war book and an important one in that it shows, in an extraordinarily graphic way, the effects of the Japanese invasion on the occupied sections of China—and on Japan itself. Mr. Abend pulls no punches. He sets forth the full sordid story of Japanese looting and raping, of organized gambling, opium smoking, prostitution, and armed robbery under official Japanese protection. He tells of the Japanese plans to monopolize all business in the occupied areas, of their spying and terroristic activities, of the studied insolence of the Japanese soldiers to Chinese, and even foreign, civilians. No extensive trip to the interior is necessary to document this indictment of Japan's "New Order in Asia," which Mr. Abend calls "the New Disorder." Scores of illustrations are taken from the author's personal experience in Shanghai. The conduct of the Japanese sentries at the Garden Bridge at Shanghai provides a whole chapter of bitter anecdotes.

No writer has gone farther than Mr. Abend in picturing the weakness of Japan's position. He quotes the commander-in-chief of the Japanese armies in China as admitting that his troops are probably worse disciplined than are those of any other important nation in the world. He tells of the desperate economic situation in which Japan finds itself, of malnutrition at home, and of the weakness of the yen abroad. And he describes the efforts of the Japanese to escape the effects of the American and British boycotts of Japanese products. "Nearly every ship that leaves Kobe for Shanghai," he writes, "carries a heavy tonnage of Japanese silk. At Shanghai it is rebaled, labeled 'Made in China,' and reshipped to American or European ports."

The book's special merit is perhaps its lively readable style. Persons who know nothing of Chinese geography and less of Chinese personalities will probably find it the easiest reading of recent books on the East, while those who are familiar with the Orient will derive profit from its information and anecdotes. Apart from a somewhat annoying way of stressing the author's successes in prognostication, it has no conspicuous faults. It tells little about "Free China" or guerrilla warfare, but that has been admirably done by other writers.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Artists of Science

SCIENCE TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Waldemar Kaempffert. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IN SCIENCE, by and large, there are two types of workers—artists and methodists. As in other fields, the artists are rare. And their work frequently lacks definite attachments to the world of reality and is sometimes extremely difficult to comprehend. This book is concerned with certain highly imaginative fields of investigation—so imaginative, in fact, that the book takes on the quality of a Jules Verne travel tale. Its author, as scientific editor of the New York *Times*, has had a unique opportunity to view all branches of science, and nobody can write better on a wide variety of subjects than he.

His description of researches into the chemical nature of stars and the physical properties of planets leaves the reader with a grasp of the immensity of the problems being attacked by astronomers, and explains the necessity for such a thing as the two-hundred-inch mirror, which has had more notice as a feat of glass-blowing than as a scientific instrument. For sheer unreality, the most thrilling chapter is the one on researches with rockets and rocket transportation. Many people know that a Professor Goddard has been experimenting with rockets with the hope of developing a method of leaving this planet; but I doubt if anybody except those directly interested appreciates how enormous are the problems involved. The designers of a rocket to be manned by human beings and dispatched outside the earth's atmosphere have

to solve, among other problems, that of the lack of gravitational pull and the absence of oxygen. Only fools would undertake such research, say the pedestrians, as they sweep two little facts together to make a mole-hill; yet this seemingly fantastic endeavor has already made distinct contributions to the utilization of fuels.

The wonders of present-day chemistry and the crucial problems facing biologists in connection with the nature of the gene are well handled. There is so much material packed between the covers of this book, however, that it would be futile to select some parts of it for praise. It is better to say that here is modern science in its more astounding phases. Because of the author's grasp of his subject and the simplicity of his style the book makes excellent reading.

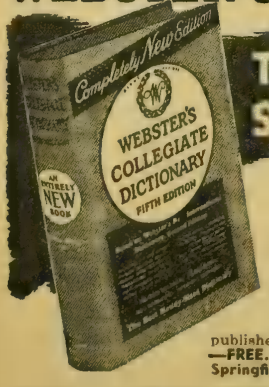
HUGH H. DARBY

Recent Fiction

SUN AND STORM. By Unto Seppänen. Translated by Kenneth C. Kaufman. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

This new Finnish novel provides an interesting contrast with Sillanpaa's "Meek Heritage," which was written in 1919 but published in English translation only a year ago. In place of the grim, unrelieved tragedy of the earlier story, "Sun and Storm" traces the rise of a peasant clan through three generations, through the dark days of Russian oppression and the World War and the Bolshevist uprising, to peace and independence. Its picture of Finnish national pride and Russophobia may help to throw light on current negotiations in Moscow.

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ARTILLERY OF TIME. By Chard Powers Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

With the leisurely thoroughness of a Trollope or a Dickens Mr. Smith draws a clear-cut, full-bodied portrait of a Yankee family in the 1850's and through the Civil War, a picture replete with both atmosphere and incident. In the two young Lathrop brothers, John and Ike, he embodies the two driving forces that made the war inevitable and helped to determine its outcome: the crusading idealism of the Abolitionists and the hard-headed practical enterprise of the Northern industrialists. Rich, sympathetic characterization, breadth of scope, and easy mastery of style raise "Artillery of Time" far above the rank and file of Civil War novels.

THE TORGUTS. By W. L. River. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

In 1771 the Torguts, or Kalmucks, a Mongolian tribe about four hundred thousand strong, rose up against the oppression of Catherine the Great, left their adopted lands along the Volga, and set out in mass for their original homeland three thousand miles away. This dramatic migration, depicted a century ago by De Quincey in his "Flight of a Tatar Tribe," not only furnishes an amazing story of dogged perseverance but poignantly calls to mind the plight of uprooted groups today, who have made or are faced with the prospect of making a similar trek in search of liberty and a chance to live.

MRS. MORTON IN MEXICO. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

A diadem of little tales about a charming Englishwoman, old in years but young in heart, who has adopted a remote Mexican village as a home. Served by a devoted cook and a house-boy and a half-witted gardener, she dispenses pesos and kindnesses to her simple neighbors, plays hostess at intervals to a fugitive general and a distinguished poet, and, shortly before her death, averts a tragedy by preventing a clash between drink-maddened peasants and federal soldiers who have closed the village church.

LIGHTWOOD. By Brainard Cheney. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Yankee land-agent shenanigans and skulduggery run afoul of squatters' rights in the piney woods of Georgia a few years after the Civil War. The crackers' quick-triggered resentment, together with a local lawyer's scheme for outwitting the land company, leads to arson and murder.

EGYPTIAN INTERLUDE. By Jolán Földes. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Alexandria is the exotic setting for an international mélange by the author of "The Street of the Fishing Cat." A young Hungarian woman, separated from her husband, takes a job in the foreign colony, tries to find a niche for her restless, warm-hearted spirit in the tight little society made up of French, British, Americans, Italians, Germans, and representatives of some other nations that may be obsolete by the time this gets into print. Told in a leisurely fashion, with extensive use of flashbacks, the story aims as much at depict-

g the characteristics of the various nationalities as at un-lding Eve Martin's quest for a place where she can feel e really belongs. LOUIS B. SALOMON

Drama Note

ABOUT the theater this week the less said the better. "Pastoral" (Henry Miller's Theater) is about an im-actical couple of the sort called "lovable" who raise much ell and no chickens on a farm near Kingston. It is vague outline and uncertain of mood. As for "Summer Night" St. James Theater), it is something which Vicki Baum con-ired with Benjamin Glazer to concoct and concerns love in amusement park. Despite elaborate staging it suggests thing so much as one of the lesser radio serials. A well-sposed audience finally gave up and tittered during the g scene. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

"THAT THEY MAY LIVE," the French picture of the Filmarte Theater which cannot be played in rance today, left cold this accidental survivor of the World War who promised himself in 1918 "no more war," though e hero of the film is just such an accidental survivor and s theme the unkept promise. It starts with an excellent quence showing a patrol being sent out into no man's land the Verdun front. Next day comes the armistice. The patrol called back—all the members have been killed with the ception of one who volunteered to take the place of a ther of four children. The story which follows is the story f this man, who promised his comrades that there would ever be such a war again because the surviving soldiers ould not allow the repetition of the slaughter. Released om a hospital, he returns to the village which his company ad held for the time of the war, to work on devices which ould make another war impossible. He invents a steel glass hich no bullets can penetrate. The invention is stolen from im and promptly utilized by the armament industry, and f course the enemy invents a new bullet powerful enough pierce it. Years pass—twenty years—the ex-soldier is aunted by his conscience and by his incapacity to stop a orld moving toward a new war. Reading the headlines hich precede the outbreak of the present war, he does not now in what period he is living—1914 or 1939. He returns the graves of his World War comrades and calls on them rise and march against the soldiers who are marching into ie new war. The dead respond to his appeal, and a ghastly my of war cripples frightens the countryside. The crazy ventor who has called them out of their graves is burned death at the stake. In the end he marches with his former omrades.

Abel Glance, who wrote and directed this story—in its nception it had the merit of imagination and humane con-iction—has made it into a film which conveys merely his wn confused, well-meaning, and impotent pacifism, which

HOW WAR CAME

By

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America's ace radio news analyst here presents his interpretation of the events that led to war and the meaning behind them. You will find it not only an exciting narrative, but will turn to it again and again for light on new problems that arise. Only through full comprehension of the steps that led to the present catastrophe is it possible to understand the trend of world affairs.

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$2.00

By the Author of

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY

ARTS AND THE MAN

A Short Introduction to Aesthetics

By

Irwin Edman

"A book on aesthetics," writes Professor Edman, "is justified not so much by leading the reader to further books on aesthetics, but rather by returning him to the arts, a return marked by sharpened and deepened appreciation." *Arts and the Man* affords the reader this opportunity. It first describes the general relations of art to the whole of our experience, next the origins and functions of the artistic process, then the specific ways in which the arts, through their special media, clarify, vivify and unify our lives. In the concluding chapter, Professor Edman discusses the relation of art to philosophy, throwing new light on the significance of major art and on the imaginative meaning of major philosophies.

$1.75

"BOOKS THAT LIVE"

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY

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he expressed in a little manifesto written on the eve of the present war. There he said:

> I dedicate this film to those who will die in the war of tomorrow. I am sure that they also will view it skeptically, and they will fail to recognize themselves in it. I have made this film because the shadow of war, already dominantly intrenched in the minds of men, is seeping into the world's greatest hearts, while death silently prepares its dreadful counterpart. I accuse the war of yesterday of paving the way for the Europe of today. I accuse the negligent, the unseeing, the selfish, and the grasping of having permitted Europe to split up into rival factions when the blood that had been spilled should have served to cement an indissoluble European alliance. In the picture and words of this film I have attempted to capture an instant of the dizzy rush of the men of today toward war.

The picture is even worse than this manifesto. Instead of telling simply the tragic story of an ex-soldier who could not forget, it merely illustrates the manifesto of the producer without making it any more sensible. A great actor, Victor Francen, is forced to play a part made up of fine phrases and hypocritical feeling. Even his acting cannot always overcome the handicaps. The style of the picture is a mixture of pseudo-realism and pseudo-fantasy, producing an effect of falseness.

"Intermezzo" (Selznick) is a picture I would not have liked to miss. There is, besides Leslie Howard, whom we have not seen for long in such an excellent performance, a new actress—Ingrid Bergman—who beats all the newcomers of many a year. She is unspoiled and natural, wins one's heart in the first moment, and knows how to act without showing it. She can be really gay and really sad and has a way of making the transition from one mood to the other which tells an unspoken story. The picture itself is an outmode and stupid triange affair, with the added punishment of a moral dialogue. When the deep question was asked on the screen, "I wonder whether happiness has ever been based on the unhappiness of others," a lady in my vicinity said loudly, "Plenty"; and the false morality of the whole exploded all around me into laughter.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

IT IS my impression that Schnabel's recordings of the thirty-two sonatas, the five concertos, the Diabelli Variations of Beethoven, and certain works of Schubert and Mozart represent H. M. V.'s intention to do a fairly complete job with Schnabel's performances of these composers' music. The project may not be completed; my impression may not be correct; but if the impression is correct, then the project is the only instance of the phonograph being used in the way it should be with outstanding interpreters. Recordings have been made of some of Toscanini's performances; but I know of no plan to preserve for the future his performances of all the great works of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, and the rest, or even all that he prepares for his broadcasts; and rare opportunities to record his performances of Verdi's Requiem and Beethoven's Missa Solemnis have been allowed to pass. And far from having the superlative Budapest Quartet record the quartet literature, H. M. V. has used this group less than it has the inferior Pro Arte and Busch Quartets, and has assigned to them its most important tasks—the several volumes of Haydn quartets, the Mozart viola quintets, the Schubert 'cello quintet to the Pro Arte, the last Beethoven quartets to the Busch. A year ago, after the Budapest's Beethoven series at the Y. M. H. A., I suggested that Victor record these performances. I was aware of a record company's unwillingness to duplicate; and I would not have expected anything less than the artistic magnitude of the Budapest performances—less, that is, in sales possibilities—to induce Victor to duplicate its Beethoven recordings. But I was wrong: Victor is duplicating all the Beethoven quartets, and not with the Budapest but with the Coolidge Quartet. This gives Columbia an opportunity; and meanwhile the Budapest Beethoven series is being repeated at the Y. M. H. A. on November 8, 15, 22, 29, and December 2, and should not be missed.

The Coolidge Quartet offers Beethoven's Opus 18, No. 1, played with fine technical finish and great musical understanding (M-550, $5). Handel's Organ Concerto Opus 7, No. 4 (M-587, $4.50) begins and ends impressively, but is not, as a whole, one of the composer's most impressive works. It is well played by E. Power Biggs and Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta; and the fine sound of the Baroque Organ of the Germanic Museum is recorded with admirable fidelity. Mozart's Flute Concerto K. 314 (M-589, $3.50) is one of the least consequential of all the pieces of hackwork that he turned out, but provides the occasion for beautiful flute-playing by Marcel Moyse. And on a single record (1998, $1.50) is Stokowski's latest monstrosity, an orchestral version of Chopin's Prelude Opus 28, No. 24, with a quiet performance of Stravinsky's acidulous "Pastorale" on the reverse side.

The Trapp Family Choir's album, Folk Songs of Central Europe (M-586, $7.50), offers music which is artless and charming in small quantities at a time, and which is beautifully sung in an excessively miniature style. On a single record (2007, $1.50) Melchior sings Grieg's "Swan" with characteristically sensitive phrasing and delivers two inconsequential songs of encore type by Sverre Jordan in brilliant encore style. Another song of the same type is Frank Bridge's "Love Went a-Riding," which Flagstad brackets with an overphrased version of "Songs My Mother Taught Me" (2009, $1.50).

Moderately enjoyable, among recent jazz records, are the Bud Freeman "China Boy" and "The Eel" (Bluebird 10386); the Muggsy Spanier "That Da Da Strain"—but not Muggsy's solo in "Some Day, Sweetheart" on the reverse side (Bluebird 10384); the Bob Zurke streamlined version of "Honkey Tonk Train Blues" (Victor 26342); Zurke's playing in "I've Found a New Baby" and "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" (Victor 26355); Maxine Sullivan's "Turtle Dove"—but not "Ill Wind" on the reverse side (Victor 26344). And Alec Templeton's "Man with New Radio" (Victor 26348) is funnier than his "And the Angels Sing" (26353); but his piano solos on the reverse sides are not even funny.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Seward Collins as Bondsman

Dear Sirs: In your editorial of October 28, The Colonel House Hoax, you recorded that it was a telegram from me which informed the wrangling Representatives that the document signed "Colonel House," which had precipitated a quarrel when placed in the *Record*, was in reality Dr. William J. Maloney's brilliant 1919 skit on British propaganda, to which Colonel House's name had recently and very stupidly been forged. In mentioning my part your editorial writer described me as having been "on at least one occasion bondsman for the Bundsmen." In the interest of accuracy let me say that I have on no occasion furnished bail for a member of the German-American Bund, nor for that matter had any other connection with the Bund people.

The nearest I came to doing so was when I furnished bail for Mrs. Ignatz Griebl, in circumstances that could not but have been approved by most *Nation* readers. Her husband, Dr. Griebl, who had been connected with the Bund's predecessor, the Friends of New Germany, last year skipped to Germany when being questioned in the so-called "Nazi spy case." Soon after Dr. Griebl's disappearance, Mrs. Griebl was arrested as a "material witness," but the real reason for her arrest was made plain by the arraigning judge, who told her that her troubles would all be over if she would just get in touch with Dr. Griebl and have him come back to this country (newspapers of June 10, 1938). Whereupon I furnished bail for her and issued a protest against this "hostage" kind of arrest. Incidentally, my protest was later proved fully justified when Mrs. Griebl was released before the "spy trial" and allowed to join her husband in Germany.

My main reason for writing you is to point out that this episode had absolutely no connection with my part in exposing "the Colonel House Hoax." It was purely gratuitous to drag in, inaccurately, an action arising from my interest in justice to Nazis among others, when recounting an action arising from my special knowledge of British propaganda and counter-propaganda.

SEWARD COLLINS

New York, October 29

[We owe Mr. Collins an apology. We must admit that we were imprecise about his activities as a bondsman. We had in mind not only Mrs. Griebl but Allen Zoll, for whom Mr. Collins put up $3,000 bail when the leader of American Patriots, Inc., was accused of trying to extort $7,500 from Donald Flamm of WMCA last July. We admit that one wife of a proto-Bundist plus one American Patriot, Inc., does not equal one Bundist, but the extent of the difference seems in the realm of calculus rather than arithmetic. In justice to Mr. Collins, who describes himself as a rightist but does not object to being called a fascist, it should be added that after putting up bail for Zoll he wrote a letter to the press in which he said: "There is no 'free speech' issue here; Mr. Flamm was fully justified in discontinuing Father Coughlin's addresses after the serious inaccuracies concerning Jews which Father Coughlin made—not only made but repeated after he had been corrected." It is also interesting to recall that Mr. Collins was once a bondsman on the other side of the political fence, and bailed John Dos Passos, Dorothy Parker, and Mike Gold out of jail during the Sacco-Vanzetti case.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Murphy in Word and Deed

Dear Sirs: Attorney General Frank Murphy is making bold efforts these days to convince the American people that he is on the trail of any and everyone who is a menace to democracy. He assures us that his department will crack down on anyone who violates the constitutional guaranties of civil liberty.

Can Mr. Murphy think of a single civil right more fundamental than that of "a fair and impartial trial by jury"? Yet what is he doing about the gross injustice done to John Longo, who was convicted in New Jersey by a "planted jury" of the political offense of attempting to file nominating petitions said to contain a few faulty signatures against the Hague Democratic machine?

It is a known fact that agents of the Department of Justice spent several weeks in Jersey City diligently investigating the Longo case. Even a cursory probe should have revealed rank fraud in the jury that sent this man to prison for nine months because he dared to oppose the corrupt Jersey Tammany.

Until Mr. Murphy actually uses his powers to prosecute ruthless political tyrants in his own party who are undermining American democracy, without being forced to do so by evidence dumped in his lap by such Republican officials as District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, we must keep our tongues in our cheeks when he makes his high-sounding protestations about preserving civil rights and upholding the Constitution.

LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Jersey City, October 23

Appeal for Facts

Dear Sirs: In the September 30 issue of *The Nation* the editors make two statements which seem to represent a growing weakness in their crusade against fascism. The first ends a paragraph commenting upon the letters to Congress by organized minorities. It reads: "It is still a war against fascism, despite Mr. Chamberlain."

Of course, the editor who wrote that meant that in his or her judgment the war is against fascism. But one does not read magazines like *The Nation* merely to learn the opinions of its editors. In the past at any rate we looked for factual and theoretical reasons for the holding of opinions. The present war, for example, may or may not be a war against fascism. Dogmatic statements either way do not help to clarify the issues, and complexities are never resolved by merely ignoring them.

The second statement is found in the answer of the editors to Mr. Farrell's letter. It reads: "We agreed with Stalin as long as he agreed with us." If this was written seriously and not in a spirit of mere bravado, the sentence should read, "We agreed with Stalin as long as we thought he agreed with us." Such articles as Krivitsky's in the *Saturday Evening Post*, as well as countless other sources of information, might have made you a trifle more skeptical about the policies of Stalin. Under the circumstances is it not possible that *The Nation* was a bit superficial in its eagerness to accept appearances for reality where

Stalin was concerned, and may not the same superficiality mislead it into too simple an explanation of what the present war is about or likely to accomplish?

EVAN W. THOMAS

New York, October 23

On California Side Roads

Dear Sirs: Travel in California is pleasant—if you stick to the main roads. We discovered that after a 3,500-mile tour of the state. Up and down the Sacramento, Salinas, and San Joaquin valleys we saw unending acres of wheat, vegetables, and fruits—a richness which seemed to put the rest of the country on a different level of agricultural development.

But in California, unlike Ohio or Indiana, there are hardly any farmhouses adjoining the fields and orchards. We found, instead, signs which read, "Sugar Beet Grown Here for Spreckles," "Union Sugar Grown Here," "Headquarters of Salinas Land Company," "Kern County Land Company," "Ferry Morse Seed Company," and "Eckhard Seed Company." In Kings City we asked who owned the surrounding land and were told, " W. R. Hearst owns 500,000 acres."

Then we went off the main roads, to Arvin and Weed Patch and around Bakersfield, Tulare, and Visalia. Grapes had just been gathered and the cotton was ready to be picked. We found a few small farms and began to hear fighting words from their beleaguered owners. They were bucking the Associated Farmers, composed of big landholders like Di Giorgio, Merritt, Hoover, the Fricks, the Bank of America, and the utility corporations. These dirt farmers were battling for their land, for water, and for a supply of pure cotton seed, which they declared were being grabbed by the big monopolies.

Then we saw what the whole state of California is up in arms about. We were in the "Grapes of Wrath" country, and we saw the migratory slums—the ragged tents of the Hoovervilles outside Bakersfield, the rotton encampments opposite the rich Jewitt lands near Arvin.

At Arvin and Farmersville the government has established permanent camps for the migratory workers which are a partial answer to the problem caused by low wages and unsanitary living conditions. But everyone was even more interested in the Mineral King Cooperative Farm near Visalia, where thirteen families—farmers who lost their land in Texas and Oklahoma—were working a 530-acre farm collectively, with the aid of limited government financing.

We went to a barn dance at one of the government camps and hung around a few days listening to what these farmers from every state in the Union talked about. Mr. Merritt of Tagus told us the reason he didn't have plumbing installed in his houses, as has been done in the government camps, was because his workers were too uneducated. But there was nothing ignorant about the people we talked to. They argued about the Ham and Eggs scheme, about banking control of credit, unions, war, and their own predicament. One young Arkansas worker drawled cynically, "If they sent us 'mi-groh-tory workers,' as they call us, back to where we come from—watch an' see how fast they'd come runnin' for us."

LILLIAN ROSOVSKY,
HELEN ROSOVSKY,
MEL FISKE,
GEORGE WHITMAN,
JOE WERSHBA.

En Route to San Antonio, September 21

[*This is the last of a series of letters from the "five collegians in search of America."*]

The "Poor Devils" Again

Dear Sirs: McAlister Coleman's letter in your issue of October 21, entitled Don't Cheer, Boys, is an excellent example of the kind of tolerance so badly needed in these troubled times. His forbearance toward the Communist Party is all the more praiseworthy when compared with the recent attitude of the party toward Mr. Coleman and his political associates. You will recall that when the Socialist Party, in consequence of its absorption of the Trotskyite group, dropped in membership some 70 per cent during a few short months, the Communists rudely and persistently shouted, "We told you so!"

I have, of course, heard it suggested that Mr. Coleman's forbearance is motivated not so much by Christian charity as by the suspicion that perhaps the C. P. is not so dead as he could wish, but, like the crocodile, is merely imitating a dead log in order to entrap the unwary swimmer in troubled political waters. It seems to me, however, that such insinuations can only be made by those who, being completely devoid of political morality themselves, are unable to appreciate its presence in other persons.

While praising his attitude, I should like to offer Mr. Coleman a word of warning. A consideration of the numerous occasions during the past twenty years when the Communist Party has died, been solemnly buried, and then been miraculously resurrected partially explains Earl Browder's well-known *sangfroid*. Beware, Mr. Coleman; be magnanimous to the Communists if you will, but take care that they do not suddenly rise from their ashes and deal you a good, resounding smack!

ROBERT CLAIBORNE, JR.

Santurce, Puerto Rico, October 15

CONTRIBUTORS

TONI CHRISTEN is the pseudonym of a German writer who has just arrived from Berlin.

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The Shape of Things

THE PROTRACTED NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN Finland and the U. S. S. R. have come to naught, and the Finnish delegation has left Moscow. It is possible that some further attempt to reach agreement may be made through diplomatic channels, and at the moment the use by Russia of military methods to enforce its demands is considered unlikely. The Soviet press, however, continues to use aggressive language against those wicked recalcitrants, the Finns, who threaten to defend themselves if attacked. Unfortunately for the latter, Russia can keep up an almost intolerable pressure without firing a shot, for mobilization involves enormous expense for Finland at a time when its economy is already badly dislocated by the effects of the war on its trade. How far Finland has been prepared to meet Soviet terms is not yet known. A new version of these terms, printed in the organ of the red navy, indicates that the acquisition of a base at Hangö on the Finnish mainland is still among the chief Russian aims. Other "indispensable" demands include the fortification of a number of islands in the Gulf of Finland and frontier rectifications in the Far North which would, apparently, make over Petsamo, Finland's one Arctic port, to Russia. The narrow strip of territory which gives Finland access to the northern ocean was conceded by the Treaty of Dorpat in 1930. In return Russia retained the large district of Eastern Karelia, the inhabitants of which are of Finnish stock. Since then a motor road has been built to Petsamo, and with the discovery of rich nickel deposits in the vicinity the Finns had planned to develop the port as an outlet for their backward northern provinces.

*

THE BOMB IN THE BUERGERBRAU HAS SET OFF a spate of theories about its origin, the least credible, perhaps, being the official Nazi one that it was placed there by the long arm of the British secret service. This suggestion pays high tribute to the ingenuity of Britain, whose agents could hardly have accomplished the deed without infiltration into the ranks of Hitler's Praetorian Guard. But it does scant justice to British policy-makers, who are intelligent enough to see that an attempt, successful or unsuccessful, to blow up Hitler would be more likely to rally the Germans to support of the Nazi regime than to promote rebellion. British war propaganda has been directed toward undermining loyalty to Hitler and keeping the blood pressure of the German people low. The Nazis, on the other hand, since their peace offensive broke down, have been attempting to rouse opinion to a fighting pitch that would provide moral backing for *Blitzkrieg* methods. Former attempts on Hitler's life have been hushed up as far as possible, but the Munich bomb is being capitalized for all it is worth. Such tactics lend color to the theory, equally unproved, that this is another Reichstag fire. As every good detective knows, the hardened criminal has a strong tendency to repeat himself. Hitler ascribes his escape to luck, but we cannot help wondering whether there was not something a little more deliberate about the last-minute change of plan which caused him and all the other important officials present to leave the fateful beer hall just in time. In any event, it is strange that the ubiquitous Gestapo slipped up on this occasion. If the plot was a genuine attempt at assassination, some determined opposition must be boring from within this all-powerful body.

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THE ACTION OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE IN withdrawing the greater part of their armed forces from North China is clearly a bid for a settlement of outstanding issues with Japan. While the combined forces of the two powers were so small as to be useless in the face of a Japanese attack on the Tientsin concession, their removal makes impossible even such a defense of foreign rights as the British undertook last summer. So far there is no evidence that a general agreement has been reached between Japan and the Allied powers. But the willingness of Britain and France to surrender their positions in advance of an agreement indicates that they have no compunction about leaving China in the lurch. The withdrawal of their support would place a heavy responsibility on the United States. Our position in the Pacific has been complicated by recent Japanese threats against the Netherlands Indies. In deciding whether or not to impose an embargo on trade with Japan, the next Congress will determine whether Japan can carry out further expansionist activities. For with war in Europe, Japan has become more than ever dependent on American material assistance.

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CALIFORNIA HAS AGAIN REJECTED "HAM and Eggs" and this time by a far more decisive majority. In fact, the final vote in its favor seems likely to be below that polled a year ago, despite the tremendous campaign conducted by its promoters and changes made in the constitutional amendment to provide a bait for previously hostile groups. In the general press the result is being hailed as a blow to socialism and a return to economic conservatism. It seems to us rather a vindication of democracy and a rebuff for the smug gentlemen who are so fond of explaining that the common people cannot be trusted to decide issues which involve the distribution of public funds. California voters have clearly not been deceived by the spurious economics of the Ham and Eggers, while they appear to have been outraged by the fascist blueprint which the amendment provided. In Ohio a constitutional amendment to give pensions of $50 a month to persons of sixty was also overwhelmingly defeated. This measure appears to have been extremely badly drafted, but it is hardly fair to bracket it with the "thirty-Thursday" fantasy. A similar proposal has now been brought forward by Governor Olson in California. Considering our potential capacity to produce wealth, it ought not to be impossible to provide pensions on such a scale for people of sixty who wish, or are forced, to retire but have little means. Until we contrive better security for old age than we have devised hitherto, we can be sure there will be no lack of promoters, honest and dishonest, seeking to canalize the discontents of our growing army of old people.

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IN GENERAL, LAST WEEK'S ELECTIONS WERE about as meaningful to political analysts as a Gallup poll of the deserted village. The contests were fragmentary and isolated and the issues predominantly local. While the defeat of the pension movements got the most favorable press notices, several other contests in which labor had a direct stake deserve honorable mention. The defeat of Mayor Richard W. Reading in Detroit was especially noteworthy. He had sought reelection on a clear-cut program: he was anti-labor. His chief slogan was "Defeat communism and the C. I. O."—and in Detroit the C. I. O. is the labor movement. His propaganda was entirely reminiscent of his 1937 campaign when he rode into office amid the frantic anti-labor hysteria which followed the sitdown strikes. Last week he was ushered out of office by an overwhelmingly pro-labor vote. His successor, Edward J. Jeffries, Jr., was not a devout labor spokesman, as the conservative press alleged during the campaign, but neither is his election without significance, as the conservative press argued the day after the election. In fact it was a measure of labor's comeback in Detroit, and the new mayor has pledged to rid the city of its notoriously reactionary police commissioner. In Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Mayor Daniel Shields was similarly relieved of his duties. Shields had served the steel interests faithfully; the La Follette committee disclosed that he received a $25,000 reward for his services in the struggle against the S. W. O. C. Last week Mr. Shields's bid for reelection was rejected after a campaign in which his behavior in the steel strike was the central issue. In both these elections labor hated the incumbent more than it loved his successor. More dramatic was the vote in Massillon, Ohio, where a steel worker was elected mayor.

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JUDGING FROM THE TERMS OF THE VINSON bill, the current war will certainly make the world safe for armorplate manufacturers and shipbuilders. Drawn up in collaboration with the Navy Department and bearing the approval of the President, the bill authorizes another $1,300,000,000 in naval construction. The next session of Congress will be asked, in addition, to appropriate some $900,000,000 for the navy during the coming fiscal year. Mr. Vinson asserts that these expenditures, enormous as they may seem, will be sufficient only for an "any-one-aggressor" navy but not for a "two-ocean" navy. The terms of the Vinson bill are made to order for the armament profiteer. The Secretary of the Navy may waive competitive bidding. He may also lend up to 30 per cent of the value of the contract at low interest rates to the shipbuilder. Since the bill specifically leaves in force an "Act Authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to Make Partial Payments for Work Already Done Under Public Contracts," it will be possible for the contractor to operate on public funds by alternate loans and partial payments while the work is in progress. Why hand out fat profits to steel and shipbuilding patrioteers under these conditions? If we must spend all this money, why not keep the cost down by using government yards, and building more government yards if necessary?

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EMPLOYMENT IN INDUSTRY HAS INCREASED by 1,250,000 since this time a year ago, according to an estimate just released by Secretary Perkins. This represents a distinct improvement, but hardly as much as might be expected from the fact that the Federal Reserve Board's index of industrial production has risen from 96 to 120 in the interval. Nor, thanks to the action of the "economy" bloc in Congress, has it resulted in a reduction in unemployment. Offsetting the increase in industrial employment has been a 1,500,000 decline in the number of WPA jobs and a 600,000 increase in the number of persons of working age. So while the war boom has played into the reactionaries' hands by seeming to justify the relief cuts, it finds us no farther along with the essential task of raising the buying power of the underprivileged.

LAST WEEK THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY Corporation rescinded its permission for a student meeting at which Earl Browder was to speak. It did so with the explanation that his indictment for a passport violation had made him unfit for a Harvard platform. Three days later a mob of legionnaires and assorted thugs descended on a Detroit meeting-hall where Communist leader William Z. Foster was delivering an address. They picketed boisterously, and when the meeting ended and the crowd began to disperse, they went into action. They created a tumultous riot, inflicted injuries on nearly fifty people who had attended the meeting, and went home singing the Star-Spangled Banner. The two incidents are widely separated in space and in degree; yet both are part of the pattern of hysteria being woven around us. The vigilante attack on a minority speaker is not without precedent in Detroit; Harvard's ban on a minority speaker is a new departure in Cambridge. But the most startling aspect of Harvard's decision is the frailty of its excuse. Browder has been indicted but has not been convicted, and it is still American doctrine that a man is innocent until proved guilty. The reverse assumption is as alien to basic American concepts as the wanton attack on the participants in the Foster meeting. The most refreshing contrast to this Cambridge ban is the editorial criticism leveled by the Harvard *Crimson* against the university authorities. What the Communists say these days will probably win them few converts. But the kind of intolerance to which Harvard has given academic sanction can develop into something ugly and uncontrollable. It did in Detroit.

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IN SPAIN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SEEMS TO have leaped from the Republican frying-pan into the Falangist fire. The church complained because the republic, under the constitution of 1931, separated church and state and therefore no longer paid the salaries of the clergy. The church was pleased, on the other hand—though it kept quiet about it—because the republic did not seek to appoint the bishops, as the Spanish monarchy had done for centuries. Now Franco, restoring the union of church and state, has appropriated 60,000,000 pesetas to pay church salaries and expenses. But the church is complaining because Franco is also insisting on the right to appoint the bishops. He not only wants to appoint the bishops, as Alfonso and his royal predecessors did, but he is also determined to expel one cardinal and several bishops from Spain on the ground that they are hostile to the Falangists and refused to sign the pastoral letter in support of Franco during the civil war. The cardinal is Vidal y Barraquer, and one of the bishops is the Archbishop of Vitoria in the strongly republican Basque territory. Certain American Catholic apologists for Franco have double reason to blush: because so many of them denied that certain members of the Spanish hierarchy were hostile to Franco; and because, after all their explanations that Franco was not a fascist, the Spanish dictator seeks to expel high churchmen who dislike the fascist Falange. The Falangists have strongly anticlerical tendencies and may yet make the church regret the overthrow of the republic.

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THE CHURCH'S NEW TROUBLES IN SPAIN should warn it to leave well enough alone in the United States, where Roman Catholicism has flourished under separation of church and state. The Pope's encyclical on the 150th anniversary of the Catholic hierarchy in this country lays the Vatican open to the charge of an uncalled-for interference in American affairs. His Holiness's criticism of American education is a reflection of the Roman church's old opposition to the secular school. The ignorance and backwardness of the masses in countries like Spain and Mexico, where the church long controlled education, is sufficient answer. What the Pope calls our "narrow . . . materialism or . . . rationalism" compares favorably with the bigotry instilled and the superstition bred where the church has controlled the school. Secular education is but one aspect of separation of church and state; separation of church and state is basic American doctrine. The Pope would be better advised to rebuke the Coughlins and the Christian Fronters who are beginning to associate the church here as in Spain with reaction. Though they spread doctrines the Pope has condemned, he offers no criticism of their activities but commends those using the radio to spread Catholic ideas. Only last week the Coughlinites held a pro-fascist, anti-Semitic rally in a Pawtucket, Rhode Island auditorium; the intolerance was so extreme that one of the guest speakers later denounced the meeting. The encyclical celebrated the consecration of the first American bishop, John Carroll of Maryland. Maryland's greatest glory was its establishment of religious toleration in the New World.

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EVER BEEN TO THE BAR OF HISTORY? IT'S right next to the bar of public opinion; neither of them observes closing hours; and both are always full of celebrities. "It must be remembered," said Wedgewood Benn, for instance, the other day, "that we stand at the bar of public opinion. . . ." Prime Minister Chamberlain said not so long ago, in speaking of the "Blue Book," "We shall stand at the bar of history. . . ." This is also the bar where Hitler gets the power he's drunk with. We're told that in Europe whenever a politician isn't in, his secretary says he's just stepped out to the bar of history. The place is getting too crowded and noisy for our taste, and besides there's no place to put your foot.

Dictator's Dilemma

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

WISDOM lies with those who not only refuse to prophesy the next moves in Europe but also forswear the more Talmudic sorts of interpretation. A reading of the morning newspaper is enough to convince one of this. The myriad minute though fateful possibilities, spun out, set side by side, and examined through a mental microscope, are guaranteed to reduce the reader to confusion if he had any idea what it was all about when he started, or to leave him just where he was if he took confusion as a starting-point.

The Germans will go into Holland unless they decide that going into Holland entails more risks than advantages. The Russians will not move on Finland unless they decide that diplomatic pressure can no longer be effectively applied. Did Molotov's and Dimitrov's speeches mean what they seemed to mean? Well, maybe they did; in which case Hitler will either be used as a poker to rake out Russia's other European chestnuts or will have to accept bolshevism. And maybe they didn't, but on the contrary merely served as a red herring dragged across the ideological map of Europe to turn the people against the war and their governments.

At this moment of writing, events are suspended like swords, and any one or two of them may suddenly drop into the body of Europe. Belgium and Holland are earnestly assuring the world of their sense of security, while their Foreign Ministers meet at the border to discuss preparations for the joint defense of the Low Countries, and it is rumored that an attack on either will be regarded as a breach of the neutrality of both. Berlin continues to deny any intentions against any neutral, but newspapermen found officials a little hazy about just what sort of provocation might justify an attack. The hour of decision, it seems, cannot be very long delayed now that Britain and France have flatly and in two or three different forms turned down the desperate, defensive appeal for peace of Wilhelmina and Leopold. Churchill's radio talk set up barricades across every possible avenue of diplomatic retreat. It was a fighting speech, and it leaves Hitler, I should think, no further alternative to the attack he has so desperately hoped to avoid. President Lebrun was less pugnacious but even more explicit. He set the restoration of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland as minimum peace terms. Since to accept these would spell utter defeat for Hitler, Lebrun's words meant much the same thing as Churchill's.

Theoretically, the war should now start. But will it? Diplomacy is the art of reeling and writhing carried to its most highly convoluted point; and it may be that some new intervention or invention will postpone Hitler's need of decision. I confess that I don't see where it can come from. Italy is impotent. It fears war fully as much as Germany, but it has no bargaining power, no leverage. When the Pope spoke his word for peace, it was evident that he phrased it deliberately to give no encouragement to the German-Russian murder of pious Poland. The Scandinavian countries want peace too, but they cannot officially back a peace move that would leave Hitler with his loot and his power intact.

If the shooting does start, it must, most observers believe, start in the west. Almost the whole German army is behind the Westwall and along the Belgian-Holland frontier. The presumption is that Hitler will move fast and try to direct a very delayed *Blitzkrieg* against or around the western defenses. If it were not for concrete evidences of imminent action in that sector, I should doubt a westward drive. Not only is the season against it, but Hitler has so far failed to apply in full force the sorts of pressure with which he usually lays the ground for conquest. It may be said that he could have no hope of intimidating Holland into granting naval or air bases on its coasts or islands; Britain would not let it yield if it wanted to. But the chance of success might not be a determining factor; Hitler uses these diplomatic offensives chiefly as a means of building up a case. When his "moderate" and "reasonable" requests are turned down he can charge that the government under attack has become a segment in Germany's encirclement and even a potential aggressor. But so far we have heard of no Dutch or Belgian atrocities against German citizens, no violations of the border; and so far Hitler has made no drastic demands or open threats against his small neighbors. Perhaps the exigencies of war may force him to act without observing these time-honored preliminaries, or perhaps the prelude will be speeded up and crowded into a few days or hours. But Hitler would, I think, hate to start an attack without going through the form of establishing his innocence in advance. In addition to all these circumstances, the Allied armies are ready and waiting.

Circumstances would seem to suggest a drive—diplomatic or military—into the east. There no major force would oppose a joint attack by Russia and Germany. If they know how to divide the spoils and the influence, nothing could prevent them from taking what they want; the proposed Balkan bloc has not yet jelled, Turkish-Italian relations are still uncertain, the Western Allies are too far away to be of use in an emergency. The only apparent obstacle to such a move is the probability that Russia has marked out the territory for its own and would discourage Nazi penetration. The Comintern manifesto said that Soviet policy "hinders the provocateurs of war from drawing into it the Danube states and the Balkan countries," and since Germany was listed among those responsible for the present war, it may also be among those destined to be "hindered."

If this is the case it would explain Hitler's apparent plight: his unhappy choice of either going west or sitting tight. The three important statements of Soviet attitude during the last week—Molotov's speech, Dimitrov's speech, and the Comintern manifesto—at least indicated Russia's determination to play its own game in Eastern Europe, however enthusiastically it may back Germany in the west. That these pronouncements also gave notice of a coming Socialist revolution may be doubted. Again one would do well to forswear the enticing sport of analyzing phrases and look at Russian policy in the large. Talk of revolution and revolutionary propaganda are good diplomatic strategy. At home they encourage loyalty and popular support for Russia's forays among its neighbors. In the depressed areas of the Balkans they serve as a useful ferment, producing a mood of discontent that is the only basis on which Russia can expand "peacefully." In the western countries they play directly into Hitler's hands by encouraging peace sentiment based on fear of "bolshevism." To believe the new protestations of revolutionary zeal is to believe that throughout the past five years Soviet Russia has been a revolutionary government instead of a rising world power, that its support of and collaboration with the democratic powers were all a sham, and that its growing nationalism was a false front to deceive the world. I prefer to believe that it has been moving away from its revolutionary internationalism toward a strongly nationalist state capitalism, and that today all talk of the first is designed to fortify and enhance the latter. The fate of Finland may serve to confirm or dispute this belief.

The Question of Flags

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S action in holding up the registration of American ships under the flag of Panama has temporarily quieted Washington's latest tempest in a teapot. As in last summer's storm over the sale of American airplanes to France, the disturbance was largely inspired by political considerations quite apart from the main issue. Republicans and isolationists were quick to see in the proposal an opportunity to embarrass the Administration. But in this instance the opposition was not wholly political. Secretary Hull and Sol Bloom, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, added their weight to those who criticized the proposed transfer as contrary to the spirit of the Neutrality Act. And the National Maritime Union opposed the plan on the ground that it would be injurious to American seamen.

On the surface, the scheme looked like a rather crude subterfuge. This impression was accentuated by its unfortunate timing. Twenty-four hours after the President had signed the Neutrality Act barring American shipping from European waters, it was announced that the shipping lines intended to continue service under another flag. To the average person this seemed like a deliberate violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the law, and as such a threat to American neutrality. Had the proposal been made before the passage of the act, or some weeks hence, it would scarcely have received this interpretation. It would have been looked upon as a natural step in compliance with the act. The ban on American shipping entering combat zones was not placed in the act in order to embarrass American shipping companies, or to hinder shipments to the Allies. Its sole purpose was to prevent diplomatic controversies from arising over incidents involving the American flag. The now celebrated City of Flint case demonstrated the wisdom of such restrictions. The danger of controversies developing would be obviated if the title of the ships were transferred to a foreign concern. It is true that the ships might be sunk by German submarines, or they might be captured by the British. The American stockholders of the Panama corporation holding title to the ships might be angered in either eventuality. But the United States government would have no legal interest in the affair and no grounds upon which to file a claim.

The seamen's objection to the transfer deserves more careful consideration. While they could be no better off with the ships lying idle than they would be if service were resumed with foreign crews, they have every right to insist that their future is quite as important as that of the ships. They are probably right in feeling that their chances for reemployment are better if the ships are not taken away from them, and in fearing that the employment of low-cost foreign crews would injure their chances of reemployment after the war.

The President has handled the situation about as well as was possible under the circumstances. Since it is unlikely that many of the ships can be absorbed in non-European trade, some provision obviously has to be made. No useful purpose would be served by keeping them idle. In seeking the outright sale of the ships rather than permitting a nominal transfer of title, Mr. Roosevelt has protected the shipping lines against charges of subterfuge. It is no more unneutral to sell ships than it is to sell automobiles or any other type of goods. Moreover, the President has pledged himself to immediate action to aid the stranded seamen. The program he outlines for this purpose is scarcely an adequate one, but it is at least a recognition of a responsibility that has been too lightly held until now. More, clearly, needs to be done. There is no reason why a few thousand seamen should be asked to bear the full cost of an act which can best be interpreted as insurance against our being involved in the European war. The President would be wholly justified in going before Congress with a request for a special works project which would employ all the seamen at full wages for the duration of their enforced unemployment.

Free Trade in Ideas

THE articles by Max Lerner on Propaganda's Golden Age, in two previous issues, force us to make a confession. Liberals—even liberals of the left—have a conservative streak. In economics we long ago abandoned laissez faire. But in the political economy of ideas we are still followers of Adam Smith. We have a stubborn faith in the ability of the true to compete successfully with the false in the intellectual market place. We recognize that a worker's "liberty of contract" may only be a liberty to starve. We understand that the rough justice of *caveat emptor* serves adequately when two peasants haggle over a pig but not when a gentleman in a piped vest sells a lady in a black veil Class B convertible debentures. We do not believe that the right to eat by candlelight is adequate safeguard against exorbitant electric rates. Or that competition is free when a great oil company may undersell independents in one area and overcharge consumers in another. Here we have learned, as Lerner puts it, that "freedom is not laissez faire," which is another way of saying that there can be no liberty without some restraint. Nevertheless, we shy at his suggestion that these principles should be applied to the world of ideas. Lerner speaks in terms of a "Pure Food and Drugs Act" to label our intellectual patent medicines, government subsidies to help clear our journalistic slums, a "TVA yardstick" to measure the fairness and truthfulness of privately owned press and radio.

But his proposals would be more convincing if their counterparts were more successful. The "Truth in Securities" Act is still a long way from establishing truth in securities. Pure-food-and-drug legislation is little more than lip-service and label by the time it gets by the lobbies. Anti-trust legislation has affected the forms but not the realities and growth of American big business. It may well be doubted that the "total effect" of regulatory legislation "has been on the whole to carry through the original legislative intentions." In the field of regulation the regulated have usually been able in the long run to control the regulators. Is there good reason to believe that the effect would be different in the sphere of information and ideas? Lerner cites the Federal Theater Project as an example; we can cite in rebuttal the success of reactionary pressure groups in wrecking it. Lerner thinks an RFC might finance enterprises in the realm of information and ideas. Imagine a Jesse Jones lending money to a socially conscious newspaper!

But it is easier to find fault with Lerner's specific remedies than to deal with the problem he has been courageous enough to tackle. It is good to be reminded that liberals, too, have their "dogmas," and that "freedom of the press" is the privilege of the few in an age when a million dollars is small change in big-city journalism. "My freedom to start a newspaper in competition with him [Roy Howard]," Lerner writes, "is as real as my freedom to enter the field against the United States Steel Corporation." The obverse is the growing manufacture of opinion by United States Steel corporations. Added is the problem of the new techniques for skilfully poisoning ideas. We agree with Lerner that it may be folly to rely solely on "the doctrine of the final triumph of the idea" for our safety, but for the moment we see no safe substitute. The problem is one facet of the main problem of capitalism in its monopoly phase, but it would be lazy to put it down to "the system" and let it go at that. Though we fear Lerner's proposals, we do not think that we are condemned to inaction. Our own preferences in remedies run in a different direction. Is there any reason why we cannot legislate against chain publishing as we do against chain banking? Must distribution outlets remain concentrated in the hands of one or two great companies which can refuse to handle independent or radical publications—and often have? Can't we have safeguards against "unfair competition" and the vertical trust in publishing? We are indebted to Lerner for illuminating and opening up a subject of major importance. We should like to hear what our readers think.

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Politics and the C. I. O.

BY HERBERT HARRIS

AS A prophet and seer Homer Martin—along with other C. I. O. adversaries—is in the same class as Evangeline Adams. "There are some liberals in this country," he affirmed on October 12, at the A. F. of L. convention in Cincinnati, "who still believe that the leader of the C. I. O. will disgorge, get rid of the Communists. . . . There is no hope that he will ever seriously try to get rid of them—no more than that Hitler can get Stalin out of Poland." Yet three days before Martin made this prediction the Executive Board of the C. I. O., which was holding a few sessions of its own prior to the San Francisco convention, had already taken steps that were to shatter his crystal ball and whisk his turban into a corner.

Bright and early on the morning of October 9 Harry Bridges, leader of the C. I. O. Longshoremen and intimately identified in the public mind with the Communist Party line, was having a very uncomfortable time of it with John L. Lewis in the latter's hotel room. Upon hearing that the C. I. O. planned to enlarge the number of its vice-presidents from two to six, Bridges visited Lewis to plead his own cause for a place on this slate and to ask Lewis's support of his nomination.

"No," said Lewis.

"Then how about Joe Curran?" asked Bridges, naming the able head of the C. I. O. Maritime Union, who also has been frequently cited as a defender of Communist policies.

"No," said Lewis.

"Then how about—?" But the question, it is told in Gath, hung suspended in mid-air. Lewis's third "No" was even more final and emphatic, in its implications, than the two preceding. And this refusal of the C. I. O. chieftain to play ball with elements tarred by the Stalinist brush was the first official portent of quiet, behind-the-scenes changes that are still going on within the C. I. O. They are crucial changes, for all their lack of fanfare. They are designed to accomplish a single purpose: to eliminate Communist influence in the C. I. O., and to do it the hard way, without benefit of steam-roller, by means of a weeding-out technique consonant with the democratic process.

In dealing with this issue the C. I. O. top leadership—Lewis, Hillman, and Murray—faced a dilemma. If they raised a hue and cry over a "Communists must go" campaign they would merely add another voice to the red-scare chorus that follows each fresh disclosure of Martin Dies. On the one hand, their problem was to formulate tactics which would evade the evils of a witch-hunt, with its propensity to extend to liberals and laborites. On the other hand, they had to remove carefully the last vestiges of Communist intrenchment without wrecking various unions in which the party exercised a greater or less degree of control. In moving toward this dual objective they have so far not only displayed an impressive amount of ingenuity and common sense but also punctured the widely fostered illusion that the Communists are so sagacious politically that they simply can't be outsmarted.

Moreover, the entire procedure has been, and remains, in strict accordance with the powers voted to C. I. O. officers under the C. I. O. constitution, and would gratify the last stickler for legalistic proprieties. In this very situation, of course, resides a special irony. The extremely centralized authority enjoyed by the C. I. O. high command is in part the result of the pressure for concentrated control exerted by the Stalinists, to the end that with relatively few persons in key spots they might exercise an influence disproportionate to their numerical strength. Thus they had helped to forge the instrument for their own excision.

Despite Harry Bridges's personal plea for recognition, he was not elevated to the vice-presidency he sought. He was in fact demoted, with a few face-saving remarks, from his job as West Coast director and confined to California. The C. I. O. leadership, however, remained acutely aware that the deportation proceedings brought against Bridges stemmed from the ulterior motives of reactionary employers who wanted to banish him, not because he was an alien, or even because he preached the class struggle, but fundamentally because he had been an effective union leader along the Embarcadero and points north and south. For this reason the resolution pledging aid to Bridges in his resistance to his threatened exclusion from the United States received the genuine support of the entire roster of 385 delegates to the convention.

But no such proffer of aid and comfort cushioned John Brophy's slide down the chute from the limelight to oblivion. From directing national organization for the C. I. O. he has been relegated to the comparatively paltry task of supervising the formation of industrial-union locals in secondary areas. In Brophy's shoes at Washington headquarters stands Alan Haywood, former C. I. O. regional director for New York, where he waged an astute fight against Communist encroachments in the metropolitan area. In his new post he is expected to make good along the same lines on a national scale. Replacing

Haywood in New York State is Adolph Germer, intimate of Eugene Debs and lifelong apostle of industrial unionism. The Communists regard him with the same degree of affection that big California fruit-growers feel for John Steinbeck.

As C. I. O. regional director for Michigan, Germer was primarily responsible for reducing to official impotence such Stalinists as Wyndham Mortimer, former vice-president of the Automobile Workers. In many respects Germer's appointment is the most significant shift in all the current reshufflings of C. I. O. personnel. While he is nominally in charge of the C. I. O. for the entire state, he is going to concentrate his efforts upon New York City, which, except for white-collar workers, is pretty thoroughly unionized. He does not intend to do much about the C. I. O.'s campaign in the construction industry, which started as a dud and will end as a minor disaster, if only because the A. F. of L. building-trades unions have a collective treasury of $40,000,000 and long traditions of toughness with which to combat C. I. O. competition. Germer's experience has been largely limited to coal, where years ago he bucked Lewis in Illinois, and to motors, where he bucked Charles Coughlin, Homer Martin, and G. K. Gebert, and more than any other man salvaged the wreckage of the internal wars of the Automobile Workers. At fifty-five he is a cherubic-looking giant of a man, with a background of thirty-five years of "knowing everybody" in the labor movement. It is not only for organizing purposes that he is making his headquarters in Manhattan. Actually he is tackling the hardest job in his career—that of spiking Communist Party influence at its source and fountainhead.



Drawing by Dolbin

Harry Bridges

Yet all this is merely part of the effort to rout out any Stalinist pattern from the C. I. O. picture. Three of the four new vice-presidents elected at the San Francisco convention—Emil Rieve of the Textile Workers' Union, R. J. Thomas of the Automobile Workers, and Sherman H. Dalrymple of the Rubber Workers—have displayed a pronounced anti-Stalinist bias. The fourth new vice-president, Reid Robinson of the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, was selected with the idea that the prestige and authority of his new position would assist him in his present efforts to break with the Stalinist group within his own union and checkmate their maneuvers. Similarly James Carey of the Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, who was renamed secretary of the C. I. O., the only elected officer to get a salary from the organization as a whole, was assigned chores that will enable Lewis to keep a watchful eye on him and to build a *cordon sanitaire* between Carey and Stalinist advisers.

Of course Hillman and Murray, each of whom brings to his C. I. O. office an influence rarely associated with the office of vice-president, have been urging Lewis to jettison the Communist cargo for the past eighteen months. And when it was decided that the deed had to be done, it was their temperamental devotion to cool, calm, and collected methods that hindered the use of a more drastic and spectacular technique of ouster. At a special meeting of the Executive Board Lewis warned that no dual allegiance would be tolerated. He told his hearers that anyone who by any action indicated that he subordinated the welfare of the C. I. O. to the interests of the Communist Party could consider himself already on the skids. He promised that he personally would put his "oar in"—appeal to the rank and file of any union—if signs of Stalinist "strategy" appeared. Hence the remaining Stalinists within the C. I. O.—there have been of course quite a few voluntary defections because of the Hitler-Stalin pact—are all on precarious probation. For people such as Ben Gold of the Furriers, for example, even this period of grace may be shortened.

OLIVE BRANCH TO THE A. F. OF L.

Coincident with the decision to break the back of Communist penetration if it takes all this summer and the next, is another shift in C. I. O. policy, one that will be even more important in the long run. John L. Lewis's attitude toward peace with the A. F. of L. has been modified from an almost implacable opposition to an at least passive acceptance of the thesis that labor unity is the need of the hour. In many quarters it is believed that his offer to resign as head of the C. I. O. was less the histrionics of a master showman designed to keep dissidents in line than the expression of a recently acquired view that he himself was the great stumbling-block to peace.

In any event the C. I. O. Negotiating Committee, comprising Lewis, Hillman, and Murray, will definitely resume truce talks with the A. F. of L. early next year. Hillman and Murray, who are to carry the brunt of the harmony conferences, with Lewis remaining in the background, have been granted broad discretionary powers. Yet it is too early to put up the banns. What the whole thing boils down to is that Lewis, who as late as last month said that "evil conditions" within the A. F. of L. made peace impossible, has been apparently persuaded by his chief lieutenants to extend the olive branch—at least tentatively. It remains a moot point, however, whether it was the eloquence of his advisers or the steady

upward trend of business activity in the mass-production industries which produced the Lewis change of front. Coal, steel, motors, men's wear, textiles, glass, oil, cement, food processing—industries in which the C. I. O. has the bulk of its actual or potential strength—are all beginning to hum, and with the lifting of the arms embargo a war boom may hit a terrific stride, at least for a while. Employment in sectors of C. I. O. unionism may therefore be expected to rise rapidly, despite the technological improvements which in the past year alone have greatly reduced the available number of jobs, notably in steel.

It will be recalled that last spring peace negotiations collapsed when the A. F. of L. proposed that impartial accountants audit the books of both the federation and the C. I. O. as a preface to representation in any united body—a representation to be based primarily upon the dues-paying members possessed by both sides. At that time Lewis knew that while the C. I. O. had plenty of adherents, all too many of them were on the debit side of the ledger. They were listed all right—name and address and original union card all complete—but tens of thousands of them were behind in their dues, partly because some of the newer unions hadn't acquired the dues-paying habit, partly because Stalinist disruption or domination had caused the withdrawal of important affiliates, such as the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, but basically because unemployment in mass-production industries had forced thousands of C. I. O. unionists on relief. By the turn of the year, if business continues to pick up, Lewis will be in a far stronger bargaining position and better equipped to meet the A. F. of L. on the latter's own terms. When automobile plants, for instance, notch up their production schedules toward practical capacity, thousands of men are put back to work at one clip—just as quickly as they were laid off in slack time. The mass-production worker, however, generally finds it harder to get a "fill-in" job than does the A. F. of L. craftsman. One reason among many is that WPA and PWA funds are so largely spent in the construction of parks, roads, and buildings, in which many A. F. of L. skills are needed even if only on a part-time basis.

Certainly the C. I. O. treasury during the past three years has reliably mirrored the ups and downs of the American mass-production cycle. The C. I. O. treasury has also been watched carefully by the A. F. of L. and has been a determining factor in how far the latter was willing to go in concessions making for peace. In the spring of 1937, for example, before the recession set in, when the C. I. O. was on the crest of the wave, when Lewis and the Miners were putting $1,000,000 into organizing steel, when Hillman and the Amalgamated were throwing $800,000 into textiles, when Dubinsky and the I. L. G. W. U. were contributing $425,000 just on general principles, when applications for C. I. O. membership were swamping local office facilities, the A. F. of L. shogunate was appalled. They are dues-minded men. They rightly set great store on the continuous payment of regular and special assessments, the sinews of unionism. They assumed that the C. I. O.—then still the Committee for Industrial Organization—would in essentials adopt the A. F. of L. traditional dues-paying policies. Their confidence in their own future was shaken by headlines heralding triumph after triumph for the C. I. O. as it moved from motors, to glass, to steel. They let it be known that they were willing to call it quits, and talk peace. But the C. I. O. was riding high. It rejected the advice of the late Charles P. Howard that the time had come to return to the federation and capture it for the industrial-union principle.

Ever since then the C. I. O. has been receding from its 1937 high-water mark. Emphatically this does not mean that it won't stage a strong comeback; it is in process of doing that at the present time. But meanwhile the A. F. of L., profiting immensely from the "I want to join a union" enthusiasm generated by C. I. O. energy and daring, has passed its 1920 peak of 4,000,000 dues-paying members, and now has at least twice as many as the C. I. O. with its "book" enrolment of 3,790,000. With the relative positions of the two labor factions thus reversed, it is the A. F. of L. which will be uppity when peace proposals are broached—despite the strivings of Dan Tobin of the Teamsters, the Administration's peace emissary in the A. F. of L., who in this respect has much the same function as Sidney Hillman in the C. I. O.



John L. Lewis

The Administration is, of course, acutely anxious for A. F. of L.-C. I. O. unity. White House pressure to promote it may be expected to increase in intensity almost from day to day. The New Deal is, after all, in the public's opinion definitely pro-labor; and anything that labor does adds its bit to the important intangibles which go to make up the voter's mind. Since the A. F. of L.-C. I. O. dispute is the most unpopular performance in the country today, practical politicians fear that the feelings of antagonism it has aroused will be carried over to the New Deal itself.

Moreover, in the 1940 session of Congress the Garner-Byrd bloc intends to unleash its full power to sabotage the New Deal's domestic program. Item number one on the agenda is the emasculation of the National Labor

Relations Act, keystone of the Administration's arch of social legislation. In the Senate Edward R. Burke of Nebraska, one-time stalwart of Art J. Smith's Khaki Shirts, has lined up considerable support for his bill to revise the act, a bill which would introduce a Nazi Labor Front version of unionism and under the terms of which the proposed new board of three—representing employers, labor, and the public—could hamstring labor's right to organize. Behind the screen of the nation's absorption in war news, Representative Howard W. Smith of Virginia, head of the House committee investigating the NLRB, has been sending out loaded questionnaires to gather information on the results of the board's work. The exquisitely objective character of the Smith survey is illustrated by the questionnaire distributed to police chiefs throughout the country asking them if, in their opinion, crime has increased since the establishment of the NLRB. Such "data" will be dressed up in the guise of statistics and scientific samplings of public opinion and used to defame the act, the board, the A. F. of L., the C. I. O., and the New Deal itself.

Because of labor's split, Administration forces are in a tough spot when it comes to defending the act and the board. In the first place, the A. F. of L. has its own amendment, the Walsh bill, which among other things would permit employers to interfere freely with unionization and make it mandatory for the board to certify as a collective-bargaining unit a single craft worker in a factory of 100 non-craft employees. In short, the A. F. of L. is preparing to commit hara-kiri by encouraging jurisdictional chaos. At the same time the C. I. O.'s recent advice to its affiliates to indulge in only a "sparing and considered" use of the Wagner act because of the present board's alleged partiality toward the A. F. of L. has provided opponents of the whole idea of government aid to unionism with their clinching argument. "Obviously," they now say in effect, "the whole Labor Board set-up is biased—even labor, both sides of labor, admits it. Just look at the record. The A. F. of L. wants to change the act, and has already been successful in getting rid of that fellow Smith, the other Smith, on the board. The C. I. O. is dissatisfied with the board and would like to have Leiserson dumped. And just the other day young Carey hinted in a speech that the C. I. O. might want to change the act. And there you are!"

LABOR SPLIT AND 1940

The Administration not only needs A. F. of L.-C. I. O. cooperation in beating off attacks on this bulwark of New Deal reform, but is vitally concerned over what labor's cleavage means for 1940. New Dealers remember that in 1936 Pennsylvania was captured for Roosevelt primarily because the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. stood together politically and put over a brilliant publicity campaign. In 1938, however, the A. F. of L. officially went Republican in Pennsylvania, largely to injure the C. I. O., which was busy with its own adventures on the fringes of the state's Democratic Party. As a result Governor Arthur H. James is in Harrisburg, assisting a Republican legislature to emasculate pro-labor laws by the dozen.

While it remains true that the A. F. of L. vote in Presidential contests has never been "deliverable" in the Tammany ward-heeler's use of the term, enough of it can be directed, state by state, to win or lose national elections. Hence the danger, as New Dealers see it, that if the feud between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. continues, a good share of the A. F. of L.'s ballot strength will go to the Republicans—unless they should nominate an out-and-out reactionary. A tip-off that G. O. P. strategists are already looking in this direction appeared at the last A. F. of L. convention, when Frank Duffy, secretary of the Carpenters and first vice-president of the Executive Council, startled the delegates by first resigning himself and then placing in nomination his boss—and Edgar Bergen—Big Bill Hutcheson, head of the Carpenters. Hutcheson is chairman of the Republican Labor Committee and has been promised the post of Secretary of Labor in the event of a Republican victory in 1940. His return to personal participation in the affairs of the council is simply for the purpose of assisting John Coefield of the Plumbers to head off Administration support now being drummed up by Dan Tobin and William Green, and to thwart any thoroughgoing A. F. of L. indorsement of the New Deal. Hutcheson and Coefield have fertile soil to work in. The A. F. of L. rank and file is still smarting under the Administration's attitude toward maintaining wage scales on WPA projects and its stand on "striking against the government." Nor does the A. F. of L. as a whole like the Administration's fondness for the military mind in alphabetical-agency positions.

In addition, a considerable school of opinion within the A. F. of L. still adheres to the traditional maxim of "reward your friends, punish your enemies" as a guide to labor's political action. Matthew Woll, for example, the most consistently intelligent follower of the Gompers doctrine, is going to plump for this point of view, thus dividing the federation politically into three parts: the Hutcheson-Republican segment, the Green-Tobin-New Deal faction, and the Woll "neutral" and "independent" group—Republican, Democratic, and Mugwump.

The C. I. O. on the other hand, through Labor's Non-Partisan League and its branches, such as the American Labor Party, is going to stick with the New Deal, perhaps in exchange for a set of social and economic policies which will carry forward the implications of its seven-year struggle for social reform. In any coalition between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. this loyalty could be counted on to smother the Hutcheson and Woll groups and to swing the weight of a united labor movement behind the New Deal at the Democratic convention.

Mussolini in a Trap

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Rome, November 3

FROM the roof garden on which my room opens, I can see the Duce's Palazzo Venezia and the Vatican. Two world powers. All around is Rome, bathed in sun. It was simple to come here. I got on a train in Paris and got off at Rome twenty-seven hours later. During the night it snowed hard in the Alps, but in the morning the express pulled through the long Simplon Pass into the warmth of Lombardy. The waters of Lago Maggiore were a deep blue set off by green trees and bright flowers. One was tempted to stay and play at Stresa as Ramsay MacDonald had done.

Italy requires no visas. The customs authorities took only a perfunctory glance at one of my suitcases. I had been warned to hide London newspapers. The inspector asked me whether I had any and let me keep them.

I was in the diner when the train entered Italy. I ordered coffee. The waiter said it was against the Italian law to serve coffee. He had brought some in from Switzerland. It was still hot in his boiler. But he was not allowed to serve it. Ultimately, he poured me one cup, then another. Throughout Italy, nevertheless, the prohibition is strictly observed. In Milan, where the train stopped for three hours, I was offered a "surrogate," elsewhere tea or chocolate. Naples cafes sell a horrible brew called "autarchic coffee." In Italy, as in Spain, coffee is important to the poor. Coffee and bread are the crutches of life. The absence of coffee affects politics.

On my way to the beautiful cathedral of Milan I bought an armful of Nazi dailies, weeklies, and illustrated magazines. They are no longer obtainable in London and Paris. British and French periodicals can also be purchased in Italy, but only at selected places, whereas German publications are available at almost every kiosk.

Milan made an impression of nakedness. I missed the posters which had marred every wall and hoarding on my previous visits in 1935 and 1936. Political propaganda is rarely to be seen. The bookshops in Italy display little political literature. Most windows show some serious volumes on international affairs, one copy of "Mein Kampf," two or three books on the exploits of Italian legionnaires in Spain, a few anti-Soviet tales by white Russians, and for the rest—fiction, art, music, history. Scarcely a trace of Abyssinia—forgotten quest for a mirage Eldorado. The newspapers carry few items of Ethiopian news.

A squadron of Savoia-Marchetti bombers flew over the city. The same type dropped bombs on Valencia and Barcelona, on Figueras, and Taragona.

Meatless day in Milan. All Italy has two meatless days a week. Italy is paying for two recent wars. That is why it is not in this one. The population seems to be somewhat less smart than in 1935.

Since the Abyssinian war a federal regulation requires that all clothing and textiles contain an admixture of hemp and other domestic fibers. Cotton imports dropped from 978,000 quintals in the first seven months of 1938 to 651,000 quintals in the same period of 1939. (Statistics are no longer being published.) Store stocks are therefore lower, prices higher, and quality worse. Coal is Italy's biggest import. Imports have been pared, and this winter many homes will remain cold. When the war started, the government rationed petrol. As a result, thirteen out of every fourteen cars in Italy were withdrawn from circulation.

The Italian people are meeting the costs of Danakil and Ogaden, of Aragon and Catalonia.

In 1934 Mussolini prevented Hitler from seizing Austria. In 1935-36 Mussolini turned from this green lawn in front of his house toward a desert three thousand miles away. The conquest of Abyssinia sowed hostility between the British and the Italians. It threw Italy into the arms of Germany. That embrace led into Spain. Ethiopia and Spain spelled the doom of Austria. Czechoslovakia fell as a result, and then Poland's goose was cooked—with Poland's help.

Spain was a barren adventure to suppress "bolshevism" with Nazi help. Abyssinia is a liability. Both left Italy weak and leaning on Germany for ideological inspiration and material aid. The present war has loosened Germany's death-hold on Italy.

Germany must now court Italy. The Allies must, too. Nothing could be more delectable to a government which has been treated like a satrapy by Hitler and which regarded the Allies as enemies. In each case, the courtship consists of caresses and tacit threats. That conduces to infidelity. France and England have moderated the rigor of their blockade in favor of Italy, and Italy is permitted to import goods which, to the knowledge of London and Paris, are reexported to Germany. Moreover, exports from Germany have flowed freely through Italy and thence by ship to Latin America and other countries. England is pressing the neutrals to impose sanctions on Germany, but Italy enjoys some exemptions because of its between-the-camps position. Of late, however, the screws are being turned tighter. Last week the Italian steamship Saturnia, homeward bound, was detained three days at Gibraltar and relieved of a large load of copper

intended for German consumption. Simultaneously, the French and British buy heavily from the Italians and supply them with raw materials for the manufacture of equipment and arms, tanks and airplane parts which the Western powers will use against Germany. Thus Italy is having it coming and going, and neither side can complain since both draw benefits from Italy's neutrality. Italy has engaged in two wars without profit. Now it profits from a war in which it is not engaged.

The war is a rare chance to save Fascist economy. Fascism first tried autarchy, which is a policy of reconciliation with poverty. Many fine buildings were built, lands reclaimed, bridges erected, railways electrified, and important archaeological work was done. The results were impressive but inadequate, and without abandoning autarchy Mussolini sought salvation in the resurgence of the Roman Empire. Italy, however, is poor. And the twentieth century is not the first. Ancient Rome was mistress of a world in which Britain, France, and Germany had scarcely emerged. Today Italian imperialism finds the road barred. Accordingly, a third phase is dawning. Italy simply hopes to do business in neutrality and thus replenish its depleted resources.

THE PURGE IS ON

Neutrality for a Fascist is neither dynamic nor heroic. "Neutrality," Mussolini once said, "is cowardice." One would expect neutrality from a "decadent," "bourgeois" "plutodemocracy." Italy, mark you, is not a neutral. It is a "non-belligerent." But Mussolini would probably have preferred to go into the war the day the shells began to burst. His "yes-men" indeed urged such a course. Wiser observers cautioned against it. Marshal Badoglio, supreme commander of the armed forces, reported to Mussolini in August that the army would not put its heart into a war on the side of Germany. It was not prepared for war, he declared. It has not yet recovered from the military expenditures in Spain, and is insufficiently supplied with shoes, uniforms, and munitions. Nothing contributed more to Italian neutrality than the two and a half years of Loyalist resistance. A serious observer puts the number of first-line airplanes in the Italian air force as low as one thousand.

When the army was mobilized in September, the soldiers fraternized with the French poilus holding the line in the Alps, and at the call of the evening bugle the men of each nationality scampered back across the frontier into their respective camps. Now Italian detachments are relieved every few weeks. Army officers congratulated one another and drank toasts on the announcement of Italian abstention. Anti-German sentiment is strong. For instance, the pro-Ally *Osservatore Romano,* Vatican daily organ, has boosted its circulation from 40,000 before the war to some 130,000 at present, whereas the Fascist press, which is friendly, but not as friendly as before, to Germany, is losing readers. Farmhouses and railway structures on the road from Rome to Naples carry the officially stenciled slogan "Viva Duce, Viva Hitler." They date from Hitler's visit to Italy, and from that visit also dates Germany's new unpopularity. I paid much more attention to "Dux, Rex, Pax," painted crudely by an eclectic individualist. Signor Bocchini, the chief of the OVRA, or secret police, moreover, passed on information that the people were talking—which is unhealthy—and talking against the war. Every Italian I spoke to rejoiced over non-participation. So "the Day" was allowed to pass, and the military alliance—flower of the axis—was ignored. The word "axis" is rarely if ever used in the press. Mussolini cleverly maneuvered Hitler into sending him a note which might have been written by the Duce, and according to one reliable version actually was, to the effect that Germany could handle the situation alone without outside assistance. There was thus no betrayal.

The Fascist regime was supremely disturbed by the sentiment of the army and the population. The government decided to act. The people have been told to shut up and refrain from back-seat driving. A sign distributed by the Fascist Party to restaurants, cafes, and other public places reads: "Here one does not make predictions or engage in discussions on high policy and high strategy." That is an order, not a statement of fact. It is a humiliating order. But I wonder about its effect. Before any Italian accepts a coin he strikes it on a hard surface, specially supplied to street-car and bus conductors, to test its ring. Many counterfeit pieces are in circulation. The counterfeiters risk severe punishment. The people will also air their opinions. In the provinces placards are more definite. "For habitual propagators of fantastic reports who consciously or unconsciously alarm the country, hard days are in store. The Squadrismo [strong-arm squad] of ——— is very much alive, and some individuals already have reason to know how much alive it is." Mussolini himself, in a speech at Bologna on September 23, referred to "small groups of miserable human dregs" who are "responsible for the circulation of rumors, the most ridiculous of which refer to me." He promised "to clean up" the "riffraff." The purge is on, and castor oil flows copiously. (The dictatorship within Italy is not nearly so bloody as the German or Russian, but it is bad enough, and it even makes cowards of some foreign journalists.) On September 16 the *Popolo d'Italia,* Mussolini's particular paper, inveighed against "bellyachers, rumor-mongers, toy strategists, and members of a certain lounge-lizard snobbery." On September 30 the Duce said at Genoa that apathy would not be tolerated. Something was obviously pretty rotten.

The army too required attention. There had been friction between the army and the Black Shirt militia. Mussolini mentioned it delicately in several public utterances. The army was jealous of the Black Shirts' higher

pay and special position within the state. Soon after the war started it was finally recognized that this trouble demanded an immediate cure. The daily wage of the regular soldier was accordingly raised on September 13 from forty centesimi to one lira, five cents. At the same time the Black Shirt's emolument was cut from seven lire a day to one. This was tantamount to incorporating the Black Shirts into the army. The Black Shirts are no longer the élite of fascism. To obviate any untoward circumstances that might be provoked by their demotion, the Carabinieri guards, brought up to a strength of 50,000 on the day before the step was taken, were posted on the streets. The army, linked by tradition to the Crown, has assumed a new political importance.

HAS FASCISM LOST ITS GRIP?

Thus the war in which Italy is neutral has revealed a crisis in the history of fascism. Economic weakness, spiritual tepidness, and political flabbiness are thrown into relief by the European conflagration. These conditions existed before, but dictators are not invariably well informed, for they must see many things through the eyes of yes-men who dare not or will not always tell the truth. Mussolini had been less active than usual, and he had less first-hand personal evidence. When it came to taking stock to decide how Italy could meet the war, grave disorders were discovered in the body politic.

The cracks in the Fascist structure which the war highlighted continue to cause Mussolini and the Fascist leadership much concern. The regime is making a noticeable effort to recapture the élan of the pre-victory period of struggle, before the "March on Rome" in October, 1922. A poster which appeared in Rome several days ago tries to recall the distant day when Black Shirts were scribbling *Viva il Fascismo* on walls, drawing the skull and crossbones on doors, meeting furtively in underground "cells," and stenciling the battle-ax fasces on crude placards. This poster advertises the opening of a Milan school devoted to the teaching of the *mistica* of fascism. When a movement which gave circuses and promised bread resorts to mystic appeals it is in distress. The Fascists must be wondering whether they can still guide the Italian nation to its "destiny." Has fascism lost its verve and self-confidence? The Italian nation, by the democracy of guarded whispers, has indicated that it prefers to resist "destiny," eat and dress better, and die in bed.

A campaign is being conducted to reassure the nation. While I was in Rome, Mussolini appeared on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia and delivered a speech of exactly fifty-eight words. "Fascism," he said, "asks only one privilege for itself: to construct and to act in all circumstances with the people and for the people." "To construct" means not to go to war. "With the people" means not to offend their desire for peace. "With the people and for the people" is the highest aspiration of fascism. The omission of Abraham Lincoln's third phrase is the essential difference between fascism and democracy.

It was at this period that men with long years of experience in cautious reporting talked to me about the impending fate of the Fascist regime. One said the regime was "shaky," another that it was "wobbly," and a third, who meticulously collects cold facts and statistics for a big concern, said: "Do you think it is in danger?" He was not asking me, he was telling me. I have always listened with interest and skepticism to such estimates of the future of dictatorships. They have nine lives because they cut short the lives of oppositionists. One never knows how many of the nine lives they have already lived.



Courtesy *l'Humanité*
Count Ciano

Three days after Mussolini's fifty-eight-word address he "changed the guard," as the Fascist press styles it. Seven ministers, a majority of his Cabinet, were dismissed, and with them numerous sub-secretaries and minor officials. Secretary of the Fascist Party Starace, Chief of Staff of the Army Pariani, and Chief of the Air Force Valle also went into the discard. This was the biggest personnel shift in Fascist history, involving the key ministers in economic affairs, in military affairs, and in politics. (Foreign Minister Ciano survived it with increased influence.) Such a clean sweep, in stormy times, is a daring move with a purpose. Apparently Mussolini felt that speeches no longer reassured the population.

The removal of Pariani and Valle suggests that the Duce has checked on Badoglio's reports of the army's unpreparedness and found them correct. Starace and Alfieri, Minister of Popular Culture and Director of the Press, had been among the five top Fascist leaders under Mussolini. They were the yes-men who had told him all was proceeding wonderfully in the country, and they were pro-German.

AFTER MUSSOLINI?

If all the difficulties of the recent past could arise despite Mussolini's popularity and capacities, how would his heir fare? Who would he be? Would there be a struggle for the succession?

Mussolini is not dead and not old as statesmen go. In fact, he looks sturdy and strong. But reports of his illness circulate widely, and one hears a tale of his having been shot at during the summer army maneuvers. I do not know whether one iota of this information is correct. But it has been so persistent that the regime itself has

resorted to counter-propaganda. Mussolini piloted a bomber over the sea. Mussolini drove a tank. He does all these things well. He has been appearing much oftener in public of late and is in closer contact with people. He makes more speeches. The regime obviously attaches vast importance to dissipating the impression that the Duce is not at the helm or will not be long at the helm. Nevertheless, discussions about his successor are chronic.

The candidates mentioned are son-in-law Ciano, whom diplomats regard as intelligent and able, Marshal Balbo of Libya, and ex-Ambassador Grandi. But recently a new name was added to the list—Crown Prince Humbert of Piedmont. This is significant. Must the Fascists turn to the conservative, not-too-Fascist royal family for Italy's next ruler? Are they borrowing from the prestige of the monarchy to bolster the authority of their own political system? Humbert has been appointed commander of one of Italy's two armies, and is more active politically.

All the gossip about the succession is symptomatic of a regime in a minor key. Would war revive the dynamism of fascism? Has the country the physical and economic strength to stand a war? I imagine this occupies the Duce much more than whether he is pro-German or pro-Ally or whether he could tolerate the partitioning of the Balkans. To the good Fascist it is a shock and a tragedy that it should be a pleasure and a necessity to remain neutral in a war which will decide so much.

ITALY AND THE WAR

No one will venture a guess on how long Italian "non-belligerency" will last. When the war started, the British and French were prepared, and some elements were eager, to invade Italy. The Allied military assumed that in three weeks they could occupy northern Italy at least down to Milan. This is one of the reasons for Italian neutrality. During the winter, when the Alps are covered with snow, this Allied threat cannot be carried out so easily. But spring follows winter. If Mussolini were to join Germany he would invite an Anglo-French attack. To repulse it he would have to admit the Reichswehr, which the nation would resent. Italy would become a battlefield. As soon as Italy becomes an active enemy, moreover, England can close the Suez Canal and isolate Abyssinia. Abyssinia is a hostage against war. Finally, the Turks want to pounce on and retake the Dodecanese Archipelago the moment the Duce gives the pro-German sign.

In view of these dangers, the German-Italian military alliance—the "Pact of Steel"—signed May 22, 1939, in Berlin by Ribbentrop and Ciano in Hitler's presence, was accompanied by a stipulation that Italy would not go to war over Poland and that there must be no general war before 1942. Italy wished to recuperate. Three weeks before the war started Ciano went to see Ribbentrop at Salzburg. He told friends in Rome he would exercise a moderating influence and hoped to come back with good news—that is, no-war news. But Ribbentrop rudely abused Ciano. The next day Ciano lunched with Hitler at Berchtesgaden, and after lunch Hitler ran him around on a brisk walk for two and one-half hours. Ciano warned Hitler that England and France would fight. Hitler ridiculed this notion, frankly declaring that Ciano just did not understand politics. Ciano is still smarting under Hitler's verbal assaults. But he has the comfort of having understood better than Hitler. He also had made it clear in advance that Italy did not propose to take up arms. So Ciano, who helped forge the Italian end of the axis, is disillusioned, bitter, and contemplative. The Italian government still recognizes the Polish ambassador's diplomatic status, and Poland, a Catholic country, evokes much sympathy in Italy. The Vatican is increasingly anti-Nazi. The court is anti-German.



Courtesy *l'Humanite*
Il Duce

Moreover, Mussolini, who believed, unlike other dictators, in Allied resolution, also respects Anglo-French might, and he will take to heart the fact that American supplies are now available to the Western powers. Italy fears Russian expansion southward toward the Straits. While the Catholic *Osservatore Romano* has been outspokenly anti-Soviet, the Fascist press, with the exception of one vicious tirade by Balbo's paper against Voroshilov—marshal versus marshal—is rather sympathetic to Bolshevik foreign policy. But this may be explained by the pro-Nazi convictions of Press Director Alfieri, who has become—heavenly Duce joke—ambassador to the Holy See.

It would be embarrassing enough for Mussolini to act as an ally of Germany. The nation detests Germany. But to be open partners with the Russians? After Spain? Often during the Spanish civil war Ciano would take Boris Stein, the Soviet ambassador, to a map of Spain and pointing to the fronts say: "You see, this is where you are, this is where we are." These considerations reinforce the universal Italian desire for peace.

On the other hand, Germany can apply pressure to Italy. The Italian port of Trieste is exposed to German aggression, and so is Yugoslavia. Their occupation would make Germany coterminous with Italian Albania. Besides, Mussolini is anti-Versailles and revisionist. He was highly impressed by the performance of the German military machine in Poland—although he also knows how badly the Poles fumbled the job. Before hostilities commenced, Hitler, in one of his many moods of over-exhilaration, said he would be in Paris in three

months. German victories in the first phase of the war might induce Hitler to make strong demands on Italy. Mussolini will wait to see the Allied armies in full operation.

Common sense and the conflict of possibilities should keep Italy neutral. But there is one "but"—the Balkans. In Rome this is the most-discussed angle of Italian diplomacy. Italy needs a neutral, stable Balkans. So do the Allies. So does Turkey. Encroachment by Germany or Russia in the Balkan area would disturb Italy, the Allies, and Turkey. Logically, this prospect should serve to improve the relations between Italy and the Allies and between Italy and Turkey. Italy is already negotiating, somewhat successfully, with a number of Balkan states with a view to forming a Balkan peace bloc. England is lending Italy a hand in obtaining a larger share of Balkan trade.

The chance, however, that this winter Russia and Germany will proceed to partition one or more Balkan nations agitates Rome. If Italy were asked to be the third party in this adventure and told that if it did not accept Germany would seize Italy's share—which might be the Dalmatian coast and part of Greece—Mussolini would face a painful dilemma. For by accepting he would provoke Allied and Turkish retaliation and precipitate his country into a war which the regime can scarcely stand. And by refusing he would imperil Italy's strategic position and commercial future, and make himself dependent on Allied aid. A Balkan push in the next few months would imperil Italian neutrality and might force Italy to take sides. But even Mussolini cannot know now what side he would have to choose. This is an additional motive for neutrality until the choice is imposed by the course of events.

As often as I can I tear myself away from seeing the sites of ancient Rome or interrogating friends about modern Rome and its diplomacy and sit on my roof reading Herbert Matthews's manuscript on the Spanish war. It is a noble book by a noble person about a noble people. The noble people was martyred by democratic appeasers and foreign and domestic fascists. I raise my eyes from the typed pages and look at the Palazzo Venezia and the Vatican. These two powers intervened against Spain and against Europe, for the embryo of the present great war was contained in the Spanish war, and all who were pro-Franco share the guilt for the present catastrophe. Under the shadow of Mussolini's and Pacelli's brown walls I go back to the tragic, heroic streets of barricaded Madrid, to the morgue of Barcelona filled with pieces of the bodies of men, women, and children killed by the Duce's bombs, to the Ebro battlefield, to the decency and the cemeteries of Republican Spain. I see Spanish faces, white with fear, waiting for death from Savoia-Marchettis that hover over Valencia on orders from Mussolini. I see the Loyalist leaders striving against discouraging odds to serve their country, now outcasts in a world that courts Mussolini. What a world!

Canada's War Election

BY T. E. WOOD

Montreal, November 6

THE Quebec election of October 25 deposed the three-year-old regime of Maurice Duplessis and brought back to power the Liberal Party, which had been shattered in the election of 1936. The interpretation commonly placed on the outcome both here and abroad is that it is a conclusive demonstration of French Canada's solidarity with the Dominion's war effort. "The election results register Quebec's determination to do her full part in the voluntary war effort Canada is making," said the Toronto *Daily Star* on the following day. A somewhat more impartial approach will be necessary, however, if the full significance of the vote is to be understood; and it will be necessary, as well, to view the election not as an isolated phenomenon but as an integral incident in the history of French Canadian nationalism.

The "pro-war" propaganda with which the Liberal Party won the election might indeed have been taken for anti-war propaganda in another country. We quote only one example: "The hundreds of thousands of Liberals who next Wednesday will vote *en bloc* against the regime of the National Union do not want conscription either. They too have sons whom they expect to keep with them. Do you believe for an instant that they would sacrifice their children for their party if they thought that the Liberal government would decree conscription?" (speech of Lucien Parizeau, reprinted verbatim in *Le Canada* of October 23). The issue of participation was posed thus in the Liberal press: In this war justice is on the side of the Allies. Canada, nevertheless, is participating in it, not because Britain's interests are at stake, but because its own interests are threatened. Its participation, moreover, is on an entirely voluntary basis. If the French Canadians do not wish to enlist, no one will compel them to. But for their part they must show a spirit of equal tolerance; they must be prepared to grant their English-

speaking compatriots the right to participate actively in the war if their sympathies and their opinions so incline them. Only on the basis of such mutual tolerance can Canadian unity be maintained. In his speech at Quebec on October 18 Ernest Lapointe, Minister of Justice, voiced a serious fear when he said, "If it is civil war that Duplessis wants, then Ottawa will protect Quebec." Behind this utterance were the memories of old struggles between the French and English in Canada, of the particularly critical situation that developed during the World War, of the scope and virulence of the nationalist movement in recent years.

The problem of the French minority has figured largely in the history of Canada, but at no time has it had greater importance than at the present. Constituting a third of the Canadian population, the French Canadians are unquestionably the strongest and most significant minority in the Western Hemisphere. Ethnically homogeneous, geographically concentrated, attached to the land which they inhabit by centuries of tradition, united, too, by the ties of language and religion, they have thus far resisted all tendencies toward assimilation and all attempts at subjugation. No issue today can rouse the spirit of French Canadian nationalism more than the threat of conscription for foreign wars. When the federal government attempted to impose conscription in 1917, riots and demonstrations of protest took place throughout the province of Quebec. The high point of the struggle was reached in Easter Week, 1918, when bloody fighting occurred in Quebec City. Though the uprising was suppressed with few casualties, it resulted in the de facto suspension of the National Service Act as far as the French Canadians were concerned.

French Canadians are opposed to participation in Britain's wars for two reasons. In the first place, having lived on this continent for more than four hundred years, they have about as much enthusiasm at the prospect of becoming embroiled in Europe's conflicts as do the most extreme isolationists in the American Senate. In the second place, they feel that they are being exploited economically. The monopoly of the wealth of the country gained by the British at the time of the conquest has never been broken. Looking about them today French Canadians find that the banks, the factories, and the natural resources of the province are in the hands of *les Anglais*—an all-inclusive term for those who speak the English language —and that they, the original pioneers, are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. They present figures to prove that the French Canadians, who constitute more than two-sevenths of the population of the country, possess only one-seventh of the wealth.

Since the Catholic church is often regarded as the fountainhead of French Canadian nationalism, it would be in order to discuss its role at this point. Shortly after the British conquest the Catholic church turned toward the new authorities with the pledge of its wholehearted allegiance, and in return for this pledge it was finally able to procure guaranties which insured its own survival and established it as the intermediary between the French Canadian people and the government. On the surface the policy of the church appears bewilderingly contradictory. Even today the Orangemen of Ontario accuse it of fostering hatred of the English—which is, in large degree, true; at the same time French Canadian nationalists will accuse it of subservience to the English—and in this charge there is also a goodly measure of truth. These two aspects of clerical policy do not so much contradict as complement each other. On the one hand, the church has been in constant fear that intimate contact between the French and the Protestant English would weaken the hold of the Catholic religion on the French population, and it has therefore exerted itself to isolate the French Canadians from the English. On the other hand, it is aware that it enjoys great privileges under the British regime, and accordingly, whenever a crisis has arisen, the clergy has informed its followers that loyalty to the country's rulers was a God-given duty. The nationalism of the clergy, instead of weakening British rule, has become an essential instrument of that rule.

During the depression years the spirit of French Canadian nationalism, dormant since the war, began to stalk again. Nationalist organizations of a hundred different varieties mushroomed up—the Jeunesse Separatiste, the Jeunesse Patriote, the Parti Autonomiste, the Achat Chez Nous movement (Buy from French Canadians). Aware of the direction in which the wind was blowing, Maurice Duplessis, leader of the provincial Conservatives, tied up with Paul Gouin and his Action Liberale Nationale, which had until then been a left-wing movement inside the Liberal Party. Together they unfurled the flag of "French Canada for the French Canadians," roused the people against the trusts, and drove the Liberals from the seats which they had occupied for two score years.

Duplessis, however, found that it was much easier to fulminate against the trusts when in opposition than to legislate against them when in power. Compelled by the exigencies of office to abandon this feature of his program, he soon devised substitute policies. The Padlock law, which gave the Attorney General (read Duplessis) the right to padlock any residence which he thought had been used for the purpose of disseminating "Communist" propaganda, ranks as his chief claim to immortality. Labor legislation which he introduced virtually outlawed the closed shop and gave the government the most arbitrary powers in setting wage standards. As the result of these accomplishments, his popularity waned rapidly.

Until recently authoritative opinion was generally agreed that if Canada participated in another European conflict it would run a serious risk of civil war between

its French and English peoples. Until recently, too, the Canadian government kept assuring the French Canadians that it had no intention of going to the assistance of a continent which "does not know how to run its own affairs." But when war came, the King government was compelled to yield to pressure from without and pressure from within, despite its fear of an internal crisis. During the week before Canada entered the war turbulent meetings in opposition to participation were held in the most important Quebec municipalities. Nationalist orators denounced the war as an imperialist war; they charged that the defense of democracy and Christianity were bogus issues, that Britain at different times had tried to come to terms with both Germany and Russia; and they spoke of armed resistance and of separation from Canada. Protests came to the federal government from the two most important French Canadian organizations, the St. Jean Baptiste Society and the National Catholic Unions, and from many less important groups. Protests also came from municipal councils and chambers of commerce. The rural press was unanimously against participation; *L'Action Catholique*, the organ of the hierarchy, which had supported participation in the Great War, gave much prominence to the reports of protest meetings, and the most restrained of the French papers displayed an uneasy neutrality.

There can be little doubt that Duplessis saw in the war situation an opportunity to recoup his lost popularity. With a steam-roller apparatus at his disposal, he thought that if he took a stand against the war and if he gave the Liberals only a month to prepare for the elections, he was certain of a smashing victory. He failed primarily because he did not convince the French Canadians that he could protect them from conscription more effectively than the Liberals could. He also erred in his estimate of the prestige that the federal ministers opposing him, Lapointe and Cardin, enjoyed in Quebec.

From the welter of charges and counter-charges that featured in the propaganda of the Liberal Party and the National Union, conscription stood forth as the paramount issue. The National Union reminded French Canadians that the federal government had promised in 1914 that there would be no conscription and had subsequently gone back on its word. A vote for the Liberals was a vote for conscription, it asserted; a vote for Duplessis was a vote against conscription. The Liberals replied by pledging their opposition to conscription; Lapointe and Cardin pointed with pride to the part they had played in the anti-conscription struggle of 1917. The federal ministers emphasized the fact that the issue of conscription would be decided in the federal government and that only a strong French Canadian representation would prevent its institution. They warned the province that if Duplessis were elected, the French Canadian ministers in the federal Cabinet would be compelled to resign and that this would inevitably result in the formation of a union government, ultra-imperialist in composition, which would immediately introduce compulsory military service. They claimed that only the Liberals could prevent conscription and that a vote for Duplessis was in effect a vote for conscription.

The French Canadians pondered the question. If conscription could be avoided and if they could at the same time preserve friendly relations with the rest of Canada, so much the better. In the end they chose to intrust the struggle against conscription to the ministers in the federal government. The outcome of the election, however, can scarcely be said to provide a definitive solution. From a purely quantitative standpoint the results are not as reassuring as they appear at first glance. The National Union, though it elected only sixteen out of eighty-six representatives, obtained approximately 40 per cent of the votes cast. The Action Liberale Nationale obtained at least 5 per cent. When it is realized that the English minority disposed of almost a fifth of the ballots and that in the present election it was overwhelmingly Liberal, it is apparent that Duplessis had almost half the French Canadian population behind him. Considered qualitatively, the situation does not improve. Those who voted for the Liberals voted only for accepting a limited participation in the war and categorically against conscription. Those who cast their ballot for Duplessis and Gouin did so in the knowledge that their vote would be construed as a vote against participation and that the victory of their party would isolate Quebec from the rest of Canada.

The present situation provides an interesting commentary on the development of Canadian opinion since the war. In 1917 Lapointe and Cardin, who stood with the Liberal Party against conscription, were accused by the Conservatives of aiding the Germans by fomenting disunity: "A vote for the Liberals is a vote for the Kaiser!" said the English press. Today Lapointe and Cardin—still opponents of conscription—are hailed in English Canada as the champions of national unity. In their turn they accuse Duplessis—erstwhile Conservative stalwart—of aiding the Germans. "The Union Nationale should change its name to the Union *Nazi-onale*," said Lapointe. If all this has any significance, it is that English Canada today is quite prepared to sympathize with French Canada's aversion to conscription.

It is difficult to predict what will happen in Quebec because in the equation of its future there are so many unknowns. The first of these unknowns is the international situation. If Canada does not become more deeply involved in the war than it is at present, then the French Canadians may conceivably become reconciled to participation. If, on the other hand, Canada is compelled to make greater commitments, the situation in Quebec is bound to become acute. Another uncertain quantity is the nationalist movement itself. Now that he is defeated,

Duplessis will probably throw caution to the winds and enter into demagogic opposition. Behind the political parties there are a number of organizations which, while they are receiving little prominence at the present time, will unquestionably come to the fore if the situation becomes more critical. There is the Jeunesse Ouvrière Catholique (J. O. C.) with about 40,000 members, drilled, militant, and rigidly centralized, whose leader, Father Henri Roy, is an old admirer of Belgian Rexism. There is the fascist movement headed by Adrien Arcand, numerically small but always dangerous in a province where corporatism has for years been the official social doctrine of the dominant religion. And there are, in addition, a whole host of lesser organizations that aspire to an independent French Canada and, in most cases, to *l'état corporatif.*

Among the masses of Quebec today the sentiment is as solidly as ever against war. Almost everywhere one comes across the declaration that if the federal government attempts to impose conscription, French Canada will have to declare its independence. It is pointed out, in connection with this, that the circumstances are far more favorable today than they ever have been before because the rest of Canada is so torn by centrifugal tendencies that it could not possibly resist the demand of a united and militant Quebec. It is also pointed out that, apart from Toronto, Hamilton, and Vancouver—the cities with the most solid British population—there is very little enthusiasm for the war in English Canada.

When the war first broke out, organized pressure groups in English Canada such as the Canadian Legion and the Canadian Corps carried on a reckless agitation for conscription. But toward the end of September they suddenly stopped pressing their demands: they had apparently realized that they were exacerbating an already critical situation for the federal government. Now that the Quebec elections are over and the Liberals are in power, there is a serious danger that they may revive their agitation. From the standpoint of maintaining the unity not only of the French and English peoples but of English-speaking Canada itself, this would be the sheerest folly.

In the Wind

DESPITE PUBLIC denials of a coming "witch-hunt," agents of J. Edgar Hoover privately boast that they have compiled a list of "known radicals" in the New York area. Everyone on the list, they predict, will be promptly arrested if the United States gets into war.

EVEN IF it never happened, this story, relayed from Paris, expresses a current European attitude. It is said that a reporter encountered a French military official who had just left the War Office. The official appeared depressed; the reporter asked him why. "Well, everybody's gloomy at the office," he explained. "We just got word that Italy's planning to come in on our side."

A WELL-KNOWN foreign correspondent who has just reached these shores relates that on the night that Berlin dispatches reported the signing of the German-Russian pact, London newspapermen called up the Russian Ambassador, Maisky, to get his reaction. Maisky's retort was prompt: "Don't believe it—it's just Nazi propaganda."

IT IS NO secret that legislation to outlaw the Communist Party and the Bund is being weighed in Washington, but New Dealers are wrestling privately with several knotty problems. The most plausible ground for action, they believe, is the allegation that Communists and Bundsmen are "agents of a foreign power" and that their loyalty to the United States comes second. But legislation couched in those terms, they assert, would almost inevitably involve the followers of another international—the Catholic church.

THERE WAS a tense moment at a recent good-will party at International House in New York. Representatives of various nationalities had been singing native songs and drinking beer; the atmosphere was definitely convivial. Suddenly a group of British residents, having finished "Tipperary," started to sing "Over There." There was a sudden hush; then a number of Americans interrupted the song: "Pipe down," they yelled.

GREAT BRITAIN'S Minister of Information was recently urged to subsidize publication of David Low's cartoons in Eastern European newspapers. The Minister protested: "Couldn't we just use one of our staff men, for, say, five pounds a week—it wouldn't matter, would it?"

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST Negroes in the civil-defense program has caused a minor flurry in Britain. The commandant of stretcher-bearer units in Paddington recently dismissed a Negro officer in the group, voicing deep regret but explaining that some of his fellow-workers "took exception to the presence of colored people." African students in London, reports the Manchester *Guardian,* are threatening to make the case a *cause célèbre.*

CANDOR DEPARTMENT: From a prospectus issued by the Trowbridge Farm, a New York resort: "The Civil Rights law does not allow us to refuse accommodations to anyone on account of religious belief, but we have a regular patronage who reserve the same rooms from year to year and they constitute the society of the place. For reasons we cannot understand and find impossible to explain, they are averse to association with Hebrews. Under the circumstances we feel it is our duty to advise those of that faith that it would be unpleasant for them to spend their vacation at the Trowbridge Farm."

ITALY, ROBERT DELL reports, has nailed her colors to the fence.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Hague, November 13, by Cable

THE grave state of anxiety which has dominated official diplomatic circles here has been modified somewhat by the receipt of a very polite message from Hitler that he will personally examine the mediation proposal of Queen Wilhelmina and King Leopold and answer soon. It is not believed that he would reply in these terms if he were contemplating an immediate move against the Dutch. This may seem a slight reason for the sudden optimism, but there is in fact a great sense of relief. According to one story going the rounds, to which considerable credence is attached, the Belgian King was asked by a very prominent German what would be the attitude of Belgium if Hitler should insist on access to the sea at or near Flushing in southern Holland. The King, it is said, went at once to The Hague, and the joint offer of mediation resulted. Another story, confirmed by an important banking source, asserts that Hitler personally favored an attempt to obtain control of the Dutch coast but was held off by the Foreign Office, which feared the effect on neutral opinion.

The German press campaign attacking Holland for not opposing British interference with its shipping and declaring that their inaction made the Dutch unneutral really alarmed the diplomatic corps by its resemblance to the press attacks on the Czechs and Poles. Fortunately the attack died down suddenly, but the belief persisted that Holland might suddenly face an ultimatum. All this led Mr. Gordon, the American Minister, to publish again Hull's appeal to all Americans to leave the country unless their stay was absolutely essential. Additional cause for alarm has been found in the German shooting outrage at Venlo on the border, the violations of Belgian territory by German fliers, and the heavy concentration of German troops on the frontier—130,000 between Gladbach and Aachen. At the request of the government these facts have been carefully concealed by the press. Only one story has appeared so far, in one daily, giving the German denial that any invasion was threatened. Hence the cafes are crowded with people who are gay and happy—in marked contrast to those I have just seen in Germany.

After the Munich explosion some observers were of the belief that Hitler might need quick foreign action somewhere to distract attention from domestic conditions. This theory I am convinced is false. I believe the Foreign Office officials in Berlin were sincere when they assured me that they had no desire to arouse Washington, other neutrals, and world opinion by repeating the errors of the last war. Incidentally they insisted they were not guilty of the Athenia sinking; strictest orders had been given to avoid another Lusitania. Any threat of America's entering the war would further depress the spirit of the Germans, which is already so low that an officer on leave from the front remarked publicly in Frankfort, "The spirit of the people is devastating at home; it is much better at the front." Again, while it was easy to put over atrocity stories about the Poles, it would be harder to arouse hate against the Dutch, who are quite inoffensive and cannot be blamed for not wanting to antagonize the British, who might completely stop Dutch shipping. An attack on Holland would convince many Germans of the truth of Allied assertions that Hitler menaces all small nations in Europe. Hence it is my belief that Hitler will not attempt it unless he later finds himself in great straits. The complete confidence of the German military that they can smash England completely by next spring will also make against hasty action now. The only possible excuse that would go down with the German public would be absolute military necessity, as in the case of the Russian alliance, regarding which many if not most important business men believe the price paid was too high. Many workers are uneasy over Polish events and the treatment of Jews. The rape of Holland now would solidify their antagonism.

There is still another source of uneasiness here in Holland. It is feared that the Dutch colonies, which are rich and prosperous, are great temptations to Hitler. He could not seize them now even if he invaded Holland, but if the war ended in a stalemate or in his victory he could then take them, thus getting better possessions than the pre-war German colonies. This may seem fantastic in New York, but it is a true measure of the state of Dutch nerves before the joint peace move.

The Low Countries are certainly in a worse fix than they were in the last war, and they believe themselves entitled to be heard on stopping the war. They are convinced a long war means ruin for all, not the freeing of Europe from Hitlerism; the only victors would be the Communists. This fear is shared by many diplomats. Today the situation probably boils down to whether three men can devise a face-saving method of starting conversations without appearing weak or beaten. On that question may hang the lives of millions of human beings —even the survival of European civilization.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Danube Peoples

THE DANUBE. By Emil Lengyel. Random House. $3.75.

THE author of this up-to-date history of Central Europe was born in Hungary; he is today an American journalist of renown; he writes like the *Weltbürger* he has become by being at home on two continents. Many a book about Central Europe, nationally and culturally the most complicated part of the world, suffers either from a nationalistic bias or, if the author is a foreigner, from superficial knowledge. It is therefore a great pleasure to read a work which deals on every page with historical and contemporary controversies in the Danube Valley by a man who has a truly international point of view.

William Van Til published last year "The Danube Flows Through Fascism," the description of a fold-boat trip down the Danube as far as the Iron Gate, which was in its minor scope excellent. It gave a vivid report of life on the banks of the river two summers ago. Emil Lengyel flies over the valley at a high altitude, including in his view all the countries whose destinies are bound up with Europe's largest river. He also looks far back into time—"The Danube flows through twenty thousand years" is his first sentence. And in his last chapter he looks into the future, presenting the idea of a Danubian Confederation put forward by Louis Kossuth from his Italian exile more than half a century ago. Kossuth proposed then what seems to have become a war aim today—the economic and political alliance of the Central European states. Such an organization would permit the people of the Danube to live in peace, stem both pan-Germanism and pan-Slavism, and, like the Scandinavian block of states, serve as a nucleus for that European federation which the English Labor Party and German and Czech exiles from Hitlerism propose today.

An immense amount of material is admirably organized and presented. The political, economic, and cultural structure of each of the Danube states is given in descriptive monographs. A sharp sense of what is essential and useful to the average reader is constantly and successfully at work. Short cuts are necessarily taken, but no important part of the Danubian landscape is missing. The books of newspaper correspondents on the latest developments in Vienna or Budapest deal often merely with the symptoms of Europe's disease. Emil Lengyel digs deeper and attacks the causes of the sickness. He enables the reader, so to speak, to see the method in the madness—the historical trend. Particularly excellent is his use of anecdote and of short profiles of personalities; these are not incidental or extraneous but an organic part of the whole grandiose story, and at the same time provide accentuation and commentary.

I enjoyed most the chapters on Hungary, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. The anachronism of the powerful remnant of feudal society in these countries is plastically exposed against the modern background. The methods of the Third Reich in using accumulated grievances for its own ends and the complete amorality of the possessing classes fighting behind patriotic slogans for their economic privileges are effectively shown; as is the struggle of the common people between these two forces. Without ever becoming a propagandist the author forecasts great events in the Balkans merely by making convincingly clear the direction in which history is moving in Southeastern Europe.

For all its political timeliness the book remains above all a readable story of those peoples in Europe who may soon again play a decisive role in the development of a war-torn continent, as they have done so often before. The volume contains many photographs and is beautifully printed. It would make a first-class Christmas present.

FRANZ HOELLERING

Statistical Dynamite

DIVIDENDS TO PAY. By E. D. Kennedy. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

WE HAVE had numerous studies of monopoly capitalism in the past ten years, but there is still room for this vigorous new analysis. Despite a hard statistical core, it is written with a verve which makes for easy reading. E. D. Kennedy, the author, has had unusual opportunities for observing how big business works, for as a member of the staff of *Fortune* he wrote many of those sleek and shiny corporation surveys for which that magazine is justly famous.

This work, however, is not concerned with the sins and virtues of individual corporations and capitalists but with the outsize corporations as a group and the contribution they have made to the unbalance of our economy. The facts of the situation are simple enough, but they have been obscured by the high walls which propaganda has built around big business. Under this obstruction Mr. Kennedy has planted his statistical dynamite borrowed from the ample stores of the Treasury Department and the Standard Statistics Company—unimpeachable sources both. With one blast he breaches the belief that when the "size of the [business] pie increases, everybody must get a bigger slice"; with another he shatters the myth that most people have a stake in the success of big business owing to the widespread nature of stock ownership. Even during the boom of the twenties, which Mr. Kennedy prefers to call the "pre-depression era," prosperity was confined to a small group of big corporations. The striking rise in corporate incomes which took place between 1925 and 1929 was made by those companies earning net profits of $1,000,000 upward, whose share in the total jumped in that period from 65 per cent to 80 per cent. Again, in the years of the depression, the big corporations as a group managed to make profits even if they were on a reduced scale. It was the little fellows who provided the colossal deficits reported for all corporations in that period.

It is not possible in the course of a brief review to do more

than draw attention to the impressive figures which Mr. Kennedy has produced in support of his case. Nor can more than brief mention be made of his discussion of the way in which the great corporations evade the burdens of the competitive economic philosophy under which they nominally operate. It is significant, as he points out, that the most wounding name you can call an industrial tycoon is "price-cutter." Mr. Kennedy's conclusion is discouraging. Depression, he thinks, "is our normal state" so long as the primary responsibility of the big industrialists who control the vital areas of our economy is to see that dividends get paid. He himself has no remedies to offer, with the result that his book takes on a rather negative air. One must hope that he will now apply his experience and his keen mind to the harder task of seeking a way out of the economic impasse which he has so well described. Meanwhile, this book can be heartily recommended to all conscientious citizens and particularly to those small business men who lend so much moral support to big business and get so little material aid in return.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Volunteers in Spain

MEN IN BATTLE. By Alvah Bessie. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE LINCOLN BATTALION. By Edwin Rolfe. Random House. $2.50.

THIS TIME A BETTER EARTH. By Ted Allen. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

> Never before in the history of the world had there been such a body of men—a spontaneously gathered international volunteer army, drawn from every stratum of human life and every human occupation, handworkers and professionals, intellectuals and farmers. The very existence of this army was the guaranty of international working-class brotherhood, the final proof that those who perform the work of the world possess a common interest. Every occupation, every color, every nationality—these men had fought and died with and for each other; their roster was the roster of mankind.—From "Men in Battle."

OUT of his own experience as a soldier of the line Bessie has written a powerful story of the International Brigades in Spain. It is not a pleasant book to read because there is little pleasant in war; but it is an honest picture of men in battle, of heroism and cheap cowardice, of sacrifice and demoralization, of soldiers and of phonies dressed in uniform. Bessie has tried hard to tell his story plainly, and his success is shown by the characters who live on every page of the book.

Bessie went to Spain, as did most of us, "as the result of irresistible determination to take [his] place in a struggle whose front lines are not confined to Spain." He entered the trenches during Franco's drive to the Mediterranean in the spring of 1938 and served until the International Brigades were withdrawn from the lines in September of that year. He participated in retreat, reorganization, offensive, and retreat—the continuous cycle of the Loyalist campaigns. And out of it he has written the story of the people's army of Spain, an untrained "rabble" who held out against superior forces for more than thirty months. He is at his best when describing the actual battle scenes—in vivid narrative that spares the reader none of war's horrors but, because Bessie is no pacifist, brings forth the positive convictions of soldiers who knew why they fought.

Bessie paints a more authentic picture than does Edwin Rolfe in his factual history of the Lincoln Battalion. Rolfe, who served with the International Brigades for more than sixteen months and for another four acted as *Daily Worker* correspondent in Spain, has chosen to write a detailed description of the Lincolns and of the Americans who served in other Loyalist units. His accounts of battles and marches and maneuvers and his passing descriptions of more than 250 of the men lack the excitement and glamor of Bessie's book, but they give us a glimpse of many men that Bessie never knew—of Joe Dallet, a steel worker who quoted Eliot and Yeats, of Sammy Levinger, to whom living meant comradeship, of "Butch" Goldstein, who deserted from an officers' training school to return to the front lines.

Rolfe's history, too, is lacking in realism because he ignores what Bessie recognizes—that in war men become demoralized and curse their officers and hate their companions. It is no reflection upon the genuine courage of the International Brigades that their finest had feet of clay, and an adequate history must record the facts. But Rolfe has done an exceedingly workmanlike job; thirty-eight photographs and six maps of the various actions help to give us a panoramic view of the day-by-day struggle. Rolfe inexplicably ignores the men and women of the medical corps, and he has made a number of minor errors—for instance, the Fascist counter-offensive at Teruel, directed against the Thaelmann and Mac-Pap (Canadian) battalions, began on January 16, not in February. But these do not detract from the real value of "The Lincoln Battalion" as an unusually clear account of the military history of the American volunteers.

Neither Bessie nor Rolfe pays much attention to Spanish politics during the war; their occasional references to it are always faulty and partisan. Rolfe succeeds, incidentally, in telling his story without a single reference to the Soviet Union, whose officers trained the Loyalist army, whose arms enabled it to fight, and whose foreign policy forced it into suicide.

Allen's book, published a few months ago, is a slow, pedestrian account of the battles of Jarama and Brunete. Cast in novel form, it assumes the character of pure fiction as Allen's tin soldiers go forth into battle, untroubled by lice or bad manners or any other habit not characteristic of Boy Scouts.

SAMUEL ROMER

Since October

WORLD COMMUNISM. A HISTORY OF THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL. By F. Borkenau. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.75.

IN 1920 the Independent Socialists, the most important party of the German workers, were divided by an acute conflict on the question of entering the Third International. In order to win the Independents for communism, Zinoviev, the president of the Third International, came to Germany

himself. At the party congress at Halle, Zinoviev, surrounded by the glamor of the Russian Revolution, made a speech in German that lasted four hours, a speech remembered for many years afterward. He won: the big majority of the Independents joined the Moscow International. Zinoviev, as everybody knows, was shot as a traitor by the present Russian government.

In 1925 and 1926 the Communist International made a very energetic move to defeat the so-called ultra-left and ultra-radical tendency within its own ranks. During these years the star of Zinoviev was descending; now Bukharin, the famous theoretical thinker of communism, was the real leader of the International. In speeches, articles, and pamphlets he attacked the devil of ultra-radicalism; with biting irony he unmasked the mistakes of the opposite tendency. Bukharin won, smiling, full of jokes, and full of desire for revenge. A short time ago Bukharin, as again everybody knows, became the famous prisoner in one of the sensational Moscow trials. His irony was now broken, but his sharp art of disputation could not be daunted by the power of the prosecutor. Bukharin was shot as a traitor.

The history of the Communist International is important as history; it is full of dramatic turns, of the rise and fall of persons and theories. Borkenau describes events and personalities in a plastic manner and gives the reader a vivid realization of the great changes which have taken place in Moscow and within all the Communist parties since 1919. The friends and members of the official Communist parties will disagree with Borkenau at nearly every point, but it will be difficult for them to challenge the quality of his research or the sincerity of his conclusions.

The reader who studies Borkenau's book will find that the tactic and theory of the Communist International jump every few years from one extreme to another. The defenders of the Communist International could answer that the objective facts of history and politics are always changing, and therefore the party of the workers is also compelled to change its tactics under new conditions. But Borkenau proves that the sudden changes in Communist tactics have mostly occurred without any regard for the objective conditions of the international labor class, and have been the result of corresponding changes within the dominating party of Russia. For instance, the Communist parties follow for a few years the method of a United Front with the democratic parties. Many sincere workers and intellectuals who favor a moderate political method are attracted. Then suddenly Moscow commands the end of the United Front, and the Communist parties return to radicalism. The sincere friends of the United Front either leave the Communist Party or are expelled. Now comes a new period of official Communist radicalism, till the day that Moscow makes the next turn, when sincere radicals are ejected from the International. The only people within the Communist leadership who survive all the changes and purges are the indifferent bureaucrats, who are always ready to accept the thesis of Moscow.

As the news of the Russian-German treaty arrived, everybody felt the Communist tactic of the United Front had become impossible. And now the official theory of the Third International has made a corresponding change, has suddenly discovered that all the capitalist governments on earth are equally bad, that the real revolutionist must fight them all with the same vigor, and if the revolutionary Soviet state is compelled to make a compromise with bourgeois countries, it makes no difference whether the compromise is made with fascism or with democracy. But the moral foundations of the Communist International are shattered so badly that the year 1939 will probably sound the death knell of the Third International just as 1914 marked the end of the Second.

There are two deficiencies in Borkenau's book. While it gives a vivid and careful description of the Communist parties outside Russia, its description of the Russian Communist Party is too short, for the Russian party has always been the center and the driving force of world communism. Secondly, Borkenau shows some strange misunderstandings of Karl Marx and the Marxian theory. He writes: "The Communists hunted a phantom which deceived them continually—the vain phantom of social revolution such as Marx had seen it." Borkenau should know that Marxism is nothing but a certain critical method of approach to social problems; it does not require belief in any dogma. Marx was always very careful to avoid prophecies on the political future. If the Communist International hunted certain phantoms, they were not the phantoms of Marxism.

Borkenau's book should be read by everybody who wants to have the facts about communism rather than empty gossip. And reactionaries might learn from Borkenau that world communism is not so dangerous as they believe or try to make others believe.

ARTHUR ROSENBERG

WAR

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DRAMA

When Men Were Men

"LIFE WITH FATHER" (Empire Theater) is a delightful affair and well calculated to please equally those who do and those who do not know the various reminiscences by Clarence Day upon which it is founded. Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, who put it together, have done something considerably more difficult than merely to select and give continuity—they have almost miraculously preserved a flavor which might have been expected to defy translation into another form.

Father was a fine flower of Victorian manhood, and in those days virility didn't mean what D. H. Lawrence means by the word. Manliness was something whose outward expressions were big cigars and high blood pressure, a hearty contempt for women's notions and the sure conviction (wrong of course, since some things are eternal) that *pater familias* was master in his own house. It was also likely to mean, as it certainly did in the case of the elder Day, an egocentric view of the universe so naive that the Master was never able to understand why everyone else should not be as anxious for him to have his own way as he was himself.

Considered merely as a case history, Father was an obtuse bully; but Father was loved by his wife and remembered with enormous affection by the son who celebrated both his rages and all those final decisions which mother so quietly revised. The triumph of the play, like the triumph of the sketches upon which it is based, lies in the fact that it makes the paradox understandable, not by explaining it in any rational terms, but by communicating something which portraiture can communicate and case histories cannot. Merely to say that Father meant well would be to add insult to injury; but Father did mean well, and we forgive him as a living person what we could not possibly forgive him as an abstraction. Something is perhaps explained by the fact that in that household which lived in perpetual crisis there were rages and the joy of battle but no rancor and no cruelty, something more perhaps by the fact that Father protected the family against God as well as against anyone else who threatened it, and would no more permit the minister to pray for mother as "a miserable sinner" when God knew as well as everybody else that she was a good woman than he would consent to the assumption that "a mere technicality" like his own failure to get himself baptized would keep him out of heaven. But no catalogue of details will really explain the mystery. The family formed a *Gestalt* which meant something other than the sum of its parts, and it is the *Gestalt* which the play captures.

"The celebrated malice of the distinguished Miss Clare Boothe is just the thing we have needed to supply us with a good anti-Nazi melodrama."—*Richard Watts, Herald Tribune.*
CLARE BOOTHE'S HIT! **MARGIN FOR ERROR**
Bert Lytell Sam Levene Bramwell Fletcher | Directed by
Eispeth Erlo Leif Erickson Phillip Coolidge | OTTO L. PREMINGER
PLYMOUTH THEATRE WEST 45th STREET. Evenings 8:45. Matinees: Wednesday and Saturday 2:45

"Life with Father" is enormously funny, but the fun is not based on condescension, and it is sly as often as it is fantastic. There is the highest of high comedy in scenes like that in which Father explains that the reason men so often lose arguments with women is because the subject always gets changed when the man isn't looking and the argument comes somehow to turn, not upon the original question, but upon a new one, namely, whether the man really loves his opponent or not. If the play took its place instantaneously among the biggest of big hits, that is in part because it is certain to please both members of those heterosexual couples which make up the bulk of an audience. While one says to himself, "How like a woman," the other will be saying, "How like a man." And there is no reason why either should tell what he is laughing at.

There are admirable performances by Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ART

FOR some time now the Whitney Museum has exerted its influence on the contemporary American scene. It has offered our artists encouragement, the advantages of various group shows, and the hospitality of its permanent collection. The Museum's Juliana Force, too, played an instrumental part in the first Federal Art Project, which, economically and perhaps frivolously speaking, marked the inception of the (brief) Golden Age of American culture. It is consequently difficult for the reviewer—particularly for this reviewer, who on a previous occasion has been taken to task for failing to accept the artist's professional and social maladjustments as inevitably responsible for the technical deficiencies of his work—to evaluate the present Whitney show.

From a social point of view the museum has accomplished its purpose admirably; it has, in fact, become an institution, a de luxe kind of orphan asylum for the "abandoned" American artist. On the other hand, in a functional sense, viewed simply as a gallery depersonalized of school and motive and considered in terms of what is exhibited, it brings other, less genial judgments to mind. The problem arises, therefore: which is the more significant aspect of the museum—its personal relationship to the artist or its functional relationship to the public? Also is it fair to disparage work which has been encouraged and collected with the best intentions? The answer in this specific case at any rate may be found in the title of the current exhibition: "Twentieth-Century Artists." It will be noted that the popular qualifying term "American" has been omitted. Here, then, are 280-odd oils, water colors, prints, drawings, and pieces of sculpture, presented not like the handicraft of a Pueblo reservation under some local humanitarian aegis, but offered as part of the aesthetic product of twentieth-century consciousness. The work, it follows, may be judged by fairly generalized standards. And it may be compared qualitatively with other work of the era without further reference to the museum's particular avuncular personality or to the artist's particular struggle in his native milieu. The latter, if the artist's affirmation is unified and

complete, will in some way be translated into the terms of his medium. It may be added parenthetically that there seems to be an extensive and fallacious theory, if not a school, of "Daniel Boone-ism" in American art, apparently based on the assumption that spiritually we are a backwoods nation, that our artists are pioneers caught in the underbrush of some indigenous banality, and that consequently a categorical inferiority in our creative work must be accepted, overlooked, or, more often, praised. The artist, following this argument, becomes as smug as a conspirator, while his audience must suspend all objective values and share the secret.

Too many examples of this automatic deception are in the Whitney show, paintings which represent attitudes rather than reactions, creative work which is a substitute for and not a criticism of reality. A still-life and a brick silo have little value on canvas unless they describe, beyond their relationship to paint methods, a relationship to the human eye. The interpretative process for the graphic artist should be the means of endowing an apple or a wall with the quality of human experience; in the same way a successful abstraction becomes something more than an arbitrary arrangement or pattern. When this experiential amplification is lacking, the picture holds little meaning for the observer beyond the topical considerations of time and place. That no doubt is responsible for the enforced emphasis on regionalism, local "schools," "movements," and criteria in shows like the present one (despite the conspicuous omission in title) in which the factor of interpretation is either ignored or reduced to its most mimetic and manneristic functions. The paintings in "Twentieth-Century Artists" may for the most part be divided into three groups: the obviously derivative, in which the artist reacts not to reality but to an established and published approach—Speicher, Blanche, Peter Blume, Paul Burlin, Jared French, Arshile Gorky, Walt Kuhn, Marguerite Zorach; the empiricists, numbering such talents as Sheeler, Jo Jones, Lucioni, who are primarily concerned with negating the element of personal consciousness and consequently produce inferior "objects," chairs which cannot be sat upon and inedible fruit; and the journalists—Benton, Aaron Bohrod, John Steuart Curry, Ernest Fiene, Leon Kroll, Kenneth Miller, Raphael Soyer, Maurice Sterne—all of whom demonstrate facility and control in making observations which are in no sense inevitable to the chosen medium. Finally there is the group, if such it can be called, of craftsmen who have transcended social and technical clichés and have devoted themselves to the generic problems of statement and communication—Luks, Kuniyoshi, Henry Mattson, Marin, and Weber.

A further proof of the futility in organized attempts at producing "national" art may be found in the retrospective Marin show at Stieglitz's. Marin, who belongs to no school and who as an "eclectic" has been left out in the cold by the more recent "movements," succeeds where the others have failed. His series of papers possess all the violence, energy, and hysteria of the American scene objectivized in an original idiom and achieved in a form as individual and universal as the human organism itself. Marin's method is poetic in its essentials; condensation, symbolism, the evocation of mood, all contribute to his statement. The origins of this approach and its tentative experiments may be traced from his earliest work. London Omnibus, executed in the same year

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NEW DIRECTIONS

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(1908) as the conventional Old Houses, Chartres, already presents clues to the artist's later, more assured style. Surfaces are broken up into precise areas of color; movement is attempted not according to traditional linear arrangements or perspectives but in terms of stenographic color relationships. In The Old Salt experimentation assumes the proportions and direction of affirmation. The artist must reproduce and fix on paper the eye's most spontaneous impression of a scene, inclose it in a socket-like composition. Thereafter, from Movement Pertaining to Deer Isle (1927) to Off Cape Split (1937), Marin presents his complete and singular expressions, work whose purpose is explicit and whose talent, despite trends, will always have its way.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

MUSIC

IN EXPLANATION of my contention that Toscanini nowadays conducts but is not heard I pointed out that the performance he produces with fanatical zeal for exactly the right sonorities and right plastic proportions reaches the ears of the radio audience with those sonorities and proportions altered by the acoustic defects of Studio 8H, by the limitations in frequency and volume range of transmitting apparatus, by the deficiencies of most of the radio sets in American homes. I forgot to add that with the sonorities produced with such care by Toscanini there emerges from the radio—even from the finest Scott—a whistle caused by interference from another station. And I will add now that from many radios the performance emerges combined with the program of the Mutual Broadcasting System—the first movement of the recent performance of Beethoven's "Eroica," for example, with jazz; the second movement with Trans-Radio news. And this is to say nothing of the disturbances added by the master aerials, most of them defective, that are being installed in apartment houses.

All this is interesting because American broadcasting companies are loud about the benefits the American radio audience receives from the American system of commercial broadcasting; and these claims may be questioned. N. B. C., for example, has much to say about the symphony orchestra it established for broadcasting in 1937, about its engagement of Toscanini, and about these as the "climax to its presentation of the best in music for eleven years" (to quote from the brochure published to celebrate the occasion). But as far back as 1928 I heard in London the fine symphony orchestra established by the non-commercial British Broadcasting Corporation; and this orchestra's public and broadcast concerts each week under conductors who later included Koussevitzky and Toscanini were part of a program which assured the English radio audience an average of two hours of the best music every evening. This was at a time, which continued as late as 1930-31, when N. B. C. was occasionally picking up —and dropping—concerts by one or another of the American orchestras; when the Philadelphia Orchestra might be heard in a few special broadcasts but N. B. C.'s week-in, week-out orchestral offerings were typified by the Saturday night General Electric Hour in which Walter Damrosch conducted programs of things like Delibes's "Sylvia," Massenet's "Elegy," Grainger's "Molly on the Shore," Handel's Largo, Rubinstein's "Melody in F," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," with an occasional movement or two of a symphony; when N. B. C. offered no programs of Carnegie or Town Hall caliber at all on week-day nights, and its total for the week might be two hours. (The Metropolitan Opera broadcasts began in 1931-32.)

If, then, N. B. C., out of regard for the commercial value of Toscanini's celebrated name, established an orchestra for radio in 1937, it did what the B. B. C., out of regard for great music, did ten years earlier; if American commercial broadcasting gave the American radio audience Toscanini's performances in 1937, it gave this audience Damrosch's General Electric Hour before that (in 1927 it was Damrosch whose name was sufficiently celebrated for Mr. Sarnoff to acquire it as a commercial asset and to consider Damrosch a great conductor); and American commercial broadcasting gives this audience Toscanini's performances mixed with a whistle, jazz, and Trans-Radio news. For these interferences are caused by stations on adjacent wave lengths that broadcast with too great power; they use that much power to cover more territory; and they cover more territory to be able to charge advertisers more for time. I am fully aware that the B. B. C.'s broadcasts also suffer from interference; but I am pointing out a particular interference that results from the commercialization of broadcasting in this country.

The opening concerts of the New Friends of Music have fulfilled my predictions. Concert programs repeat a limited repertory; but an organization that sets out merely to play what is unplayed will give its audience a few neglected masterpieces like the Viola Quintet K. 614 of Mozart of the second Friends concert, but a greater number of works that deserve their obscurity, like the Horn Quintet K. 407 of the first concert, the Duo K. 423 for violin and viola of the second. And there has been the usual inequality in performances: the players of the Duo were quite undistinguished; but what made the Viola Quintet an unforgettable experience was the way it was played by the new Primrose Quartet and William Carboni—with the combination of technical mastery, emotional warmth, and distinction of musical style all raised to sheer incandescence that has been heard until now only from the Budapest Quartet.

The Divertimento K. 334 of Mozart for strings and two horns recorded for Columbia by the Lener Quartet and Aubrey and Dennis Brain (M-379, $7.50) is the one recorded a few years ago by Harty with the London Philharmonic. The Leners include two dull movements which Harty wisely omitted; and they make things worse with a performance as stodgy as Harty's was light-footed; but the older recording sounds shabby. Ernst Victor Wolff and Janos Scholz have recorded a good performance of Bach's Sonata No. 3 for harpsichord and viola da gamba (X-147, $3.50), which I find more attractive than the other two sonatas of the group, but not one of Bach's most consequential works. And Barlow and the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony have done another of their better jobs wih Goldmark's melodious "Rustic Wedding" Symphony (M-385, $7.50). The rest next time.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Turkey's Changed Role

Dear Sirs: It must be quite an amazing experience for students of the old Eastern question to observe the developments of the present Turkish foreign policy. For a century Turkey represented just so much potential booty to be divided. Its shaky existence and its opportunist policies, the attempts to render its survival impossible and to bolster it up, constituted major elements of instability in Europe for several generations. Now we find a new Turkey in the role of a factor of stability, a champion of peace and security, and an advocate of respect for commitments.

The general public is at a loss to undertand Turkey's changed role because it has not been able to follow local developments there. It has tried to interpret changes in Turkey in terms of general post-war developments in the direction of dictatorship. This interpretation hardly corresponded to facts, because the new Turkey has sincerely liquidated a militaristic past and has always been a champion of peace and non-aggression. In internal affairs it has used persuasion rather than dictation and has made gradual progress toward democracy. Furthermore, it passed an acid test at the death of Mustafa Kemal Ataturk by avoiding any overturn and achieving perfect continuity in a national, rather than personal, sense.

The imperial burden left from past centuries was for pre-war Turkey a tremendous liability. All its energies were spent to keep together Yemen, Arabia, Transjordan, Palestine, Irak, Tripoli, Albania, and the rest. There was no return for the constant sacrifice of millions of sons of the Turkish homeland and of all available assets for the good of places outside the homeland. When we got rid of the burden of policing all these countries, we could progress and prosper and conquer a respectable place in the world. Anybody today in Turkey who hinted that we should seek new imperial burdens would be classed as mad. The consequence is that Turkey cannot be bribed or lured into complicity with any aggressor.

On the contrary, Turkey has concluded pacts of friendship or alliance with all its neighbors in order to defend jointly their independence against masked or unmasked aggressors. Both the Balkan League, with Greece, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, and the Saadabad pact, with Persia, Afghanistan, and Irak, are bound to develop, given normal conditions, into federations based on equal rights for all members. This region, once a classical area of strife, has really the best chance to become one day the starting-point of a world federation.

The dissolution of the old empire and the formation of a national state out of new elements who have proved to be capable of sacrificing everything in order to build an entirely new order have made it possible to establish the public-spirited leadership of comparatively young men, such as few countries can boast. The late Ataturk often said, "Other people may like to raise flowers. I take delight in raising public-spirited men. The amateur who raises flowers does not expect any gratitude from his flowers; neither do I."

What will actually be saved for humanity by Turkey's firm stand cannot be foretold. It is possible that its determination to save the peace and to localize the war may prepare for a new order of things based on respect for the rights and commitments of others.

A. B. YALMAN

New York, November 6

On "Truth in Accounting"

Dear Sirs: The views expressed by Kenneth MacNeal in the two articles which appeared in your issue of October 7 and 14, are apparently widely at variance with those held by the Securities and Exchange Commission and by leading teachers of accounting, as well as with those of practicing accountants.

Mr. MacNeal makes one statement which is erroneous and may be seriously misleading. He says that on April 7, 1934, the Federal Trade Commission announced that its original regulation had been amended and that "the accounting profession thereupon changed its form of unqualified certificate . . . from one which states that its financial statements are true, to a form of certificate which merely states that such financial statements *fairly present, in accordance with accepted principles of accounting*, the position of a company." (Italics Mr. MacNeal's.)

The easily ascertainable facts are that such a change in the form of certificate was first recommended in a report of a committee of the American Institute of Accountants to the New York Stock Exchange dated September 22, 1932, before the Administration which passed the Securities Act was elected; that the New York Stock Exchange on October 25, 1933, recommended that the change should be made; and that the new form of certificate, embodying the words to which Mr. MacNeal takes exception, was approved by the New York Stock Exchange, the Controllers' Institute, and the American Institute of Accountants, and was made public in January, 1934. The imputation that the change of certificate was inspired by the change of law is refuted by the dates.

JOHN L. CAREY, Secretary,
American Institute of Accountants

New York, November 1

Dear Sirs: Kenneth MacNeal's article "What's Wrong With Accounting?" in the October 7 and October 14 issues of *The Nation* makes interesting reading. Mr. MacNeal has some good points to make, especially when he takes accountants to task for certifying balance sheets in which the stockholders' equity is in reality understated because, on grounds of conservatism, fixed assets have been written down to a nominal value or secret reserves have otherwise been created. However, most students of accounting cannot but regret that you saw fit to publish the article. Appearing in a technical journal, it would have been thought-provoking and probably served to stimulate discussion. Addressed to the layman through a medium such as *The Nation*, it is almost certain to mislead the public as to the nature of accounting and the functions of public accountants. In the first place, Mr. MacNeal would indict the entire profession because there have been instances in which accountants have certified statements later used to mulct stockholders, present or prospective. Because of this the accountant is characterized as "a sort of accessory in a confidence game." Is it not possible that such sensationalism may help to explain why the article was "killed by the editors" of another magazine before you accepted it?

Mr. MacNeal's illustrations are oversimplified, and as a result his conclusions are too broad. For example, there

is the illustration of the two business men who each held at the end of the year 1,000 shares of the same stock. One, however, purchased his on December 31 with the proceeds from the sale of shares of another stock. Both had invested the same amount in two different stocks on January 1. The two investors, of course, occupy the same market position on December 31, and Mr. MacNeal rightly points out that a decline in the price of the stock held in the same amount by each, which would wipe out the unrealized profit of the one investor, would also wipe out the realized profit of the other (if, it might be added, it became necessary to sell). He concludes that "in fact, there is no difference whatever between them," and chides the accountants, who "insist that the realized profit is a profit and that the unrealized profit is not a profit." Mr. MacNeal was apparently neither one of those who, in 1932, held the same stocks they bought in 1928 nor one of those who sold their stocks in 1929 and spent the proceeds or acquired some other investment than stocks. These people know the difference between a realized and an unrealized profit. Mr. MacNeal would have done better simply to call attention to the desirability of having the balance sheet carry some indication of the value of a concern's outside investments.

Mr. MacNeal's panacea, namely, the stating of all assets at appraised or market values regardless of their nature or the purposes for which they are held is nothing new. "Market value" vs. "original cost" as a basis of asset valuation has been debated for many years by accountants, both practitioners and teachers. It may safely be said that at present there is diminishing support for the "market value" concept, especially as applied to the plant of an industrial corporation.

Aside from the impracticability of attempting to revalue annually the vast array of buildings, machinery, and equipment which constitute the plant of the typical industrial corporation, little benefit could be derived from periodic revaluations of assets which are not held for sale and could not be sold apart from the business.

It may be noted that a number of our large corporations have, within the last dozen years, both written up and written down their plant assets to approximate market values above or below historical cost, presumably in accordance with the method of asset valuation recommended by Mr. MacNeal. The most tangible result has been that these corporations have, through depreciation charges based on such inflated or deflated "values," reported lower profits in good times and higher profits in bad times than would have been the case had they retained "original cost" on the books. That such a result is in the interest of investors is not proved, and there are strong objections to it from the standpoint of correct income reporting.

M. B. DANIELS

Washington, D. C., November 3

Mr. MacNeal Replies

Dear Sirs: In regard to Mr. Carey's protest, far be it from me to impugn the inspirations or motives of accounting leaders. I shall leave that to God and the psychiatrists. But it seems to me that the facts remain as stated. Prior to 1933 the accounting profession generally certified financial statements as *correct.* After April 7, 1934, it certified that they *truly and fairly reflect the application of accepted accounting principles to the facts disclosed.* A year or so later it began to certify that they *fairly present, in accordance with accepted principles of accounting,* the position of a company. Let Mr. Carey explain the subjective motivations involved, if he can and will. It still seems apparent that accounting principles and truth do not make good bedfellows.

In reply to Mr. Daniels, I wish that he would say wherein the financial positions of the two owners of 1,000 shares of International Harvester, as I described them, differ. To me it seems elementary that *there is no difference whatever between an unrealized profit and a reinvested realized profit.* If I am wrong in this, then so is virtually every accountant with whom I have discussed it during the past several years.

KENNETH MACNEAL

Philadelphia, November 8

Press "Freedom," 1840 Style

Dear Sirs: In your issue of November 4, Max Lerner makes some interesting and timely observations about the American press. I should like to raise one question —from the historical point of view.

Mr. Lerner speaks of the "free small newspapers" of Jefferson's day, and contrasts our contemporary "mastodons." I have not seen any of the papers of that time, but I have seen more than one hundred of the papers published a generation later, in Jackson's day. They were still small, but they certainly were not free. The policies followed were those of definite political parties—and it was all very frankly done. Journalistic "freedom" in the sense in which Mr. Lerner appears to use it was already a strange animal in the 1830's.

Furthermore, "boiler-plate" is nothing new. Back-country papers reprinted their national and metropolitan news from the great dailies of New York, Boston, and Albany. One might see ov[illegible], "From the *Journal of Com*[illegible] ead of "AP." The control of the c[illegible]nels of communication was essentially the same as it is now. The lords of the press have grown more powerful and more subtle, of course, but they were no weaklings a century ago.

SIDNEY L. JACKSON

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., November 7

CONTRIBUTORS

HERBERT HARRIS, author of "American Labor," is at work on a book dealing with current labor problems.

LOUIS FISCHER, *The Nation's* European correspondent, has just left Italy after making a first-hand study of conditions there.

T. E. WOOD is the pseudonym of a Canadian journalist.

FRANZ HOELLERING, a native of Vienna, was for many years editor of the *Berliner Zeitung.* He is now living in this country.

SAMUEL ROMER fought with the International Brigade in Spain.

ARTHUR ROSENBERG, author of the "History of Bolshevism" and formerly a professor at the University of Berlin, is now teaching at Brooklyn College.

CORRECTION. A radio dispatch from Louis Fischer printed in the issue of September 23 contained the sentence: "Nothing remains of the traditional Soviet foreign policy." Through an error of transcription the qualifying word "foreign" was omitted from the sentence as printed.—EDITORS THE NATION.

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

WHAT A NAZI-DOMINATED EUROPE WOULD look like is being demonstrated in Czechoslovakia. Czech students who dislike the Nazi regime are being dealt with in a way hitherto reserved for colonial peoples carrying the white man's burden. Unrest seems to have been on the increase since October 28, Czech "Independence Day." When an arrested student died in prison, other students at the University of Prague demonstrated, and nine were taken to an airport on the outskirts of the city and shot. According to a Prague dispatch, students were taken to the scene in buses to witness the salutary spectacle. Shortly after the student executions three more Czechs, two of them policemen, were put to death "because of acts of violence against a German," that is, against the new master race of Central Europe. More than 1,000 students were arrested, and the university, one of the oldest in Europe, was closed. Ten thousand S. S. men were sent in to patrol the "protectorate," and martial law was declared. In view of reports of unrest within the Reich (Beach Conger of the New York *Herald Tribune* has been expelled for cabling these reports abroad), the suppression of all news of the Czech disorders in the German press is significant. "It is quite possible," according to official German sources, "that similar occurrences may take place in the occupied parts of Poland."

✶

THE BATISTA DICTATORSHIP SEEMS TO BE IN process of "withering away" in Cuba, though it is too early to be certain that the Colonel will accept the results of the elections for the Constituent Assembly. Political parties opposing the present administration elected forty-one delegates to the Assembly, as against only thirty-five for the government parties. Unfortunately the deep divisions existing on both sides of the fence may permit Batista to divide and rule. Against the government are parties as sharply different in their outlook as Grau San Martín's Cuban Revolutionaries, which emerged as Cuba's biggest party, and Menocal's not too democratic Democratic Republicans. On the other side, supporting the government, are the not at all liberal Liberals, Machado's old party, and the Communists. The results of the election, and the fact that they were held at all, are the most hopeful events in Cuba since American pressure—despite the Good Neighbor policy—forced the democratic and representative Grau out of office in 1934. Batista's attitude toward the Assembly will be the test of his recent avowals of democratic intentions.

✶

PIERCE BUTLER HAD NEITHER VISION NOR learning nor eloquence, and the tributes paid to the late Supreme Court Justice were nauseating because they were untrue. He was born in a log cabin and came of the common people, but he made his way by serving those who exploit them. Like Frank B. Kellogg, a fellow-Minnesotan, he rose in his profession by representing the railroad corporations which have played so dominant a part in the politics of that state. He was primarily a railroad lawyer. He went on the bench as a railroad lawyer. His reading of the Constitution harked back to no "rugged individualist" frontier, for he was as ready to approve government interference with basic liberties as he was to block any interference in defense of worker, investor, or consumer. We cite Butler's dissent in the Hague case. A "rugged individualist" would never have given a mere mayor or police chief such wide powers over the rights of free speech and assembly. Butler was a Catholic, and might have derived from his religion some sympathy with minorities; the rhetoric he employed in defense of corporations should consistently have applied to basic personal liberties as well. His dissent in the Scottsboro case—in which his fellow-conservative, Justice Sutherland, spoke for the majority—showed how little there was of the milk of human sympathy in Pierce Butler.

✶

FOUR GENERAL MOTORS COMPANIES HAVE been found guilty of a conspiracy to restrict interstate commerce, while seventeen officials of the companies have been found not guilty in a curious verdict just handed down in South Bend, Indiana. In many respects the verdict was no more curious than the case itself. The General Motors companies were charged with having coerced dealers to finance their sales through the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, a subsidiary. It was not charged that the consumers lost by the arrangement. As a matter of fact, the General Motors Acceptance Corporation gives better terms and is run on a more enlightened

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plane than many of the independent finance companies. Nor is it charged that the practice of the company was detrimental to the dealers or injurious to competing automobile companies. Most of the dealers preferred the arrangement, and the other large automobile companies had adopted the same policy. But the fact remains that the four companies did commit a technical violation of the anti-trust laws. Strictly interpreted, these laws proscribe many normal activities of modern large-scale industry. Whether the practices or the laws should be changed is a question in the sphere of economic and political philosophy. It is hardly surprising that the jury should have tried to preserve a little of both.

✶

SENATOR WAGNER HAS BLAZED MORE NEW trails in American legislation than any other member of Congress, but he never entered a tougher battle than that he started with his bill to let the government sell annuities up to $100 a month. Those supporting the bill claim that the government could sell annuities at 30 per cent less than the private companies, and judging from the government's experience with war-risk insurance we believe the claim justified. The private companies are run as expensively and as bureaucratically as ever they were in the days of the Hughes investigation—and maybe as corruptly. It would be a blessing to have the government enter this field, and it would certainly encourage the thrift our conservatives always fear to undermine by social security. But the power of the insurance companies in politics and in the press is enormous, and Senator Wagner's chances of success are none too good. Like the bankers, the insurance companies fear the yardstick of government competition, for it would show them up as completely as it has the utilities. In that connection it is interesting to note that Chairman Steagall of the House Banking Committee has enlisted in the bankers' old campaign to abolish postal savings—our one form of government banking for the poor, as the RFC is government banking for the rich.

✶

THANKS TO A PRODUCTION RATE OF OVER 90 per cent of capacity, the steel industry has been able to reduce unit costs, despite a rise in raw-material prices, and is expected to show brilliant profits for the current quarter. In the past such conditions have usually led to an attempt to push earnings still higher by jacking up prices, and a number of steel leaders openly favor similar tactics today. Nevertheless, it is now generally believed that basic quotations for the first quarter of 1940 will not show any increase, and while this is no doubt a painful thought to Mr. Weir, we fancy it is likely to prove a constructive step not only for the economy as a whole but for the steel industry itself. As we have stated before, the quickest way to cut short the present recovery would be to raise industrial prices, and it is certain that a move by steel in this direction would be highly infectious. Since the beginning of the war the Administration has used all its influence to win support for this view. The Temporary National Economic Committee has provided it with a most effective instrument for this purpose, as the chief organ of the steel industry, *Iron Age,* acknowledged recently by saying: "The atmosphere created by the statements of government spokesmen at the opening of steel hearings by the TNEC in Washington is not propitious for the advancing of steel prices for the first quarter. It is becoming increasingly clear that government pressure by suasion and not by ukase will seek to prevent inflationary tendencies in prices, inventories, and wages in an effort to soften the shock of transition to normal conditions whenever peace shall arrive." This accomplishment alone more than justifies the creation of the TNEC and suggests that a permanent body similarly equipped to throw the light of publicity on industrial policies would be a valuable institution.

✶

AN ATMOSPHERE OF PRONOUNCED GLOOM envelops authorities of the New York Stock Exchange because of a public-opinion survey now being conducted by and about the Exchange. Apparently it was hoped that the results would provide public pressure for a relaxation of government regulation, but preliminary returns are not encouraging. Three-fourths of the men in the street buttonholed by questioners seem to know nothing about the Exchange and to care less, though the idea of regulation is popular. A note of melancholy runs through the reports on the survey in the financial pages: "A few think that there is too much government regulation, but such a few that they are entirely negligible. . . . The disclosures have come as a distinct surprise to many brokers, particularly the disclosure that most persons have little interest in the welfare of the business." The one straw at which the Exchange can clutch is a thin one: "The only consolation is an indication that the people who want to abolish the Exchange are generally those who think it deals in livestock. . . ." Is it so surprising that the sheep feel no affection for the shears?

✶

BACK IN THE PACIFIC DAYS OF 1925 LORD Rothermere, idling in Monte Carlo, sighed over his apéritif and remarked wearily to the Princess Stefanie Hohenlohe-Waldenburg that there was very little news in his London *Daily Mail.* He would be grateful, he told her, "for any original ideas." The remark was fateful. Stefanie Hohenlohe-Waldenburg, then pretty much on the loose, had lots of original ideas, and before Rothermere knew it he was all tied up in a contract making her his "special political representative in Europe" at £5,000 a year. If there was no news, they would make news—

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and not only news but kings as well. They would work, Stefanie now relates, "for the restoration of the Hohenzollern and Hapsburg dynasties," with Rothermere slated to be a "modern Warwick the kingmaker . . . on the European rather than the English field." They got off to a good start, but trouble lay ahead. Rothermere soon soured on the Hapsburg dynasty and decided to push his son Esmond toward the Magyar throne. Then Stefanie Hohenlohe-Waldenburg began to make a financial nuisance of herself, and made matters worse by sending Rothermere elaborate gifts to soothe him—along with the bills to cover them. "There was no opportunity of 'giving' her money," he complains, "because she was always asking for it." So, despite her spade work in selling him to the Nazis and winning for him a royal reception by Adolf Hitler, he finally called quits and terminated the connection. At least he thought he terminated the connection. Stefanie insisted hers was a lifetime appointment, and brought the good gray kingmaker into court for breach of contract. What was to have been an epic of the front page fizzled out in a judgment for Rothermere. Now the great scoop is gone glimmering, the Nazi tie is dissolved, Esmond wears no crown, and Stefanie is a sad memory.

*

LUIS QUINTANILLA, SOLDIER OF SPAIN'S Republic, came away from the war last January to paint frescoes for what was to be the Spanish building at the World's Fair. The war ended, and there was no Spanish building, but the frescoes are now on exhibition at the American Artists' Galleries. So is all the rest of Quintanilla's work that escaped destruction. The whole artistic expression of a socially conscious artist hangs here in these portraits of his fellow-prisoners made in jail after the Asturias revolt of 1934, in the drawings—at once so delicate and so strong, so ruthlessly real and so instinct with compassion—which put the Spanish war on paper. And in the quiet beauty of the frescoes the Spanish Republic lies dead. If these were all, the achievement would be notable, but Quintanilla has gone on living. His frescoes are his farewell to Spain. His paintings and his pastels show how an artist of courage and spirit can pick up life again after his work, his country, and the faith for which he fought have been destroyed. "I arrived here sad and demoralized," he said in a letter to Ernest Hemingway which forms the preface to his catalogue. "I didn't know whether I should commit suicide or get married, which is to prolong life; I married. I didn't know whether to take to alcohol or to work, and I worked. Little by little I took from my palette the bitter memories of Spain, and by dint of brush strokes I came to feel myself an individual again, and to love colors as old friends who for a long time have been forgotten." It is an exile's confession of faith.

Can Hitler Sit It Out?

GERMANY has now proclaimed as its chief war aim "the destruction of the British Empire," but it still seems uncertain how to set about this fairly formidable task. Almost daily Goebbels's loud-speakers emit blood-curdling threats about the terrible things that will shortly happen to warmongering England, but the thunderbolts remain in cold storage. Neither on land or in the air have the expected German attacks developed; only by sea is there an attempt at counter-offensive. These Fabian tactics may, of course, be abandoned at short notice, but present indications suggest that the Nazis are settling down to a war of nerves, of propaganda, and above all of economics. If this is their decision, it must surely represent the least unattractive of several unpleasant alternatives, for it means fighting Britain on Britain's chosen ground. Mr. Villard reports from Berlin on page 381 that the Germans have persuaded themselves of their immunity to blockade and wishfully believe that Britain's economy can be more easily undermined than their own.

In their fight against the blockade the Nazis have had their spectacular successes and will no doubt have more. But although the sinking of a battleship or a merchant vessel may make the headlines, it does little to offset the creeping paralysis imposed on Germany by the British blockade. Moreover, Winston Churchill's claims that the U-boat menace is being kept in check seems well founded, and no doubt means will be found to counter the new tactic of indiscriminate mine sowing. Up to date the British have lost 258,894 tons of shipping, or about 25,000 tons a week. But during the first half of 1917 they were losing on the average 146,000 tons weekly. At that time Britain really was in danger, but its losses in the past ten weeks have hardly amounted to more than the new tonnage which its shipyards could turn out in the same period.

Blockade and counter-blockade are only one aspect of economic warfare. Of equal importance are the efforts of both belligerents to win or force favors from neutral countries. Germany appears to be trying to impose something like Napoleon's continental system on its small neighbors. With its control of the Baltic it is trying to cut off the important supplies of food and raw materials which Britain normally receives from the Scandinavian countries. It has sunk or captured a number of Finnish and Swedish ships and is attempting to force all Baltic trade through the Kiel Canal route. But quite apart from Scandinavian unwillingness to abandon good Western customers to further a Nazi victory, Germany must be thwarted by economic facts. It is in no position to supply these neutral states with all the goods they import; but they cannot buy from the West unless they can also sell,

and cut off from all outside sources of raw materials, they would be unable to produce the kinds of goods Germany wishes to obtain from them.

While Germany controls the exit from the Baltic, Britain commands its entrance and can use this to make all ingoing ships submit to contraband inspection. Its immediate object, of course, is to prevent the neutral states from transshipping goods to the enemy, and it makes a careful check to insure that imports of any commodity do not exceed peace-time norms. This method naturally causes some friction, but most neutral ships find it worth while to report at the British control stations. Such subservience to the enemy is infuriating to Berlin, which has protested that it is unneutral conduct and has even hinted to some states that its continuance might be regarded as a hostile act. Unless Germany, however, is prepared to take the risks of invading these small states, it seems unlikely that much can be done to mobilize them against the British blockade. They all need oceanic trade, and so long as Britain rules the waves they cannot afford to accept German tutelage.

The position of the neutrals of Southeastern Europe is rather different. In this region Germany has for some years enjoyed the same commanding economic position that Britain has in Northwestern Europe, and there is no sea barrier to be surmounted. However, some difficulty is evidently being encountered in obtaining a smooth flow northward of the oil, metals, and foodstuffs which these countries have available. One obstacle is that the Reich owes most of these countries large sums for goods previously supplied, and they wish to see these debts paid before they part with more. Their attitude in this regard is being stiffened by offers coming in from Britain and France to buy with real money. The only way Germany can pay is with goods, and the goods the Balkan states want are industrial products requiring just those raw materials which Germany cannot spare.

And here we come upon one of the two bottlenecks in which the Nazis are likely to get caught in waging a war of attrition. In respect of food they may get by without famine if not without serious malnutrition. But lack of raw materials seems likely to defeat them unless Russia comes to the rescue—a factor which is being pessimistically viewed by German military economic experts. The other economic bottleneck is transport. In their frantic efforts to build up their military machine the Nazis neglected their railroads, and now they are suffering from a severe shortage of rolling stock. Reports from Belgrade and Bucharest frequently refer to shipments held up for lack of cars, and the same deficiency may well prove a major obstacle in obtaining such Russian supplies as are available. Transport and raw materials are the key to economic warfare, and weakness in both must render German hopes of outstaying the Allies very tenuous.

Mercy and Statesmanship

THIRTY-TWO nations took part in the discussions held at Evian a year and a half ago on a long-range solution of the refugee problem. But only one of them—and that one of the smallest of them—is actually prepared to accept "non-Aryan" colonists. That country is Santo Domingo. While the British government, with all the vast spaces of the empire to choose from, could speak only of a possible trial settlement of 500 persons in the unmapped and almost inaccessible uplands of Guiana, tiny Santo Domingo has offered to take 100,000, and has offered to take them not out of pity but in recognition of the contribution that skilled and trained refugees from the Third Reich may make to the upbuilding of the Caribbean republic. That refugees from one dictatorship should find refuge under another is ironical, but an irony not unfamiliar in history, and men and women seeking a new home would not be squeamish. When it is recalled that our own country's contribution to Evian was a very modest one—a promise merely to take the full legal quota of German immigrants—we cannot afford to adopt a lofty attitude toward Trujillo's generous offer.

Until now the only criticism one can make is not of the Dominican government but of the tardiness with which Jewish organizations took up its offer. Trujillo first proposed to take German refugee colonists at Evian, when representatives of the great powers were still playing with the idea of a modified plan to "ransom" German Jewry. One of those who early recognized the importance and possibilities of the Dominican proposal was Arthur M. Lamport, who has the unusual distinction of being both an investment banker and a New Dealer. The project is now in competent and experienced hands—those of James N. Rosenberg and Dr. Joseph A. Rosen of Agro-Joint (American-Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation). Their success in colonizing 300,000 Russian Jews on the land after the Bolshevik Revolution promises well for the new enterprise, which will be non-sectarian.

Agro-Joint began its work in Russia in 1923 with but twenty-three families, and both Rosenberg and Rosen expect also to go slowly with the present project. The Dominican government has promised to take 100,000, to waive the $500 entry fee, and to admit the refugees to full citizenship after two years' residence. But if the settlement is to become permanent and play its part in the upbuilding of Dominican life, it must be well planned. The colonists are required by the terms of the offer to engage in agriculture and related pursuits, and a great deal will depend on a careful choice of applicants. The subtropical climate makes colonization practicable. The project will test the enterprise of American Jewish organizations—on which the burden will fall—and the Dominican government's sincerity and willingness to cooperate. In spite of many doubts we hope for the

project's success. We recall the benefits that Flemish weavers fleeing similar religious persecution brought to the industrial development of another island nation—England. Santo Domingo's act of mercy can also become an act of statesmanship.

Why Appease Japan?

REPORTS from the Far East during the past week portend ominous changes in that part of the world. Normally mysterious to the Occidental, political developments in Asia have been more than usually obscure since the signing of the Soviet-German non-aggression pact last August. As a result, American Far Eastern policy is subject to daily reappraisal in the light of the latest news. The most disquieting of the recent reports are the stories of alleged dissension among the Chinese forces. Skirmishes are said to have been fought on several occasions between troops of the former Red Army and Chinese regulars. There have also been stories of the suppression of the *Hsin Hua Jih Pao,* the Communist paper at Chungking. Why these stories should be circulated at this time is not clear since the events occurred nearly a half-year ago, and have been known here for at least three months.

If, as is alleged in Japanese reports, there is imminent danger of a civil war between Chiang and the Communist armies, the time would seem auspicious for the launching of the often-postponed puppet government under Wang Ching-wei. Actually, we are now told, the setting up of the new government has been indefinitely delayed. Wang is said to have demanded a measure of independence for the new regime which Japan was unwilling to grant. His hesitancy is not difficult to understand in view of the severe defeats suffered by the Japanese recently at Changsha and Honan.

The occupation of Pakhoi is perhaps more significant as a clue to the evolution of Japanese foreign policy. As yet there is little to suggest that Japan has found its way through the perplexities caused by the Soviet-German pact and the European war. There can be little doubt that the Japanese factions disagree seriously as to the best course to follow. The civilian and moderate military groups are apparently holding out for an agreement with Great Britain, France, and the United States, on the ground that these are likely to be the dominant powers in the Pacific after the war. But the extremists, as represented by the Kwantung army, having reversed their earlier policies, are now believed to favor an agreement with the Soviet Union. Such an understanding, they argue, would free Japan's hands for an attack on British, French, and Dutch possessions in the Pacific while the Allies' hands are tied. The occupation of Pakhoi might be a step in this direction. In any case the rebuff given to Britain at Tientsin after the evacuation of British troops from North China suggests that the army at least holds veto power against any effort to make terms with the Western powers.

The position of the United States has been made both difficult and important by these developments. All factions of the Japanese seem desirous of making terms with this country, provided we recognize the "new realities" in Eastern Asia. In other words, they are willing to enter into some sort of arrangement regarding American rights and interests in China on condition that we do not interfere with Japan's plans for consolidating its conquests and that we conclude a new trade agreement guaranteeing a continuance of American economic assistance. There is known to be a group within the State Department which favors acceptance of these terms. Continued opposition to Japan, it is argued, will only throw Japan into the arms of the Soviet Union and eliminate the United States altogether from China.

Such an agreement is not, of course, out of the question. But if it comes it will not be because the United States and Britain have taken a firm attitude toward Japan. The Soviets have a heavy stake in a Chinese victory. They have advanced millions of dollars' worth of supplies on credit. Within the past few days negotiations have been going on looking toward a further increase of Soviet aid to China. Moscow is not likely to abandon all that it has built up unless it is confronted with a possible Allied-Japanese-American combination which menaces its security. Only such a threat would be likely to produce a Japanese-Soviet agreement which would be fatal to China. The United States can avert this danger by pursuing its traditional Far Eastern policy of standing squarely for the territorial integrity of China. A policy of appeasement toward Japan at this late date is both unnecessary and dangerous.

New Deal Diplomat

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

FRANKNESS in diplomacy is looked upon as a high explosive to be used deliberately, for political purposes only, as in the case of the recent plain-speaking by Ambassador Grew in Tokyo. Since this is true, an unpremeditated, innocent expression of opinion by a diplomat is immediately construed to imply more than its apparent meaning.

As closely as possible, at a distance of six thousand miles and in the almost complete absence of news, I have been following the activities and words of our new Ambassador to Chile, Claude Bowers. By nature Mr. Bowers is no diplomat. He is a lot of other things, such as historian and newspaperman and Jeffersonian, old-style. He is plain-spoken, sharp-witted, and, I should think, completely irreverent. His magnificent work as

Ambassador to Spain was largely obscured by the diplomatic shadows that blanketed the most shameless international swindle of our day. At present Mr. Bowers is serving his country and the Good Neighbor policy in Chile. It is an excellent post for a Democrat who is also a democrat.

Now if Mr. Bowers is not a diplomat by nature, he is by experience, and he touches off no explosives irresponsibly. Somehow he manages to be frank without causing alarm. At the pan-American housing conference held last month in Buenos Aires Mr. Bowers was chosen to speak in behalf of all the republics at the opening meeting. He made a speech that should have started revolutions in half a dozen countries but was, instead, received with unanimous approval and reported in the press of the whole continent. The stories from Buenos Aires reveal an interesting fight that was waged throughout the conference between the advocates of individual and those of collective housing. Gradually it became clear that the attitude of the delegates from the more reactionary countries was dictated not by economic or social considerations but by fear of putting large numbers of workers under one roof where they can discuss their grievances. Perhaps they remembered the shattered Socialist strongholds in Vienna. In any case the resolution supporting individual housing won, but it was coupled with a statement, proposed by the delegates of Chile, Mexico, Colombia, Panama, Cuba, and Claude Bowers, declaring that one solution of the housing problem is to pay a decent living wage! In view of the state of both housing and wages in all of Latin America, such a declaration by government representatives was an amazing event, and the role of the United States delegate was one in which we can take pride.

The English paper in Santiago, *South Pacific Mail,* reports verbatim another important talk by Mr. Bowers before a recent banquet given by the Chile-American Association. This speech cushioned its frankness with a generous padding of diplomatic politeness, but some of the passages were outspoken enough to win columns of space in all the papers next day. Mr. Bowers recalled the time, "not even yet remote, when we were suspected of sinister designs toward our neighbors in South America." He believed, he said, that our imperialistic threats were even then more rhetoric than reality, but they were an irritating exhibition of adolescence just the same. He went on to say that while the basis of the Good Neighbor policy is a mutual recognition of and respect for "each other's sovereignty, national dignity, and vital national interests," it also implies that "we must help one another over our various economic and financial difficulties to the full extent of our ability, and there is not one of us that will not stand at times in need of a helping hand." He called attention to the coming negotiations for a commercial treaty between Chile and the United States, adding: "There may be a few men left who still believe that our own land can prosper by living largely unto itself. These are blissfully oblivious to the fact that modern invention has wiped out distance and made all nations neighbors; that we cannot sell and refuse to buy; that unless we buy we cannot sell; and unless we sell we cannot prosper."

These words sound mild enough in the columns of *The Nation;* but their effect in Chile may be gauged by the fact that *La Hora* commented upon Mr. Bowers's frankness in discussing past suspicions of the United States "spontaneously rather than in diplomatic euphemisms."

Claude Bowers represents the best of the New Deal expressed in terms of diplomacy. We need more like him—men who can be ambassadors and human beings at the same time. But such men are seldom to be found among campaign contributors, and unfortunately they are scarce in the lower ranks of the foreign service. They can be found, but they have to be looked for.

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Lewis and the Third Term

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Portland, Oregon, November 11

THE Far Western progressive conference that was to have indorsed President Roosevelt for a third term seems to be over before it started. John L. Lewis administered the *coup de grâce* when he instructed Labor's Nonpartisan League to boycott the event. Sponsor of the conference may try to resuscitate it, but it will be an insubstantial affair without the support of the C. I. O. unions, which constituted the principal mass base of the undertaking.

Although the New Deal appears to be the immediate victim of Lewis's action, the opinion is prevalent here that this occurred by chance rather than intent. In politics as in war neutral territory may be invaded in order to strike at the main objective, and that is what Lewis is believed to have done. The blow that finished the progressive conference was really aimed at a faction which the C. I. O. leader has lately come to regard as a liability to his organization, particularly on the Coast—the Communists and those who follow the Communist Party line.

The Pacific slope is more than 5,000 miles from Moscow, but this distance has not cushioned the Communists along the seaboard against the reverberations of the Nazi-Soviet pact. Ever since Ribbentrop went to the Russian capital, the Communists and their allies in the labor movement in the West have lost influence and prestige. Harry Bridges has been demoted, a fact which has caused ill-concealed Communist displeasure with Mr. Lewis. Harold Pritchett of the lumberjacks barely maintained leadership of his union at its annual convention. The tie between the Communists and the New Deal is becoming increasingly tenuous.

The man who conceived and promoted the now defunct progressive conference was Howard Costigan, youthful secretary of the Washington Commonwealth Federation. He had contact with the White House and with leading figures in the Roosevelt Administration through his friendship with John Boettiger, the President's son-in-law, now resident publisher of Hearst's Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. Costigan also received the constant aid of Norman N. Littell, a friend of Boettiger's in Seattle who was recently appointed Assistant Attorney General of the United States. Littell, an able lawyer, is inclined to be arrogant, and he and Costigan antagonized important elements in Labor's Nonpartisan League by not consulting them as plans for the conference proceeded. Lewis, indignant that the backing of the C. I. O. should be taken for granted, has suggested that Littell may have violated the Hatch law by his activities in behalf of the affair.

But Lewis's anger over this matter was merely a by-product of his determination to shake the Communists and their sympathizers from positions of dominance in the labor movement and its political affiliates. Costigan wanted the progressive conference to expand into a permanent, pro-third-term organization which would include the liberals in all eleven Far Western states—California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico. Obviously this would have been a force of national significance. Costigan frankly hoped to be the executive secretary, a possibility distinctly distasteful to Lewis and the leaders of Labor's Nonpartisan League. Their attitude stemmed from the fact that Costigan has zealously adhered to the Communist Party line. In September he favored "every method short of war which will aid those who oppose the ruthless military aggression of the Reich." Today the Washington Commonwealth Federation organ considers American neutrality jeopardized when the rector of the President's church prays for a British victory. Not many weeks ago Costigan wanted the arms embargo repealed to "immediately strengthen England and France." Now he is counseling against taking sides in any phase of the European conflict.

Because of its hostility to Costigan and its fear of Communist influence Labor's Nonpartisan League has refused to make the Washington Commonwealth Federation its headquarters in Seattle. Its refusal is emphasized by the fact that in the neighboring state across the Columbia River the League operates through the Oregon Commonwealth Federation, which has as secretary a twenty-nine-year-old Socialist named Monroe Sweetland who has opposed and resisted the Communists. Between Sweetland and Costigan no friendliness is wasted; the epithets of "Trotskyite" and "fellow-traveler" have been frequently exchanged.

Among many C. I. O. unions on the Coast there is resentment over the resources, time, and energy expended in recent years in combating attempts to deport Bridges and his friend Harold Pritchett of the Woodworkers' Union, the chief C. I. O. affiliate in the Northwest. Pritchett is a native of British Columbia. Numerous loggers and sawmill workers insist that money and effort sorely needed to get adequate wages and safe conditions for the men who work in the forests have gone to defending Bridges and Pritchett from the immigration bureau.

This complaint, long simmering, boiled over at the annual convention of the woodworkers a few weeks ago in the Oregon lumber town of Klamath Falls. Pritchett, who had always before denounced such statements as "red-baiting," was compelled to accept a motion to send a telegram to Lewis congratulating him on his "recent statement of position condemning Communists aspiring to control the Congress of Industrial Organizations." And when under attack for having allegedly asked subordinates to join the Communist Party, Pritchett won a vote of confidence from the delegates only by the thin margin of 123 to 109. No situation on the Coast disturbs the heads of the C. I. O. more than this one. The anti-Communist faction among the woodworkers, with the bulk of its strength in the comparatively populous Columbia Basin area, has put up Al Hartung of Portland for president against Pritchett. The vote is certain to be close. As a result the union, already harassed by both the A. F. of L. and a galaxy of employers who help finance the Associated Farmers, may be badly split. A candidate representing a compromise between the rival elements in the union would be a possible solution, but neither Pritchett nor the opposition to him seems willing to accept such an adjustment.

Inseparable from this controversy is the fact that as Russian foreign policy has conflicted more and more with that of the United States, the enthusiasm of Western Communists and their sympathizers for the New Deal has waned. When Costigan first proposed and planned the progressive conference, the paramount purpose was to consolidate Pacific Coast liberals and left-wingers behind the President. Medallions inscribed "Draft Roosevelt for '40" appeared on the masthead of the Washington Commonwealth Federation newspaper. A few weeks ago the medallions suddenly disappeared. Sweetland in Oregon says he wrote to Costigan for a new supply of "Draft Roosevelt" buttons and received no reply.

Costigan explains that the "Draft Roosevelt" emblems have been dropped from the literature of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, not because of any lack of confidence in the President, but because the third term has ceased to be a burning issue. "Recent Gallup polls show Roosevelt can have another term if he wants it," Costigan says; "concerted pressure behind a third-term movement is no longer necessary." Costigan also refuses to believe the progressive conference has been killed, though Lewis dealt it a body blow. He says the C. I. O. may yet change its mind about collaboration.

These events are reflected in a recent editorial in the *Post-Intelligencer*. After having been extremely conservative for several years in Seattle, Boettiger shifted in the summer of 1938 and became friendly with Costigan, for whom he got a supper invitation to the White House. Boettiger also began featuring Washington Commonwealth Federation activities in his paper. This week the *Post-Intelligencer* declared:

> In the Pacific Northwest as in every other section of the United States the unmasking of the Communists nationally calls for a showdown locally.
>
> What about the Communist Party leaders in the state of Washington?
>
> A Communist never was nor could be a real liberal, and it will be better for all concerned if such Communists as Morris Rapport, Communist Party leader in this region, and other Communists who have heretofore pretended they were for the New Deal, should announce whether they want to follow Stalin and Molotov or abandon their party entirely.

A clean break with the Communist line may be the price Costigan will have to pay for future access to the leaders of the New Deal. He may not wish to pay it. Developments will be watched closely. Costigan has been a prominent figure in the left-wing movement on the Coast, and Boettiger and his wife form a listening-post for the President in the region.

Numerous political uncertainties have been created by John L. Lewis's blast at the progressive conference. What will be the result of his contention that Littell and other promoters of the project intended to exclude "Senator Burton K. Wheeler and other great liberals in the West"? Immediately it will tend to bolster Wheeler in Montana, where he faces a stiff scrap for reelection next year. To date the Wheeler Presidential boom has not been taken seriously in the Northwest. It is still looked upon as a stunt often performed by a Senator up for another term on the theory that constituents are so impressed by a claim on the sun that they will hand over the moon without haggling.

There is considerable likelihood that Lewis's carefully studied praise of Wheeler is also part of his heavy push against Western Communists, who ever since 1937 have denounced the Montana Senator as a renegade liberal. While the Communists were still in favor of collective security, they constantly berated Wheeler for his isolationist views and his support of the Ludlow war referendum. Should Wheeler by some chance become—and the backing of John L. Lewis may help him to do so—a real contender for the 1940 Democratic nomination, progressives in the West will withhold judgment until the record is complete. He has voted right on most labor issues, and his opposition to the Supreme Court plan is not *prima facie* evidence against him. Even Senator Norris, the greatest liberal of all, lacked enthusiasm for the court plan. The one question Wheeler must answer is about his part in the 1938 Congressional election in the Butte district, when Jerry O'Connell was defeated by the unspeakable Jacob Thorkelson, who sees "Communist-Jewish-Wall Street" plots to control the country, consults with General Moseley, and reads the most fantastically spurious material into the *Record*. O'Connell blames Wheeler for Thorkelson's election.

By and large New Dealers in the West have refused to be alarmed by Lewis's declaration of war against the Communists and by the defection of Communists from the New Deal. Some of the supporters of the Administration are highly pleased. The Republicans, nobly assisted by the Dies committee, have tried to convince the farmers in this predominantly rural region that the President is in league with Bolsheviks. The present conduct of the Communists is making that task extremely difficult.

The great danger is that in the shadow-boxing between the Communists and their adversaries the real issues will be obscured. Critical problems confront the Far West. Thousands of fruit growers have been ruined by the European war and its effect on foreign markets. Natural resources must be conserved. The Associated Farmers must be exposed. Public-power districts should be established. New reclamation and flood-control projects are needed. Civil liberties must be preserved. The question of old-age pensions has not been settled by the rejection of "Ham and Eggs" in California. Countless men are still out of work. The refugees from the Dust Bowl cannot live indefinitely in the squalor of tourist camps. It would be tragic if these problems were forgotten in a conflict over communism, especially now that the Communists by their recent behavior have discredited themselves.

Last week the Bonneville Dam Authority, guided by the ever-ready Mr. Ickes, signed a contract to deliver electricity to the Oregon town of Forest Grove. Householders will pay $1.20 for forty kilowatt-hours of power that now cost them $2.20. This sort of performance makes more converts for liberalism than a hundred battles on the ideological front.

India's War Within a War

BY KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

THE National Congress ministries governing eight of the eleven provinces of British India resigned in the last week of October in protest against Great Britain's denial of democracy to India's 365,000,000 inhabitants. Negotiations are now over, at least for the time being, and the British have declared that their intention is "to sit tight." The British governors of the eight provinces affected are now ruling by their "special powers" and by ordinances. On the Nationalist front Gandhi has announced that he will initiate civil disobedience if he finds "India ready." It is a war within a war now.

However, the Nationalists assert that it is not their policy to "take advantage of Britain's predicament in Europe." They have started the fight, not because Britain is engaged in a life-and-death struggle in Europe, but because India has been dragged into that struggle against its wishes. During the World War India contributed $500,000,000 to the Allied war machine. In addition war loans to the value of $700,000,000 were purchased by India. Finished products to the value of $1,250,000,000 were sent to the Allies' side from India. The sacrifice of India's manhood was even more impressive. About 1,338,620 Indians were dispatched to the various battlefields in France, Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia—178,000 more men than all the troops contributed by the dominions of Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. In exchange, India was given promises of dominion status by the British government, but all that it actually got at the conclusion of the war was the lame Montford reforms, which created great dissatisfaction and resulted finally in the massacre of Amritsar. This time, therefore, it wants immediate "honest action" in place of promises.

The mutually hostile attitude of the Congress Party and the British government is based solely on the Indian situation; no foreign propaganda is aggravating the conflict. The Nationalists are counting on India's strength, the power of millions galvanized by political consciousness. Twenty-five years of strong organization and stern discipline have made the National Congress into a political machine which, the Nationalists feel, is prepared to cope with all eventualities. In rejecting the Congress demand, on the other hand, Britain seems to be counting on India's weakness, its internal dissensions and its impotence against external foes. Thus the present deadlock is inspired by contradictory appraisals of the complexity of India, and only time can establish the validity of one against the other.

Both the contending parties, however, agree upon the issues which will provide the real test of strength. The answer to the question of whether a free and independent India is an immediate possibility seems to be tied up with the two problems of minorities and defense. The Marquess of Zetland, Secretary of State for India, has rather sarcastically advised Nationalists that before demanding dominion status "they should strive after that agreement among themselves without which they will surely fail to achieve that unity which is essential to the nationhood of which those with vision among her leaders have long dreamed." To this Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, militant Congress leader, has replied that the Delhi negotiations

failed, not because of disagreements between the Hindus and the Mohammedans, but because of "a fundamental difference" between the British government and the Congress regarding Indian liberties. Gandhi has gone a step farther and accused the bureaucracy of reviving the "ugly spectacle of Britain's playing off the Moslem League against the Congress."



Jawaharlal Nehru

India, along with Europe and America, is suffering from the contemporary epidemic of a minority problem. In India, however, the problem has a somewhat different setting. The real minorities—the Sikhs, the Parsis, the Christians, the Buddhists, and the Jains—are apparently at peace with the Hindu majority; they do not ask for any special privileges unless such privileges are granted to the Moslems. The safeguards they seek are not against the majority but against a major minority. Both Lord Zetland and Lord Linlithgow, Viceroy of India, have failed thus far to show that any minority except the Moslems is disputing the claim of the Congress Party to represent all.

There are in India, in round figures, 250,000,000 Hindus as against 80,000,000 Mohammedans. Thus the ratio is three to one in favor of the Hindus. But can 80,000,000 people, ask the Nationalists, ever be considered a political minority weak enough to be exploited in a democracy? Moreover, the Northwest Frontier Province, which is more predominantly Mohammedan than the rest of India—95 per cent of the population is Moslem—is under the complete control of the Congress Party, and Gandhi has always had more devout followers there than in predominantly Hindu provinces. It is such statistical facts, joined to the traditional tolerance of the Hindus, that lead Nationalists to ascribe bad faith to the British when they raise the question of Hindu-Moslem differences. According to the Nationalists, such differences are not real but are artificially created to serve imperialist purposes. Moreover, as Nehru asserts, "no one stands in the way of an unequivocal declaration of the war aims and Indian freedom by the British government except itself." Once Indian liberties become reality, he further contends, this "internal problem" of India will be quickly solved. Contrary to the impression created by the British and American press, therefore, Mohammedans are not opposed to the Nationalists' struggle for freedom. All they want is special consideration in the future constitution of India, and the Congress Party does not dispute their right to it.

Analogous to the Hindu-Moslem dispute is the problem of the princes. Some 560 big and small Maharajahs rule over one-third of India. As Lord Zetland told American reporters recently, Great Britain has pledged itself to "provide for their protection against aggression from without and rebellion from within." The almost overenthusiastic support that these princes pledged to the king-emperor at the outbreak of hostilities in Europe becomes understandable in the light of Lord Zetland's statement. To the Nationalists the attitude of the princes is not a surprise; they have always regarded the Maharajahs as an appendage of the British problem. The Congress Party appears to be ready to nullify the war aid of the princes through the "direct action" of the All-India States' Peoples' Congress, which is the counterpart of the Congress Party of British India.

The question of the defense of India against possible external foes is the second major issue which will decide —both the Congress Party and the British seem to agree—whether an independent India is an immediate possibility. The British maintain that "the defense of India could not be left to an Indian government." They also expect that the immediacies of the present war, especially since the German-Russian pact, will make the Nationalists more cautious in their demands and restrained in their aspirations. If one takes all the fantastic conjectures into account, there is no power in Europe or Asia which is not "reliably believed" to have designs on India. To military experts in India, however, there are only two frontiers and two possible aggressors: Japan in the east, across Burma, Siam, and French Indo-China; and Russia in the north, across Afghanistan.

The erstwhile apathy of Indian leaders toward the threat in the east has been replaced by a concerned interest in Japan's actions ever since the China war started. India has engaged in a more active and aggressive boycott of things Japanese than any other country in the world except, of course, China. The Congress Party has sent out medical units and money to express its moral sympathy with the Chinese cause. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru flew to China to confer with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, taking the route that Japanese planes would take if they were to bomb Calcutta. However, the Nationalists' policy with regard to Japan is that of erring on the safe side. They know very well that Japan has not yet conquered China. Even if the conquest is made complete, it will be decades before Japan can consolidate its gains in China, and until that time any Indian adventure would be bound to end in disaster. The resisting Chinese could cut the line of supply at various points; and, moreover, the Japanese would have to reckon with French Indo-China, Siam, and Burma before they reached India.

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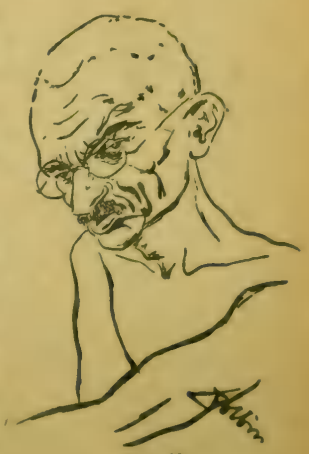
The expressed Japanese designs, furthermore, are in other directions. The Japanese want above everything else land for their surplus population. Their statesmen have declared that they do not contemplate settling it in any tropical country. Moreover, the standard of life in India is no higher than in Japan, and the tide of emigration, unlike water, tends to flow from a lower to a higher level. Australia rather than India is likely to attract the Japanese. Or, according to latest reports from Japan, they may seek a still different avenue for their aggressions. Taking a hint from the recent crisis in Holland, they are now directing glances at the Dutch colonies. If Holland is involved in the war, the rich Netherlands Indies will be next on Japan's list, not India. According to a columnist in *Yomiuri*, "The European war may be a complex affair, but in such an event the situation in the Far East becomes very clear."

Japan cannot, furthermore, expect any help from within India. It is true that the average Indian looks with admiration at Japan's phenomenal rise as an Asiatic power. It is more or less correct that he derives a sort of vicarious pleasure when a Japanese soldier slaps an Englishman in China. But Japan's Chinese adventure has destroyed all possibility of India ever following Nippon in a "revolt of Asia" against the domination of the West. Japan's pan-Buddhism movement has had some favorable response from the militant wing of the Hindu Mahasabha, a communal organization of the Hindus. More and more Indian students go to Japan, and each year more and more Buddhist temples are opened in India to stress the unity between Hinduism and Buddhism. Nevertheless, according to the best information, pan-Buddhism has merely been a counter-move against the pan-Islam movement started by the Near Eastern Moslem countries and some Mohammedans of northern India. The show of loyalty for the pan-Buddhism doctrine of Japan on the part of militant Hindus has always been a tactical move to stop the extraterritorial loyalties of certain sections of Moslems in India.

The only other power believed to have designs on India is Russia. But Russia cannot fight on three frontiers. And between Russia and India stand insurmountable ranges, the Himalayas, with only the Khyber Pass as a place of "contact." All military experts agree that 30,000 crack troops of the Indian army could keep an army of a million at bay there for years. It may be, as Augur conjectures, that Stalin "looks southward, where, beyond his native Georgia, lies Iran, the object of the traditional Russian aggressive policy, because that way lies the road to the Persian Gulf and the riches of Araby and India." But even if Stalin's army could easily get through the snipers in Iran's northern mountains, it would be a long way to India.

Russia cannot depend on a social revolution within India to supplement its hypothetical assault from outside. The Indian Communist Party is still an illegal organization, negligible in numbers and influence. The Socialists are more like left-wing Nationalists than like Communists. Recently industrialized India has too small a proletariat to be the vanguard of the revolution. And the great population of small farmers in India still think of their miseries in terms of fate, indulging very little in ratiocination and Marxist hopes.

So the Japanese danger and the Russian menace do not appear to be as near home to Indians themselves as to the India Office in England. Just as they regard the Hindu-Moslem problem as artificially stimulated and greatly exaggerated by the third party which profits by it, so they see in the bogy of aggression from outside an effort to dull the edge of India's revolutionary ardor. British statesmen have failed to sober the Congress Party by reminding it of dissensions within India and the threat of aggression from without. On the contrary, these two points have had a quickening effect on the demand for complete independence. Gandhi, Nehru, and other Congress leaders seem to be insisting that final solution of the Hindu-Moslem problem cannot be achieved until the outsider who foments disputes is eliminated altogether. Likewise, they maintain that India will never be prepared to defend itself under the present British policy of keeping Indian defenses weak so that it will continue to hide behind the British navy. India will have to take a chance if it is ever going to be a great and independent nation, and this, they further argue, is as good a time as any. It is only in the light of these facts that Gandhi's distinction between dominion status and complete independence, and his insistence on the latter, assumes significance.



Gandhi

India's war within the war, consequently, seems as complicated as the major conflict now in progress in Europe, and the termination of the former appears to be as distant as that of the latter. The passive non-cooperation of the Congress Party may turn any day into defiant "direct action" calling for civil disobedience and parallel government. Meanwhile, the Laborites in England and liberals in neutral countries will wait for the day when England will implement its professions of democracy by "honest action" in India. With von Ribbentrop and Molotov drawing attention to "unremitting national oppression in India," only honesty about Indian liberties can impart a moral tone to the Allied cause.

Writers in the Wilderness

I. JOHN STEINBECK

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

JOHN STEINBECK has probably had more publicity since April than any other living writer; but he seems to have a more healthy attitude toward his work than many of his commentators. In an interview which appeared in the Los Angeles *Times* in July he is reported to have said, "I'm not even a finished writer yet." "They're not going to lionize me," he went on to say; "I think of the Arabian story-tellers, the best writers in the world. You didn't find them installed in luxurious surroundings. They squatted in the market-place and told and retold stories, and they refined and perfected them to the point you find in 'Arabian Nights.'" So far as I have been able to discover this is not an expression of false modesty. Steinbeck is extremely shy; the fact is attested by competent witnesses. At the same time this shyness seems to have nothing to do with a lack of confidence in his work, though it should be recorded also in this connection that in mid-career, just before "The Grapes of Wrath," he tore up a manuscript dealing with similar material which he decided was "false." I have no doubt that, being human, he enjoys praise, but he has consistently shunned the mechanics and functionaries of publicity, for which he has a genuine if exaggerated dislike. His remarks do indicate a youthful and self-conscious cast of mind which is characteristic and which documents his own assertion that he is not a finished writer yet, especially in so far as the term means maturity of mind as well as skill with words.

To say that Steinbeck is not yet mature is no reproach, for the process of growing up in America is in the nature of an obstacle race. Barring happy accidents of birth or background, it is apt to be long drawn out, and the middle-aged adolescent is one of the better-known American types. The writer in any country is self-made; but in a country as vast and various as the United States the process must often begin at a more rudimentary stage than in countries having a long and homogeneous common experience. The talented youngster in the average American community, especially the Western community, may have a parent or encounter a teacher with a sense of direction; otherwise, even if he is drawn toward literature and art, his experience of it is disorderly; in any case it is incomplete. His education is haphazard and as likely as not "elective" at the very point where he needs firm direction. And all about him play an indigenous anti-intellectualism which has value as a corrective but not as a prejudice, an undue emphasis on money success, and the romantic assumption that American life is superior because it is fluid, "free," and defies classification.

John Steinbeck, as far as I can gather, presents a fairly typical example of the development of a writer in the American wilderness. He was born in 1902 in Monterey County, California, and except for short intervals has always lived in that state which grows everything in outsizes from scenery to landowners to Aimee McPhersons. He grew up in an outlying community of ranches among Americans a generation or two removed from the frontier and a mixture of Mexicans and the other assorted races who have been California's menials. He went to the Salinas High School, and spent some time at Stanford University. He worked summers on ranches; for one season at least he had a job in a sugar factory. He is of German and Irish stock. His mother taught school, his father was county treasurer—he has written many of his stories, by hand, in ledgers dated in the early 1900's. He refused to see me, so I must rely on photographs and the accounts of other people in respect to his personal appearance. He is six feet tall, and husky. According to one informer, he has rather stolid "German" build and features to which "Irish blue" eyes lend an unexpected mobility and liveliness. After he left Stanford he spent some time in New York City, where he worked briefly as a newspaper reporter and, also briefly, as a hodcarrier. From all accounts his hatred of New York includes fear and defiance.

He has had little experience of the urban side of American life, including the "literary" world, which he avoids. On the other hand, an intense love of nature and of rural life are more than apparent in his books, most of which deal with the land and people close to the land. He is said to have a dread of insecurity, which is ascribed to years of living from hand to mouth but probably springs from deeper sources—the sense of insecurity might be called the national neurosis; he still lives frugally, and I understand that he has distributed his considerable earnings among various banks in deposits of $5,000, the maximum amount guaranteed by the government. But though he has been sensible enough to insure his economic future, there is no evidence to suggest that he is unduly cautious or has any respect for respectability. His books bear quite different testimony, and one acquaintance has cited the simple happy-go-lucky existence

of "Tortilla Flat" as an indication of what he considers the good life. He is married but has no children.

One of the most common literary responses to American life is the recurrent autobiographical novel, the attempt to organize the writer's own experience and relate it to the world about him; all too often it is written "from scratch" and as if no other writer had ever written. Another is the tendency to oppose to the sprawling American scene some species of perfection, such as the romantic novel or a pellucid style. Some of our best writers merely walk out to reside in a smaller and more nearly perfect world, with more or less success according to their talents. Henry Miller is a refugee from Brooklyn. Having known Idaho, I can't help regarding Ezra Pound, of Idaho and Paris, translating a Chinese poem, as a living protest against Senator Borah. California has been known to produce aesthetes.

John Steinbeck's first published book (1929) was "Cup of Gold," a romantic account "with occasional references to history" of Sir Henry Morgan, a buccaneer in the Caribbean later knighted by Charles II. It was the fourth he had written; of the others, according to his friend Joseph Henry Jackson, one was turned down, two were never shown, all have now been destroyed. The style of "Cup of Gold" is self-conscious and literary; it shows a talent for describing nature, a tendency to personify the elements, a pleasure in reciting cruelties, a youthful, sentimental, and obvious symbolism, and a delight in fine phrases, as if the young author were aspiring to a style like a cup of gold.

All of these elements have persisted in his work, down to and including "The Grapes of Wrath." Beginning with his second published book, Steinbeck's subject matter has been the people and country of his experience, but in the novels preceding "The Grapes of Wrath," with the exception of "In Dubious Battle," they were turned to exotic uses. His second and third books, "The Pastures of Heaven" (1932) and "To a God Unknown" (1933), were concentrated expressions of his romantic and "mystical" attitude toward the land, which has been and continues to be his most convincing character. It is not only the background but the matrix of many of his human characters, and their relation to it is so central that they often seem like mere projections. This is particularly true of "The Pastures of Heaven," which also displays a related preoccupation with eccentric human types, the "naturals" or "children." They are a temptation to young writers, but they are usually successful only in revealing the immaturity of their inventors.

In "Tortilla Flat" (1935) Steinbeck projected a sentimental idyl of the *paisanos* of Monterey—"a mixture of Spanish, Indian, Mexican, and assorted Caucasian bloods." Its heroes are Danny and his friends, a group of amoral—and according to some of Steinbeck's reviewers immortal—children. Again the children. The story, which aspires to be a legend, has charm and irony and flows past the mind without impediment. But the "simple" style is superimposed and carefully fashioned; the reality of Tortilla Flat, pressed through the Steinbeck sieve of melodious phrases and a tendency to work in conceptions that border on conceits, comes out as something less than real.

"Tortilla Flat" was his first success, and it is not surprising, for it has the kind of charm which made Alexander Woollcott call it a "golden book" and evoked comparison with Robert Nathan's "One More Spring." It has the quality of remoteness which the public likes.

Since "Tortilla Flat" the self-conscious, pellucid style has been contending less successfully with the raw material of life in California, with far more interesting results. In 1935 and 1936 Steinbeck became absorbed in the refugees from the Dust Bowl who were pouring into the valleys of California. He contributed to *The Nation* of September 12, 1936, an article which might serve as a synopsis of "The Grapes of Wrath." He had published in the same year "In Dubious Battle," which tells the story of a strike of fruit-pickers who had come in their "jalopies" from the ruined lands to the east. It is fast-moving and full of suspense, but its plot proceeds to its disastrous end with the precision of a penny shocker, and it is interlarded with primer-like explanations by Mac, the party leader, on how to arouse the masses which at times border on the burlesque. At one point Mac says as if in answer to the reader's protest, "I don't know why it is, but every time I talk to you I either end up soapboxing or giving a lecture." Jim replies, "Well, hell, Mac, I like to listen," and the lessons go on.

When Jim says such things as, "The house where we lived was always filled with anger. Anger hung in the house like smoke," it sounds more like Steinbeck than like Jim. And the doctor's unresolved musings over "group-man" are too obviously the musings of Steinbeck. There is, it should be noted, the perennial "natural," this time a worker who has been beaten so much by the police that he is not quite right. He is killed, and his corpse is duly put to work by Mac, with due explanations to Jim, to arouse the strikers to fighting pitch. Jim, needless to say, is killed as inevitably as any character in Robinson Jeffers. But though the plot of "In Dubious Battle" seems too neat and the individual characters are not convincing, the book does carry the impact of the reality it deals with.

"Of Mice and Men" was deliberately written as a piece of theater and need not be judged as anything more ambitious. It seems like a throwback after "In Dubious Battle." One of Steinbeck's beloved halfwits who likes to pet soft little animals is filled with Steinbeck's yearning after the land. He ends up by committing an act of Steinbeck violence. Much has been made of the tenderness of the story, but its success is more reasonably accounted for by its slick writing and the fact that from

the first line the spectator is led to expect some final act of sexual violence by the monstrous Lennie. Steinbeck said it was an experiment in writing a novel like a play. The experiment was successful on Broadway. It plays upon the oldest human susceptibility. One might even suspect that it was a deliberate and adroit hoax to show up that susceptibility, but in that case it must also be set down as a burlesque of the characters and conceits of Steinbeck.

Whatever "Of Mice and Men" signified, his next book, "The Long Valley," a collection of short stories, contained a sequence, The Red Pony, in which the characters, particularly the boy Jody, really come to life. It is a simple story, told this time in a genuinely simple style, of a boy and his desire for a pony. The second section, which is not organic to the story, falls again into trite mysticism; at the end of the final section, when to save the colt the mare must be killed, trite symbolism intrudes. But the story as a whole, which seems to have an autobiographical basis, is refreshingly free of the Steinbeck preoccupations. For once the feeling inherent in the material is directly communicated. The Red Pony marked a real gain in maturity.

"The Grapes" shows a continuation of growth. It is as if the powerful theme of the great migration from the Dust Bowl had shattered the "golden cup" of the Steinbeck style, though large pieces of it still cling. The characters of Ma and the Preacher are early Steinbeck. Ma is presented from the very beginning on page 100 as a concept, not developed as a character. There are many such substitutions for characterization, which is Steinbeck's weakest point. Throughout the book the major characters are forced to speak in Steinbeck's tongues. Ma, here, is not herself:

> You're gonna have a baby, Rosasharn, and that's sompin' to you lonely and away. That's gonna hurt you, an' the hurt'll be lonely hurt, an' this here tent is alone in the worl'. . . . They's a time of change, an' when that comes, dyin' is a piece of all dyin', and bearin' is a piece of all bearin', an' bearin' and dyin' is two pieces of the same thing.

The author often steps aside from the actual story to give his views in "musical" prose on men, machines, and life. Some of these perorations advance the plot and are in themselves effective, but some are mere eloquence; the device itself is a literary short-cut which is in reality a detour. If some of these had been eliminated and others merged into the story, the structure of "Grapes of Wrath" would be integrated; as it is, it is held together by the theme. This theme reflects the early Steinbeck fixation about the land and man's relation to it, but it appears here as a practical problem in human existence. The impact of a stunning reality on Steinbeck the man has turned a youthful preoccupation into a vital social theme—the expropriation of thousands of people, their ignorant and pitiful trek to the land of milk and honey, and their assault against the stone wall of large-scale ownership. Steinbeck's angry pleasure in rasping the nerves of his readers appears in a justifiable insistence on the cruelties inflicted on his chosen people. His description of a countryside ruined by drought and creeping dust, which opens the book, is not only a description of landscape, for which he has a special talent; it moves and has a point. His use of four-letter words, which in "Of Mice and Men" seems merely one more element of titillation, is profuse; in a few passages it appears superfluous and literary, but on the whole it is not obtrusive, despite the chorus of self-righteous indignation it has aroused. (It was not surprising that Westbrook Pegler registered the most inordinate protest; it is part of the intense vulgarity of his own language that he never uses the words he objects to in Steinbeck.)

The "natural" crops up again in "The Grapes of Wrath" in the character of Noah, the strange son of the Joads, but he is a mere shadow of his former self and he disappears with hardly a nod from an author who has spent so much time on him in the past. The puerile symbolism appears at the end when the daughter of the Joads who has borne a dead baby gives her breast to a starving migrant, and Granpa's revolt and death on leaving the land of his fathers is from the same piece of cloth.

It remains to be seen whether Steinbeck's weakness in characterization is the result of incapacity or a lack of maturity. The character of Jody in The Red Pony suggests that he is capable of creating character when he draws on his actual knowledge and experience and when for one reason or another he feels no compulsion to endow the actors in his stories with sentimental preconceptions about the land or the family or the "meaning of life." His minor characters often have more reality than his "dedicated" major ones.

"The Grapes of Wrath" has sold more than 300,000 copies. It is a gratifying fact but not easily explained. It appeals to the crusader in most Americans; it has the elements of the tall tale; the story of thousands upon thousands of Joads pouring westward in covered jalopies is intensely dramatic and affecting. The plight of the sharecropper is so abject that it has drawn tears from many a lady in furs, though little has been done as yet to alleviate it.

The book has had an enormous amount of publicity. Three copies have been scheduled to be burned by a library in East St. Louis. It has won denunciation and attempts at suppression from the Associated Farmers of California. A headline writer in the Youngstown, Ohio, *Vindicator* went so far as to proclaim that "Steinbeck Spoils Fine Book by Urging Marxist Uprising." He was speaking out of his own, not Steinbeck's formulation. For though the implications of his picture of the Okies may easily suggest a Marxist solution to the average

newspaperman, class-struggle conscious after the current fashion, Steinbeck nowhere projects such a solution. On the contrary his outburst against the tractor because it destroys the relationship between man and the land amounts to a rather naive paean against the machine: ". . . the land bore under iron, and under iron gradually died; for it was not loved or hated. . . ." What the Okies want and, one suspects, what Steinbeck wants for them—a little white house and a piece of land of their own—sounds more like the old formula of forty acres and a mule than "bolshevik" collectives. His next project is a series of articles on "Unemployment: Its Causes and the Possible Steps for Its Alleviation." His "possible steps" are quite unpredictable, but any widening of his experience can do him no harm as a writer. The writer is not required to formulate solutions; his only obligation, if he selects social themes, is to understand them. Steinbeck's facility in writing is at present far greater than his understanding of either social forces or human character.

"The Grapes of Wrath" is now being filmed. Mr. Steinbeck told Darryl Zanuck in a reported interview that he was keeping in reserve the $75,000 he got for the movie rights and intended to sue if the picture violates the theme and spirit of the book. Mr. Zanuck told Mr. Steinbeck that he had had detectives investigate the plight of the Okies and had been informed that conditions were much worse than Steinbeck pictures them. This suggests a new social use for detectives which only a Hollywood producer would have thought up.

[*This is the first of a series of three articles. The second will appear in an early issue.*]

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Aircraft Preferred

THE bright September morn which Wall Street hailed with such enthusiasm when Europe plunged into war was quickly obscured by autumnal fog. Now the prevailing mood is not depression—business activity and current profits are too good for that—but uncertainty. War babies, it is agreed, ought not to be counted until they are hatched, and the unorthodox shape of the European conflict suggests that in most cases the process is going to be prolonged.

There is one industry, however, whose war fledglings are already emerging from the incubator and, literally, taking wing. Even before the war came, aviation plants were achieving production records thanks to mounting orders from Britain and France as well as our own army and navy. The embargo provided no more than a check, and now that it has been lifted, the volume of new orders assures that industry of at least one busy and profitable year.

Aircraft construction is a new industry which has never had a chance to achieve any stability. It was barely launched before the last war forced on it a mushroom growth followed by an equally spectacular deflation. Recovery was slow and painful, but in 1929 a post-war peak was reached with the production of 6,034 units, of which only 677 were military. Total sales in that year, including engines, spares, and accessories, amounted to $87,000,000, which meant that the industry still played a very minor part in the national economy. Moreover, since it catered to the luxury market, demand fell off precipitately during the depression. It did not climb back to its 1929 level until 1936, and recovery then was made possible by the growth of the military and export markets rather than by an increase in the domestic demand for civil aircraft. The following year showed some improvement in this section, and a new sales record of $124,000,000 was achieved.

With the current year all such figures have been left far behind. Although it is not possible to forecast output for 1939, it may be noted that the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce estimates present capacity of the industry as equal to a rate of 15,000 machines a year. The *Wall Street Journal* has put this in money terms at $674,000,000 and compares this figure with a current backlog for the industry of $533,000,000.

Output on the scale that these statistics suggest is dependent, however, on the ability of manufacturers to concentrate on single models and thus put into effect straight-line production methods. A number of plants have sufficient orders in hand to adopt this system; others are still working below capacity on half a dozen or more different types. Under these circumstances actual output may remain considerably below the theoretical optimum, but even so, barring an early peace, the industry seems to be heading for a 1940 record which will dwarf that of all previous periods.

What does this boom mean in terms of employment? The answer is: very little in comparison with the magnitude of our unemployment problem. Aircraft and engine plants are now giving work to about 50,000 people, and those in the industry believe that this number may be doubled in the next twelve months. Add another 50,000 for extra workers engaged in supplying accessories and materials, and the total is still far from impressive. Nor does the industry seem likely to provide that outlet for new investment which is so badly needed. As we have seen, capacity of existing plants can be stretched very considerably. Some increase in factory space and machinery may be required, but at best that will drain but a few drops from the pool of idle capital.

In any case the aviation industry is on guard against overexpansion: it does not want to experience another 1920 at the end of the boom. Consequently the prices it is quoting to foreign buyers make possible rapid amortization of extra capital expenditures. Contracts also contain safeguards against the outbreak of peace. Most are understood to be non-cancelable, while others provide for the liquidation of all costs of any undelivered portion plus a profit. Thanks to such precautions the manufacturers should be in good financial shape to withstand eventual cessation of military orders. That, however, will not be much consolation for the workers who will be let out. Hence the question arises: Has aviation a peace potential comparable with its war potential?

It so happens that this year has seen air transport also

creating new records. On the basis of the first nine months it is estimated that passenger miles flown will exceed by nearly 40 per cent the previous peak reached in 1938. Mail revenues have also expanded, and, it is claimed, these no longer represent a subsidy since the amount paid by the government is now covered by the sale of air-mail stamps. As a result most air lines seem likely to show profits, and the total will certainly exceed anything previously achieved.

This increase in air travel appears partly as a reflection of general improvement in business as compared with 1938. But an important additional factor has been a marked reduction in accidents. Just recently the Civil Aeronautics Authority was able to announce that 500 million passenger miles had been flown since the last accident which injured or killed a passenger. The previous record was 210 million passenger miles without an accident. If the risk element continues to diminish in this manner, a further rapid increase in the air-travel habit seems almost certain.

The outlook in this respect is not altogether healthy for the railroads, but it may prove the post-war salvation of the aircraft manufacturers, for whom the task of reverting from military to civil planes should not prove extremely onerous. It must be noted, however, that the number of units employed in the American air-transport system is very small compared to those embodied in a first-class modern air force. Hence before civil demand can effectively replace military demand it will be necessary for air travel to treble or quadruple in volume. The industry is also looking for a further growth of output from a gradual increase in private ownership. Its hopes are based on the government pilot-training scheme which will teach thousands of young men to fly. Provided that a fair percentage of those trained can afford to keep a machine—it is not the first cost that counts so much as the upkeep—an enlarged market for light planes does seem possible.

This, however, is by no means the chief contribution of the government to the promotion of civil aviation. Most industrialists attack government investment in general and tend to overlook any benefits it may have conferred on their own section of industry. Thus the very large government investment in airports and other essential aids to aviation has seldom received the credit due it. How many people realize that public money spent for such purposes considerably exceeds the net asset value of all the aircraft-manufacturing corporations? Up to July 1 this year the much-maligned WPA had carried out 1,500 aviation projects, including the construction of 150 airports, extensions and improvements to 500 others, erection or repair of over 300 hangars and airport administration buildings, and the provision of 10,000 direction markers, scores of air beacons, and other navigation aids. Federal expenditures on such projects through WPA exceed $134,000,000, and contributions from other public authorities bring the total up to $172,000,000.

If the provision of ground facilities for aviation had been left to private enterprise, we should almost certainly not have the country-wide network of airports which exists today, for such undertakings are not apt to yield quick profits. Yet without them civil aviation would hardly be progressing at its present rate, and the opportunity it affords to private capital would be curtailed.

In the Wind

IN THE CORRESPONDENCE column of the *Writer's Digest,* this letter recently appeared: "Sir: We are accepting pulp fiction dealing with the present European war. The former ban on anti-German stories has been lifted. For *Air Adventures* we would like air-story writers to make their heroes English, French, or American adventurers. For *Fantastic Adventures* and *Amazing Stories* we will welcome stories dealing with Nazi intrigue in the United States. (*Signed*) Jerry K. Westerfeld, assistant editor.

SHORTLY AFTER war broke out, a former London correspondent relates, a British diplomat was told by newspapermen of reports that Italy was entering the conflict on Germany's side. The diplomat yawned: "After all, it is Germany's turn," he said.

THE NEW YORK *TIMES,* covering the Pope's latest encyclical, made a notable change in its late editions. In the midnight edition the second paragraph of the Rome dispatch ended with this sentence: "There was also [in the encyclical] what was understood as a clear admonition to the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin." The sentence was subsequently eliminated.

BRITAIN'S MINISTRY of Information continues inadvertently to furnish the brightest war news. Recently a correspondent received an impressive-looking envelope from the Ministry marked "Private." He opened it and found another envelope marked "Secret." He tore it open. Inside he found a galley proof of a B. B. C. broadcast which had been given over the air three days before.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT won't give Harold Lavine, editorial director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, a passport. He had intended to visit London and Paris and several neutral capitals to report on war propaganda emanating from those cities to the United States. In denying him a passport, the department invoked the President's ruling that only people with "urgent business" would be permitted to enter war zones. Two days after his request was turned down a New York stylist sailed for Paris on the Clipper to study fashions there.

GOVERNOR JOHN BRICKER of Ohio won his post over ex-Governor Martin L. Davey last year, and the election didn't increase their friendship. Recently the Scripps-Howard wire service in Ohio brought this news to city editors' desks: "Governor Bricker today proclaimed October 27 as Davey Day." Shortly afterward, reports *Editor and Publisher,* a correction came over the wire: "Change Davey to Navy."

ISOLATIONISTS ARE planning to blanket the United States with the slogan: "Let God Save the King."

[We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.*]*

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Germany Has Power

Berlin, October 25

GERMANY wants peace. Of that there can be no doubt whatever. Everybody wants it except perhaps a few persons in the immediate entourage of Hitler who may still be cherishing the dream of ruling the world set forth by Rauschning as the motivation of the inner Nazi circle. There is unmistakable evidence that a move for peace by either Roosevelt or the Pope would be welcomed, and there is not a diplomat in Berlin who does not wish that such an offer would be made. No one believes that if representatives of the combatant nations should meet, they could possibly adjourn without having reached some kind of compromise settlement. One diplomat here said to me that he favored a "dishonorable peace" rather than a war which will crack European civilization and be of a *Schrecklichkeit* far beyond anything seen in Poland or during the World War. Speeches like Goebbels's attack on Churchill and Ribbentrop's remarks in Danzig seem to shut the door on hope that the final disaster will be averted. Yet the journalists here refuse to give up hope. They think that underneath something is going on. One can only pray that this is the case. At least the final order to go ahead has not yet been given.

The military men here and many others are absolutely confident that Germany will win the war; some think in two months, others in a year, and still others in a year and a half. I found no one who believes that Germany can be starved out, not even anti-Nazis. I have talked with people who are eager for Hitler's defeat, but they all say that the British blockade will not succeed. They believe that with the German people so well regimented and obedient and everything rationed at the start there will be enough food to pull through on. It will be hard going. Belts will have to be tightened more than once, but as Göring said, there are plenty of Germans who can afford to lose a good many pounds—particularly himself—and those who can't afford to do so will just have to be hungry and stand it. No protests will be tolerated.

The industrialists believe, too, that practically all the necessary raw materials can be obtained by hook or by crook. What no one can explain is how these things are going to be paid for. An attempt will be made to carry the barter system farther than ever before. Machinery is to be built or dug up somehow to pay Stalin—"little cousin Stalin" he is called here by many. But every machine made for barter takes away just so much iron and steel from other machines vital to the war. I am told that Schacht was asked this week how the war was to be paid for and that he said he did not know.

The plans for war take one's breath away, they are so utterly horrifying. The *Blitzkrieg* idea has not for a moment been forgotten. The Nazis plan to overwhelm England just as rapidly as they overran Poland. No concealment is made of the fact that they have something very big up their sleeves. One man connected with the high command even talks of German guns at Calais in two months. Most people, however, say that the Maginot Line is impregnable. One or two declare that it is not as good as the Siegfried Line, having been built eight or ten years ago, and go so far as to say that a technical means of breaching it will be found, which, I take it, foretells a tremendous war in the air, using thousands and thousands of airplanes to overwhelm all opposition, to search out the British army wherever it may be in France and utterly to destroy it.

As for the invincible British navy, the Nazis are certain that they can build submarines faster than the British can sink them, and that next June or July there will be a sea war which will put an end to the British Empire in very short order, if it has survived until then. The militarists are confident, too, that the French army will not stand up if idle a year; they say that 95 per cent of the French officers and men captured on the western front declare that they went unwillingly into the war. The military admit that they have a very high opinion of General Gamelin, but somehow or other they assign him no role whatever. They intimate, however, that he may be "kept busy on other fronts," presumably the Italian and Spanish.

If the German people knew all this they would, I think, be horrified, too. But the government is rapidly achieving its purpose of inflaming public sentiment against the British. I have seen a change in the ten days that I have been here. The English are being made Public Enemy Number One by daily press attacks of incredible scurrillity, such as to make one ashamed of being a journalist. One would hardly know from reading the newspapers that there is such a country as France. The effort obviously is to render the French indifferent to the war by simply ignoring them, in the hope that very soon

French discipline will disintegrate. How that is to be reconciled with guns at Calais in two months I leave to others to work out. I am also unable to reconcile what took place in Poland with the statements that London and Paris will not be bombed because that would have a bad effect on neutral opinion throughout the world and stiffen the morale of the enemy, as it did in Spain and China.

I have met many people who are horrified by the whole business, but as one great industrialist said to me: "What can you do when the other fellow has the revolvers?" I have heard the estimate of those who are opposed to Hitler put as high as 90 per cent. The lowest figure given is 75 per cent. I should say that almost everybody outside the party has a grievance of some kind. Some dislike Hitler for one thing, and some for another. Some say that if the war had not come, an opposition would have developed. I can find no basis for that. I only know definitely that I still find a great many kindly, high-minded Germans, just as in the past, who want their country to do the right, the Christian thing and not be a brutal, overbearing bully, basing its whole policy on force. But they dare not move; they have no leaders and no program or policy. If there were open elections, they would be exactly in the position of the Republicans, who have no constructive program to offer in place of the New Deal.

I have tried to find out how the bulk of the great industrialists stand with respect to Hitler. They do not let anybody know; it is not healthy to do so. But it is safe to assume that they are anything but happy. Fritz Thyssen, who did so much to further the rise of Hitler, has now left Germany and is living in Switzerland, let us hope repenting his sins. They are all badly scared by the pact with Russia; I have not met one man anywhere who approves of that treaty except the military men, who admit that it is a bad treaty but say it was a military necessity forced on them by the British negotiations with Stalin. They admit frankly that they could not fight successfully on two fronts, and they defend the turning over of the Baltic states to Stalin on the ground that if Russia had come into a general war, Stalin would have grabbed those little countries anyway. It is one of the most maddening things here that again and again one finds people palliating German sins or excusing them by reference to the sins of Great Britain in the past. "You think we did wrong in Poland? Well, look what the English did in Egypt." That sort of argument makes impossible the meeting of minds. With such Germans one may talk for hours without hearing a moral or ethical or humane sentiment.

The number of sane people who justify the invasion of Poland on the ground that Poles are *ein minderwertiges Volk* (an inferior people) is astounding. Germans sincerely believe that the Poles committed horrible atrocities in the war; they cite the testimony of members of their family or friends who saw this horror or that. They are not aware that neutral observers here have accumulated much testimony on the other side. Alas, it is another case of the conflicting evidence, charges, and countercharges that arise in every war. War is made up of atrocities and is itself an atrocity from beginning to end. The Germans firmly believe, however, that their troops are the most kind-hearted and considerate of any, just as the English and French think the same of their armies.

As for life in Berlin, everybody remarks that you would not know a war was going on. There are no gas masks, no shelter trenches, and so few sandbags that they hardly attract attention. Many anti-aircraft guns are visible as one drives round the city, but one misses the balloons that so beautify the sky in London. I am told there are plenty in reserve here. There is sufficient food, though there is a shortage of fat, eggs, and meat, with two meatless days a week. Plenty of vegetables and fruit are to be had, as I found out when walking around a workers' quarter, though some of the things for sale here would not find buyers in America. In the main the allotments are adequate, except that there is not enough bread for those who spend a day at hard labor. The rationing is so well done here in Berlin—I cannot vouch for conditions elsewhere—that the original fault-finding has largely subsided. One can accustom oneself to almost anything. Automobiles are comparatively scarce, and at night getting about is extremely difficult because of the blackout; but people are always ready to help you to find the underground station or the trolley or bus line you are searching for.

All in all, the picture I get of Germany is one of tremendous, yes, dangerous strength, of power organized with great efficiency for the purpose in hand. The industrial development in the past few years has been most remarkable. Berlin is being torn down and rebuilt, and there is no question that the Nazis deserve credit for beautifying the city. If their tremendous organizing talent, force, and driving power were only devoted to humane, altruistic, and peaceful ends, they would go far indeed. The reservoir of man-power seems nothing less than extraordinary. There are supposed to be between two and one-half and three million men under arms in the west alone, to say nothing of the troops in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and other conquered territories; yet one sees countless young men of military age still in civilian clothes. Finally, one comes back every hour of the day to the question of how in the world Germany can finance all this. I have not succeeded in getting an adequate answer.

And still I maintain that the German people want nothing so much as peace.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Whoa to You, Professor

WOE UNTO YOU, LAWYERS! By Fred Rodell. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

IT MUST be a great pleasure to sit in one of Professor Rodell's classes at Yale Law School. Applied to concrete problems in the law, his distaste for legal flummery no doubt acts as a cathartic on the budding barrister. The purpose of his book is to plant "at the least a seed of skepticism about the whole legal profession" in the mind of the average man, but it is soon apparent that Professor Rodell does his planting with a hatchet. He calls the lawyers "medicine men," engaged in "a high-class racket," "modern purveyors of streamlined voodoo and chromium-plated theology." The Law—he always capitalizes the word—"is a hoax, a balloon, a lot of empty words," "wholesale flimflam." "The whole pseudo-science of The Law, regardless of its results, is a fraud." I sympathize with Professor Rodell's irritation, but the scream is not literature.

When Professor Rodell in The Law and the Lady burlesques the processes of legal reasoning by applying them to the problem of getting up in the morning, he is amusing. Between bursts of fury he can be concise and illuminating, as when he says that what one learns in law school is "the technique of using a new language." Holmes certainly shared the feelings Professor Rodell expresses, but it is when the latter comes to paraphrase Holmes that the gap between him and his master is embarrassingly clear. Holmes's "The common law is not a brooding omnipresence in the sky" means, according to Rodell, that "it is a big balloon, which has so far escaped the lethal pin." Rodell's version of the classic "General propositions do not decide concrete cases" is that we must "dismiss the abstract principles of The Law as being no more, in reality, than high-sounding combinations of words." One could as adequately paraphrase Walter Pater by saying that he thought the Mona Lisa cute. General propositions do not decide concrete cases, but to conclude that general propositions are useless is not only nihilism, it is nonsense.

Popular feeling against lawyers is not hard to understand. It finds expression at least as far back as Jack Cade's rebellion in the fifteenth century. In the second part of "Henry VI" Shakespeare has Cade say, "All the realm shall be in common," and Dick the Butcher cries from the mob, "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers." Lawyers were unpopular then as now because they twisted the law for the benefit of the rich and powerful. In the process of arranging that to him who hath shall be given, they acquired peculiar occupational ways and a language of their own that now afflicts the radical as well as the conservative practitioner. A sacred language was required to evoke awe and command obedience. Obscurity became a vested interest; if laymen could read the law for themselves, they would need no lawyers. It was also necessary to adopt a language and a method that would hide rather than reveal the real basis of decision.

The law appeals to respect for the traditional. Its new wine must be hidden in old bottles. But, Rodell to the contrary, lawyers are not in every sense conservative; the history of contemporary trust and corporation devices is evidence of their ability to be ingenious, inventive, and pioneering when there is a market for these qualities. The barnacles of precedent encrust the law, and the bumbling of many of its practitioners disgraces it; reform of the law and the debunking of lawyers are desirable. Lawyers play entirely too commanding a role in American government and politics, a point on which de Tocqueville throws much more light than Rodell. But the latter's conclusions do not seem the product of ripe reflection. "The answer," Rodell writes, "is to get rid of the lawyers and throw the law with a capital L out of our system of laws . . . do away entirely with both the magicians and their magic and run our civilization according to practical and comprehensible rules, dedicated to non-legal justice, to common-or-garden fairness that the ordinary man can understand." This begs an appalling number of questions. Professor Rodell has courage, but does not seem to make a fetish of precision. A minor example is a statement that the reviewer —in fairness to the bar of New York—must correct. Professor Rodell says, "Most New York lawyers spend most of their time working out legal advice for the business titans that make their financial headquarters in the city." Most New York lawyers merely wish they could.

I. F. STONE

Jack London

JACK LONDON AND HIS TIMES. By Joan London. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

JOAN LONDON disappointed her father by not being a son and was, in her turn, disappointed by his leaving her mother. He once courted her love with bitter accusations and, again, by desiring her to rely on him as a rock always and in any extremity. But a few days later he was dead, the victim, at best, of his own heedlessness and soul-sickness. He was only forty. That was twenty-three years ago. Joan London knew no real intimacy with her cyclonic father. Of her personal difficulties, detailed in Irving Stone's book, one finds no betrayal in hers, but her attitude is one of resolute appraisal rather than of filial indulgence.

The point that elicits her keenest sympathy is Jack London's socialism, which, however, was muddle-headed and insufficient. Yet it was too much for H. L. Mencken, an enlightened editor of a period later than London's rise; he called it a "cook-tent materialism," for by his aesthetic gospel "one daffodil is worth ten shares of Bethlehem Steel." Miss London prefers to balance one Trotsky against several Stalins. From the Lenin-Trotsky axis, she quotes with pride Trotsky's praise of "The Iron Heel."

Jack London she rates four to seven against George

Speed, who, content with a modest living, yet discharged domestic obligations, made no compromises, and was indefatigable as a labor lawyer till his death at seventy. But a romancer, on pain of being disbarred by a commercial-minded supreme court of editors, has to be "the tops" or a very promising contender. I suggest, as a more fruitful contrast, E. A. Robinson; for, whether or not his retreat from life and ascetic mendicancy impoverished his art, John Barleycorn was his, no less than London's, dark angel. London stormed, not Parnassus, but the escarpments of Mammon, and the scale on which the effort laid waste his powers is perhaps his greatest indictment of our less than cook-tent materialism. Failure would have hamstrung him, but the price of success was a more and more exclusive encompassment in the arid social desert of persons whose help he needed or who needed his help till he came to a final isolation reminiscent of Lear or Timon. That tragedy is missed alike by the broadly colored Irving Stone and the scalpel-wielding Joan London.

All praise to the scalpel, however, for what it can uncover! Joan London's treatment of the "times," too close to being mere historical and critical réchauffé, is redeemed by her special emphasis on West Coast events and personalities; and her industry and shrewd insight appear in such passages as her demonstration that, more than by Darwin or Nietzsche, London was encouraged in his glorification of force and his proto-Aryanism by a now obscure second-rater, Benjamin Kidd. After all, it is fascinating to learn by what blending of ideals and self-hypnotism Jack London's phenomenal energy was sustained in his unequal twenty-year struggle.

ROBERTS TAPLEY

Anatomy of Diplomacy

DIPLOMACY. By Harold Nicolson, Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

WHAT the Romans said of the poets—that they are "born and not made"—equally applies to all artists regardless of their vocation. Whoever has read any of Harold Nicolson's books is bound to admit that their author not only tops the highest standard of European education, but is a born *homme de lettres* of the most refined type. If such a thing as an inherited competence to treat a special subject really exists, no one is better equipped to write on diplomacy than the son of Lord Carnock, whom both a brilliant brain and a tender heart made the most shining star in the galaxy of pre-war British diplomacy, and the nephew of Lord Dufferin, whose tragedy Nicolson himself has so masterfully recorded in his "Helen's Tower."

Subconsciously the author was probably influenced by his father's image when he listed the seven virtues of the ideal diplomat—truthfulness, precision, calm, patience, perseverance, modesty, loyalty—and still more so in holding the opinion that the best diplomats are the reasonable and humane skeptics. Sir Henry Wotton's current banter that "an ambassador is a gentleman sent abroad to lie for the good of his country" never was seriously meant, and "classic diplomatic theory" may repudiate the telling of a deliberate falsehood, but diplomatic practice was not always so austerely disposed. Talleyrand, a most successful diplomat under three French regimes, held that words were made to conceal our thoughts, and the Russian ambassador in Stamboul was once very proud of his nickname, *menteur pacha.* These are, of course, old stories, but Nicolson's criticism of Count Szilassy's view—who, by the way, is no count, but a baron—that it may be "patriotic" to disregard truth, has not been exactly confirmed by recent developments in European diplomacy.

Already in his "Peacemaking" Nicolson warned us that the transition from the old diplomacy to the new "is less a question of ethics than a question of methods," and now we are told that the transition merely means a gradual adjustment of the art of negotiation to changes in political conditions. In a chapter captioned Democratic Diplomacy, the conclusion is that "democratic diplomacy has not as yet discovered its own formula," but in view of Munich and its outcome would it not be more exact to say that democratic diplomacy has not as yet discovered its own existence?

Discriminating between various types of European diplomacy, the author contrasts the British type, "which is most conducive to the maintenance of peaceful relations," with the German "warrior or military conception." This shows that Nicolson, although he left the diplomatic service years ago, still writes the polite language of diplomats; if he did not, instead of calling the Austrian type "sudden" he would have referred to the familiar French adage, *"bête comme un diplomate autrichien,"* and would have expressed his doubt whether it is admissible to mistake the armed blackmail of Nazi envoys for diplomatic negotiations. It is, however, not merely politeness or flattery when he is full of praise for the professional American diplomacy, which in spite of unfortunate political appointments à la "Leave It to Me" will "rapidly become among the best in the world."

Although the author does not explicitly say so, developments in other countries are less promising. According to a medieval theory the angels, the messengers between earth and heaven, were the first diplomats, whereas in the Greek legend Hermes, the patron of thieves, was the first envoy employed by Zeus. It looks as if more recently the Greek tradition had prevailed.

Nicolson's work as a textbook on the science and art of diplomacy is particularly adequate to improve, at least in theory, the efficiency of negotiations which just now are rather a complement to the armed forces of the belligerents. And this textbook is once more evidence of the truth that no such thing as dull science exists. It makes delightful reading. There are only a few scholars who are bores.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

Trilogy of Trilogies

MASTER BUILDERS: A TYPOLOGY OF THE SPIRIT. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $3.75.

UNDER the not wholly appropriate title "Master Builders" are comprised three books, two of which have been previously published in English in reverse order to their German publication. Written during a period of twenty-five years as parts of a single plan, the first and most lasting impression they make when thus brought together is one of inordinate length and inflation.

> The first series [explains the Author's Note] "Three Masters," . . . was intended to depict in the life and work of three writers of different nationality—Balzac, Dickens, and Dostoevski—the type of world-portraying novelist; the third series, "Adepts in Self-Portraiture," . . . treated of the self-portraitists, the masters of autobiography, in the persons of Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoy. Between these books came "The Struggle with the Daimon," . . . in which I sought to describe, in Hölderlin, Kleist, and Nietzsche—as opposed to Goethe, the genius of self-preservation—the type of the self-destructive poet whose "daimon" at once drags him aloft and thrusts him down into the inner abyss.

The effort to dissipate the strain of fitting this odd assortment into the pattern increases Mr. Zweig's wordiness. He is most successful in his exposition of Balzac and Stendhal. Their French solidity and precision, like cheerfulness with Dr. Johnson, keep breaking through; and they are the most easily understood from the point of view of the present. In spite of Mr. Zweig's appreciation of Dickens, he does not seem to understand the English and very much oversimplifies the Victorian Era. The Russians and the Germans he has chosen lend themselves far too readily to dithyrambic interpretation.

Mr. Zweig's book is neither one line of continuous progression nor is it a series of parallels. The final apotheosis of Tolstoy, who assimilates much of Dostoevski and Nietzsche, and much of Goethe as well, perhaps shows that the author intended it to be both. He is at his best when he is sketching a biography or a portrait, especially in a masterly biography of Stendhal in thirty pages catchily entitled Film of His Life. He is at his worst when apostrophizing life at length or personifying solitude and imagining "her" roaming with Nietzsche (meaning he traveled alone). In another place he can ask the same simple—or rather rhetorical—question in seven different ways, or repeat a one-page description in almost the same words for six. Rhapsodical variation on a theme produces a feeling of word-weariness even in small doses; when this trilogy of trilogies is read as one book, economy is felt to be urgent.

The lively translation of Eden and Cedar Paul can hardly be found fault with, but the words "poesy" and "joyance" sound high-flown even in Mr. Zweig's high flights.

The most memorable section of the book is that on Dostoevski. It provides also a passage of great topical interest:

> During the Great War we could not but feel that we owed all our knowledge of Russia to Dostoevski; and it is he whom we Germans have to thank because, in spite of the fact that Russia was an enemy country, we could feel that it was the brotherland of the soul.

There is another in the section on Tolstoy:

> We refuse to surrender the acquirements of our reasoning faculties and our technique; to abandon the heritage of our Western civilization; to make a bonfire of our books, our pictures, our cities, and our science. . . . Finally, we will not listen to this gospel because Tolstoy, though he has driven the plowshare of his criticism more deeply than any other into the soil of our time, has not enriched that soil with a single grain of seed destined to bear fruit in our European future—being herein typically Russian, the embodiment of the spirit of his race and his generation.

This is a long book, not well thought out, but with food for thought.

JAMES ORRICK

Recent Fiction

"MADE IN U. S. A." By Hans Otto Storm. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

A welcome variation from today's slough of three-part sagas, this book aims at one definite point in space and time, one mood, and it hits its mark smack in the center. The obsolescent ocean liner India, belonging to a penny-pinching company that operates it as a cheap world-cruise ship and also surreptitiously as a cargo vessel, runs aground on an uncharted mud shoal in the Pacific. Its neurotic captain, for reasons of his own, refuses to radio for help, tries desperately to float the ship by dumping overboard his cargo of old street-car rails and baled hay. Though the situation never becomes acutely dangerous, tension among passengers and crew gradually heightens until it blossoms into one of the strangest mutinies ever recorded in sea fiction. At once grim and farcical, the impasse lends itself peculiarly to Mr. Storm's gift for irony, one striking example of which is the remark of a nice old lady as she watches the crew dumping steel rails into the ocean—rails consigned to Japan, where they were to have been cut up into six-inch lengths, heated white-hot with chemicals, and scattered by means of bombs into apartment houses. " 'What a pity,' said the nice old lady, watching them go into the sea. 'What a criminal waste.' "

BROAD IS THE WAY. By Emerson Waldman. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

A hard-hitting, tightly constructed novel, pursuing the fortunes of the Gabrielson family whom the author brought from Russia to Mississippi in "The Land Is Large." Joseph Gabrielson, gnawed by the lust for money and political power and endowed with preternatural shrewdness, uses friendship, family ties, racial solidarity as long as they serve his purpose, and when they conflict with his interests he tramples them underfoot. He even supports the Klan organization in the hope that it will abet his burning ambition to become Governor of Mississippi. Financially, he succeeds beyond his wildest hopes, but like John Selby's Sam he tastes only dust and ashes in the midst of wealth, having sacrificed wife, child, and friends to his insatiable greed. But Joseph Gabrielson is a broader, more complex person than Sam, and you will find him harder to forget.

RED STRANGERS. By Elspeth Huxley. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Sugar-coating the ethnological pill, Mrs. Huxley novelizes the life, traditions, customs of three generations of the South African Kikuyu tribe. She shows them first in their pre-Boer War simplicity, hedged in by superstitious fears as thick as soldier ants but enjoying a primitive, highly effective system of tribal justice; then comes their first contact with the white man (the "red stranger"), their initiation into his mechanical and often underhanded civilization; and finally we see their absorption into an empire, with the new generation of natives turning their steps more and more in the paths of the strangers, yet preserving many of the deep-rooted prejudices and taboos of their grandfathers.

THE DELECTABLE COUNTRY. By Leland D. Baldwin. Lee Furman. $2.75.

The writer of several notable non-fiction books about the early frontier turns his knowledge to account in painting the background for a 700-page, action-filled novel starting with the Whiskey Rebellion days in western Pennsylvania. Dave Braddee, a keelboatman and a friend of the redoubtable Mike Fink, alternately batters his enemies in gouge-fights and invites his soul with legal and spiritual studies, always driven on by an internal restlessness and, of course, the attraction of two women, one of whom rules his mind and the other his body. The scene ranges from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, and wherever Dave is, things happen. A good, solid addition to the historical-fiction shelf.

RESTLESS IS THE RIVER. By August Derleth. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A saga of the 1840's in Wisconsin. Count Brogmar, a Hungarian liberal forced to flee from Metternich's tyranny, makes a home for himself in the wilderness, earns the love and respect of his fellow-citizens, and grows passionately fond of the hearty, free land, though his wife goes mad with longing for the Old World and finally kills herself. The author, as in his earlier "Wind Over Wisconsin," reveals painstaking study of the history of his native state, and peoples it with convincing, unmelodramatic men and women.

BOSS MAN. By Louis Cochran. The Caxton Printers. $2.50.

Pathos and violence in the Delta country. A brief but vivid picture of a rich, crabbed landlord who has the courage of his cussedness, cheats his tenants in the good years, and sees them through the bad ones. Frustrated in his hopes for a son, he vents his bitterness on tenants and fellow-townsmen, but in the end shows unexpected generosity toward a hate-maddened rival.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

DRAMA

Class Day

THOUGH Robert Ardrey is still a very young man he is the author of several produced plays of the sort inevitably described as "promising." He has, in addition, a certain unmistakable gift for the theater not always implied when that adjective is bestowed as a dubious accolade. In view, however, of both his experience and his talent it is rather difficult to condone so thoroughly callow a play as that which the Group has just produced at the Mansfield Theater. "Thunder Rock" is embarrassingly young in its earnestness, in its enthusiasm, and above all in the hollow ring of its convictions.

Mr. Ardrey believes, like the majority of his compatriots, that in times as trying as these, sincere and sensitive men are in grave danger of giving up in despair. He is further convinced that despair is, nevertheless, an undesirable state of mind, and that it would be much better if we would all gird our loins instead for the battle which we may lose but which is, at least, not lost as yet. His problem is to embody this thesis in a play which will somehow reinforce it, but this problem he fails signally to solve. He begins by inventing a hero whom it will be necessary to convince and into whose mouth he can put all the arguments to be demolished, but one knows from the very opening passages of the debate that the straw man will collapse, and the play becomes essentially a series of elaborated devices whose chief purpose is to postpone until 10:45 the inevitable moment when this hero will arise to proclaim the only thing which the author has ever had on his mind to say.

Mr. Ardrey has, to be sure, gone to great lengths in his effort to kill time as pretentiously as possible. His escapist, convinced that the only future for mankind is its past, retires to a lonely lighthouse and by the power of his imagination brings to life certain immigrants of the past century who lived, so he imagines, in more spacious times, when men still believed in a solution to their problems. But he discovers that they also had their moments of despair, and from them he learns that the very things of which they had given up hope were actually just around the corner. The physician did not know that ether was about to be discovered; the disillusioned feminist did not know that long before 1939 women would actually be sitting in the House of Commons. Obviously it is unwise to sell humanity short.

One may pass over the fact that the argument seems to point both ways. If humanity got what it wanted, what it wanted doesn't seem to have brought it much satisfaction or, perhaps, much profit. But more important for the artistic effect of the play is the fact that after anything so pretentious as ghosts called from the grave one has a right to expect something more than the grandiloquent pep-talk which one gets at the end of the play. It sounds for all the world like Class Day, and the hero, theoretically a journalist toughened by international adventures, stands revealed as only a valedictorian facing the world with all the fine gestures expected of him. The thesis play looks easy to those who would write it. To be "important" or "significant" one need only choose a "significant" or "important" topic. But an air of fatuity is inevitable unless the play itself reinforces the thesis either intellectually or emotionally, and Mr. Ardrey neither achieves any special poignancy nor says anything which a dozen editorials have not said just as well and in a great deal less time.

If the Group had any doubts about the play it has concealed them under one of its most conscientious productions. The single set representing the interior of the lighthouse was designed by Mordecai Gorelik and is beautifully as well as solidly realistic. The company, which includes some of the Group's best actors, plays with a sincerity and intelligence capable of interpreting a good deal more than there is here to interpret. But the final effect is to make one wonder that so immature a work could be taken with such artistic seriousness, and there is a moment just at the end when, unless my fancy deceived me, Luther Adler lost his struggle to believe in the character he is portraying. He is supposed to stand with his hand on his typewriter, to proclaim his conviction that America should stay out of the war, and to imply that with his little portable he now feels quite capable of slaying the dragon. Even writers will admit that there is something

inescapably absurd about the effort to make a smashing dramatic climax out of a writer getting ready to write, and Mr. Adler faltered once in the midst of his ringing speech. It was, I think, a sort of vocal blush.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The main conclusion the observer carries away from "Margin for Error" (Plymouth Theater) is that Clare Boothe, the *femme terrible* of Broadway, should stick to domestic affairs. "The Women" showed that she is competent to speak of that variety of human beings known as cats. Her foray against the Nazis by way of a "satirical melodrama" is so crude both as foray and as satire—the jokes and the characterization are so bad and broad—that one is embarrassed for democracy; and it is not even good melodrama, for there are moments in the short play as long as those we have all spent in the subway when the current is turned off. As for the acting and direction, one may admit that the play presented insuperable obstacles.

M. M.

FILMS

YOU have surely read what a wonderful picture "Ninotchka" (MGM) is—smart, witty, mature, satirical, timely, presented with the famous "Lubitsch touch" and in addition with something entirely new—Greta Garbo as the screen's funniest comedienne. I admit that this piling up of adjectives prejudiced me against the film. Yet I think genuine disillusionment was the cause of my disappointment when the show was over. I had laughed at witty lines, been pleasantly entertained by Lubitsch tricks (his method of implying more than he says gives the moviegoer the joy of co-creation), and—purest experience—admired Greta Garbo. But I was annoyed by the whole and still am.

The theme of the picture is as old as any—the corruptibility of human nature by the good things of life. This time members of the Russian bureaucracy are put to the test. They come to Paris with a trunkful of jewels belonging to a former archduchess which they wish to sell because the Red Fatherland needs foreign exchange to buy tractors. Instead of being efficient, the commissars fall for the charm of Paris and the pleasures the capitalist world offers to its wealthy children. Greta Garbo is sent after the scoundrels but only for a short time does a better job than they. Soon she falls in love, buys a hat, gets drunk, too, and loses the jewels. But she quickly recovers them. The Archduchess loves the same man, and in exchange for him Commissar Ninotchka's political career is saved and her honor restored. This turn of the script is especially clumsy. No man, and surely not this pair of creased trousers (Melvyn Douglas, truly elegant), would be worth such a fortune to a woman. The end, of course, is a happy one for the lovers.

The details of this thin and rather stupid story are better than the whole. This column has generally no quarrel with scene-to-scene entertainment, serving a legitimate demand for relaxation, though it adds up to nothing. But the entertaining gags of this picture add up to something, and it is not pleasant. They assume an air of satire, thus pretending to a higher function and introducing a serious element. But satire needs more than the spirit of the entertainer. It requires a suitable target, which has to be hit. And satire demands sharp truthfulness. What Lubitsch and his scribblers do, besides providing laughter and shocks, is to ridicule higher aspiration and efforts. Perhaps they did not intend to, but they say to their audience: Wine (pardon, champagne), a little love-making, silk nightgowns, and top hats are what human beings want after all. Why try for more?

The millions who will see this picture and be impressed by its technical expertness and sophistication will at the same time be effectively taught that Communists are "low" people. The substitution of the vices of the Stalin bureaucracy for the virtues of the revolutionaries of yesterday and tomorrow is a trick that is being more and more generally practiced. That the untidy and unshaven Russian commissars of the picture never existed in reality—Stalin always gave his traders enough money to "represent" lavishly—is a minor point ignored by a script which is manufactured and in not one scene really felt.

As for the comedienne Greta Garbo, well, she is no comedienne. She is an exciting personality, a character, a great actress—but it is not she who makes one laugh but the contrast in the picture between her and everything else. Each "funny" scene she plays here could also be fitted into one of her tragic parts and would not be funny at all in another context. But as long as Garbo is on the screen one does not care why she is there.

I could write much more about "Ninotchka"—its mixture of style, its unevenly written scenes, its opportunism, and its cynicism. But sparkling as is its champagne, I prefer the clear water of a picture like "Harvest" or the true exposure of human folly in "The End of a Day."

FRANZ HOELLERING

MUSIC

THE Primrose Quartet, which made its first public appearance at a recent New Friends of Music concert, is broadcasting a Beethoven cycle from WEAF on alternate Sunday evenings; and on November 12 I managed to hear Opus 18 No. 6, which the Budapest Quartet had played the Sunday before at the Frick Museum. The two groups are alike in the brilliance of their performances—the brilliance of consummate technique and musicianship operating at incandescence. But in the Budapest performance the brilliance is mellowed, whereas the Primrose performance is swifter-paced, more sharply accented and contoured; and the difference, I think, is one not so much of age as of temperament: the Budapest Quartet is a group of exceptionally fine players, the Primrose a group of virtuosos. That is, even apart from Primrose himself, it has in the violinists Oscar Shumsky and Joseph Gingold two players of concert caliber whom one does not normally find in quartets, and who not only have acquired the ensemble discipline that such players normally find it

difficult to acquire, but have retained something of the temperament that contributed to making them two of the outstanding younger concert artists a few years ago.

The members of the Primrose Quartet are in the N. B. C. Symphony Orchestra; and Shumsky and Gingold are in that unusual violin section in which one finds a number of the young players who were attempting to make concert careers until recently. It makes for a superb violin section, but it is a waste of talent; and nothing in our society is worse, nothing productive of crueler misery, than the perversion of the essential purpose of concert activity—which is to have music played and heard—by the huge management racket into a traffic in short-lived publicity values that corrupts the public and starves all but a few of the artists. On the other hand there may have been little in what has been happening in the Soviet Union in recent years to feel happy about as one did about so much in the first years; but one thing that remains to rejoice in is the way young pianists and violinists are cared for while they study and are given audiences when they are ready to play in public. And if the young pianist has to pay for his security with the customary verbal genuflections in the direction of "our wise and noble Leader," here he has to pay for his starvation with flattery of the concert manager's conception of himself as a wise and noble patron of music and a benefactor to public and artist alike.

Not every orchestra can have a violin section composed of concert violinists; but at the very least one would expect the Philharmonic-Symphony's concertmaster to have something better to show than Mr. Piastro's slovenly phrasing and intonation as he led his associates of the Philharmonic-Symphony Quartet and assisting players in some of the worst performances of one of the worst programs the New Friends of Music has been responsible for.

One of the works on this program was Beethoven's String Trio Opus 9, No. 1, of which the Pasquiers' Columbia set (M-384, $5) has not yet reached me. spite of their inferior recording I have preferred Weingartner's performance of Brahms's First Symphony on Columbia and Klemperer's on Decca, because their simple, direct treatment of this emotionally inflated work at least did not exaggerate its pretentiousness; and now Weingartner has made a fine new recording of his performance with the London Symphony (M-383, $7.50). In Book II of Debussy's Preludes there is the same play with the sonorities of the piano and with stylistic formulas and mannerisms as in Book I, with even less in musical results; and the sole value of Gieseking's set (M-382, $6) is again in his marvelously subtle and precise performances. Liszt's songs, as sung by Ernst Wolff (X-148, $3.50); the Busoni Sonatina well recorded by Egon Petri (69736-D. $1.50); Carrillo's "Preludio a Cristobal Colon," written in quarter-, eighth-, and sixteenth-tones (7357-M, $1.25)—these, for different reasons, I do not find interesting. But Vaughan Williams's Fantasia on the English folksong "Greensleeves," well recorded by the Jacqures Orchestra (69735-D, $1.50), is enjoyable, as is Foulds's "Keltic Lament" on the reverse side.

The Basie Orchestra's "Song of the Islands" (Vocalion 5169) offers good work by Clayton on muted trumpet and Basie himself on piano, with objectionable interruptions by the full band; and in "Dickie's Dream" (Vocalion 5118) there is, in addition to Basie's playing, a good solo by Young on tenor saxophone. As for Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson—they were the outstanding musicians in the groups that made the Goodman records of 1933-34, and now they lead their own large bands and produce rubbish. I can understand the satisfaction a man would get from the consciousness of having been responsible for those Goodman records; but what satisfaction there can be in the consciousness of having pulled some of the wires that moved Goodman from his records of 1934 to his records of today, I cannot imagine.

B. H. HAGGIN

A Selected List of Children's Books

BY LENA BARKSDALE

PICTURE BOOKS

Hoo. Hoo! De Witt! By Frances Duncombe. Illustrations by Jean Lamont. Holt. $1.25. A baby owl goes exploring.

Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel. By Virginia Lee Burton. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50. How Mike and his steam shovel, Mary Anne, found a new job.

Little Toot. By Hardie Gramatky. Putnam. $1.50. A mischievous tugboat becomes a hero.

Faraway Meadow. By Thomas Handforth. Doubleday, Doran. $2. Nonsense story of wild animals with pictures to match.

Madeline. By Ludwig Bemelmans. Simon and Schuster. $2. Hilarious tale of a small boarder in a Paris school.

Black, Bay, and Chestnut: Profiles of Twenty Favorite Horses. By C. W. Anderson. Macmillan. $2.50. Lovely full-page drawings of famous racehorses in action with brief explanatory text.

I Am a Pueblo Indian Girl. By E-Yen-Shuré (Blue Corn). Illustrated by Indian Artists. Morrow. $1.50. An Indian girl tells of her country and her daily life. Pictures of unusual distinction in full color.

The Little Mermaid. By Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by Dorothy Lathrop. Macmillan. $2.50. Exquisite full-page pictures in color and many drawings in black and white.

TALES OF FANCY AND FACT

The World Is Round. By Gertrude Stein. Illustrated by Clement Hurd. Scott. $2.50. A subtle understanding of the extravagant imaginings of childhood underlies this remarkable book.

Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Illustrated by Robert Lawson. Stokes. $2. This wisely abridged version is full of adventure and sharpened in beauty by the artist's brilliant drawings.

Terence O'Hara. By Thomas Burns. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. Harcourt, Brace. $2. A true fairy tale that sparkles with Irish wit and gaiety.

The Youngest Camel. By Kay Boyle. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. Little, Brown. $2. Beauty and perception are the essence of this desert fantasy.

Skippack School. By Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday, Doran. $2. About a young settler in Penn's Woods, his woodcarving and his school days.

Quetzal Quest. By V. Wolfgang von Hagen and Quail Hawkins. Illustrated by Antonio Sotomayer. Harcourt, Brace. $2. A scientist's search for a rare bird in the jungles of Honduras brought brave adventure and excitement to an Indian boy.

Top of the World. By Alice Gall and Fleming Crew. Oxford University. $1.50. Stories of hunters and the hunted in Greenland.

Mouseknees. By William C. White. Illustrated by Avery Johnson. Random House. $1.75. Amusing escapades of a small native of Tobasco.

Fafan in China. By Joe Lederer. Holiday House. $2. A Swiss boy in Shanghai with his Chinese companions solves a mystery and effects a rescue. Spontaneous and entertaining.

Fair Play. By Munro Leaf. Stokes. $1.50. Common-sense explanation of rules of conduct in work and play.

Here Is a Book. By Marshall McClintock. Illustrated with photographs and with drawings by Ninon MacKnight. Vanguard. $2. Part I explains clearly how a book—"Scoop"—is edited, printed, manufactured, and sold. Part II is "Scoop" itself, a lively story with many drawings.

The Chisel Tooth Tribe. By Wilfred S. Bronson. Harcourt, Brace. $2. Lively text, amusing pictures, and scientific accuracy make this book a stimulating incentive to nature study.

FOR THE TEN-YEAR-OLD

Francie on the Run. By Hilda von Stockum. Viking. $2. Delightful tale of an enterprising little boy who, inadvertently, traveled extensively through Ireland.

Reginald Birch—His Book. Edited by Elisabeth B. Hamilton. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Varied collection of stories and poems illustrated in the course of the long life of an honored artist.

All Over Town. By Carol Ryrie Brink. Macmillan. $2. Merry story of the pranks and real achievements of two boys and a girl.

Paula. By Marguerite Vance. Dodd, Mead. $2 A friendly little American girl among immigrant neighbors.

Saranga the Pigmy. By Attilio Gatti. Scribner. $2. Dramatic story of a boy, a dog, and a very old elephant in the deep jungles of Africa.

Round the Mulberry Hill. By Alison Braigrie Alessios. Longmans, Green. $1.50. Pleasant story of a little girl who finds simple country things exciting.

Boy with a Pack. By Stephen Meader. Harcourt, Brace. $2. A New England boy peddler meets with stirring adventures as he journeys to the Ohio settlements.

The Mystery of Dog Flip. Translated from the French of Thérèse Lenôtre. Stokes. $1.75. Droll story of an old man and a boy who chased a stolen dog through Europe to India.

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The Singing Tree. By Kate Seredy. Viking. $2. International friendship is the keynote of this spirited companion book to the author's "Good Master."

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Runner of the Mountain Tops: The Life of Louis Agassiz. By Mabel Robinson. Random House. $3. A vivid personality is brought to life in this exciting biography of a great scientist and teacher.

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Drina: England's Young Victoria. By Marian W. Flexner. Coward, McCann. $2.50. Vivid picture of Queen Victoria's childhood and early life.

The Treasury of Art Masterpieces: From the Renaissance to the Present Day. Edited by Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster. $10. A stimulating and beautiful book.

Letters to the Editors

Servile, Not Subversive

Dear Sirs: I agree with you that the League for Peace and Democracy advocates many things that anybody may advocate without shame, and that Dies is a menace to the civil liberties of the people. The injustice of his action in revealing the list of government employees in Washington on the league's mailing list is apparent to me, for I am in all probability on its list and also on that of the German consulate in New York, the I. L. D., the Civil Liberties Union, the Socialist Party, the Communist Party, and other groups to which I have written asking for information. At present I belong only to the Civil Liberties Union.

I joined the League for Peace and Democracy in April, 1938, and dropped out a few months ago. I am convinced from a study of my own branch and contacts with other members that Communists controlled the League, but there was nothing subversive about their activities. My main objection to them was based on their blind devotion to both Stalin and Browder, which was carried to the point where it became degrading servility. They would denounce Mayor Hague for his repressions, but they would also knock down a follower of Trotsky for no other crime than drinking a toast to him.

Your stand on Communist Party finances is rather puzzling. Before the recent revelations you seemed to think that the party was no longer subsidized. To those who studied the problem it was evident that it was. Does it not occur to you that if the progressives do not ferret out these facts the reactionaries will? I cannot emphasize this too strongly. It is deplorable that the facts must be revealed by such a man as Dies. Will not the public think that those who ridiculed the stories of the large Communist funds are now somewhat discredited?

Civil liberties, however, are another matter. Even if the Communists said a lot worse things than they do now they should not be suppressed or driven out of unions. But there is no reason to trust them for elective positions in unions or in public life, and this should apply to Michael Quill and others like him.

I cannot help thinking that you do not press forward on these lines for fear that you will be called a red-baiter.

JOHN L. STRYKER

Madison, N. J., November 13

How Russia "Stopped" Hitler

Dear Sirs: I was somewhat amused by the letter from Ruth Epperson Kennell about how "Russia stopped Hitler," in *The Nation* of November 4.

According to the letters exchanged beween Molotov and von Ribbentrop regarding the economic pact between Hitler and Stalin, Russia agrees to furnish Germany with raw materials to be paid for in manufactured goods to be delivered by Germany over an extended period of time. In capitalist phraseology, this means that Russia extends Germany credit with which to buy raw materials, and will therefore have an increasing stake in the survival and success of Hitler in this war. Even if Stalin intends another double cross, the agreement has helped to bolster German morale and keep the German people behind Hitler in what they must have come to believe is likely to be a pretty long war.

Meanwhile, Russia and the Communists throughout the world are playing Hitler's diplomatic game by pressing for a peace based on the present military situation, which is of course a smashing victory for Hitler.

Far from stopping Hitler, Stalin, by making the agreement to give him economic aid, is helping Hitler, and in proportion as he carries out his agreement will actually be giving Hitler the substantial aid necessary to enable him to keep on fighting and retain the loyalty of the German people.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

Boston, November 15

Why Pick on Stalin?

Dear Sirs: In the impromptu debate on the Soviet Union and its policies between Mr. Villard on his page and Ruth Epperson Kennell in her letter in the November 4 issue, the honors go to Mrs. Kennell.

Mr. Villard's viewpoint is that of the man in the street, submerged in the propaganda flood. Mrs. Kennell has kept her head above the flood. My hat is off to her for her magnificent letter.

It is rather curious, and a commentary on the effectiveness of anti-Soviet propaganda, that when Hitler, the head and front of the anti-Comintern bloc, signs a pact with Stalin and leaves his pals in Rome and Tokyo holding the bag, it is Stalin and not Hitler who is called a double-crosser and other choice epithets. Why pick on Stalin?

SAMUEL BUCK

New York, November 12

On Schack's "Eilshemius"

Dear Sirs: Miss Rourke's extensive book review in your issue of November 11 is a stimulating and on the whole sound survey of the present state of American art. There is, however, one point over which I should like to take issue with her—her estimate of William Schack's book on Eilshemius. The tone of the book, she says, is facetious; nothing could be farther from the mark—unless the attempt to portray a whole man, the faults as well as the virtues, with humane and sympathetic detachment, is facetious. Mr. Shack has done a sensitive and skilful job of reporting, assembled all the facts and documents, and let Eilshemius speak for himself.

The point of the book, as I see it, is that there were certain social climates in America in the nineties and early nineteen hundreds that were not conducive to the creation of art. That Eilshemius cracked under the strain merely emphasizes the point. It is also one of the points in George Biddle's autobiography. Time and time again he demonstrates how little his early environment and education helped him to prepare for the career of artist to which he eventually devoted himself. Today, as Miss Rourke points out, there is an explosion of interest in art that is far from inhibiting the American artist, though there are always economic barriers for him to overcome.

Incidentally, credit should be given to Margit Varga, painter in her own right and member of the staff of *Life*, for her excellent biographical notes in "Modern American Painting," for which Peyton Boswell wrote only the preface.

CARL ZIGROSSER

New York, November 15

Miss Rourke's Reply

Dear Sirs: I do not feel strongly in Mr. Shack's book the purpose to indict society for its failure to recognize Eilshemius, but since Mr. Zigrosser has raised the point I must state my belief that the charge cannot be proved conclusively. Eilshemius has faced no "economic barriers," he has always had enough to live on; he has had few if any responsibilities. A quirk of personality made the question of recognition a major one for him. I think we must notice that every artist—indeed, every individual—in some way confronts this problem. In Eilshemius the quirk deepened to a psychological rift. At least some of his failure to obtain what he wanted may have been due to the fact that, by one of those curious contradictions which occur in psychopathic cases, Eilshemius could not make those instinctive choices which might have set up a slender bridge between society and himself. This is not to defend society, but to suggest that the blanket indictment tends to darken our sense of the individual.

To give instances of what seem to me a lack of sympathy and a facetious tone in a long book would take far more space than is available here. Instead, let me quote what another critic has said of Mr. Shack, not in dispraise: "He has no fear of making his hero ridiculous. He literally undresses him, parades his intentions and feelings, his pretensions and subterfuges, his prides and rages, even his pettiness, for all to see" (Carl Van Vechten, *Herald Tribune Books,* November 12). I submit that exposure is not a sympathetic undertaking or a just approach to a psychopathic case.

It seems to me that Mr. Shack has erred in biographical method. Much of the vast amount of material at his disposal seems to have consisted of trivia that will not bear the weight of an elaborate treatment or the inflation of print. The material is conspicuously thin. It centers on the one narrow question, and its display at length was perhaps bound to make Eilshemius seem ridiculous, whatever Mr. Shack's intentions. If we could have had this in substance, not in long parade under the lights, we might have gained a genuine sense of tragedy or at least of pathos and human loss.

As my article was about to go to the printer I was obliged to take out a section of it because publication of one of the books had been postponed. In the subsequent readjustment a phrase inadvertently disappeared, one crediting Margit Varga with the lively and informative biographies that make more than half the text of Peyton Boswell's "Modern American Art" and provide much of the stimulus of the book. They deserve full recognition.

CONSTANCE ROURKE

Grand Rapids, Mich., November 16

The Case of Rebecca Shelley

Dear Sirs: On October 11, 1939, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati affirmed the decision of the Federal District Court in Detroit, Michigan, denying citizenship to Rebecca Shelley, a native-born American woman of colonial ancestry, who was technically expatriated by marriage to a German national a few weeks before the effective date (September 22, 1922) of the present law under which a woman retains her own citizenship at marriage irrespective of the nationality of her husband.

The Appellate Court rendered no opinion in the case, but narrowed the issue to the sole question of conscientious scruples against bearing arms in war, and issued a court order sustaining denial of citizenship on the authority of the Supreme Court decisions in the Schwimmer and Macintosh cases. The next legal step is to petition the Supreme Court to allow an appeal. For this money is needed immediately; $1,500 is a moderate estimate of the total amount necessary to carry the case through the Supreme Court.

The following statement from Miss Shelley sums up the case:

> This is sharply differentiated from the Schwimmer and Macintosh cases. As a native-born American the appellant petitions under a special law known as the Cable Act, designed to restore women expatriated by marriage absolutely and unqualifiedly to the constitutional status they enjoyed before marriage. She has the further advantage of being recommended to citizenship by the Department of Labor, while under previous Administrations the department denied citizenship to the pacifists concerned in the cases cited. . . .
>
> On January 31, 1938, the department reaffirmed this stand in response to a letter from the Detroit Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends. Furthermore, referring to the Friends' petition that the question of bearing arms be eliminated from naturalization procedure, the Solicitor General of the department stated, "This department has been working in collaboration with the Department of State and the Department of Justice on the codification of the nationality laws which it is hoped may bring about the deletion of the phraseology about bearing arms about which your society complains."
>
> On the basis of such communications, as well as personal conferences with high officials of the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Appellant believes that the department has taken every liberal step it well can, pending a Supreme Court decision on its action in recommending her to citizenship as a conscientious objector to war. She is equally confident that the majority of the present members of the Supreme Court will not punish an American woman's loyalty to conscience by stripping her of her birthright, and placing it in Hitler's hands.

Contributions may be sent to Mrs. Alberta Crabbe, Treasurer Rebecca Shelley Repatriation Committee, 109 Alexandrine Street, Detroit, Mich.

ALBERTA CRABBE, Treasurer, EMILY GREENE BALCH, Chairman, LEO M. FRANKLIN, HENRY HITT CRANE, KATHLEEN HENDRIE, NORMAN THOMAS, EDGAR DEWITT JONES.

Detroit, November 14

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

SOVIET PRESSURE ON FINLAND SEEMS TO BE closely patterned on the technique so successfully developed by the Nazis. Immediately after a brutal attack on Premier Cajander in *Pravda*—a tirade mainly composed of zoological insults—an alleged incident occurred causing the death, according to the Russian account, of four Red soldiers and the wounding of nine others. Within a few hours a note was presented to the Finnish government demanding the withdrawal of its troops in the Karelian Isthmus. The reply denies that any shots were fired by Finnish troops and refuses unilateral withdrawal, though it expresses Finland's willingness to discuss a joint removal of forces from the frontier. Meanwhile "spontaneous" meetings of Soviet workers and soldiers are passing resolutions denouncing Finnish "aggression" and threatening to force compliance with Moscow's demands. Thus the ground is being prepared should Stalin wish to yield to "popular indignation" and order his army to march. There are indications, however, that before taking such an openly imperialist step Moscow may attempt to stir up a revolution in Finland. As we go to press, news suggesting more direct action comes from Moscow. The Finnish reply has been rejected, and the demand for withdrawal of troops is reiterated. There is still no ultimatum, however, and no time limit has been set. But at the same time the Soviets have denounced their non-aggression pact with Finland —a move ominously reminiscent of German tactics in regard to Poland.

*

BRITAIN'S WAR AIMS, MR. CHAMBERLAIN declared in a broadcast speech Sunday night, were not merely to defeat the enemy's military forces but to end "that aggressive, bullying mentality which seeks continually to dominate other peoples by force." On the subject of peace aims—of how to rebuild a Europe in which that spirit of aggression could not take root—he had little new to offer. He spoke, indeed, of a new Europe in which good-will, disarmament, and unrestricted trade would bring peace and prosperity to all but suggested no method of clothing this utopian dream with reality. It may be difficult at this point to draw up blueprints for Europe. Nevertheless, Britain could do much to demonstrate its sincerity by showing a more liberal spirit toward India and a willingness to democratize its own empire.

*

GERMANY SEEMS TO HAVE COME OFF VERY badly in last week's diplomatic warfare in the Balkans. The overthrow of Rumania's pro-German Premier, Constantin Argentoianu, and his replacement by George Tatarescu can only be interpreted as a severe setback to the Reich's hopes of obtaining additional wheat and oil from King Carol's domain. The shift in the Rumanian government is also bound to have great influence on the character and policies of the Balkan neutral bloc, if and when it is formed. Barring a change in the line-up, the pro-Ally governments of Turkey and Rumania will be likely to dominate the bloc rather than Italy. At first glance the trade pact between Hungary and Italy seems to offset the shift in the Rumanian government. It suggests that Mussolini is prepared to back Hungary in its recent threats against Rumania. But a pact which increases trade between Hungary and Italy can scarcely be regarded as a Nazi triumph when Germany is striving desperately to capture as much as possible of Hungary's trade. To combat the new British ban on exports, the Reich must find its raw materials and foreign exchange in the South and East. If diplomatic pressure fails to yield results, it may have recourse to more direct measures. Since the lack of a common frontier makes a direct attack on Rumania impossible, it is likely to apply pressure by way of Hungary.

*

THE "SOLUTION" OF THE MUNICH BOMB PLOT produced by the German police conforms in some respects with spy-fiction traditions, but it leaves too many loose ends to satisfy any conscientious reader of mystery stories. According to the Gestapo, George Elser, the alleged perpetrator of the attempted assassination of Hitler, started building his infernal machine into a pillar of the Bürgerbräu Keller as long ago as August and returned on numerous occasions before the work was completed. How he was able to come and go apparently unnoticed, particularly on the night before Hitler's visit, when the place was almost certainly guarded, is not explained. Nor is any evidence provided for the assertion

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that the plot was instigated by the British Intelligence Service. In fact, the official statement describing both the "confession" of Elser and the arrest of the British officers Stevens and Best declares that officials of the Security Service of the S. S. had long been in touch with the latter, who thought they had made a connection with a dissident German group. Hence it would seem that, if these officers were privy to the bomb plot, the Gestapo would have learned about it in time to prevent the explosion. The only other explanation would be that they were content to warn the party leaders while sacrificing the rank-and-file members in order to build up a case against Great Britain.

✶

THE FLIGHT OF FRITZ THYSSEN, GERMAN steel magnate, to Switzerland may be due to his part in the right-wing German opposition. He himself has declared that he expressed emphatic opposition to the war and the present policies of the German government. The threatened consequences of this action forced him to leave Germany. It has since been reported and denied that his vast holdings in the German heavy industries have been confiscated. In any case Thyssen's break with Hitler is of great significance, for he was one of the earliest and most generous backers of the Nazis. There is irony in the fact of his exile but hardly justice. Despite the currency laws he has no doubt accumulated resources enabling him to live comfortably and safely abroad while the regime for which he bears so heavy a responsibility proceeds to wreck Germany. If any man ever deserved to serve a term in a concentration camp it is Fritz Thyssen.

✶

LOSS OF NANNING TO JAPAN IS A SEVERE blow to China, though not so costly as has been suggested in some press dispatches. The route through Nanning to Indo-China was one of the few remaining arteries by which China had been able to obtain supplies from the outside world. But it was a relatively unimportant route since it did not lead to Chungking, Chentu, or any of the principal cities still in Chinese hands. The railroad and motor road between Yunnanfu and Indo-China, which is China's lifeline, is still well out of Japan's reach and is vulnerable only to attack by air. Although not of major importance, the setback at Nanning was sufficiently serious to provoke a general reorganization of the Chinese Cabinet. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has been intrusted with the Premiership as well as command of the military forces in a shake-up which demoted his brother-in-law, H. H. Kung, to Vice-Premier. It appears that certain of the right-wing leaders have been forced out but that no provision has yet been made for the inclusion of such left-wing leaders as T. V. Soong, Madame Sun Yat-sen, or Eugene Chen. It remains to be seen whether Japan's long-delayed plan for setting up a puppet government under Wang Ching-wei will be aided by the Japanese victory.

✶

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS WOULD CERTAINLY be endangered if local authorities could forbid distribution of leaflets or papers on the ground that they "littered" the streets. And the Supreme Court is to be applauded for seeing through the subterfuge in the handbill ordinance cases and handing down another great decision in defense of basic liberties. A student had been arrested in Los Angeles for handing out cards announcing a pro-Loyalist meeting, nineteen pickets in a Milwaukee meat-market strike had been taken in custody for giving out leaflets, two women had been arrested in Worcester, Massachusetts, for distributing handbills about a protest meeting in connection with unemployment relief. Violation of a municipal "street-littering" ordinance was the charge in each case. The court, speaking through Justice Roberts, with only Justice McReynolds dissenting, held that municipal street regulations cannot be enforced in a way that would "abridge the individual liberties secured by the Constitution to those who wish to speak, write, print, or circulate information or opinion." Another case, decided in the same opinion, involved the arrest of a member of Jehovah's Witnesses for canvassing with religious literature without registering at a police station and leaving samples of the booklets. The court held that while a municipality may regulate canvassing, it "cannot . . . require all who wish to disseminate ideas to present them first to police authorities for their consideration and approval." The use of the Fourteenth Amendment in defense of property rights is an old story. This decision, like the Hague and Griffin, Georgia, rulings before it, illustrates the new use of the Fourteenth Amendment to protect basic liberties against state or municipal interference. We call it "new" because it dates back only to 1930, when Charles Evans Hughes became Chief Justice. He wrote the first decision actually invoking the Fourteenth Amendment to defend freedom of speech, press, or assembly.

✶

THE FORMATION OF A "CITIZENS' LAW AND Order Committee" in Detroit, led by the local unit of the Small Business Men's Association, is a familiar omen of anti-labor violence and lawlessness. The struggle between the Chrysler interests and the C. I. O. automobile workers' union is now entering its third month. The management recently sought to blur the central issue of wages by charging that the C. I. O. is seeking to control plant foremen and thereby obtain "control of our production." The first gun in the back-to-work movement was fired prematurely by Father Coughlin, who was sub-

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sequently assailed by Catholic unionists, denounced by a fellow-priest, and pointedly shunned by the automobile workers. Homer Martin took up where Coughlin was interrupted, and summoned Negro workers to form the vanguard of a back-to-work drive. No move could be more inflammatory in an already explosive situation, and as we go to press the city's Negro leaders are desperately trying to curb it. Meanwhile, America's foremost Congressional labor-hater, Clare Hoffman of Michigan, has implored Governor Dickinson to "protect" men who "want to work." There are few new or original lines in this scenario. The important fact, likely to be obscured by law-and-order platitudes, is that the automobile workers are striving to obtain a wage increase from a corporation which in the first half of this year made a net profit of over $25,000,000.

*

ONE OF THE FEW BRIGHT SPOTS IN NEW York City's councilmanic elections is the victory of Harry W. Laidler of Brooklyn. In addition to his rich background as an economist and a Socialist, Dr. Laidler brings to his new post extraordinary knowledge of New York's municipal problems. Dr. Laidler was elected as an American Laborite. Owing to the split in the A. L. P. over the Nazi-Soviet pact and the failure of independent voters to show up at the polls in full strength, Tammany has enough votes in the new council to override Mayor LaGuardia's vetoes. The A. L. P. had five councilmen in 1937. It now has two, and the three it lost owe their defeat to the quarrel within the party. Michael Quill, who lost by a narrow margin in the Bronx, was opposed by the Labor Party leadership because he had refused to accept a resolution attacking the Nazi-Soviet pact. Resentment against the resolution also played a part in the defeat of Andrew Armstrong in Brooklyn and of Langdon W. Post in Manhattan.

*

PRESIDENT SEYMOUR'S WILLINGNESS TO permit Earl Browder's lecture at Yale University undoubtedly stunned a good many "Old Blues"; we are told that the silence at the Yale Club was so deathly that you could hear the faces fall. For years the members of the Big Three have operated as a unit on major matters of policy: they agreed not to start football practice until September 15, and they signed no-scouting agreements. Then, recently, the Harvard Corporation decreed that Browder couldn't speak on a Harvard platform because he was under indictment in a federal court. When a group of Princeton undergraduates sought to taste the fruit that Harvard had forbidden, Old Nassau's officials echoed the Harvard precedent. Yale's dissent is therefore something of a Big Three scandal. President Seymour apparently acted on the increasingly subversive premise that an American is innocent until proved guilty, even if he is a Communist. His action was admirable and refreshing.

*

THOUGH THERE IS NO ROMANTIC GLAMOUR in septicemia, Norman Bethune died the death of a hero. The septicemia was contracted during an operation he performed in Shansi, where he had been serving with the Eighth Route Army's medical unit; the conditions under which the operation had to be done can easily be imagined. Dr. Bethune, a Canadian, served in three wars. He became a surgeon lieutenant in the royal navy during the World War. He left a comfortable position as a consulting surgeon for the Canadian government to bring medical aid to the Loyalists; blood-transfusion methods he developed during the Spanish civil war attracted international attention. After that war was over he took a medical unit to China. He risked his life in the struggle of the Spanish people against fascism, and he gave his life in the war of the Chinese people for liberation.

Lawlessness at Sea

DURING the past week the western front has been quieter than ever while there has been an intensification of the war at sea. The Germans have been successful in sinking several British war vessels and a number of merchant ships, but the chief victims of their counter-blockade have been the neutrals. Another victim is international law, which is being thrust into the discard by both sides even more rapidly than in the last war. In totalitarian warfare necessity is the only law, and efforts to limit its ravages or protect the rights of neutrals appear increasingly futile.

The scattering of drifting mines off the English east coast is an obvious breach of the Hague Convention of 1907, to which Germany was a signatory. Berlin at first claimed that it was not responsible, but after a few days it began to boast of its success in blocking the British ship lanes. The use of convoys and other forms of protection for merchant vessels means, according to Nazi views, that purely commercial routes into British ports have ceased to exist. That is to say, mine-laying is legitimate in any waters used by naval vessels irrespective of the fact that they are also normally employed by civilian ships of all nations.

German propagandists state that under the Hague Convention the obligation of a belligerent to give general notice of the existence of a mined zone is qualified by the words "as soon as military considerations allow"—a period which only Germany can determine. They omit to mention, however, that this clause applies only to anchored mines. Unanchored contact mines are prohibited

altogether unless "so constructed as to become harmless one hour at most after the person who laid them ceases to control them." The laying of anchored mines which do not become harmless after breaking loose is also banned.

The very terms of the German reply to the accusation of a breach of international law indicates, therefore, the violation of one or more of the clauses of the Hague Convention. But whether the Allies are either legally justified or wise in adopting as a reprisal the seizure of German exports carried in neutral ships is another question. It may be noted that a similar measure was put into effect in 1915 and despite neutrals' protests was maintained until the end of the war. Moreover, when this country became a belligerent it included the ban in its own blockade enforcement. The effort to kill German exports was likewise presumably approved by Japan and Italy in the years when they were British allies, though they are now vigorously assailing the same policy.

Yet these precedents are hardly sufficient to lend authority to a step which is bound to multiply the difficulties and anxieties of neutrals, particularly Holland and the Scandinavian countries, which are dependent on international trade. The Allies claim that the extension of their blockade to exports is justified by the "law of reprisal," but it is doubtful if international jurisprudence recognizes any such principle, at least in so far as it takes the form of a violation of neutral rights.

The practical, as distinct from the legal, defense of the new British Order in Council is easily understandable. So long as Germany is able to export to the world at large it is able to earn foreign exchange which can be expended on imports from those adjacent countries with which a maritime blockade is powerless to interfere. When such exports are cut off, its purchases from neighboring countries must be limited by the amount of German goods which these suppliers are willing to accept.

Among the protesting neutrals Japan and Italy can hardly claim to come into court with clean hands when they accuse Britain of breaking international law. Japan's lawless invasion of China and its constant violation of neutral rights, Italy's gassing of Ethiopians and its assistance to Franco in enforcing an illegal blockade—these acts are too recent in memory to permit any sympathy with their current complaints. Holland, Belgium, and Sweden, which have also filed protests in London and Paris, have a much better case. The first two have always handled a considerable part of German export trade through Rotterdam and Antwerp, and the entire suspension of such business will be a new and serious blow to their hard-pressed economies. Even so there are some grounds for suspicion that the vigor of their criticisms of the Allies is partly due to German pressure, more especially as they do not seem to have reacted nearly so forcefully to the actual losses suffered by their shipping through German mines and submarines.

Blunderbuss

THE heart of Thurman Arnold's letter on labor and the anti-trust laws lies in this passage: "The principle applicable to unions is the same as that applicable to other groups specially protected by law. Investors may combine into a corporation, farmers into a cooperative, and labor into a union. The Anti-Trust Division has the duty to prevent the use of such legal rights of association in an illegal way for purposes far different from those contemplated in the statutes." The simplicity of these sentences is highly deceptive. From them the casual reader would gather the impression that we are dealing with statutes that permit and regulate corporations, unions, and farm cooperatives, and it would seem only fair to apply these statutes to labor unions in the same way as to corporations or farm cooperatives. But what was "contemplated in the statutes"? Two statutes are involved. The first is the Sherman Act of 1890. It was passed because of the widespread fear of the trust. It was called an "anti-trust law," and though some shrewd corporation lawyers were aware that it might be turned to other purposes, few dreamed that the law would soon be converted into a powerful anti-labor weapon. The other statute involved is the Clayton Anti-Trust Act of 1914. It originated in popular resentment against the courts because the Sherman Act had been not merely "ignored" as an *anti-trust* law but "perverted" into an *anti-labor* law. The verbs are those used by Solicitor General Jackson in a speech at Sea Island, Georgia, on May 28, 1937, and they are quoted with approval in a long footnote on page 212 of Thurman Arnold's "The Folklore of Capitalism." The fruit of this resentment against judicial misinterpretation of the anti-trust law was the insertion of clauses in the Clayton Act which were popularly thought to exempt labor unions and farm cooperatives from anti-trust legislation. Gompers hailed the act as a labor "Magna Charta." The courts soon riddled it.

The courts did so because a majority of the judges were unsympathetic to labor. We know that our witty and brilliant Assistant Attorney General does not share that feeling. He wishes "to make it clear that it is only such boycotts, strikes, or coercion by labor unions as have no reasonable connection with wages, hours, health, safety, speed-up system, or the establishment and maintenance of the right of collective bargaining which will be prosecuted." He cites economically indefensible practices, racketeering, and jurisdictional strikes as examples of the kind of conduct against which the Department of Justice has recently proceeded or is now proceeding under the anti-trust laws. This seems sound enough. But let us return for a moment to the question of how reactionary judges, while refusing to use the anti-trust laws effectively against the trust, managed to use these laws against labor *despite the exemptions of the Clayton Act.* They were

able to do so because, when the bill which became the Clayton Act was amended in Congress, innocent little words were inserted in each of the three clauses which aimed to free labor from judicial tyranny. Labor unions were not to be enjoined under the anti-trust laws from *"lawfully* carrying out the legitimate objects thereof." Pickets were not to be enjoined "from attending at any such place where any such person or persons *may lawfully be."* Secondary boycott was legalized, but only when carried on "by peaceful *and lawful* means." These italicized insertions enabled the courts to decide what was "lawful," and they proceeded to declare unlawful and to enjoin practices Congress had intended to protect.

Mr. Arnold certainly disagrees as violently as we do with decisions of that kind. But in setting up his own standards for determining which labor-union activities are "lawful" and which "unlawful" he is, in effect, reasoning as these judges did, and subscribing to their view that the anti-trust law was also meant to police labor. Since the courts and not Mr. Arnold will ultimately decide these cases, and the judges of these courts will act on their own idea of what constitutes "lawful" labor activities, he is again opening the door wide to the revised use of anti-trust laws against labor. The whole purpose of Congress in passing the Clayton Act, as later in passing the related Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act, was to cut down if not altogether abolish the self-arrogated powers of the courts to declare what was "lawful" and what "unlawful" in labor tactics. In the words of Brandeis's dissent in the Duplex case, "The Clayton Act substituted the opinion of Congress . . . for that of differing judges . . . it declared that the relations between employers of labor and workingmen were competitive relations, that organized competition was not harmful, *and that it justified injuries necessarily inflicted in its course."* The italics are ours. We think it for Congress and not for Mr. Arnold and the courts to decide the questions of public policy involved even in the examples he has set forth. There are two sides to the question of "the extra driver" on a truck, as of "full crew" laws. Jurisdictional strikes are a great evil for labor as well as the employer, but use the anti-trust laws against them and watch how quickly they become a bulwark of the "independent," employer-dominated union. Far better to let jurisdictional problems settle themselves democratically through Labor Board elections and certification of the majority union.

Every act of legislation is a choice of evils, and it is better to suffer certain labor abuses than to endanger labor unionism by using the anti-trust laws against them. Where employer and employee groups combine together in violation of the anti-trust laws, we would enforce the law equally against both, but we do not think it wise to use the anti-trust laws in the settlement of labor disputes. Anti-trust prosecution is a blunderbuss loaded with buckshot. There are safer weapons against labor-union abuses. There is a federal anti-racketeering statute. There are criminal laws against conspiracy and violence. It is true that there is no law dealing with uneconomic union practices, but we think it wiser to deal with these through mutual education of employer and employee in collective bargaining than to go looking for some legislative patent medicine. Anti-labor forces have always sought to use the anti-trust laws for this purpose, but that shouldn't recommend the procedure to the liberal New Deal. It will be time enough to act against the uneconomic practices of labor when we have ended the far graver and more costly uneconomic practices of capital. As for the racketeer, District Attorney Dewey in New York City has shown that labor rackets can be broken up without establishing precedents dangerous to the labor movement. His success with the poultry racket is an example.

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Women Without Hope

BY TONI CHRISTEN

IN 1934 I attended several lectures delivered by German Labor Front officials to the working women of a leading industrial concern in Berlin. The lectures dealt with the home, care of the baby, hygiene, and folklore and were designed not only to give practical information in those fields but to tone down the women's political ambitions if they had any left after the Nazis took over the German unions. I remember a pleasant, motherly-looking woman who talked at length about the home-loving qualities of the German people. "Die Deutschen sind von jeher ein Wohnstubenvolk gewesen" (Germans have always been a sitting-room people), she repeated over and over to these women factory hands who had little more than a kitchen to call their own.

Yet the speaker was probably right. Germany's *bürgerliche Kultur*—in its connotation a phrase more sympathetic, and therefore more appropriate, than "bourgeois culture"—developed around the German *Wohnstube,* and our Nazi lady's lecture was filled with a good deal of nostalgia for the days when Goethe's Werther adored his Lotte across the family table, and when portraits of three or possibly more generations, all assembled on the same canvas, smiled on the visitor from above the sitting-room sofa. The Germans were always fond of family life, and it developed one of their most attractive qualities—a certain warmth of feeling which found utterance in much of the country's literature and made many friends for Germany abroad. This quality was encouraged until Hitler came to power and began to remake the German people in his own image. Thereafter *Wehrfähigkeit* (capacity for defense, for making war) and not *Gefühl* began to be the dominant note.

German family life as it exists today—after seven years of the Nazi regime—is something very different from what it was in the tradition-bound past. Women of course are more affected by the change than men; their particular values—social and cultural—have had to give way before the onslaught of Nazi ideology, which makes other demands upon women now. Woman as genetrix remains important, but as mother—in a wide cultural and spiritual sense—she has ceased to exist. German women today live in a world that violates all precedents and confuses all except the very young—a world in which the majority, in spite of tons of educational propaganda, remain completely unadapted, physically and spiritually.

The truly happy ones in the Nazi-made world for women are the thirteen-year-old Hitler girls, particularly those who are leaders of their units. They like their club evenings, their camping trips, their political lessons, and their communal responsibilities, though the latter may mean only collecting the empty toothpaste tubes and tin cans on the block. Treated by their superiors as grown-ups and future political factors, they feel important as bearers of a new world creed. I remember a Sunday afternoon at a friend's house, spent mostly in the society of her young daughter. She showed me all her treasures: her uniform, her report books, her weekly instruction sheets, and the club's cash register. She told me how she kept the girls of her group interested and in line during their club evenings and their excursions. She also told me that the Suez Canal must come under Italian domination, that the Balkans are part of the German vital space, and what is wrong with the Hindu and Moslem world. She finally left me to go down to the kitchen and prepare the Sunday supper. With another uniformed little virago of her age she set the table and cut butter and radishes into fascinating designs. She was utterly contemptuous of her eighteen-year-old sister, who powdered her nose, took no interests in politics, and came down to supper in a pretty little afternoon frock.

For the eighteen-year-old girls don't like their uniforms. They find the white shirtwaists and dark skirts unbecoming. They dislike taking up street collections for the relief organizations and going to club meetings. They prefer to go to dances and the movies. Yet they too enjoy a feeling of personal importance—they are the darlings of the nation because they are its future mothers. The value of their future function is so strongly impressed upon them that their emotional outlook becomes not unlike that of the queen bee before her nuptial flight. They are courted by young men of their own age and are desirable in the eyes of older men, who—for the sake of the fatherland—are ready to divorce their middle-aged wives and start life over again.

They could be happy if there weren't so many other things confusing their lives. Just when they finish school and would like to enjoy themselves they are faced with their duty year—six months' unpaid labor in a family with at least three small children. Often this means toiling from six in the morning till eleven at night, cooking, washing, tending babies, sewing. "My time is up next month," one of these Cinderellas wrote me, "I hope I am still alive on the day I regain my freedom."

Girls who want to enter the university or prepare for a degree have to spend another six months in a labor camp, from which they go out to farm work. Here their

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relative freedom brings them into contact with boys from labor camps, with young storm troopers, and with other party leaders. They are fed much propaganda about the beauty of mating and raising the birth-rate statistics. Some of the girls react in quite unexpected ways—refuse to be regarded as biological factors, tire of the boys' crude advances, and reject the joys of too early pregnancy. There are amusing stories of some of the labor camps in southern Germany, where the girls have gone on strike and refused to have anything to do with male society, of the party or otherwise.

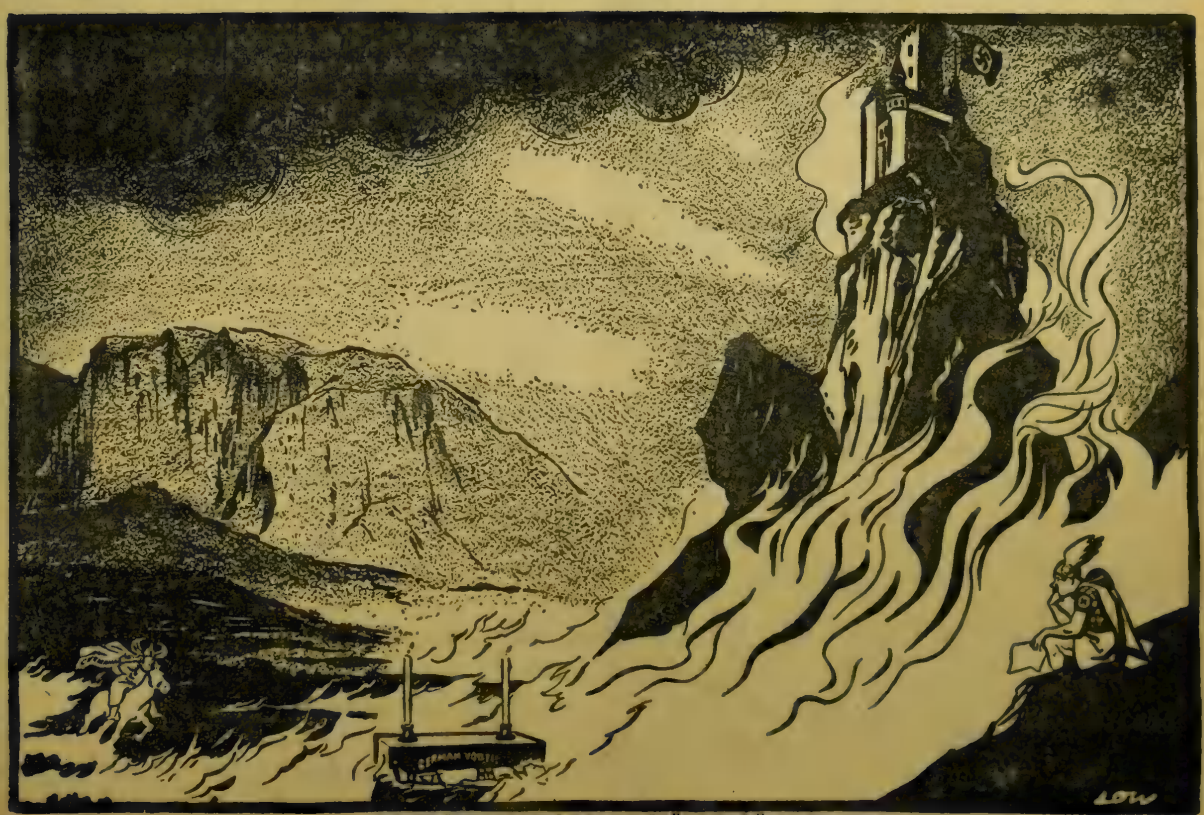
Few girls go to the university or continue intellectual pursuits of any kind. Those who want teaching jobs take up domestic science or gymnastics. Others, unless they marry, take subordinate positions in business or the civil service. Because of the shortage of labor in Germany women are being quietly returned to the ranks of wage-earners. And wage-earning is a grim business—long hours, little pay. Amusements are costly since the girls share expenses with their escorts. And again the girls find themselves in the dilemma of their labor-camp years. Platonic friendships are not popular among Nazi men; marriage, unfortunately, often isn't either.

The lucky girl who marries young, possibly with a government subsidy, starts her life healthily and competently enough since training in the Hitler Youth and during her duty year have prepared her for any emergency. She scrubs, cooks, sews, and tends babies easily. She has been taught to live modestly; she spends little on cosmetics, wants little amusement. She is clean, blonde, pretty, and practical. She does not read much because she has no leisure. She goes to the movies or the theater on cheap *Kraft durch Freude* tickets.

She and her husband know that children are needed to make a bigger and more powerful Germany. They have children—one, two, three, even more. The young mother has to do the housework herself. There is no help available, and if there were she could not afford it on her husband's salary. Sometimes after her third child she is allotted a duty-year girl—one of the Hitler maidens, none too efficient at her new task. The work of running house and family is complicated by the difficulties of obtaining food. Many hours are wasted in standing in line for butter or meat. The young husband would help if he could, for Nazi ideology has taught him not to be squeamish about caring for the baby or the house. But he has no leisure himself. When he isn't working, he is on duty for the party or in military training.

These young mothers do not mind the prospect of losing their children to the Hitler Youth organization. It means lessened responsibilities for them. Only persons of an older generation object to seeing their little ones trot off with knapsack and camping utensils every single Saturday or Sunday. They still believe in family life even if their children don't. But the sons and daughters of this older generation are in the main ready for labor camp and military service.

It isn't so bad to have one's daughter working as a



AFTER "SIEGFRIED" COMES "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG"

farm hand or an unpaid domestic. She acquires a good deal of knowledge valuable in later life. But boys, most of them just eighteen, face a real ordeal in the labor camp. No consideration is given the spoiled boy or the boy in delicate health. The labor of road-building and swamp-clearing is heavy. There are accidents; there is disease. Medical care is insufficient and often refused on the suspicion of malingering. The mortality rate in labor camps all over the country is high. This summer I met one of those unfortunate mothers who have had a son die during his labor service. The boy had contracted an infected foot from working in the swamps in rubber boots drawn over bare feet. Though his foot was swollen and painful, he had been refused hospital care, and to punish him for complaining had been obliged by the camp leader to wash sixty extra linen uniforms in one day. The boy saw no doctor, received no treatment, until he fell unconscious. After his death his mother was warned not to make complaints.

The glory of the Nazi regime is paid for by heavy sacrifices, but those who make the sacrifices receive the thanks of the nation. Or so I thought before Mrs. Schmidt taught me I was wrong. I had seen Mrs. Schmidt occasionally in the stores where I did my marketing. I did not know her, but I learned afterward that she had been the wife of a well-known scientist living in comfortable circumstances. The day I talked to her she came out of a drugstore, a woman about fifty years old. Her gray hair was untidy under a black straw hat, her shoes and clothes were shabby, and she herself wore a look of utter defeat. She spoke to me right there in the street, told me her tale of woe and loneliness as we walked up and down on the sidewalk between one lamp-post and another. I imagine she had to talk to someone, and probably I looked sympathetic.

"You see, older women are no good in Germany," she said. "We are no longer capable of bearing children. We have no value to the state. All we can do is get a job in a munitions factory and possibly on the most dangerous bench, too, because it doesn't matter if we blow up. They don't care for us mothers or grandmothers any more. We are worn out, discarded."

"But aren't you married?" I queried. "I thought I heard you addressed as Mrs. Schmidt."

"I was married, but my husband divorced me recently."

"Doesn't he look after you? And what about your children?"

"My boys are in military service; one daughter is on her duty year, and the other is married. Her husband does not earn enough to support me. My husband remarried. He is fifty-eight and the girl twenty-two. She is expecting a baby."

"And what are your plans?" I continued politely.

"I have sold my jewelry and now I must look for work. I don't really mind that. The awful thing is the loneliness. One is so unaccustomed to it after one has had a family for twenty-five years. One would rather be a dog, go into a corner and die. Yet they gave me the mothers' cross of honor only last year because I had had four children."

Then she excused herself for having addressed me so unconventionally. "I had to talk to someone, I haven't spoken to a friend in days." She nodded to me and went away quickly, as if she suddenly repented of her confession.

What a bitter joke on a woman! To give her the mothers' cross of honor one year and discard her as a valueless nonentity in the next—because she is fifty, because she is not likely to bear another child.

The new divorce laws in Germany make it easy for a husband to divorce his wife if she can no longer bear children. Nor is he obliged to pay alimony if she is capable of earning her living in any way. By cutting off her income, the state forces the divorced woman into the working processes of the nation. Many older women find themselves today in the strange predicament of being thrown into the street without a penny after having shared their husband's fortune for half a lifetime and born and raised his family loyally and efficiently. Their husbands, encouraged by their new ideological concepts, go out and marry again, possibly a girl just out of school. Many leading men of the party, Cabinet members, famous scientists have set the pace, divorcing their middle-aged wives and marrying girls of hardly more than flapper age.

The situation is definitely threatening to the security of the average wife and mother. Even the young women are alive to the danger in the new legal set-up. Several women in their early twenties told me that they wouldn't stand for a divorce when they were "old and thirty-six." They would make their husband stay, one way or another. Mistrust, fear, worry, and contempt will not establish valuable human relationships within the family. They will destroy the moral standards of all involved. They will ultimately affect the nation. Italian fascism has avoided the error of weakening the family by indulgent divorce laws, but the Nazis forget that the conventions and taboos affecting family life were not invented for the pleasure or displeasure of a temporary regime but for sound utilitarian purposes.

Meanwhile the women in war-time Germany are taking over, steadying themselves for the dark days ahead. It is not easy for them, less easy than for women of other nations, because they face this new catastrophe morally and physically depleted. German women are jaded, keyed-up, and in an over-emotional state already. Yet their first instinctive revolt has been subdued. Military and police have clamped down on them, and there

is little chance of actual opposition now. Also the endurance of the German women is not yet exhausted, though their bodies have grown thin in two months of war. They do not seem to live in a real world. They walk as in a dream, taking each new restriction and regulation with trance-like passivity. They still endeavor to "do their duty."

There is a long chain of German women joining hands these days, holding the home front as best they can. But any chain is as weak as its weakest link. That weak link is—Mrs. Schmidt. You cannot rouse her any more with high-sounding words or threats. Her heart and hands are too completely empty. And I predict the chain will start to break right there.

Sweatshops in the Home

BY HERBERT SOLOW

UNDER a decree handed down by a federal court in New York last week some 10,000 homeworkers in the knitting-goods industry from Maine to Tennessee will reap a windfall of more than $250,000. The sum is not large as such things go, but the decision, rendered by Judge Edward A. Conger, is of prime importance far beyond the confines of the $10,000,000 industry affected. For the first time it clearly applies the federal Fair Labor Standards Act, better known as the wage-and-hour law, to industrial homeworkers and in doing so scotches a flourishing practice by which employers were enabled to pay as low as 1½ cents an hour in an industry whose minimum wage had been fixed at 30 cents an hour. The evidence dug up by government investigators and presented to the court affords an interesting case study of techniques in the art of evading the law.

The products involved in the case were chiefly sack sets, consisting of one tiny hand-crocheted jacket, or sack, and a cap or booties to match. These retail in New York department stores at between $2.70 and $4 per set, depending on quality. The crocheters got from $2.25 to $4 *per dozen sets*. The mark-up between labor and consumer on an item involving relatively small charges for materials and marketing thus ran as high as 1,200 per cent. A typical skilled worker whom I interviewed had been crocheting an average of five hours daily since 1934. She produced as a rule twelve sets in thirty-two hours, for which she received $3, a rate of 9 cents an hour. This appears to have been a relatively good rate. A study made in 1938 by the New York Bureau of Homework Inspection showed wages as low as 5½ cents an hour, and a 1939 federal study showed the minimum of 1½ cents an hour.

Most of the employers were centered in New York, but the work was done in the tenements of Brooklyn, the Bronx, Jersey City, and Philadelphia; in little homes in Danbury (Connecticut), Middletown (New York), and Atlantic City; and in the farm kitchens of rural Maine and Tennessee. For the most part housewives alone did the work, but in some families three or four persons participated. Children often crocheted or made deliveries, sometimes in violation of state child-labor laws. Sanitary conditions, less subject to control than in factories, were frequently below legal standards, a factor of considerable importance in the marketing of infants' wear.

The scheme hinged on a system of foremen, one of whom explained to me how the thing was worked. Before the passage of the act, the foreman would receive by express about 100 pounds of yarn weekly from a manufacturer in another town, which she in turn distributed among a score of local crocheters. The factory paid her from $2.75 to $4.50 per dozen sets, and she paid the crocheters from $2.25 to $4 per dozen. In 1938 the minimum wage was set under the new law at 25 cents an hour, and was soon raised to 30 cents. Experts on the industry, aside from employer spokesmen, declared that such a wage could be paid without killing demand, provided inefficient manufacturers improved their methods and those making abnormal profits contented themselves with a little less.

Wages, however, did not go up. Instead, a group of eleven employers joined a group that called itself the Hand Knitcraft Institute, and under the guidance of the institute's attorneys transformed employment relationships. Foremen were told they would no longer get yarn on consignment from the plant. Instead, as the foreman explained to me, "the workers began buying yarn direct from the yarn people. The old boss told me what articles, designs, and quantities he wanted. I would divide his order among my workers and make out order sheets in triplicate. I kept one, each worker got hers, and the third went to the boss so he knew what to expect from each individual. The boss gave me purchase orders printed on postcards. The workers used these to order from the yarn people just what each one needed to make what the boss had ordered. The yarn people sent the material by prepaid express to each worker. The workers brought the finished products to me. I tagged each one's bundle and shipped the lot weekly to the boss. The boss then sent me a batch of checks, each covering the value of one worker's

yarn and labor. The worker could cash his check and pay the yarn people for the material with a money order. I was paid on a commission basis. The workers were no longer on social security because they were now merchants, buying and selling."

The foreman often filled out purchase-order postcards for the workers. She also cashed their checks, giving them the value of their labor and buying with the remainder of the cash a money order which she sent to the yarn people. Naturally, these little "merchants" had no commercial equipment. Accommodating foremen supplied and filled out blanks purporting to be bills submitted by each worker to the foreman for the sale of finished products. Not so strangely, it always happened that the weekly profit of the "merchants" was approximately the equivalent of the old piece-rate wage that the manufacturer had given them before the wage-and-hour law decreed a minimum for the industry. Employers have always objected to a minimum wage for homework identical with that for factory work, arguing that the homeworker saves at the rate of 10 cents hourly in carfares, lunch money, and "incidentals." But even if this dime had been added to the 5½ cents they paid (not to speak of 1½ cents), there would have remained a yawning gap between the homework rate and the legal rate.

Naturally enough, the homework system expanded rapidly at the expense of factory work based on the minimum legal rate. The Knitgoods Workers' Union, an affiliate of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, claiming 75 per cent of the 26,000 factory workers in the industry, could get nowhere with the homeworkers, who were always afraid that a change in the arrangement would eliminate them altogether. Last spring Louis Nelson, manager of the union's largest local, told the employers that he regarded their homework scheme as illegal. The employers replied that what happened to unorganized homeworkers was not the union's business.

The government investigation, headed by Murray Baron at the direction of George B. Kelly, New York regional director of the Wage-Hour Division of the Labor Department, was thorough, and the evidence it uncovered was ably presented to the court. The case was so clear-cut that the employers felt compelled to acquiesce in the resulting decree. Had they decided to fight, they might well have found themselves facing even graver action, for what the court called a "scheme or device" could less politely be called a conspiracy.

Now home crocheters are no longer "merchants" (incidentally, they will probably regain the social-security benefits denied them during their transitory "commercial" careers), and the emergence of the sweatshop in disguise is at least temporarily checked. With as much as a 1,200 per cent mark-up for employers to cut into, there is no need for the consumer to be nicked.

The Empire and the War

BY ALBERT VITON

NOW that oratorical declarations of loyalty are over, the important question emerges: Can the dominions and colonies of the British Empire make a significant contribution to the struggle which they have made their own? For not one of the dominions has a war machine comparable even with the second-rate machine Poland was able to put in the field; not one of the colonies has a military organization approaching that developed by Mussolini in his African possessions. Before the outbreak of war the dominions had come closer to complete disarmament than any other modern state except Luxemburg, which is hardly a state; and the total military strength of the fifty-odd British colonies was less than 30,000 men, most of whom were in semi-police organizations. Of what value, then, is the far-flung empire likely to be to the mother country in this war?

For the next six months or so England will receive little aid of any value from the empire. Indeed, it will find the empire a liability. British troops must still be kept in the Near East and in other places; the British navy is not able to throw its whole strength into blockading Germany because it must guard the back doors of the empire; officers badly needed for the enlarged army at home and in France have had to be sent to the imperial backwoods. But before long the situation will change radically. And the longer the war lasts, the more important will be the empire's contribution. In a war of attrition, such as the present one is likely to be, not the number of guns on hand at the outset, not even the amount of stored raw materials, will determine the issue, but the amount of accessible raw materials in the ground and the capacity to exploit them. Increasingly important also will be the human reserves and no less for expanding production than for replacements in the battle line.

Germany began the war with a population of almost 91,000,000, which is somewhat larger than the combined population of France and Britain. Since September 3,

moreover, Germany has acquired some 20,000,000 Poles, hundreds of thousands of whom are being compelled to do useful work. However, the entrance of the dominions has already swept into the conflict 25,000,000 whites on the side of the Allies. And while Germany experienced a shortage of labor even before hostilities began, the dominions had a surplus population—the unemployed—which will now enter production. In addition, the empire has 450,000,000 colored inhabitants. Tens of millions of these have been engaged in the production of necessary raw materials, but anyone at all acquainted with conditions in the colonies and India knows that tens of millions more can easily be found for expanding present industries. The colored empire is an inexhaustible source of man-power.

At present the British, for imperial reasons, are not eager to use this immense human reservoir for military purposes, and they are not raising colonial armies. One can foresee, however, that ugly necessity will bring about a change in policy if the war is long drawn out. Already millions of colored men in all parts of the empire have offered to enlist. Their names have been placed on special registers, and they will be called for training as the need develops. Long after Germany will have exhausted its human resources, the British Empire will have millions of men at its call.

With respect to material resources the empire will be of even greater importance. Its food resources are nearly inexhaustible. In 1937 the dominions alone produced some 12,000,000 tons of beef and veal, more than 600,000 tons of mutton and lamb, and almost as much pork. The empire produced more than 255,000,000 quintals of wheat against Germany's 78,000,000, more than 320,000,000 bushels of barley, and millions of bushels of rye, maize, oats, rice, and other products. Again the important point to bear in mind is that while Germany cannot possibly expand its acres under cultivation, a different situation prevails in the British Empire. Production of most foodstuffs can be rapidly expanded.

The British Empire has been the world's largest producer of the agricultural raw materials necessary for industry. Even before the outbreak of war Germany suffered from a shortage of cotton, wool, flax, hemp, jute, rubber, and vegetable oils. The British Empire, on the other hand, had a superabundance of all these. The whole clip of the world's two greatest producers of wool, Australia and New Zealand, has already been taken over by Britain; in 1936 their combined production totaled close to 1,300,000,000 pounds. Britain will not only experience no deficiency in wool; it will be able to resell to neutrals on a profitable basis. No different is the situation with regard to rubber, in which the British and Dutch empires share a monopoly. Germany, of course, manufactures synthetic rubber, but this requires raw materials it can ill afford for this purpose and a tremendous amount of human labor, while the durability of the finished product is much less than that of natural rubber.

The empire lacks only one important raw material —oil. Although it has produced about six times as much crude petroleum as the Reich, it has had to meet almost its whole need with imports from the outside. But even in this respect Britain is in a far better position than the Reich. For not only can production be increased under the stimulus of necessity and higher prices, but, what is more important, much of the empire's crude petroleum comes from countries which while not marked red on British maps fall within Britain's sphere of influence: their resources are exploited by British-controlled companies. Both Iraq and Iran are outside the boundaries of the empire; yet Britain has the final word as to the destination of their petroleum. The British government is the largest shareholder in the Anglo-Iranian Petroleum Company; Mosul oil is produced by an Anglo-French consortium and flows through territory controlled by the British and French.

The empire has also become a large producer of vital minerals. While not more than 100,000 tons of asbestos were produced in 1914, close to half a million tons was extracted in 1937. Against Germany's production of 71,000 tons of copper can be pitted the 560,000 produced in the empire. Canada alone mines about 11 per cent of the world's supply of this most necessary metal. Very little nickel was produced in 1914; now Canada furnishes 87 per cent of the world's total supply and production in Burma and Rhodesia is increasing. Against Germany's 190,000 tons of lead, one must put the empire's production of more than half a million tons; against its 4,000,000 tons of iron, the 10,000,000 extracted in Britain and the empire. During the last twenty years the empire has become an important producer of aluminum, bauxite, barium, chrome, manganese, tungsten, zinc, tin, and many other minerals of supreme importance in war. Practically no tungsten ores, which are so important in munitions, were produced in the British Empire in 1914; in 1937 about 8,000 tons were mined. The empire also accounted for about 20 per cent of the world's supply of zinc in 1937.

The significant thing about the empire's mineral resources is that they are almost inexhaustible and can be produced in quantities to meet any demand however great. The truth is that the British Empire is so rich that no one knows what and how much it really has. Every year proves that it is far richer than anyone had suspected. Engineers prophesied twenty-five or thirty years ago, to cite one example, that, the gold supply of South Africa would give out in twenty years; yet today more gold is being taken out than ever and the end is as far from sight as ever. Hardly a year passes that new resources are not discovered and new companies started to

exploit them. Hundreds of mines have been closed since 1920 because of a glutted market; hundreds of concessions have been granted which have not been used; self-denying agreements have been made to cut production. Even the low production of petroleum is due far more to politics than to scarcity. Britain has followed a consistent policy of keeping empire oil production down as low as possible; it prefers to have this country exhaust its resources. So rigidly has this policy been followed that both Iran and Iraq, which need the royalties, have protested more than once against the restrictions.

Since 1914 the dominions, India, and many of the colonies have become great industrial nations. Canada is now the fifth or sixth industrial nation in the world, and India ranks eighth; in 1914 industry had not gone far in either. Every dominion is now equipped to turn out finished war materials, production of which will get under way during the next few months; factories devoted to peace-time need are being converted everywhere into munition plants. The industrial capacity of the dominions has increased by more than 60 per cent as compared with 1914, while that of the empire as a whole has probably increased by 300 to 500 per cent.

As arsenals for finished arms, munitions, and planes the importance of the dominions cannot be overestimated. Far removed from the scene of conflict, and with an almost inexhaustible supply of labor and raw materials, they have tremendous possibilities for production. Even in 1917 Canada produced munitions costing £333,000,000—compared with £28,000 in 1914. Three years after the outbreak of the World War the Ministry of Munitions spent in Canada no less than 15 per cent of its total expenditures. And today, unlike 1914, when no one thought of the dominions as potential arsenals, plans have been laid long in advance.

Nor should it be overlooked that Britain does not have to worry about the wherewithal for obtaining all these resources. In the first place, the dominions and nearly all the colonies have already made appropriations for purchasing the necessary raw materials. Australia spent £15,000,000 (Australian) during the first year of the last war; its Minister of Finance has already indicated that the original appropriation of £40,000,000 will not suffice for this financial year. The Canadian government has already borrowed some $200,000,000 for war purposes. In the second place, since sterling is the basis of all currencies in the empire, Britain does not have to ship gold. The decline in the exchange value of the pound sterling will not affect its value within the empire. Thirdly, Britain holds approximately £2,000,000,000 of imperial securities which can be used in payment.

But while production is no longer a serious problem, other matters are no doubt giving Messrs. Churchill and Hore-Belisha sleepless nights. All these vast quantities of raw materials, munitions, and men have to be moved, and that means shipping. In normal times about 60,000 tons of goods are brought every day in ships to the British Isles; the war will undoubtedly cause a sharp upswing. In the last war, with about 9,000 ships totaling 21,000,000 tons, the empire experienced a serious shortage; now, with more goods to move, it has 1,150 fewer ships, although the total tonnage is about the same.

Indeed, the situation is even more serious than these figures indicate. Great Britain's shipbuilding capacity is now much smaller than it was at the outset of the last war, which came after a period of intense naval construction. Close to two billion tons of merchant ships were launched in 1913; about half that amount was launched last year. And though Germany did not start its unrestricted submarine campaign till 1917, empire losses during the war exceeded replacement by 3,100,000 tons—in spite of the intense building. The shipping situation is made even more critical by the American Neutrality Act, preventing American ships from carrying munitions of war. Everything will be done, of course, to increase building in the dominions, but whether their shipyards can be expanded rapidly enough to replace the losses remains to be seen. At the moment, with an average daily loss of more than two-thirds as much tonnage as was lost during the worst period of the last war, the situation is far from happy.

It is unfortunate that the empire has no general staff to organize the military efforts of its various parts and to coordinate their production. Each dominion is full master of its own house; even for the colonies no coordinating organization has been set up. Until now every effort to remedy this deficiency has met with uncompromising opposition from the dominions. During the last Imperial Conference, held in 1937, Canada and the Union of South Africa put up so bitter a fight against the proposal to form at least a central advisory and planning body that Prime Minister Bennett of Canada felt it necessary to acknowledge later that the empire did still exist. The Imperial Defense Committee, an all-British show, is a very poor substitute. The seriousness of this handicap should not be underestimated. The last war showed the dangers of multiple control, although all the dominion forces were then under the authority of the British commander-in-chief, and no doubt in this war many highly important efforts will be neutralized and wasted. But there are indications that the self-governing dominions are slowly overcoming previous prejudices. The idea of calling dominion ministers to London for purposes of consultation was a masterstroke. At present they are opposed to forming another Imperial War Cabinet, but the logic of realities will probably bring about a change even there. Shipping is the chief problem now confronting Great Britain.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Germany's Hopes and Plans

The Hague, November 11

GERMAN military and naval men are entirely sincere in their belief that nothing can prevent their defeating the Allies in this war and getting revenge for the disaster of 1918. They point with joy to the extraordinarily short line they have to defend in the west and have no doubts whatever about the impregnability of the Siegfried Line, in which view they are upheld by the American correspondents who were shown over the fortifications just before I arrived in Germany. They have so many men on the western front that they have not called more than one-third of their reserves. In the streets of all the large cities one sees young men of military age in civilian clothes. Only in a few places are women active as street-car conductors or railway ticket-takers as in the last war. They are not yet taking over men's jobs on a large scale.

The movement of troops and guns to the Italian-French frontier, which I think I have been the first to report, is in my judgment merely to make that line so strong that Gamelin and his troops would be unable to drive into Italy should they wish to do so. I do not believe it means that Italy contemplates entering the war later, especially since there seems to be no question that the King of Italy refused to sign the mobilization order laid before him by Mussolini on September 2. The movement of troops to Spain I cannot explain. I first heard of it when a reserve officer attached to the highest German command told me that next spring Gamelin would be fighting "on other fronts" than the Rhine. When I asked him which, he replied: "Spain, for example." I got confirmation of this from other sources. Whether anything more than a diversion is contemplated, I do not know, but the French and British secret services must be aware of it if German troops are going to Spain. In this connection I recall that an American correspondent who was on the Loyalist side during the civil war warned some of us last winter to watch Spain if war came, giving it as his belief that part of the price paid by Franco for German assistance was permission to Germany and Italy to place forces along the Spanish-French frontier in the event of war.

I have heard the number of submarines the Germans are laying down given as four hundred. Every available space in the shipyards is being utilized, and I was told with great pride that American belt-conveyor methods are being used to bring about mass production. I think the number being completed as fast as possible is larger than the figure given by Winston Churchill in Parliament on November 8—two a week. Certainly, the Germans are counting on an enormous number of them. They recall that in the last war the first large order for submarines—three hundred—was not placed until September, 1918. Since it is obvious that they would not repeat this mistake, I think at least three hundred have been laid down, and I am inclined to believe the larger figure nearer the mark.

More important than the question of how many of these boats can be completed by May 1, when the great offensive is to be started, is how the necessary crews can be trained in so short a space of time; that is where skepticism creeps in. On the other hand, it is to be assumed that the Germans have been thinking about this problem for a long time past and preparing for it. I was told that they had. I saw the men of the submarine which sank the Royal Oak when they arrived in Berlin for the ovation given to them. They looked young, very young, but they obviously knew their business; parenthetically, I have learned that they went into Scapa Flow on the surface with their searchlight going as if they were a British vessel, and that they got out by a narrow channel close to the shore without submerging.

As I knew the old German army pretty well, I was naturally interested in the appearance of the present troops. They are nothing like so snappy, or so well set up, or so well clothed as their predecessors of 1914. Their uniforms fit badly, the material is poor, and the color varies. The officers have little of the rigidity of the old Prussians, which is in itself no drawback. The men are of course good material and will give a good account of themselves, but one neutral military observer does not think that the air force is as well trained as the American or British, and there is doubt of the value of some of the younger line officers.

As for the generals, no one qualified to judge believes that they are as good as those of 1914. A person who knows Brauchitsch well thinks him mediocre and most of his associates not much better. Von Fritsch was the best; and he, by the way, was not murdered as rumored, but deliberately chose death on the battlefield and refused to allow first aid to be given him when he was wounded a second time.

Crisis at Harvard

BY MARSHALL H. STONE

Cambridge, Massachusetts, November 20

IN THE spring of 1937 two instructors in economics at Harvard University were informed that their services would be terminated two years from that time. The announcement affected not only the academic futures of Dr. Alan Sweezy and Dr. J. Raymond Walsh. It brought to the fore problems of tenure and promotion which were of general as well as local concern. It focused public attention upon Cambridge and stirred debate in academic circles throughout the country.

The incident led to the formation at Harvard of a Special Committee of nine senior professors, to which President Conant gave official standing. This committee was charged with investigating both the Walsh-Sweezy case and the general problems which it disclosed. Its recommendation to reinstate the two economics instructors was rejected by the Harvard Corporation in 1938, but its second report was expected to have greater influence; it was awaited with special interest on all sides. The report, 165 pages in length, was transmitted to President Conant on March 25, 1939, over the signatures of eight of the nine original members, one having died before the report was completed. From April 10 to April 28 President Conant gave members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, both in groups and as individuals, such opportunity to express criticism of the report as seemed to him consistent with the faculty's constitutional standing in the matter. Then, on May 22, 1939, in an open letter to the Board of Overseers, he announced his adoption of the report in "principle." Indeed, important recommendations of the report were actually made operative from April 28 to June 3 with the active cooperation of Professor W. S. Ferguson, a member of the committee, who consented to serve as Dean of the Faculty for a term commencing officially on September 1, 1939.

Now, in the autumn of 1939, influential sections of the faculty and student body are openly protesting against immediate application of the report by the administration. The efforts of the committee and the administration over two years have ended only in the intensification of preexisting grievances. Certain aspects of this situation will be of interest to all who are interested in higher education in the United States. But in exploring it I shall have to consider not only the general bearing of the report but also particular phases of its application in Harvard University. The chief recommendations of the report fall into four groups:

(1) Recommendations for the standardization of the employment of graduate students as assistants and instructors; (2a) recommendations for gradual earned advance in rank, salary, and tenure for all regular members of the teaching staff, and (2b) for permanent tenure beginning, normally, in the ninth year of service with the rank of associate professor and an initial salary of $4,000, which will rise automatically to $5,250 in the sixth year; (3) recommendations to secure orderly administrative procedure and due deliberation in all decisions affecting appointments, advancements, and dismissals at the levels mentioned in (2a) and (2b); and (4) recommendations for special administrative funds to be used in making necessary adjustments from time to time in favor of particular departments as circumstances may require.

All these recommendations involved modifications of the system then in force. Under (2a) and (2b) the report contemplated improving the salaries of men in the initial stages and reducing the average age of men at the point of transition to permanent tenure. On the other hand, no modifications of the higher salary levels were proposed. In particular, the report approved by implication the prevailing Harvard practice of keeping the budgetary path clear for the advancement of each man on permanent tenure to an eventual full professorship at the normal salary. With this practice in mind, the report calculated that a reduction of the number of teachers falling roughly in the age-group thirty-seven to forty-three would have to be made: to quote its own figures, given on page 43, "there would thus be about forty-two men in the first six years of the rank of associate professor . . . these men would replace the existing assistant professors, of whom there were fifty-four in 1936-37, and fifty-nine in 1938-39." The report anticipated that this reduction would be met by the appointment of additional men at the lower levels and would produce a budgetary saving approximately equal to the net increase in expenditures due to these replacements and to the operation of (1) and (2a).

As a basis for long-term university policy, the general proposals of the report seem fundamentally sound and wise. They are directed squarely toward achieving what should be the end of all studies of the problem of academic appointments—fairer and more generous treatment of teachers at the initial levels while preserving and making more quickly attainable the traditional advantages of

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permanent tenure at the higher levels. In spite of details which appear to be debatable or of purely local application, I am convinced that a pattern more skilfully adjusted to the complexities and difficulties of the problem would be hard to devise.

One feature of the report, however, demands further attention. I refer to the sharp boundary line drawn in (2a) and (2b) between the temporary and permanent ranks. The determination of a precise limit to the period over which a university teacher may be retained on temporary appointments is conditioned by economic and educational factors of great complexity. The determination of the optimum period, moreover, can hardly be undertaken independently of an inquiry into the numerical ratio between the temporary and permanent ranks of the teaching staff.

I find that the report, while noting these aspects of the problem, has failed to explore them systematically or adequately. I surmise that the committee, having agreed to sacrifice administrative flexibility in favor of the complete elimination of actual or possible abuses of the power to continue teachers indefinitely on temporary appointments, fixed the optimum period at eight years largely with reference to its effect upon the status of the individual. It is clear that the specific proposals of the report contemplate a shift in the age-distribution of the Harvard faculty toward a greater proportion of men in the age-group twenty-nine to thirty-seven, at the expense of the number in the age-group thirty-seven to forty-three. It is clear also that the proposals contemplate the automatic annual elimination of those men who fail of promotion to permanent tenure at the end of the eight-year period.

The wisdom of increasing even slightly the proportion of junior teachers in a university where it is already the practice to intrust a great deal of the undergraduate instruction to the less experienced teachers is open to serious question on educational grounds. That the bargaining power of the junior group in the market for academic talent—and also that of the university acting in their behalf—tends to be weakened is undeniable: forced sales are always advantageous to the shrewd buyer. That the suggested dangers may prove in practice to be comparatively slight is a reasonable assumption, in view of the more important influences determining academic conditions. In any case they are not all inherent in the principles of the report, since they can be largely eliminated by revision of the relative numbers and teaching functions of the temporary and permanent ranks. But in view of the questions which have been raised here, I believe that no institution would be justified in adopting a similar plan without prolonged and thorough discussion, in the light of its own particular problems, of points which were not satisfactorily examined in the report.

Lest the smoke of battle in Cambridge obscure the positive merits of the report of the President's Special Committee, I must add a few words about the conflict itself. Its proximate cause is well known: in applying the proposals of the report during the period from April 28 to June 3 last—specifically, only those relating to (2b) above, since time did not permit the implementation of the remainder—the administration transferred or promoted a number of men to permanent posts and offered brief terminating appointments to eight others, assistant professors whose terms were to expire in 1939 or 1940, including some whose service considerably exceeded the eight-year period recommended by the report. But the conflict was not joined solely over debatable issues arising directly from the report or from such applications of its proposals as were made by the administration last spring. Rather, it was the natural result of six years of continued administrative friction and growing distrust of the policies in force.

As a "member of the opposition" I have tried to summarize the situation in the following terms: "Faculty resentment over the effects of the new plan of promotion and tenure is based not only on sympathy for the men whose Harvard careers have been terminated on such short notice; it arises more fundamentally from the conviction that in energetically putting the Harvard budget in order the president and the governing boards have given too little consideration to the effects upon instruction and educational policy. Faculty discussions of the report of the committee were too brief for its many implications to be explored. Neither during those discussions nor after the adoption of the report in principle did President Conant make to the faculty any general statement on the plan now in operation or its non-budgetary aspects. In consequence, many faculty members feel that their power to influence decisions on general policy is inadequate to the responsibilities which they bear for instruction and the realization of Harvard's educational aims. . . ." The development of the crisis was determined in part, of course, by the interactions of particular personalities under the strains produced by budgetary pressure; but it was conditioned also by the channeling of administrative and faculty action prescribed by the statutes of the university.

The existence of such a crisis has therefore posed a fundamental constitutional question, one which may well prove, now or later, to be the most important point at issue: Can the complex modern university be governed both wisely and satisfactorily without effective, constitutional participation of its faculties in the decision of questions of general policy bearing directly on their several educational functions? I am persuaded that the time is overdue for Harvard to reexamine its traditional postulates in the matter, without prejudice one way or the other.

Haiti—Land of the Forgotten

BY D. LA FERN

IN 1934 President Roosevelt withdrew the United States marines from Haiti as a concession to his good-neighbor policy. Since then editorial America has taken it for granted that we have washed our hands of the unsavory mess we got ourselves into in 1915. With the exception of sporadic references to the 1937 massacres along the Haitian-Dominican border, Haiti has hardly rated a column a year in our daily press. A few magazines continue to purvey the fictions of voodoo, zombis, and cannibalism; otherwise the island concerns us no longer. That it owes us millions of dollars and that an American fiscal representative has dictatorial control over its finances are facts that are scarcely known.

The $24,000,000 loan forced upon the Haitian Council of State by the High Commissioner at the behest of Washington has now been whittled down to less than $9,000,000, but the island's unfavorable balance of trade precludes the likelihood of its ever finding the means to pay the balance of the debt. The demoralization of world markets and the prohibitive height of United States tariffs have combined to shrink Haiti's revenues to $2 per unit of population, as compared with $80 for the tiny Dutch colony of Curaçoa! Haiti is desperately in need of everything but is too poor to import more than $2.50 worth of goods per inhabitant per annum. Its coffee is a drug on the market, fetching at the wayside depots only 2 cents per pound. Its banana crop is controlled by Standard Fruit, an American monopoly, backed by our fiscal representative and the blessings of Washington. Since its other crops face insurmountable tariff walls, intensified agricultural development would but aggravate its difficulties.

The United States could absorb Haiti's agricultural surplus without suffering an appreciable dent in domestic prices. In return Haiti would be an excellent customer. Though we are buying, in terms of the dollar, only 43 per cent of its exports, it is taking from us 54 per cent of its imports, the difference in our favor in 1937-38 being $1,153,402. It would give us all its business if considerations of reciprocity did not require it to buy from countries that take 57 per cent of its exports. Elimination of our tariff barriers would not only be a good stroke of business for us but would enable Haiti to pay off our loan in short order.

When President Sténio Vincent took office in 1930, his avowed policy was to liberate his country from the financial control of the United States. He tried on numerous occasions to have the provisions of the loan agreement modified, especially those pertaining to the rights and powers of the fiscal representative. In 1934, the year we withdrew our marines, a new agreement effected some important changes in the personnel of the fiscal services, but in substance the powers of the fiscal representative were not curtailed. He may still apply 5 per cent of customs receipts and 15 per cent of internal revenue and communal receipts toward defraying the expenses of his department. The government of Haiti can make no appropriations without obtaining his approval in advance. He is in charge of the customs and the internal-revenue services. Haitian tariffs cannot be raised or lowered without his consent. Legislation that involves public funds—and which does not?—cannot even be introduced without his previous approval. His office prepares the budget, only minor details being left to the ministers.

The present fiscal representative is S. De La Rue. Haiti pays him a salary of $10,000 a year, plus $5,000 for expenses, plus generous allowances for transportation and conveniences, plus $20 a day when he is traveling in the United States, which he does a good deal of the time, presumably on Haitian business. His assistant, Rex A. Pixley, receives $8,000 a year, plus $3,000 for expenses, plus other grants.

In return, Mr. De La Rue has fought the battle of Standard Fruit against all comers, including the Haitian Pineapple Company, an American firm. He has favored the Haitian-American Sugar Company (Hasco) over independent distillers. He has been in favor of giving the monopoly of the purchase and exportation of coffee to a New York firm; and though balked in that, he has succeeded in allotting it $15,000 of Haitian money to advertise Haitian coffee in American journals. The heavy taxes he imposed on the alcohol and tobacco industries stifled them at birth. He has countered every attempt of the Haitian government to obtain a European loan with which to pay off the debt to America. Haitians attack his administration bitterly and speak privately of the need for an investigation, but they will never ask for it. They are acquainted with the American whitewashing technique, and they fear reprisals.

One would think that with Haitian commerce touching bottom—necessitating moratoriums in 1938 and 1939—the last thing Washington would countenance would be another loan. Yet Mr. De La Rue wanted just that and finally succeeded in selling the idea to the Haitian government in 1938. By what twist of unreason he con-

vinced Washington of its feasibility, one can only surmise. He is exceedingly proud of his accomplishment, but Haitians have reasons to fear its consequences.

In July, 1938, the Haitian government and the J. G. White Engineering Corporation signed a contract for the avowed purpose of ameliorating the economy of the Republic of Haiti and rehabilitating foreign trade, particularly between Haiti and the United States—an end that could have been achieved by tariff revision. The contract provides that public works of a *productive nature,* such as roads, bridges, drainage canals, irrigation projects, and projects of agricultural development, be undertaken to the value of approximately $5,000,000. The corporation has the sole right to hire and fire workers and to make all purchases, receiving for this, among other emoluments, $5,000 a month, but it assumes no pecuniary obligations, makes no commitments with reference to the program, and is absolved from any claim or liability in connection with the work. To provide the funds, the Haitian government issues promissory notes which the corporation disposes of at face value. Interest is at the rate of 5 per cent. So long as these notes are not fully paid as to interest and principal, Haiti cannot authorize any loan or contract any debt enjoying parity with these notes—the loan of 1922 has of course prior claim on Haitian revenues.

Members of the American colony, from whose club even the President of Haiti is excluded, assure me that this arrangement is the finest thing that could have happened to Haiti. They are convinced that Haitians lack the technical knowledge to build roads, dams, or bridges, that their mental equipment is totally inadequate for the conception and execution of large projects, and that they cannot be trusted with funds. To this Haitians reply that they have progressed a long way since 1915. They point proudly to their dam near Verrettes in the Artibonite, wholly designed and built by Haitian engineers with Haitian capital and materials, and, for its size, as fine a piece of construction as any in the United States. They point even more proudly to Damien, near Port-au-Prince, headquarters and great experimental station of the Service d'Agricole. Damien is a splendid example of what Haiti can accomplish on a mere pittance —but 6 per cent of its revenues. It has taught the peasant improved methods of handling coffee, planting bananas, and raising other crops. It has furnished him seeds, seedlings, and in many instances even his implements. It overcame the effects of the disaster of 1935, when floods laid waste the Southern Department, even sending its men into the devastated valleys with hoes and machetes to plant the remaining soil to bananas. It has set up agricultural colonies for the refugees from the border massacres. Despite a decrease in its budget, it has taken all rural schools under its wing, training its own teachers and supervisors. It is at present the only agency of primary, manual, and agricultural education for the peasant population—90 per cent of the total. It has completed in blueprint a comprehensive program of drainage, irrigation, crop rotation and diversification, based on a knowledge of peasant psychology, rural needs, and soil conditions. Atherton Lee, director of the United States Experimental Station in Puerto Rico and at one time Haitian agricultural counselor, paid in his report a splendid tribute to Damien's achievements. It is hard to conceive how a firm of engineers, ignorant of the language, unversed in tropical agriculture, with a hastily acquired smattering of Haitian problems, can do half as much for Haiti.

Why did President Vincent accept the J. G. White contract? Cuba had repatriated 60,000 Haitians across the Passe du Vent and the Golfe de la Gonave. This tatterdemalion horde, on the verge of famine, was clinging to the environs of Port-au-Prince and other coast towns. The Dominican Republic had not even bothered to ferry its quotas across the Rivière de Massacre. Instead it had butchered most of them as a warning to others to stay on their side of the fence. Border refugees and share-croppers, out of work, infested the towns of the interior. The clamor for work and food had become ominous. The bait of a loan for the financing of public works was irresistible.

Moreover, the bitter pill of the White contract was heavily sugar-coated. The corporation was to act as the mere agent of the Haitian government. The contract could be canceled by either party on three months' notice. The joker lay in the fact that the power of cancelation, if exercised by the Haitian government, would have the fatal thrust of a boomerang. The Export and Import Bank at Washington, holder of the Haitian notes, would at once demand prompt payment of the moneys, plus interest, it had already advanced. The work already done and the money spent would be a total waste. The thousands thrown out of employment would form a basic unit of revolt. If the power of cancelation were exercised by the corporation the government would have to beg reconsideration.

Good roads will produce no revenue, though they may add to the comfort and lessen the hazards of automobile travel. Haitians are trail-walkers. For 130 years they have carried their produce to market on their heads or on donkeys along mountain trails. To this day they use trails in preference to the roads built during the military occupation. The costly highway between Port-au-Prince and the two mountain suburbs of Petionville and Kemskoff will be a boon to the élite, but it won't pay for its upkeep. The irrigation tunnels back of Port-au-Prince will bring more and better water, but no revenue. Besides, American engineers, first-rate technicians in New York, have often turned out to be tenth-

rate performers in Haiti. There are those bridges built during the occupation with Haitian money and against Haitian counsel, known to this day as America's Folly. Haitians take pleasure in pointing them out to American tourists, for they bridge spaces dry as a bone, the rivers having moved into other channels. The corporation has already spent a million dollars of the loan with little to show for it.

What does America intend to do with Haiti? It is said that Washington seeks to maintain the legend of Haitian autonomy while securing a stranglehold on Haitian finances as an added safeguard for the Caribbean gateway to the Panama Canal. It is even said that the United States, with a serious Negro problem at home, is averse to having a Negro republic work out its own salvation and thereby rally Negro aspirations. Many believe, however, that Washington's intentions are by no means sinister, and that it has been simply unfortunate in its choice of diplomats—career men with axes to grind, who can get farther by keeping us misinformed on Haiti.

Under the present system of control, the benefits that Uncle Sam usually manages to bestow—among many bad things—upon an occupied country, especially sanitation, have been completely dissipated. A few blocks from its main streets Port-au-Prince presents scenes of disease and poverty that beggar description. Half-starved children dog one's steps. Apathy bred of malnutrition and lack of employment is apparent on all sides. The General Hospital, largest in Haiti, has become a veritable house of horrors owing to lack of funds. There are no facilities for the sterilization of instruments; patients would die of hunger if their kin or friends did not bring them their daily food. In rural sections the dreaded yaws have reappeared, together with yellow fever, malaria, leprosy, smallpox, and elephantiasis. Sixty per cent of the population die of tuberculosis, their resistance undermined by malaria and intestinal worms.

Haiti is fully cognizant of its desperate situation, but has exhausted all its remedies. After invading the island on a flimsy pretext in 1915, we left it in the lurch in 1934. It would have been better, perhaps, to have permitted it to fester in its diseases than to have deserted it, as it were, in the midst of a critical operation. Haiti needs our tutelage, but as guidance, not control. It needs our experts, but they must be chosen from those that have a thorough understanding of its needs and no racial prejudices. It needs American capital, but not at the price of monopolistic concession and exemption from the laws of the land. Haiti's doom is inevitable, unless we remove our tariff barriers. The military occupation at least so focused America's attention on Haiti that its abuses had to be remedied. But the insidious civil invasions have done their work without the beating of tom-toms. Haiti has become the land of the forgotten.

In the Wind

THE DENVER *POST'S* story of a recent National Labor Relations Board hearing carried this headline: "Sheriff Uses County Funds to Transport Union Organizers." The story explained, less ambiguously, that the sheriff ran the organizers out of town.

ALTHOUGH THE European front is quiet, Mayor La-Guardia's mind is uneasy. Recently a policeman appeared at a mission house in downtown New York and inquired whether the cellar was big enough to hold all the children. A Sister of Charity asked why he wanted to know. The policeman replied: "I was told to make a survey of cellar space in lower Manhattan in case of air raids. This part of the city would be the most vulnerable."

TO WOMEN working in a London institution the A. R. P. officials recently submitted a detailed questionnaire. Among other things, the women were asked whether they suffered from claustrophobia. When they said they didn't understand the word, the officials defined it as "fear of confinement." Most of the women answered "yes."

WHEN WALTER WINCHELL went on vacation, Newspaper Guildsmen report, he asked Orson Welles to be one of his "celebrity" guest columnists. Welles agreed—on condition that his column should not appear in Hearst's Chicago paper, where Guildsmen are still on strike. He was asked to "forget" the invitation.

THE NEW YORK *TIMES* has a seven-column obit of Adolf Hitler ready for *Der Tag*. . . . At a conscription conference held quietly in Chicago last month, adjutant generals of the National Guard discussed enforcement of the "Selective Service Act." . . . Since the World's Fair closed, it's so quiet at the Soviet Pavilion, investigators report, that you can hear a Finn drop.

PROPAGANDA DEPARTMENT: The racing-form page of the Washington *Evening Star* describes the prospects for various horse-race entries. It recently carried this blurb: "Adolf—in clever hands, has been doing everything asked of him in recent trials and he appears at razor edge. A likely winner in his next start."

LEFT WING: The Mexican Communist Party paper recently carried a blast against "Trotskyist Jews" for allegedly supporting Almazán. . . . Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* has launched a concerted drive against American Trotskyists, claiming that "disillusioned Communists" are flocking to them. . . . That new left-wing group getting quietly started here will call itself "The Independent Left."

OVER ITS story on the death of Belgium's "Burgomaster Max" the London *Telegraph* ran the headline: "Burgomaster Max Dead; Collapses After Queen's Visit."

[*The $5 prize for the best item submitted during November goes to R. E. Wolseley of Evanston, Illinois, for the item from the* Writer's Digest *published last week.*]



Prague, November 17, 1939: Lebensraum

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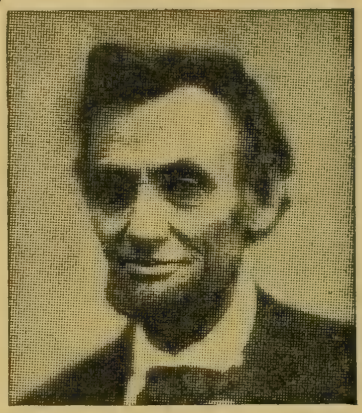
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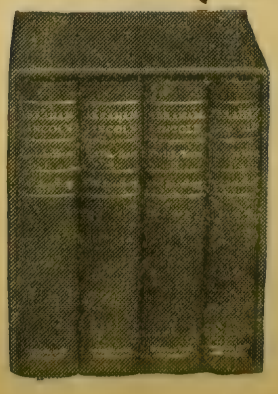
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—STEPHEN VINCENT BENET, *The Atlantic Monthly*

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

THE *Partisan Review,* which provides from quarter to quarter an extraordinary amount of provocative and interesting reading, has printed in its last two issues answers by eighteen American writers to seven series of questions posed by the editors. Here are sample questions: "Are you conscious, in your own writing, of the existence of a 'usable past'?" "Do you place much value on the criticism your work has received?" "Have you found it possible to make a living by writing the sort of thing you want to?" (The answer, alas, is generally no.) "Are you sympathetic to the current tendency toward what may be called 'literary nationalism'—a renewed emphasis, largely uncritical, on the specifically 'American' elements in our culture?"

The first question, or series of questions, I find the most interesting if only because the answers it evoked contain so much revealing information about the processes and backgrounds of individual writers and of American writers in general. It runs as follows:

> Are you conscious, in your own writing, of the existence of a "usable past"? Is this mostly American? What figures would you designate as elements in it? Would you say, for instance, that Henry James's work is more relevant to the present and future of American writing than Walt Whitman's?

One of the answers, by Robert Fitzgerald, who thinks all the questions are "fuzzy," chides the editors severely for using James and Whitman as symbols: ". . . I'm damn well tired of hearing the two of them built up into antithetical forces in American literature." Yet the answers as a whole would seem to justify the use of the "two of them" if not as antithetical as complementary forces; for the writers themselves apparently tend to regard them as representing two dominant kinds not only of American writing but of writing in general. And the tendency does not seem to have been created by the question.

Henry James would have been more interested in this discussion than Walt Whitman. I am thinking of his remark in "The American Scene":

> . . . it takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition, and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste, and an endless amount of taste, by the same token, to make even a little tranquillity. Tranquillity results largely from taste tactfully applied, taste lighted above all by experience and possessed of a clue for its labyrinth.

There has been a growing movement to discover and make available the facts of American culture from its earliest beginnings and to define the "main currents in American thought." It is motivated at its best by the search for what James calls "tranquillity" but might as well be called the sureness that grows out of the knowledge and understanding of all relevant experience, which includes surely the knowledge and understanding of the country where one happens to live. This critical search, furthered by such writers as Parrington, Brooks, Constance Rourke, and others, is not to be confused with the narrow "literary nationalism" cited by the editors of the *Partisan Review.* On the contrary, it offers a double antidote to chauvinism. For any intelligent exploration of our culture shows conclusively that it cannot be inclosed in national boundaries; while the demonstration that our cultural past is both extensive and honorable should counteract the ignorance and the exaggerated sense of inferiority which are the mainsprings of literary or any other kind of nationalism. (Parrington's massive study, by the way, is now available in one volume—Harcourt, Brace, $3.45.)

The answers of individual writers in the *Partisan Review* are not surprising in the light of their work, but that does not make them less interesting. Many begin with the obvious truth that all the past, in and out of books, is usable. John Dos Passos goes on to say that the best immediate ancestor for today's American writing is "a dark star somewhere in the constellation containing Mark Twain, Melville, Thoreau, and Whitman." Louise Bogan writes: "If civilization and great art mean complexity rather than simplification, and if the humane can be defined as the well-understood because the well-explored, James's work is certainly more relevant to American writing, present and future, than the naive vigor and sentimental 'thinking' of Whitman." For Henry Miller, Whitman and Rabelais of the left bank, ". . . Henry James is nil; Whitman I believe is more alive than any American ever was and will, in my opinion, live forever." Katherine Anne Porter: "Henry James and Walt Whitman are relevant to the past and present of American literature or of any other literature. . . . For myself I choose James, holding as I do with the conscious, disciplined artist, the serious expert against the expansive, indiscriminately 'cosmic' sort. . . . Neither James nor Whitman is more relevant to the present and future of American literature than, say, Hawthorne or Melville, Stephen Crane or Emily Dickinson; or for that matter, any other first-rank poet or novelist or critic of any time and country."

I wish I had space to give more examples of both questions and answers, which in turn raise a whole new series of questions and possible answers. But I only started out to say that the whole discussion is valuable.

THE FARTHEST NORTH in Nobel literary prizes was awarded to F. E. Sillenpää of Finland. He has lived in Helsinki, much in the news of late, and his book "Meek Heritage" deals with the period of Finnish-Russian struggle during the last war; but there is no evidence that the Russian-Finnish negotiations were arranged by Alfred Knopf merely as a build-up for Sillenpää and the Nobel Prize. Sillenpää's works include at least fifteen volumes, of which six are full-length novels. Only two have been translated into English. The second of these, "Meek Heritage," published last year on the author's fiftieth birthday, was reviewed at length by Louis Salomon in our issue of September 24, 1938. In the

course of his review he quoted these sentences from Sillenpää which seem to me significant: "In every phase of every stratum of the Finnish people, everything turns mostly to tragedy, a strange thin tragedy. Fate, instead of exterminating the nation, has subjected it to slow torture."

The central figure of "Meek Heritage" is a poor peasant. Sillenpää is himself the son of small farmers who pioneered the land themselves. He managed to get a good education, working his way through the university. He began to publish short stories and articles around 1913. His first novel appeared in 1916. "Meek Heritage" was published in 1919, less than a year after the Finnish-Soviet fighting was over, and according to its American publisher "its impact was tremendous—so much so that the author was granted a lifetime government pension in 1920." That predisposes me toward Finland more than the fact that it pays its debts.

CARL SANDBURG'S life of Abraham Lincoln, of which the four concluding volumes appear this week, has occupied twenty-eight years of the life of Carl Sandburg. Or even more; for as a boy he knew men who had known Lincoln. The story of his researches is a tall tale in itself. He has thumbed through not one but two copies of every known source book on Lincoln—as he explains, he tore the pages from one of each and carried about with him the sections dealing with the part of Lincoln's life he was considering at the moment. He has studied all the pertinent papers, contemporary news accounts, letters. He has traveled up and down the country ransacking libraries and seeking out people whose parents knew Lincoln. He has even investigated the old roads in the country where Lincoln grew up. In addition he made himself familiar with the entire period, with Lincoln's contemporaries, with the songs, clothes, and jokes of the world he lived in. More than four thousand books have been written about Lincoln, and it requires a kind of courage to undertake another, but Sandburg dared to write not only another book about Lincoln but one which should contain "all that is valuable in the basic Lincoln material" and, moreover, one which would be a biography of the whole Lincoln period. Some years ago he wrote to his publishers:

> There is one phase of this job you should know about. This book cannot be read with one reading. I don't mean it is profound in writing or implicative in treatment. But I find that many events and scenes, on successive readings, take on new lights. And there are more than a few moments so vivid and so stupendous that a single reading does not gather them to the mind. You will understand that I mention this to you as an experience people will have. It has lamentations and beatitudes enough to make an American Bible, enough political wisdom to guide this country through several crises and depressions. But I am not inventing the scenes and characters. . . . What is darkly great and subtly beautiful in it was made entirely by other men who are faded and gone. They lived the book before it could be written.

The last sentence applies as well to Mr. Sandburg. At sixty-one he has completed what is surely one of the most extraordinary researches in biographical literature. In the process he has lived, so to speak, a double life. He has experienced, as nearly at first hand as is humanly possible, one dramatic period in American history while actually living through another.

Sandburg's Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS. By Carl Sandburg. Four Volumes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $20.

MR. SANDBURG'S four volumes on the war years are not so much challenging as informative and pleasurable reading. His latest work on Lincoln demanded a much more distinctly historical treatment than his two volumes "The Prairie Years," published in 1926. For the period covered by the earlier work comparatively meager materials were available. The volumes which complete that story—on four intense years of the storm and stress and unprecedented responsibility of a great public career—are abundantly supplied with documentation and other fruits of research.

The author supports the seventy-six chapters of this major work with material diligently selected from a wide range of the newspapers of the time, from letters, and from abundant official sources. He works this material skilfully into the narrative, without recourse to footnotes.

Mr. Sandburg pertinently widens composite interest by including a large cast of collateral characters, historically related to the far-reaching operations of the Civil War.

President Lincoln, at the beginning of his first Administration, entered on his task with the feeling that he must manage the details of civil business as well as oversee the military. At the same time he treated his Cabinet members, chosen for their abilities and not primarily for their party affiliations, with deference to their proper functions. He had been careful to select men unfriendly to slavery. He had not known from intimate acquaintance the temperaments and ambitions of his advisers. These dispositions revealed themselves to him during the first year or two. He gradually made himself master of the Administration and its objectives—the restoration of the union of all the states and a mild plan of reconstruction. Events added a third policy—the emancipation of the slaves.

As the vilification of the President by the opposition newspapers, which Mr. Sandburg treats with due fulness, became more bitter, Lincoln became convinced that "the enemy behind us is more dangerous than the enemy before us." The opposition-party press grew still more fierce in its effort to turn public opinion against the Executive. It held him up to scorn for his ignorance, his bad manners, his jocose language. Probably very few of the editors who hoped to defeat his policies had ever followed his debates with Douglas, or read his really scholarly Cooper Union address in New York, or tried to discover the far-reaching wisdom of his First Inaugural address. They discounted his ability to use books and the public library at Springfield. Naturally, they could not have been acquainted with the many letters he had written showing his political acumen. Those who had heard his arguments and his public speeches had divined his powerful intellect.

One of the most interesting episodes of the period was the fruitless attempt at conferences with the Confederacy. After Greeley's fiasco in proposing a conference between the Administration in Washington and representatives of the Confederacy sojourning in Canada, a seemingly more impor-

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tant plan originated with F. P. Blair. Blair secured a pass to go to Richmond to talk the matter over with Jefferson Davis, but with no authority to suggest terms. He interested Davis by suggesting the possibility of bringing the two sections into conference with a view to cooperation in driving Maximilian out of Mexico in the interest of the Monroe Doctrine; he even suggested the extension of the influence of the two sections as far south as the Isthmus. Returning to Washington, Blair found that the President was not interested in the Mexican adventure. A conference was arranged, however, which was to be wholly informal. Davis appointed A. H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, and two associates, Senator Hunter of the Southern Congress and Judge J. M. Campbell, Assistant Secretary of War in the Davis Cabinet.

The Confederate delegates, on reaching General Grant's headquarters, expressed disappointment at not having an opportunity to talk with President Lincoln. Grant telegraphed his own disappointment to the President. Mr. Lincoln responded that he would be present, with Secretary Seward. A four-hour discussion failed to bring agreement on the President's threefold demand: the union of all the states, cessation of hostilities, emancipation. Mr. Sandburg gives an adequate account of the conference and its effect upon Congress, to which the President made a special report. Alexander H. Stephens, in his "War Between the States," gives, by the way, an interesting comment on General Grant:

> His conversation was easy and fluent, without the least effort and restraint. In this, nothing was so closely noticed by me as the point and terseness with which he expressed whatever he said. He did not seem either to court or to avoid conversation, but whenever he did speak, what he said was directly to the point and covered the whole matter in a few words. I saw before being with him long that he was exceedingly quick in perception and direct in purpose, with a vast deal more of brains than tongue, as ready as that was at his command.

Mr. Sandburg throws some new light on the second nomination of Lincoln, and on the choice for the Vice-Presidency of Andrew Johnson, a Democrat of Tennessee, whom the President had oppointed military governor of that state. Lincoln had replied to the Baltimore convention's request to know his preference for his running mate that the "convention must judge for itself." The general impression in the convention was that, since Johnson had remained loyal to the Union, he would be acceptable to the party.

Sandburg gives in his final chapters a more detailed account of John Wilkes Booth's plans to assassinate Lincoln at Ford's Theater than the lives of Lincoln have generally contained. Although the conspiracy is fully treated, it is described in a matter-of-fact style. Booth was shot near Bowling Green, Virginia. "In the finish," writes Mr. Sandburg, "he was to be buried in the Booth family lot in a Baltimore cemetery, accepted and identified by those who knew him longest and best—though myths and fantasies were to arise around his name, life, and body."

These four volumes constitute a major work. The industry they represent, their range of information, and their adaptability to leisurely reading by reason of their style and chapter arrangement make them an outstanding contribution.

L. E. ROBINSON

Ideas and Society

IDEAS ARE WEAPONS. By Max Lerner. The Viking Press. $3.50.

IN THIS substantial volume Max Lerner has gathered together some sixty-odd essays and reviews written, and most of them published, over the period of the last nine years. His interests have led him to range freely over many fields—"law, literature, politics, economics, history, education, sociology, social psychology," as he tells us in the Foreword—but always his point of contact with his subject matter is the same: the relation between society and ideas on the one hand and between ideas and society on the other.

What lends unity to the whole, as Mr. Lerner recognizes, is the author's method and point of view, both of which appear to have undergone surprisingly little change since the first of these essays was written in 1930. This point of view is, in its fundamental outlines, clearly Marxian. The terminology and conceptual scheme perhaps owe more to Veblen than to Marx, but aside from this there is little from Veblen which cannot already be found in Marx. This is amply attested by one of Mr. Lerner's essays on Veblen (What Is Usable in Veblen?), which, I think, does considerably less than full justice to Veblen's really original contributions. Yet it would be wrong to regard Mr. Lerner as a faithful follower of Marx or even as a close student of Marx. His is a kind of generalized Marxism, a way of looking at the world of social relationships and social institutions rather than a closely knit body of doctrine resting squarely on the economic theories of "Capital." What is to be said of this kind of Marxism and its use as an interpretative and critical canon in Mr. Lerner's hands?

In the first place, it serves Mr. Lerner admirably in his brilliant essays on various individual thinkers. It enables him to identify the general forces effectively at work in society and to place the individual in relation to them with unerring accuracy. With this as a background Mr. Lerner is in a position to make his own insight into the man's personality and his great talent for synthesizing count to the utmost. The result is a series of short incisive essays on thinkers great and small which clearly place Mr. Lerner in the very front rank of present-day writers. Those which particularly stand out in my memory are the essays on Marshall, Holmes (the first two), Veblen (the first), Beard (the first two), Lippmann, Black, Engels, and Laski. These essays alone are well worth the price of the whole volume.

But when it comes to those larger historical trends which transcend the influence of individuals, Mr. Lerner's Marxism is a much less potent weapon. Here what Marx called "the law of motion" of capitalist society occupies the center of the stage. It must be thoroughly studied both in its theoretical aspects and in its concrete manifestations, a kind of study which is not in evidence in Mr. Lerner's work. This weakness shows up clearly in the long essay on The Supreme Court and American Capitalism. The periodization of American history, for example, is loose and unconvincing in spite of the fact that it forms the basis for interpreting what Mr. Lerner takes to be the most significant phases of the court's life history. Another and in some ways more crucial weakness of Mr. Lerner's brand of Marxism emerges clearly in his

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review of Lenin's "State and Revolution." After an excellent analysis of the origins of the work and a convincing presentation of the class-domination theory of the state, he tears Lenin's insistence on the uniqueness of each country's experience out of its context, mixes in a generous portion of typically liberal wishful thinking, and manages to give the impression that one can find in Lenin support for Fabianism. The same problem—that of the transition from capitalism to socialism—arises at various other points in the book, yet nowhere can it be said that Mr. Lerner comes to grips with it in realistic terms.

In spite of these criticisms, however, I would rather see a thorough study of the transition period, which I believe to be the first problem of our time, by Max Lerner than by any other political scientist in America today. This is, perhaps, another way of saying that among his weaknesses there are none which cannot be removed by further study and development.

As a writer Mr. Lerner is preeminently a stylist. His effectiveness depends to an unusual extent upon the impact of the well-chosen phrase and the vividness of an inventive imagery. He displays no taste for economy of words and little talent for understatement. He never allows the bare bones of the argument to show through the outer verbal garments in which it is clothed. This is a difficult style, and it is one of Mr. Lerner's great merits that he usually handles it with sure control and a steady discipline. One would have to look far and long before finding a better piece of writing than Lippmann Agonistes or Beard's Economic Interpretation, to choose two examples almost at random. But in this respect Mr. Lerner is like a star pitcher; when his control falters the results are less happy. Thomas Mann: Hero of Our Time is the leading example among a fortunately small number of essays which must have been produced on off days.

It is quite impossible in a short review to do full justice to the rich menu which Mr. Lerner offers to us for many an intellectual feast. The great majority of the essays have not even been mentioned. The best parting advice which I can offer, therefore, is this: read "Ideas Are Weapons" for yourself; there is not a dull page in the whole book, and there is more than enough to suit the taste of every reader.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

Feet of Clay

MY LIFE. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

IT IS the sad fate of the psychiatrist to have revealed to him in the course of his professional investigations the weaknesses, the shames, the skeletons in the closet that are masked from the eyes of the world in the lives of those who pass among their fellow-citizens as strong, brave, virtuous, and happy. The psychiatrist becomes disillusioned more completely than most of his fellows about the constituents of human nature, and for this reason often seems to them unduly cynical or pessimistic.

The psychiatrist protects himself from the trauma of these daily reminders of man's depravity by some of the same devices used by other human beings. But he has an additional armor, that of scientific detachment and the training in objectivity without which he cannot be a competent therapist, or even a competent scientist. He has learned to refrain from moral and evaluative judgments, and he is no more offended or disappointed by the discoveries of his daily routine than is the surgeon who seems to be so immune to the unpleasant aspects of the operating room.

The general public has no such technical training and no such professional coat of mail. For this reason the details of psychiatric case histories, like the details of surgical operations or of nursing routine, are not generally considered suitable for popular consumption. To thrust them upon the sensibilities of the public is an aggressive blow. Tschaikovsky's homosexuality, Van Gogh's epilepsy, Poe's impotence were undoubtedly interesting to their physicians, but as private citizens who enjoy music and art we do not care to be informed about them or reminded of them.

This is why I feel some resentment—as a human being, not as a psychiatrist—that Havelock Ellis should have written and published this personal case history. My viewpoint as a psychiatrist I shall mention later. But as one who shared a widespread admiration for his life work, for his courage, for his often beautiful writing, and for his great service to science, I cannot help being deeply mortified at this naively boastful exhibition of what should have been reserved for those who could study it technically. It is interesting to learn that this was perhaps his original intention; he identifies one of the cases in his "Studies of Sex" as being a fragment of his own experience. It is even more interesting, and surely of great psychological significance, that the man who possessed beyond almost any other English author the artistic gift of combining directness with delicacy in such a way as to win acceptance for previously tabooed subject matter should have written a book which so exactly reverses this formula. It is as if the impulse to offend which had been so powerfully controlled during a long lifetime was released in a last final explosion. What Bismarck said of von Moltke is true of Havelock Ellis: he committed suicide after his death.

It is almost certain, however, that this was entirely unconscious so far as Ellis was concerned. In fact, one of the striking things about the book is the air of sustained piety and self-righteousness, the pervading mood of showing the world an ideal love-life and thereby bringing "a little help and consolation to those who are still alive, and sensitive and suffering." It is not the egotism but the supreme psychological blindness to the pathos and tragedy of the love-life which he extols so highly that impresses the thoughtful reader. He calls himself "a Knight of the Holy Ghost" and quotes his friends as considering him a cross between Christ and a faun; he spreads over many pages the details of a relationship which he calls love but which was obviously permeated with unrecognized hate. He talks constantly about friendship in a book which describes almost no friendships, and considers the feelings or interests or individuality of almost no friends. He looks with satisfaction upon a many-volumned study of sex which is almost completely devoid of sex; and his humorlessness, as one reviewer put it, was the mark of a man who devoted his life to studying human emotions without possessing any himself. The great apostle of

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sex reveals himself as essentially deficient in any mature sexual feelings. He is more right than he elsewhere gives any hint of realizing when he says (page 433), "I have sometimes felt that the taunt might be flung at me which was flung at Jesus: 'He saved others, himself he could not save.' "

To speak for a moment in the role of psychiatrist, I would mention first what has been so eloquently put by a non-psychiatric but very intuitive fellow-reviewer—that the relationship between the inhibited, impotent Havelock and the homosexual, aggressive Edith, which the author extols as the highest, most beautiful love, was actually a fusion of infantile interdependence and repressed hatred in the form of a platonic truce. "Each is forever repeating his desire to be the other's child . . . repeatedly calls the other 'baby.' Their love-making is the play of children. . . . Each was the other's ally against the terrifying necessity of growing up in a world of adults and . . . the obligations of adult heterosexuality. Love was a license to be neuter, a way of staying safely sterile" (DeVoto). Ellis is throughout completely blind to his passive aggressiveness against his wife and prides himself on his tolerance of her much less passive aggression against him. (She apparently once kicked him in the head and later wrote to him about it thus: "Poor sweet old love, I wish I had your dear head here now, and I'd bury it in my wee breast and kiss the poor brain where I have kicked . . . and I seemed to writhe as I heard the squelch of the white brain matter gurgling.")

His identification of himself with his mother is obvious to any reader, and there is some evidence that Ellis recognized this. What is less apparent, and certainly unperceived by Ellis, is the fact that this identification and the consequent psychosexual infantilism were determined by fear and hatred of women. Identification is always determined by both love and hate, but a perverse and self-destructive identification indicates the predominance of the hate element in the bond. The interesting fact is that for all the apparent self-revelation, the really important episodes of his childhood are omitted (repressed). He adjures us not to sit in judgment upon the young: "they cannot understand themselves, and their psychoanalytic (*sic*) elders wildly misunderstand them." Unfortunately, the psychoanalysis which he disdained understands him only too well. But one does not have to be a psychoanalyst to understand Havelock Ellis far better than he understood himself. If one takes into consideration this destructive element in his feminine identification and the enormous hatred which both determined it and was concealed by it, one can see why it was necessary for him to make this aggressive, exhibitionistic life-confession, and to fling it in the face of his long-courted and admiring public in a final self-destructive gesture.

But it is the old problem of *bonum ex nocentibus*. Out of his tragic failure, his eloquently denied misery, his futile effort to live what he thought he believed, came words and ideas that served to set others free from a bondage which Ellis never escaped. Perhaps it would have been better if we had never been told the agony—agony only half-perceived—out of which this wisdom was born, but its origin does not discredit its validity. The name of Havelock Ellis will remain on the pages of history as one of our great emancipators, one who held high a torch to light the steps of others. Time will efface the memory of the morbid origins of his gospel, just as repression mercifully concealed it from its creator.

KARL MENNINGER

The Midnight of Sense

FIRST WILL AND TESTAMENT. By Kenneth Patchen. New Directions. $2.50.

BEYOND any book of poems I have encountered, "First Will and Testament" gives a lively sense of what it is to be a young man in America in a time when, for more of the young than we like to think, living and dying have lost all meaning. Kenneth Patchen is sure of his vocation as a poet, somewhat less sure of his craft. But he is able and eloquent, witty and strong. And what he is trying to do in this book is through poetry to recover meaning.

His is a world in which war is immanent, or rather, is constant. For there is but one war, and it is waged to maintain those modern cities whose only makers he says were ambition and avarice. The more people increase in the cities, "the more wicked all of them." He repudiates civilization, and with it not only those who have made it what it is, but those who profess to know how to remake it.

> Those smug saints, whether of church or Stalin
> Can get off the back of my people and stay off.
> Somebody is supposed to be fighting for somebody
> And Lenin is terribly silent, terribly silent and dead.

He has faith in revolution, but it is remote and less real than his anger, and his anger is without purpose. He does not miss the irony that all these commotions in the outer world are supposed to be for the benefit of somebody. And that somebody might as well be himself. Ours is a country in which for a long time society has been conceived to be centered on the individual; but in attaining an extreme individualism we have lost sight of the real desires of the individual. As stated by Mr. Patchen they seem moderate enough; but if he has won through to the satisfaction of any of them, he owes pathetically small thanks to the nation.

He is of a generation that fears death largely because life has dealt so coldly with it. He speaks for them in Street Corner College, where are the young men who have nothing to do and nowhere to go.

> We manage to have the look that young men have;
> We feel nothing behind our faces, one way or another
>
> We shall probably not be quite dead when we die.
> We were never anything all the way; not even soldiers.

It cannot be said that Kenneth Patchen feels nothing. He feels disintegration intensely. But he has not been unaffected by the young men's indifference. And like them he fears death inordinately.

His poetic speech is contemporary and close to the streets; but he has held to nothing he has heard in the streets unless it has its own vigor to recommend it. The form his poems most often take is that of hallucination. They are made up as dreadful dreams are from the remembered happenings of commonplace days. But if the details are realistic and clear, they are arranged by some obscure necessity that is not logic. They add up to a private horror—"And all the rooms of them

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haunted by war." His affinities are not with Rimbaud, the first master of the literary hallucination, nor with the surrealists who derive from Rimbaud. He is closer to Cummings. For Patchen presents a deliberate derangement, not of the senses, but of the mind. "It is the midnight of sense . . . mind's desolate cave." JOHN PEALE BISHOP

The Battleground of Democracy

FREEDOM AND CULTURE. By John Dewey. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE latest of Dewey's books is not the statement of political doctrine or the formulation of a political program. It poses a problem. But this problem is stated in such original and incisive terms that merely as a problem it challenges all existing political theories and programs. The problem concerns the nature of democracy and the social action adequate to its realization. As such it is by no means new. Here, however, the question is not raised in the negative view of the constraints and oppressions that need to be lifted for the achievement of freedom, but with regard to the positive cultural conditions of freedom. Essentially "the problem is to know what kind of culture is so free that it conceives and begets political freedom as its accompaniment and consequence."

In a sense this question is a focal social expression of Dewey's philosophy. It articulates the dominant traits of his theories of nature, science, value, and inquiry. In all these the movement of ideas converges upon the central conceptions of integrated, communally shared, experimental inquiry interacting with and within a matrix of changing culture. Whether this inquiry is concerned with the discovery and control of physical phenomena or with the evaluation and direction of conduct, its pattern is essentially the same. This identity of method and the consequent possibility of integrating beliefs about the world and beliefs about values and purposes form one of the cardinal principles of Dewey's philosophy. In this principle lies the clue to the solution of the problem here posed.

For in Dewey's formulation of the question, democracy is an affair of morals, not simply of politics and economics. Not this or that institution but a pervasive attitude and a community of certain values constitute the basis and security of democracy. The attitude and values in question are those generated by the habitual employment of scientific methods of observation and reflection and by the "faith in the ability of human nature to achieve freedom for individuals accompanied with respect and regard for other persons and with social stability built on cohesion instead of coercion."

This is not the Emersonian democracy, however much it may resemble it. Emerson, like Dewey, is opposed to the coercive function of government and conceives of democracy as an ethical ideal of individual as well as social life. But in Emerson this ideal remains suspended in a nebulous inner world of spirit, good-will, and individual character. In its romantic individualism and transcendentalism Emerson's democracy is essentially utopian. For it presupposes that inherent in man are the natural conditions sufficient for the realization of a free society, and that fulfilment of this

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potential freedom awaits only the lifting of oppressive constraints. The denial of this presupposition is central to Dewey's conception of freedom.

Freedom is not a mere absence of restraint. It is a positive function of culture. Human nature, whose potentialities are to be liberated by democracy, cannot be isolated from cultural conditions. For biological traits and native individual differences take shape only through interaction with a given culture. Freedom is itself a pattern of such interaction.

In this emphasis on culture Dewey does not ignore the important role of economic factors in determining the character of political measures. He holds, however, that "economic relations and habits cannot be set apart in isolation any more than political institutions can be." His theory that social events are "interactions of components of human nature on one side with cultural conditions on the other" contrasts radically with doctrines which isolate some one factor in this interaction and treat it as *the* cause of *all* social change.

Traditional Marxism is the most significant and influential contemporary theory of this type. Dewey's critique of the allegedly scientific foundation of this theory is a challenge that no intelligent Marxist can ignore. For it raises the fundamental question of the practical value of a theory which is as deeply enmeshed and obscured by the cobwebs of metaphysics and its pseudo-scientific derivatives as traditional Marxist theory is shown to be in the light of Dewey's criticism. On the other hand, Dewey makes no attempt to separate the specific operative program for social action and the dominant humanitarian ideals of the Marxist tradition from the vestiges of Hegelian philosophy by which their theoretical "justification" is usually attempted. His critique would have further gained in strength had he differentiated between the several significant variations in specific programs of action which distinguish antagonistic groups each claiming to be Marxist. Not all these groups, for example, would subscribe to that perversion of scientific intelligence which leads John Strachey to say—as quoted by Dewey—that Communist parties even outside Russia, in their "refusal to tolerate the existence of incompatible opinions . . . are simply asserting the claim that socialism is scientific."

The Marxist's absolutism and dogmatism are alleged to lead to his readiness to employ violent means for the reconstruction of social institutions. In contrast to such use of force Dewey presents the methods of free, scientific intelligence. But even a wholehearted acceptance of Dewey's philosophy does not allay the urgency of a question provoked by this contrast: Is violence always a consequence of ignorance, of the unscientific or anti-scientific attitude? Distrust and opposition to the use of violence in social action spring in Dewey from the antithesis he sets up between this method and the method of intelligence. This antithesis, however, if supposed to obtain under all conditions, seems lacking in a realistic analysis of the concrete social milieu in which the method of intelligence is expected to operate. For in some circumstances the use of that method, when it becomes too incisive and too threatening to ruling interests, will be suppressed. What answer, in terms of the democratic ideal, is adequate to this challenge which institutionalized and legalized force has cast and probably will again cast before free intelligence? If in such situations the right to use the method of intelligence is defended by force before it is too late—before, that is, the weight of oppression has destroyed all those who harbor and propagate the faith in free intelligence—is this defensive force antithetical to the method of intelligence or does it now become an instrument, an antecedent condition, for the operation of that method?

It is to be hoped that Dewey will soon answer this question, especially for the benefit of those who share with him the conviction that "the future of democracy is allied with the spread of the scientific attitude." Meanwhile we rejoice that, despite the rising clamor of war, such a rich and significant voice can still be heard in its timely warning: "The serious threat to our democracy is not the existence of foreign totalitarian states. It is the existence within our own personal attitudes and within our own institutions of conditions similar to those which have given a victory to external authority, discipline, uniformity, and dependence upon the leader in foreign countries. The battlefield is also accordingly here—within ourselves and our institutions." WILLIAM GRUEN

Tyrants in Modern Dress

DICTATORSHIP. By Alfred Cobban. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

JUGGERNAUT. By Albert Carr. The Viking Press. $3.

UNBIASED political scientists have been rare even in less turbulent ages than ours. Even Aristotle, who is not known as a party politician, distinguished between good and bad forms of government. It is, however, not easy to refute the criticism of Thomas Hobbes, who remarked of Aristotle's "bad forms": "They are not the names of other forms of government, but of the same forms misliked. For they that are discontented under monarchy call it tyranny; and they that are displeased with aristocracy call it oligarchy; so also they which find themselves grieved under a democracy call it anarchy." Adversaries of contemporary tyranny do not bear out this statement; rather they are inclined to accept the terminology of the dictatorships.

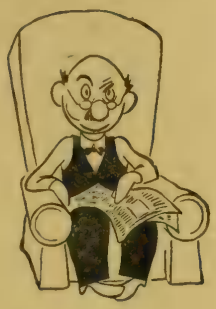
Though as unprejudiced as possible in his dislike of despotism, Alfred Cobban, in his admirable book—thus far the most comprehensive one in the vast literature of this subject—treats the made-to-order theory of totalitarianism "as an up-to-date phase of a historical process commencing with Napoleon I, the 'first modern dictator.' "

Admitting that in a house ablaze some allowance has to be made for anybody who wishes to discuss the theory of combustion, the parallel drawn between Napoleon, though his "wars [too] were a brigand's campaigns for loot," and our contemporary brigands is not quite convincing. His wars followed a revolution, and his armies did not merely loot but carried the ideas of 1789 all over Europe, whereas the revolutions of his successors followed a war in order to perpetuate it—or, if possible, to supplant it by blackmail—and spread the ideas of slavery.

In spite of Cobban's profound knowledge of history and political science, his definition of dictatorship, as he himself admits, is arbitrary. It reminds one of the exact definition of the Alpine race insisted on by a German anthropologist, who

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after traveling in Switzerland bitterly complained to his friends: "These people of the Alpine stock are really annoying. Either their skull is not round enough, or they have blue eyes instead of dark ones, or their legs are too long; not one of them fits the correct definition." This explains why in Cobban's view "the Communist dictatorship is not exactly dictatorship in our sense of the word." (A few pages farther he admits that in Stalin, the "true heir to the czars," the Russian Revolution has "at last produced its dictator.") However, not the author but the inherent quality of dictatorship must be blamed for this contradiction. Dictatorship is a revolutionary, dynamic phenomenon, a concurrence of a political emergency and a blustering megalomaniac. Manifestations of both may, according to circumstances, vary so widely that the differences obscure the likenesses expressed in the definition.

It is not so much its concise account of dictators, whose power has in Nazism "reached its apogee," as its analysis of the causes of these recurrent phenomena that lends high value to Cobban's brilliant work. It convincingly eludicates how "the ideas of state, people, nation, and sovereignty finally met in totalitarianism" because sovereignty lost its last limitation—the principle of common good—when the idea of the people "was transferred to the nation," held together by non-utilitarian ties. In this way "Leviathan has undergone a metamorphosis and assumed the character of Frankenstein's monster; its craving for power has swollen far beyond its capacity for service."

Examining the economic basis of dictatorship, the author believes its association with socialism can be traced to the difficulty of reconciling in practice the principles of political liberty and economic equality. Increasingly violent social conflict increases the prevalence of dictatorship, and, vice versa, the dictatorship is inevitably bound to incorporate some socialist elements. The author has to admit that totalitarian dictatorship reaches its high point with what may be called the "religious aspect." And this is apparently why he wonders whether a returning faith will be built on the inherited culture of a great civilization . . . or "be the fetishism of a new Dark Age."

In spite of this doubt, Cobban does not indorse the pessimism of Halévy, the French historian who in "L'Ere des Tyrannies" expressed the view that with the *étatisme* which began in 1914 the end of liberty began. Dictatorships are the most short-lived governments, and their necessarily aggressive policy drives other states to take action to suppress an international menace. What will follow their collapse? This question of the author's is just now on the lips of millions of people, and his answer, that "so long as the conditions which evoked the dictatorship continue, revolution and dictatorship will follow one another in a vicious alternative," is not too encouraging. Fortunately he admits that novel factors, the mere existence of which we ignore, may change dramatically the "whole trend of events. History is a drama which has no fifth act."

It is not the historian's or the political scientist's business to get the world out of a mess into which the tragic development of events, some men's greed for power, and the stupidity of the masses have led it. But Alfred Cobban shows the way: association between states recognizing the principle of free commonwealths, multiplicity of authorities, liberty of the subject, restitution of the aims of welfare, and above all struggle against "the frightful principles of *raison d'état*," as Proudhon called this excess of "most evident and patent crimes." These are the chart and the compass for a voyage into less troubled waters, but where are the captains to use them?

More popular in its aims and style than Cobban's work is Albert Carr's "Juggernaut." It is really a case book of dictatorship, but the choice of cases was rather arbitrary. Richelieu, his refined face expressing the genius of Renaissance diplomacy, seems surprised and the Iron Chancellor infuriated at finding themselves ranged on the cover with idealized portraits of Hitler and Stalin. The reader is surprised, too, that the author, endeavoring to classify dictators in three groups, places Lenin among the "revolutionaries," Metaxas, who certainly did not represent King George's "pro-British" policy, among the "dynasts," and Hitler among the "crisis men." There is no reason to place Louis XIV, the most typical representative of the absolute monarchy, and an enlightened, benevolent despot like Frederick the Great among the dictators. Or if we do, there is no reason to omit Frederick's father, whose tyranny, as the author himself admits, very much surpassed that of his son. And if Gomez appears as the "crisis man" of Latin America, Diaz, Rosa, Lopez, and a good many others would have deserved an honorable mention. All this, however, does not deduct anything from the author's merit in having given us in lively writing life stories of seventeen dictators.

Carr raises the question which nowadays intrigues every civilized human being: whither are we bound—to universal fascism? Growth or decay? As the author says, "The French Revolution failed to produce a successful proletarian revolution." However, the French Revolution was far from desiring to produce such result. Similarly if "crisis dictatorship" spreads over Europe and the Americas, this unlikely event will certainly not happen "by the destruction of labor organizations." Labor did, unfortunately, very little to stop Hitler or Mussolini. If it happens, the author thinks that only the ruins of civilization will remain on which man can build a new and perhaps better world. This prospective night is, to use a Shakespearean term, certainly "black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible," but thus far Hitler has conquered neither the British Empire nor the United States. And let us hope he won't.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

Chinese Tapestry

MOMENT IN PEKING. By Lin Yutang. The John Day Company. $3.

TO ANYONE but a Taoist, the title would probably suggest a short novel focusing on one episode or one point of time, but "to Tao . . . no point in time is long ago, nor by lapse of ages has it grown old," and "in old Peking, the moment and eternity are one." Thus, in "Moment in Peking" the indefatigable Lin Yutang has woven an intricate, many-colored tapestry of Chinese life stretching from the Boxer uprising in 1900 to the Japanese invasion as of 1938, tracing through more than eight hundred closely printed pages the daily doings, marriages, loves, sorrows, quarrels,

and deaths of a half-dozen interrelated families, including their servants. The breaking up of old taboos and ceremonials, the infiltration of foreign manners and twentieth-century machinery, the persistent pressure of tradition and "face"—all these complicated forces are shown at work on Taoist, politician, scholar, war lord, and slave, on parent and child, rich lady and sing-song girl.

No other novel about China in English approaches the scope of this one, and probably none surpasses it in authenticity of detail; according to Pearl Buck, the author has used even the technique of the Chinese rather than of the Western novel, so that the book reads almost like a translation. While about three-fourths of it consists of family chronicles, with sporadic revolutions and campaigns only distant rumbles beyond the horizon, the story inevitably gathers momentum and indignation as it forges through the bloody years since the "incident" at the Marco Polo Bridge, and it is dedicated "to the brave soldiers of China who are laying down their lives that our children and grandchildren shall be free men and women." And although it touches only lightly on the horrors which daily newspapers have made all too familiar, it leaves unmistakably the impression summed up by the philosophical Mr. Yao: "The Japanese have not the character to stand the luck of ruling China. Give China to Japan and she will not be able to stand it."

LOUIS B. SALOMON

The Old West and the New

THE CHANGING WEST. By William Allen White. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

MR. WHITE'S book is based upon a series of lectures he delivered before the Extracurricular Committee of the Department of History of Harvard University. It bears the subtitle, "An Economic Theory About Our Golden Age." The author says he is "a country editor not a trained economist," and sees the possibility that economists may come along and shatter his hypothesis. The reviewer likewise is not a trained economist and, speaking as one non-economist to another, ventures the opinion that all the book needs to become a sound document on the changing West is to omit the economic theory on which it is predicated. It will then be seen for what it is—a mellow description of the settlement of the West, a keen analysis of Western politics and philosophy, and a baffled search for new economic bearings by a lover of democracy who shares the general perplexity of liberals over the problems that have followed the disappearance of the Western frontier.

The economic theory presented by the Kansas editor is that the rise of land values since the settlement of the West began 125 years ago created a reservoir of fluid capital which financed development of the country from Pittsburgh to the Pacific (north of the Ohio), and led to a "Golden Age" of prosperity and individual freedom. He concludes that the discovery of the usefulness of steam and the organization of capital through the unlimited corporation enabled the West to make use of the fluid capital created by the increment of land values to build transcontinental railroads and hew out an industrial and commercial empire in a region that was and has remained predominantly agricultural. The individual

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farmer improved his own farm out of this credit, and sold a portion of his high-priced land in order to buy and improve cheap land for his sons farther West. This westward-rolling wave of prosperity disappeared when there were no more cheap lands to rise in value and create additional fluid capital.

The trouble with this theory is that it puts the cart before the horse. Rising land prices were the result, not the cause, of Western development and prosperity. When a farmer sold land to send his sons West to cheaper land, the purchaser henceforth paid interest on unearned increment. The actual long-term sequence in the creation and use of this reservoir of fluid capital has been from price increment to credit to mortgages to foreclosure to farm tenantry. Unearned increment, during the period of rising land prices, served as an efficient old-age-pension system for those who retired, but transcontinental railroads were financed on the accumulations of Europe and the East. The usefulness of cheap land in the West was as an escape from the combination of rising land prices and inadequate markets in the settled regions. Mr. White might have had less confidence in his theory if he had reflected upon the revolt of Ohio farmers against the second Bank of the United States, at the beginning of the period he describes, and upon the 700,000, mostly ex-farmers from east of the Rockies, who are jobless and penniless in California.

However, when all this is said against William Allen White's interpretation of land prices, it should be stated that his economic theory occupies a minor place in the structure of the book, which is a readable, authoritative, and valuable presentation of the developing West as a phenomenon unique in human history. He describes the old West as the creation not of exceptionally brave and adventurous men but of pioneers who carried with them the spirit of freedom and a way of life centering in the schoolhouse and the church (but not in theology). They linked democracy with moral conduct, despite the lapses of individuals and the rapacity of corporate plunderers, and evolved a society which stands as the foremost contrast to Europe's authoritarian duplicities and tyrannies.

Mr. White then turns to "the West that is"—the West of the farm problem and the Dust Bowl, tenant farming and government checks; automobiles, good roads, radios, and high taxes; political insurgency and Republican moorings; the West of middle-class desires, a peasant's purse, and a determination to reject peasantry. No way out is offered, except a heartfelt plea that it be by the way of democracy. Mr. White has a hope that when engineers get more value out of fuel, the farmer will get more production out of his land, and—markets expanding with industrial expansion—prosperity will return to the West. The answer to that might be that the intelligence needed to give social direction to increased fuel energy would solve our problems today if applied to the present uses of steam, electricity, and oil, and to the present surplus of productivity and capital. It is the failure to attack our problems on this front that draws Mr. White out of the main current of American affairs. However, everything that comes from his pen strengthens his right to be called the foremost spokesman for the decencies of life which are so deeply bedded in the American middle class, and it is too much to demand that he also offer a solution to our economic problems.

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From Nickelodeon to Ninotchka

THE RISE OF THE AMERICAN FILM. By Lewis Jacobs. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

AMERICA AT THE MOVIES. By Margaret Thorp. Yale University Press. $2.75.

THE first moving pictures were shown on April 23, 1896, at Koster and Bial's Music Hall in New York City, where the Macy department store stands today. The New York *Times* described the event as follows:

> When the hall was darkened last night, a buzzing and roaring were heard in the turret and an unusually bright light fell upon the screen. Then came into view two precious blonde young persons of the variety stage, in pink and blue dresses, doing the umbrella dance with commendable celerity. Their motions were clearly defined. When they vanished, a view of the angry surf breaking on the sandy beach near a stone pier amazed the spectators. . . . A burlesque boxing match between a tall, thin comedian and a short, fat one, a comic allegory called "The Monroe Doctrine," an instant of motion in Hoyt's farce "The Milk White Flag," repeated over and over again, and a skirt dance by a tall blonde completed the views, which were all wonderfully real and singularly exhilarating.

Such was the first cinema, little bits of moving pictures, forty-three years ago. Today we see pictures which run two hours, and their content can be as wide and complex as life itself, and sometimes is. The actors speak, and all the sounds of nature and the machine are recorded. Every week eighty-five million Americans go to the movies. "The Rise of the American Film" tells how and by whom the exhilarating views of 1896 have been developed into the talking pictures of today. It is an exciting, illuminating story, which also contains, as a significant part of modern history, many lessons for those who are not particularly interested in movies as art or entertainment.

The author approaches his great theme, which is full of man's folly and man's genius, rather as a scholar than as a dramatizing movie scenarist. Though he never neglects the human interest he is primarily concerned with technical, economic, and artistic developments. Going back to buried sources he has unearthed and collected an immense amount of material and organized it in a clear pattern. His account, for example, of how the new technique of telling a story in pictures was discovered step by step is a masterpiece of constructive analysis. With the figures of George Melies, the French movie pioneer, and of Edwin S. Porter, the American Edison mechanic who produced the first real film—both now forgotten—he opens a long series of critical sketches of the personalities who contributed decisively in one way or the

other to the amazing progress from the Nickelodeon to the Great Industry controlled by Morgan and Rockefeller.

It is not possible in a short review to do this book justice. One may object to certain estimates of personalities or certain evaluations of achievements, one may regret that there is no special survey of movie acting or movie criticism in what is otherwise so complete a work, but the important fact is that we have here a comprehensive, up-to-date history of the movies which sets a very high standard. Comments on more than a thousand film plots, an almost complete bibliography, an index of films, and forty-eight pages of characteristic stills make the book especially valuable. It is to be highly recommended to movie worker and moviegoer alike.

"America at the Movies" deals with the present status of the movie industry and its patrons. A very amusing book, it is also in many respects an eye-opener to the moviegoer who walks down Main Street intending to go to the Palace and not to the Avon but does not suspect that his mind was made up for him many months ago, that his choice was predetermined "by forces working so steadily and so subtly that the chooser is usually quite unaware how he got it fixed in his mind that 'The Life of Mr. Blank' is a film he really ought to see." Margaret Thorp tells you who made up your mind and how and why. She tells you who really runs your favorite movie house, describing the whole gigantic organization that lies behind your two hours' entertainment. She analyzes the influence of the movies on the American public and vice versa. Did you know that there are fan clubs which are a force in local politics? That after the advent of Shirley Temple juvenile beauty parlors sprang up where children got their hair curled into permanent waves and their nails manicured? That when Clark Gable went without an undershirt in "It Happened One Night," the sales of undershirts went down and the manufacturers protested in Hollywood? The author gives hundreds of such stories to show very effectively what a force the movies have become in American life.

FRANZ HOELLERING

DRAMA

A Mind Diseased

"THE WORLD WE MAKE," by Sidney Kingsley, presented by the author at the Guild Theater, is an interesting play somewhat out of the ordinary in both theme and method. It deals, to put the matter as briefly as possible, with the story of a young girl who escapes from a mental hospital, drifts into the slums, and finds sanity for herself through participation in the lives of those about her. Before the play opens, her young brother has been killed in an automobile which he himself was driving. The girl is convinced of something which may, in the deepest possible sense, be true—namely, that her mismated parents, who do not really love their children, gave her brother the automobile in the hope that it would kill him—and she is overwhelmed by the sense that hate rules the world. In the hospital the doctor tells her that the search for protection and

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security leads only to a retreat into the unreality of madness and that only toughness is sanity, but the sight of her quarreling parents who have come to visit her drives her back into herself; she steals a key and slips out into the world where she can learn by experience what the psychiatrist could not teach her. The most interesting feature of the play and the one chiefly responsible for its hold upon the imagination is the character of the girl. No small part of her effectiveness is probably due to a very fine, sincere, and restrained performance by Margo, who dominates the play as she should and who helps make the part so much the most convincingly real thing in the whole production that it would probably seem quite unimpressive were it not for the concern which she manages to create and sustain right through to the triumphant conclusion.

Despite the fact that I did find the play interesting throughout, I doubt that as a whole it deserves praise quite so high or so nearly unqualified as some have given it, and there are several reasons for this doubt. For one thing the fact that it is a dramatization, from a novel by Millen Brand, would be evident without the program note which declares it. One misses the intensity of the best dramatic effect because of the chronicle structure which Mr. Kingsley has not wholly succeeded in replacing by one more suitable to the theater, and the objection is not one based merely upon convention. When Aristotle drew the distinction between the unity necessary to drama and that mere sequence of events, some of which might be omitted or altered without altering the whole, satisfactory in an epic, he was not merely describing the practice of the Greeks but stating requirements so enduringly valid that they must have their justification either in the laws of the human mind itself or at least in some mental set which persists very stubbornly indeed. To object that a certain dramatic performance is "not really a play" is sometimes merely pedantic. In the present case it is, I think, to indicate that the material is not presented in the form which would make it as effective as it might possibly be.

Another objection to "The World We Make" which is at least equally valid is the objection that the slum dwellers among whom the heroine finds herself are almost too uniformly kindly, brave, and generous to achieve the effect of realism at which the play obviously aims. It is one thing for Mr. Saroyan to assure us that practically everyone in the world is a nice fellow in his own way. Mr. Saroyan is confessedly presenting us with a romantic humorist's view of the world as it really is, not with an imitation of that same world as it looks to the normal eye. But "The World We Make" is not fantasy. Its method is the method of naturalism. It is presented as something not far from the slice of life, and the result is to raise naturalistic doubts. The tenement in which the heroine finds herself by chance is an almost idyllic community. That a few of its inhabitants should be intellectuals is not, perhaps, improbable; but unless poverty and squalor are a good deal less corroding than is generally thought, it seems highly remarkable to say the least that tempers are so even and everybody so uniformly gentle, so exquisitely thoughtful, so unremittingly dominated by good-will. In the early scene in the laundry where the heroine gets a job, there are one or two naturalistic dissonances

but once she has taken refuge in the room of her young protector sweetness and light reign almost without interruption.

This prettification of the human background is made all the more conspicuous by the fact that the sets are conceived in a spirit of the most literally factual realism. Mr. Kingsley has shown in previous productions his fondness for what used to be called the Belasco touch, and he persists here by constructing both a doctor's office which lacks nothing except the smell of phenol and a laundry to which one would intrust a shirt without misgiving. The result is a chatter of distracting detail. Things like the elaborate play of human shadows upon the ground-glass walls of the doctor's office are bad theater for the simple reason that instead of creating an illusion they draw attention to themselves.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MUSIC

IN THE Beethoven quartet cycle that WEAF is broadcasting Sunday evenings the Primrose Quartet is alternating with another group of players from the N. B. C. Symphony, the American Art Quartet, which I heard on November 19 in the performance of Opus 59, No. 1. They revealed themselves as fine players and musicians with, in addition, the common musical feeling and understanding, the precision in execution, the balance and blending of tone of a fine ensemble group. But the broadcast was interesting in other ways. If N. B. C. put on a series of all the Beethoven quartets out of the feeling of obligation to such music that it claims, it would give each quartet the time it required, breaking down, when necessary, the barriers of the patchwork of half-hour and quarter-hour periods that is a result of commercialization. How little, instead, N. B. C. is concerned with great music, and how much, rather, with the reputation of being concerned with great music, is evident from what it actually does: it assigns a half-hour for the purpose, and when it comes to a work like Opus 59, No. 1 that requires forty-five minutes it simply slices out one movement of the four.

November 19 was the date also of the New York debut recital at which Dorothy Maynor, the colored soprano whom Koussevitzky brought to the attention of the nation last summer, revealed innate gifts of voice and musicianship that are indeed extraordinary and that are already at an impressive stage of development. Moderate concert activity will permit the further study and development Miss Maynor needs to become the great artist she has it in her to become. But there is the danger that after a sensational discovery and a sensationalized debut the next step will be, as usual, ruthless managerial exploitation of the publicity sensation—seven recitals a week fifty-two weeks a year while the sensation lasts and until the voice is wrecked.

December 6 is the date of a debut recital which I don't consider less important than Miss Maynor's even though the hall will not be packed by a sensational report of the artist's discovery by Koussevitzky. Instead, there will be present some of those who discovered him for themselves—who, a few

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years ago, were bored by Schlusnus's singing but excited by the piano accompaniments of Franz Rupp, for once literally an assisting artist, and one of superb technical and musical equipment and remarkable temperament and fire. These people have followed the growth of Rupp's powers in the recordings of Beethoven sonatas which he made with Kreisler for H. M. V. and in his playing with Feuermann during the past year; meanwhile, before coming to this country, he had, in his last years in Germany, established himself as a solo artist; and as a solo artist he makes his first New York appearance in a program of high quality on December 6.

A new Victor recording made by Bruno Walter with the London Symphony (M-602, $9) provided the occasion to hear Schubert's C major Symphony again after some time, and to be overwhelmed by the fresh impact of its miracles of sheer musical loveliness, its power and greatness. The new set also provided an occasion to hear the older one, and to find the work more effective in Boult's more straightforward performance with the B. B. C. Symphony. This performance was recorded with ample clarity and fidelity; and if it lacks the additional present-day degree of spaciousness and richness it lacks also an additional present-day sharpness that is to be heard in Walter's version.

Other Victor releases that have reached me so far include a set (M-603, $5.50) with the better movements of Mozart's Divertimento K. 247 for strings and horns, which sounded like nothing in the recent New Friends of Music performance, but which are quite engaging in the sharply seasoned and brilliantly recorded performance of Ormandy with a group from the Philadelphia Orchestra; a superb new set of Brahms's Piano Quintet Opus 34 made by Serkin and the Busch Quartet (M-607, $10); superlative playing by Artur Rubinstein of the Fauré Nocturne Opus 33, No. 3 and Poulenc's "Mouvements perpétuels," which I care little about (15660, $2); Hindemith's "Trauermusik," which I find characteristically arid, and which is well played by the composer with an orchestra under Reibold (15643, $2); good recording of beautiful singing and phrasing by Flagstad in Franz's "Im Herbst" and Schubert's "Im Abendrot," which, nevertheless, sound rather dull (15645, $2); and passages from Verdi's "Simone Boccanegra," not impressive as sung by Tibbett, Bampton, and Martinelli with the Metropolitan orchestra and chorus under Pelletier (15642, $2).

B. H. HAGGIN

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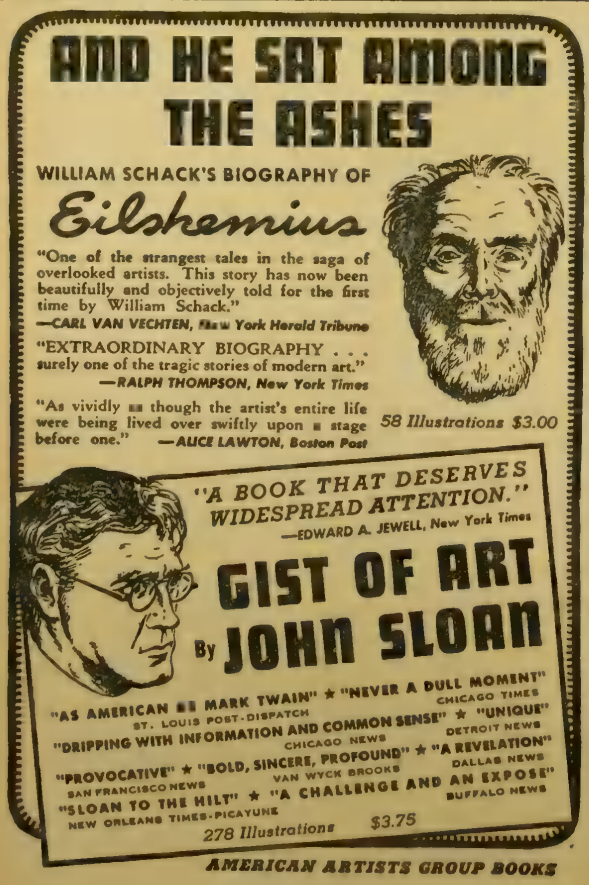
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Letters to the Editors

Robert Marshall

Dear Sirs: Somewhere in one of his letters the Plymouth fish peddler says it is impossible for any human being to be objective. This particular letter was written by Bartolomeo Vanzetti after he had pondered the efforts and life of himself and other men for some six years from the vantage point of the barren cells of various Massachusetts prisons. Unfortunately Vanzetti never had experienced Robert Marshall.

If he had, my guess is he would not have written so flat a statement. Because Bob was that unique individual in whom an intense subjectivity formed the medium from which grew a systematic and brilliant objectivity whose clarity caused discomfort to some of the lesser beings coming within its orbit. Not that he ever wanted it to. His urge to increase the margin of happiness in each individual he met and in the commonalty of individuals composing the society in which he lived was as nearly an absolute motivation as I have ever known.

It is therefore superfluous to say that as a federal government official or in any of the other roles he filled there was not one drop of malice in Bob. And malice, so abhorred by him, always originates in some form of striving for personal aggrandizement, which is something he never did. This must not be taken to imply that Bob was a saccharine person anxious to turn his other cheek or to divest himself of his goods for the other fellow in an exhibitionist, self-indulgent manner. Far from it. He was an innately modest being, though fully aware of his own ego gratifications. Moreover, he was too full of a robust and even tempestuous humor ever to be pious. He recognized too thoroughly and accepted with too joyously unflinching a courage the responsibility of making the most of his fine intellect in a physical equipment about whose imperfections, discovered by him as a youngster, he never once whined. Rather he turned those imperfections into a mechanism for prodigious hikes, mountain-climbings, and explorations in Alaska and most of our forty-eight states which shame the accomplishments of physiques developed for muscular performance.

No one can read his "Arctic Village" or even his more technical forestry works such as "The People's Forests" without being stirred by his passionate love of natural beauty. Yet even more impressive than that love is his insistence that all people of the community—especially those without money—be given the chance of discovering for themselves the joy he experienced in our national forest wilderness. The Wilderness Society which he founded and of which he was the head will, of course, go on.

It is a tribute to the understanding of Chief United States Forester Ferdinand Silcox and his assistant, Christopher Granger, that they persuaded Bob to leave his post as chief forester of the Bureau of Indian Affairs to become chief of the division of recreation and lands in the United States Forest Service specially created for him. So likewise does it speak well for Secretary Wallace's appreciation that he has announced he will name a wilderness area or forest recreation site after Bob.

No true friend or admirer of this man can harbor even the slightest twinge of fear, despite the brutality trampling large sections of the world, if he thinks of Bob. Not for an instant did Bob ever admit to himself, much less to others, that any situation was hopeless, was not conquerable by reason and decency backed by unyielding determination. The several additional jobs Bob had charted for himself just before he died must be carried through. The many causes which he supported and in which he was always an active participant must gain renewed strength from his example.

In an extended conversation a few hours before death suddenly interrupted his work Bob went over with me many of his plans and hopes for the coming months. Uppermost in his mind as a symbol was the need for the defeat of Hitler and everything Hitler typifies, with no tactical temporizing along the line. Believing profoundly in unions and other forms of organization as instruments essential in the working out of a society based on production for the common good rather than for the profit of the few, Bob at the same time was strongly opposed to those organizational techniques that make the individual a mere automatic instrument of the organization. He hated organizations to "use" individuals, whether high or low. He wanted every individual to be given an opportunity through truly democratic processes in each organization to realize his socially creative possibilities in decision and action for the common good.

Thus we find the seeming paradox of Bob, the lover of wilderness solitude and of people, fighting at one and the same time with high joy, courage, and candor for more and more effective organization and for the dignity of the individual. Thus also, we who knew him call him an intensely subjective and at the same time superbly objective human being.

GARDNER JACKSON

Chevy Chase, Md., November 23

Anniversary of a Strike

Dear Sirs: On December 5 the Chicago Newspaper Guild will observe with appropriate ceremonies the first anniversary of its strike against Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* and *Evening American.*

For the past two months Edward G. Woods, attorney for Hearst, has attempted to enjoin the strike. The Chicago Newspaper Guild was fined $500 for contempt of court. Strikers by the score have been cited to show cause why they should not be held in contempt of court. Guild sympathizers who had the effrontery to handbill stores which advertised in the struck paper have been brought into court.

At the present day the Hearst legal machine has almost run out of gas. Because strikers had been subjected to violence by Hearst thugs, the Guild sought and obtained an injunction—unique in labor annals—which restrains the Hearst management and its employees from violence against strikers. Four days after the injunction was issued, a scab reporter attacked a Guild picket. As a result the Hearst management has been cited to show cause why it should not be held in contempt.

Meanwhile, advertising has fallen off by 6,000,000 agate lines. Circulation of the *Herald-American* has dropped 64,000. The Guild estimates that the strike has cost Hearst more than five million dollars. Reports from the Hearst building set the *Herald-American's* weekly loss at $17,000.

Hearst and his financial "angel," the Chase National Bank, still believe that they can whip the Guild in Chicago. And no doubt they think that if they can break the Guild here they can do it in any Hearst city. From this angle, they find the strike worth the cost. Hearst could, of course, have amicable relations with his employees by spending a great deal less money.

D. H. KENISTON

Chicago, November 22

Repression in Canada

Dear Sirs: The Frank Watson Defense Committee noted with gratification S. J. Kennedy's article in your issue of October 25 revealing governmental suppression of civil liberties in Canada since the war. Your correspondent referred to the jailing of "a street-corner pacifist." The man referred to is Frank Watson, a young English-Canadian who was employed in a Toronto restaurant. He spoke against Canadian participation in the war at an open-air meeting in Toronto on September 15 and was arrested at the close of the meeting. He was convicted under the Defense of Canada Regulations at a summary hearing before a local magistrate and sentenced to six months in jail and a fine of $300, or another six months, for making remarks "likely to prejudice the recruiting of His Majesty's Forces."

A study of his case reveals, in the opinion of the committee, several extenuating circumstances. First, the alleged offense was committed before the Defense of Canada Regulations were made public. Second, the entire testimony against him was given by an ex-recruiting officer and a soldier, whose remarks in the courtroom were scarcely of an unprejudiced character. Third, the organization from whose platform Mr. Watson spoke, the Socialist Workers' League, is a legal organization which had habitually conducted meetings at the same corner without any interference. The committee is therefore supporting Mr. Watson's appeal to a higher court, and earnestly asks the cooperation of all individuals and organizations in Canada in the securing of funds and of publicity for this appeal.

The committee considers that the principles involved go far beyond the immediate case of Frank Watson. A study of the evidence shows that Watson was convicted for statements no different in essential character or phrasing from remarks which have been made by Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Manion, several C. C. F. members, and even by persons without parliamentary privilege as in letters to the London *Times*. The committee feels that the extremely repressive nature of Sections 39 and 39a of the Defense of Canada Regulations is a standing threat against the liberties of anyone in Canada who is not in absolute agreement with the present war or even with the present or past policies of the Chamberlain or Daladier or Mackenzie King governments.

Sympathizers in the work of the committee are asked to communicate with me at 246 College Street, Toronto.

M. G. DAWSON, Secretary
Frank Watson Defense Fund

Toronto, Canada, November 24

Cabaret Irony

Dear Sirs: "Nacht muss es sein" is a "curious title" for a Berlin cabaret show, says Toni Christen (*The Nation*, November 11). Perhaps, but there is nothing curious or mysterious about the phrase. "Nacht muss es sein, wo Friedlands Sterne strahlen"—those are the proud words that Schiller put into the mouth of Wallenstein, as the fates and his own weakness conspired against him ("Night must it be, for Friedland's stars to shine"). The author of the skit chose to misapply a familiar quotation to caption his "pleasant picture of night life in peace-time Berlin." It is a common device; yet perhaps some irony lurked in the back of his head. Schiller has been used before in Nazi Germany to point a protest. Remember the performances of "Don Carlos." S. G. MORLEY

Berkeley, Cal., November 21

In Defense of Wilson

Dear Sirs: Permit me to say that Oswald Garrison Villard's statement, in your issue of October 14, putting at Woodrow Wilson's door the horrible fate of Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Tyrol seems exremely far-fetched. President Wilson tried with all his intelligence, heart, and soul to give peace—a real, solid, organized peace—to our poor, silly world. And if he did not succeed, we know that it was in no way his fault.

It may be an "amazing assumption" in the eyes of Mr. Villard to charge that the United States—not alone, of course, but more than any other single country—wrecked the League, brought Mussolini and Hitler to the top, and killed all possibilities of a workable international order. Still, that is my opinion, and I am not alone in it.

LUCIEN LEHMAN

Paris, November 15

Aid for Spain's Children

Dear Sirs: We should like to ask your readers for books for our rental library. We expect that the income derived from this project will enable us to establish and maintain more "white corners" for Spanish children living in camps in France—where undernourished children receive vitamin concentrates, powdered milk, cod-liver oil, chocolate, medicines.

Books may be donated or lent. They should be sent to the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, Room 812, 203 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

MARY GORDON, Executive Secretary

Chicago, November 20

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

NEITHER LABOR NOR THE FARMER SEEMS to have cause for alarm in the Supreme Court's decision in the Chicago milk case. In our opinion it does not weaken proper exemption of trade-union and farm-cooperative activities from the anti-trust laws or undermine proper attempts at regulation of the milk industry. The court held that milk producers and distributors engaged in a price-fixing combination could not evade anti-trust prosecution by appealing to the Agricultural Marketing Act, since that law permits price-fixing only under government supervision and regulation. Had the court held otherwise, it would have left the dairy farmer and the consumer completely at the mercy of the milk trust. The decision also seems to imply that neither labor unions nor farm cooperatives can plead exemption from the anti-trust laws when they engage in monopolistic combinations with employer and distributor organizations. To have decided otherwise would have been to uphold a kind of racketeering. But this decision does not mean that the anti-trust laws can be used to police any and all labor-union and farm-cooperative activities. Attorney General Murphy in his letter to William Green says they can be applied "to the activities of labor organizations and their members." The question is, "What activities?" Murphy is less cautious than Thurman Arnold, but both seem to be looking back to the anti-trust-law interpretations of the court under Taft.

*

THE SUPREME COURT HAS ALREADY TURNED its back on the ideas of the Taft era, and nowhere more strikingly than in the field of labor. One of Justice Brandeis's last decisions identified the right to picket with the right of free expression, and was in sharp contrast to the weasel reasoning of the decisions to which the Department of Justice now appeals. We think the Supreme Court will uphold the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in its unanimous decision setting aside the $700,000 triple-damage verdict against the Apex sitdown strikers in a suit brought under the anti-trust laws. Judge John Biggs, Jr., condemned the sitdown strike but declared that the commission of unlawful acts by the strikers did not make them guilty of a combination in restraint of interstate commerce—"their intent was to unionize the appellee's plant, an action local in motive and in effect." Remedy for the sitdown strike, the court declared, lies in the criminal laws of the state. Thurman Arnold says he agrees with the decision. But if the court is unwilling to apply the anti-trust laws to the sitdown strike, is it likely to do so in the obscurer and more controversial cases with which he is concerned? The Apex decision, in effect, upholds *The Nation's* contention that the anti-trust laws were not meant to be a means of policing labor but of policing industry. In that connection the ruling will be bad news for Tom Girdler, who has pending a similar suit for $7,500,000 against the C. I. O. The steel industry provides our outstanding example of evasion of the anti-trust laws. When a steel magnate accuses labor of violating the anti-trust laws by trying to unionize his men, he may be suspected of possessing a sense of humor.

*

OHIO'S INDUSTRIES ARE BOOMING, BUT Ohio's cities are experiencing a financial crisis which has caused thousands on relief to be cut from the rolls and the meager rations of other families to be still further reduced. In Cleveland a quarter of those on relief, mostly single adults, have been dropped from the food lists altogether and are being kept from starvation only by supplies issued through the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. The scale on which assistance is available to families is indicated by the allowance of $17.10 for two weeks to a woman with eight children. Nor is it certain that such payments can continue to the end of the year unless additional funds are raised. The rushing of WPA jobs for 6,000 will, however, do something to reduce want. In Dayton and Toledo, hospitals report numerous cases of malnutrition. In Toledo the schools are shut, and only the very old, the sick, and children are receiving food allowances. Ohio cities are continually running into troubles of this kind because the legislature has steadily refused either to make an adequate state contribution to relief or to permit the levying of additional local taxes. Mayor Burton of Cleveland, a Republican, has been urging Governor Bricker to call a special session. But Governor Bricker has Presidential ambitions, and his chief claim to the attention of his party is the fact that he has balanced the state budget. To deal with the relief crisis would necessitate sullying this record; so the Governor is sitting tight and telling the cities that their extravagance is to blame. Playing politics with misery in this way may endear Mr. Bricker to the G. O. P. It will hardly make the same impression on ordinary voters.

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IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, A COURAGEOUS liberal is on trial. The prosecution of Mayor Maury Maverick is a transparent political maneuver; not even his critics deny the political animus behind the accusations. The most serious charge—that he paid the poll tax of voters in the last city election—has been dropped; he now faces the more vapory charge that he "conspired" with others who committed that offense. Even if the charge were valid—and it remains to be established—it would come with ill grace from any Southern politician, for the procedure is routine in Southern elections. There is serious question, moreover, of the constitutionality of the poll tax itself, which is a flagrant hang-over from an undemocratic past. The significant fact is that Maverick is an independent liberal, a left New Dealer in John Garner country. When the Garnerites prevented his reelection to Congress, they thought they had written finis to his career. They were wrong. Now he looms as a menace to a Garner-controlled Texas delegation at the Democratic convention and as a perpetual nuisance to the state's reactionary overlords. This trial is designed to accomplish his political burial. Whatever its outcome, we suspect that he won't bury easily.

*

A RENEWED FLOOD OF PROPAGANDA MAY be expected against Mexico, now that its Supreme Court has upheld the expropriation of foreign oil companies. About 60 per cent of Mexico's oil production was controlled by the Anglo-Dutch international oil trust, and another 30 per cent by the Rockefeller companies. They would doubtless not be unwilling to see American lives and money spent to establish a new Mexican regime more to their liking. The Mexican court's decision is based on the 1917 constitution, which vested ownership of the subsoil wealth in the nation, this provision being patterned after an older Spanish law that subsoil wealth was the property of the sovereign. Under the decision the companies have a right to compensation for "capital directly and legitimately invested in the oil industry on Mexican soil" but not for profits they would have made in the future if there had been no expropriation. We think the method and time of payment a legitimate subject for State Department negotiation, but to go beyond this would be to revive "dollar diplomacy." Even expropriation without compensation is not unprecedented in law, as one Mexican judge pointed out, citing the abolition of slavery in the South and prohibition as examples. The first is a telling parallel, for just as the Northern merchant and capitalist chafed under the power exercised in the government by the slaveholding planters, so the Mexican people have long resented the interference and power of the oil interests in their government and economy. The difference is that Mexico offers compensation, although the wealth the oil companies have taken out of the country is many times greater than their investment.

PREMIER DALADIER WON A RENEWAL OF HIS decree powers and a vote of confidence in the first session of the Chamber of Deputies to be held since the war began. A considerable minority, mainly composed of Socialists, voted against him, and during a stormy debate many members declared that they would join the opposition save for the fact that they wished to avoid a government crisis. Daladier did, in fact, threaten to resign if thwarted, but in the end made a slight concession by promising to submit each decree for approval within one month if Parliament were in session. Since his powers make it unnecessary to call Parliament more than once or twice a year, this is a very faint gesture toward democratic control. With all the Communists expelled, there was no opposition to Daladier's broad war policy. The grounds for complaint were rather that Parliament was being ignored instead of permitted to exercise a general supervision over the government. No doubt many of the deputies were irked by comparisons with the British House of Commons, which has been meeting regularly since the war and engaging in pungent criticism of the government. So far from hampering the administration, this parliamentary freedom appears to be a positive force in exposing inefficiency and creating a direct link between public opinion and the Cabinet. Above all it is serving as an aid to the maintenance of those basic civil liberties which are usually the first victims of war. Britons, of course, have had to surrender temporarily many rights, but every demand in this direction is subject to sharp scrutiny in Parliament, and not long ago the Home Secretary was compelled to withdraw a whole set of regulations which the House considered gave him unduly wide and ill-defined powers of prosecution and detention.

*

THE VIOLENCE UNLEASHED IN CHICAGO against striking Hearst newspapermen recalls the Al Capone era. A fine sense of professional "ethics" has kept stories of the attacks out of the press in Chicago as elsewhere, even the supposedly liberal Chicago *Times* remaining silent on the gangsterism. But the latest issue of the *Guild Reporter,* organ of the Newspaper Guild, lists eighteen cases of assault by so called "goon squads" and also reports that thugs shot at strikers manning a sound truck and slugged the crew of another after attempting to overturn it. The attacks began on November 18 when frail Harry Read, strike-unit chairman, whom Hearst once called "my best city editor," was set upon by a gang of six and knocked down. Read is head of the Chicago Cathedral Chapter, Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and was distributing leaflets for the Holy Name Cathedral Labor School when he was attacked. Mayor Kelly's police seem to be showing a positive genius for not being present when the "goons" are at work. Only one of the thugs has been arrested, and a municipal judge let him off with a one-dollar fine.

WAGE DIFFERENTIALS BASED ON RACIAL discrimination exploit the labor of the Negro worker and undermine the bargaining power of the white. The decision rendered by Federal Judge W. Calvin Chestnut in Baltimore requiring the payment of the same salaries to Negro school teachers as to white is a victory in the fight for wage equality. It will also aid in the establishment of greater educational equality for Negroes in the South. The Maryland Teachers' Association and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People deserve great credit for the fight they waged to win the Chestnut decision. What has happened in Maryland should set an example in the North as well as the South, for wage inequalities based on race exist above the Mason and Dixon Line as well as below it.

"By Fire and Sword"

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE "ideology" behind the Russian invasion of Finland is summed up with beautiful brevity in the words of a Stakhanovite worker at a meeting in a Moscow factory, reported by G. E. R. Gedye in the New York *Times* just before the invasion. "We will punch them so hard in the teeth that not one gentleman ruling Finland will be able to gather them together again. Long live the peace policy of the Soviet government!" The teeth were symbolic. In military terms they were quickly translated into the bodies of civilians smashed to fragments in buses or on the streets of undefended towns by bombs dropped from Soviet war planes. The horrors that fascism wreaked in Spain are being repeated, in the name of peace and socialism, in Finland. And the contemptible pretenses that have accompanied fascist aggression—pretenses brilliantly exposed and excoriated by Litvinov in his unforgotten speeches at Geneva—are now being revived by the government that dismissed him in forms so brazen and bizarre as to seem almost like caricatures of their fascist models.

After the conclusion of the Nazi-Soviet pact, Louis Fischer wrote in *The Nation:* "The pendulum of the Kremlin clock swings fast and never stops halfway." This week it has swung all the way over to the right.

What are the reasons for the Russian invasion of Finland? Let us ignore the shocking nonsense in the Soviet press and look only at the facts. Russia demanded certain islands in the Gulf of Finland; a naval base at Hangö, Finland's chief fortification; the port of Petsamo close to the nickel mines owned by the International Nickel Company, Finland's one outlet on the Arctic Ocean; a piece of territory near Leningrad on the Karelian Isthmus; the demilitarization of the frontier. In return Finland was offered a strip of Karelia, larger in area than the territory Russia demanded, but of no particular value. Long negotiations in the Kremlin failed to produce an agreement. Finland's representatives announced that they had accepted a majority of the Russian demands but could not go the whole way without sacrificing the country's independence. They went home, leaving the door behind them open for further talks. But the country was put on a war footing in case of trouble. Soviet and Finnish troops faced each other across the frontier. Tension mounted, and the Soviet press launched a systematic campaign designed to terrorize the Finns into surrender. Out of the mass of abuse and lies the one point consistently made was the present vulnerability of Leningrad and Russia's need of controlling the approaches to the city both overland and through the Gulf of Finland. This point is valid if Russia is preparing to meet an attack from Germany or from Britain in alliance with Germany. While neither looks probable for the duration of the present war, the Soviet government is obviously determined to utilize the freedom from interference which the war provides, to guard against the hazards of a longer future.

Without invasion the Soviet Union could have obtained the boundary concessions and the islands in the Gulf of Finland it has now taken by force. The one thing it certainly could not have gained is the fortified Hangö peninsula; if Finland had granted this it would have been as if England allowed a Continental power to establish a naval base at Plymouth. Rather than relinquish any part of its demands, the Russian government preferred a war of conquest. How long ago it decided on this no one knows, but certainly the policy was laid down before the British-French negotiations began last summer. The terms of that undefined Russian demand for concessions in the Baltic states, made during the negotiations, are now revealed in the bombs dropping in the streets of Helsinki. When the demand was rejected, Stalin turned to Germany, and his advance in the Baltic may well have been part of the deal that preceded the division of Poland.

Since I am not in the power-politics business, it is hard for me to understand the necessity of pretense. If Russia was determined to enforce its claims upon Finland, even by bomb or bayonet, why could it not have issued a direct plea of national necessity such as I have outlined here? Bad as its case might seem to sticklers for peaceful methods, it would be better than the palpable, barefaced lies with which the Soviet government draped its cold-blooded purpose. Does any living man believe that Finland intended to attack the Soviet Union, much less to extend its domination to the Ural Mountains? Does anyone believe that Finland was encouraged to resist Soviet demands by British "imperialists and warmongers" when

Britain even today is officially ignoring Russia's aggression in the interests of friendly relations with the Soviet Union? Does anyone really believe that the new "democratic" regime set up at Terijoki by the advancing Russian army represents the interests or desires of the Finnish workers and peasants? What is this grotesque nonsense designed to accomplish? One can only suppose that it is aimed at people who read and hear nothing to the contrary—at the people of the Soviet Union. But a war is not an internal affair, and opinion in other countries will have much to do with the final outcome of Moscow's adventure in imperialism. The Kremlin obviously needs a censor.

For no conqueror ever had a worse press than Stalin has today. Even the Nazis are finding their own invention-machinery requirements inadequate to the demands of the newest exploits of their partner. Forced to think up reasons for approving a development that holds obvious threats to German interests, the Nazi press has belatedly decided to blame the whole affair on Britain. The *Völkischer Beobachter* argues that the Russian-Finnish dispute proves that peace will not descend upon Europe until its quarrels are left to those "immediately concerned." "The experiences of the present war prove," it says, "that collective security is ineffective in protecting the strong from the weak. . . ." I think that this comment should be preserved as fascism's happiest contribution to the literature of international relations.

Italy makes no pretense of approving Russia's attack. Mass student demonstrations in support of Finland have been permitted, with the police ostentatiously guarding the Soviet embassy from assault, and the press has expressed cautious sympathy for the Finns. The Italian attitude has elements of irony considering Mussolini's record, but it proves how intense are Italy's fears of Soviet advance in the Balkans and reflects an antagonism to Nazi policy which is now almost outspoken.

In the rest of the world, abhorrence of Soviet imperialism is expressed as clearly as fear and national self-interest permit. China, depending still on Russian supplies, is silent; Japan, worried about its own security and glad enough to have Soviet attention directed to the west, says nothing officially, but its press warmly supports Finland's case. The Balkan states, especially Rumania, watch with obvious trepidation, reading their own fate in the progress of the struggle. In the Scandinavian countries, of course, popular indignation against Russia runs hot, and hundreds of young men are offering their services to the Finnish army. The governments expect ultimate involvement. The possibility that Russian troops may push through to the Atlantic is in every mind, and the even more desperate fear of a joint German-Soviet attack on the peninsula and Denmark, which might develop either as the result of a prearranged deal or as a counter-move by Hitler to prevent Russian domination of Scandinavia. Sweden has formed a new emergency Cabinet.

As for the United States, opinion is divided only as to the form and appropriate degree of protest. The President offered the good offices of the United States government in an effort, which he doubtless knew would be vain, to prevent the invasion. He has followed it with two official acts: a message to both governments urging that they refrain from bombing civilian centers—a proposal which Finland agreed to and Russia ignored; and a public request that American firms refuse to sell planes to the aggressor, unnamed but clearly designated. Much pressure is being brought to bear to force the Administration to break diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, but only part of it can be traced to righteous indignation. The rest is partisan politics which has driven a few Republicans to the perilous length of attributing the invasion of Finland to the Administration's recognition of the Soviet government in 1933. The President's course seems to me beyond criticism. I hope and believe he will not go farther and end diplomatic relations.

So far Finland has resisted the Russian attack with amazing vigor. The government has been reorganized to draw in representatives of all parties, including Vaino A. Tanner, Social Democrat, former Finance Minister, and head of Finland's greatest cooperative society. The new Cabinet's offer of peace negotiations has of course been flatly rejected. After all, Moscow has already set up, recognized, and signed a mutual-assistance pact with a Finnish "government" of its own—a government which has gracefully yielded all that the legally constituted government at Helsinki refused. It would be improper, to say the least, to ignore the existence of so amenable a puppet and negotiate with the government it is supposed to have superseded! On similar grounds Moscow has refused to attend the meeting of the League Council, called at Finland's request. Aside from such mummery, it is clear that Russia is now determined to have its way with Finland, to smash its military power and achieve domination of the Baltic.

The Finns are fighting for their lives and for the independence of their country. And whether they are conscious of it or not, they are fighting to resist a concept of revolution that threatens every ideal that the working-class movement has stood for. Only a few weeks ago *Izvestia* pointed out that you cannot change an ideology "by fire and sword," a simple fact that all honest revolutionary leaders accept. Today the followers of Stalin all over the world are repeating in other words the formula of the Moscow factory worker. Whether or not that formula will prevail in the Balkan states and even in the strong democracies of Scandinavia may well be settled among the lakes and forests of Finland.

Mr. Dies in Manhattan

MARTIN DIES'S campaign for renewal of his committee's appropriation opened at Madison Square Garden last week. The event, camouflaged as a "Committee for America mass-meeting," was a box-office dud —nearly half the 12,000 spectators were admitted free— and as theater second-rate. But the production was crammed with social significance. It dispelled any lingering illusion that Martin Dies can be educated to distinguish between liberals—including the New Deal variety —and Communists. It unveiled his newest and least reputable associates, the records of some of whom could keep a Congressional inquiry busy for months. And it put on display a fascist-minded upper class which draped itself in its furs and took over the more expensive seats.

As demagogic art the performance had one serious flaw: it lacked even pseudo-radical overtones. The crowd in the balconies, where the proletariat—including a generous sprinkling of Christian Fronters—was admitted free, remained relatively apathetic, as if waiting for a main bout that never came. But to the uniformed legionnaires, to the Daughters of the American Revolution, to the Park Avenue contingent, and to the visible bloc of reactionary Catholics recruited by George U. Harvey, the evening was a memorable one. It was a legionnaire's dream of a Town Hall forum: the speakers, representing every reactionary walk of life, included Jeremiah Cross, head of the state Legion, who swore that New York wasn't big enough to hold both J. Cross and Simon Gerson; Joseph P. Ryan, who gave an unconvincing portrayal of a trade-union leader; Laurens Hamilton, a Son of the American Revolution and son-in-law of J. P. Morgan; Brigadier General John F. O'Ryan, whose comments were unfortunately inaudible; Borough President Harvey of Queens, who slyly observed that "it's a damn good thing Yale isn't in Queens County"; and Jean Mathias, commander of the Jewish War Veterans, apparently put on the roster to quell any rumors of anti-Semitism. In rapid succession the speakers berated communism (and fascism), the C. I. O., foreign agents, and class consciousness, scolded Mayor LaGuardia and Frances Perkins, and leveled parenthetical thrusts at the White House. They were unanimously "for free speech but—."

Dies arrived at exactly 8:30. He was greeted by a uniformed "honor guard" of the Seventh Regiment, despite a state law prohibiting the appearance of the National Guard at political gatherings, and by four spiritless creatures portraying the Spirit of '76. He was introduced by Merwin K. Hart, who stopped fighting against social legislation a few years ago to fight—rhetorically—for General Franco. Hart visited Franco's Spain as the Generalissimo's guest, was chairman of the American Friends of Nationalist Spain, and throughout the war served as Franco's foremost American propagandist. His office served as the headquarters for the hastily fabricated "Committee for America."

Dies's speech, broadcast over a national hookup, was a blend of caution and candor. Departing from his prepared text, he omitted his most specific thrust at the New Deal. But without mentioning names he made himself abundantly clear; and his words ought to be memorized by those New Dealers who have recently decided to throw the Communists to Dies in the hope that his appetite will thereby be satisfied. For the bulk of Dies's tirade was aimed at neither Communists nor fascists but at "Marxists" who "masquerade as liberals." The only "Marxist" he specifically identified was Thurman Arnold. And the way to tell a "Marxist," he explained, is by his espousal of these heresies: (1) "the attack on our economic system"; (2) "the notion that the government has the duty to support the people"; (3) "subtle proposals to regiment agriculture and industry."

On the platform, beaming gratefully at Mr. Dies, was a coterie of celebrated citizens: State Senator McNaboe, Mrs. Ralph Easley, and one Ralph Appleton, who until recently provided free office space for the Christian Mobilizers. Less enthusiastic was Frederick Jagel of the "Met," who was drafted to sing the Star-Spangled Banner. Mr. Jagel, his press agent hastened to point out, hates the Star-Spangled Banner and wants a new national anthem, but he sang it anyway out of deference to Dies and majority rule.

When the meeting ended, a society matron nearly knocked Dies off the platform by pounding him affectionately on the back. The Christian Fronters went noisily into the streets shouting "Investigate Zionism." On the whole the meeting revealed more about un-American activities than its sponsors intended. It gave dramatic evidence that a little government money has already gone a long way.

That American Standard of Living

ACCURATE information on America's much-vaunted standard of living is available for the first time in a booklet entitled "Consumer Expenditures in the United States," issued by the National Resources Committee. Here in cold statistics we have a picture of what American families of different income levels spend their money for. The picture bears little resemblance to that usually drawn of the mode of life in the richest country in the world. It is even farther removed from the life of the average American family as presented by Hollywood.

We find that the typical American family—the statistical median—had an income of $1,160 in the year 1935-36, when the study was made. This was not a

median wage, but the median family income. In the typical family of four the equivalent of one and one-third employed persons was required to bring in this amount. Median expenditures were a little higher, since the average family could not make ends meet on $22.50 a week. The typical American family spent approximately $1,195 during the year. Of this sum about $459, or 38 per cent, went for food; $393, or 33 per cent, went for housing, household furnishings, and operation; and $106, or 9 per cent, was spent for clothing. Thus 80 per cent of the typical American family's income was spent for the bare necessities of food, clothing, and shelter. An additional 10 per cent went for such essentials as transportation and personal care, leaving roughly $120 for the family to spend on such "luxuries" as medical care, recreation, tobacco, books, magazines, newspapers, radio, education, gifts, taxes, and incidentals. A fair estimate of the cost of adequate medical care per family, excluding dentistry and mental treatment, is $103 per family. The survey shows that the average family had just about half this amount available.

As we pass down the income scale, the situation becomes even worse. A third of American families and single individuals have incomes of less than $780, the average for this group being only $471 a year. At this level, five dollars out of every six is required to provide food, clothing, and shelter, and only 9 per cent is left over for the non-necessities listed above. Food alone takes forty-four cents out of every dollar.

Having observed that the largest item of expenditure in nearly every instance is food, we may fairly ask how adequate a diet these families obtained for this expenditure. For experience has shown that diet is as good a criterion of a family's living standard as can be found. People do not as a rule spend much for comforts and luxuries until their basic food requirements are met. While no national figures are available, we find that only one-fourth of the families surveyed in North Atlantic cities had a completely satisfactory diet, allowing a generous margin of safety. About 45 per cent had a satisfactory diet but no margin of safety, while 30 per cent fell short of the minimum requirements for health and efficiency. Forty per cent of the white and 60 per cent of the Negro families of the South were unable to spend enough on food to obtain an "adequate diet."

Another good criterion for judging living standards is the amount which a family is able to lay aside for a rainy day. It is here that we meet what is probably the most shocking disclosure of the study: far from being able to save a moderate amount, the two-thirds of America's families with incomes of less than $1,500 were, by and large, unable to live within their income. Families with incomes of less than $500 spent an average of $162, or almost 50 per cent, more than their earnings. Families in the median range spent about 3 per cent more than they earned. It is not to be supposed that every one of the nineteen million families with incomes of less than $1,500 incurred a deficit for the year. Actually, many of them managed to live within their incomes. But those who were forced to dig into their savings or who went into debt outnumbered those who could make ends meet.

Once a family is able to obtain the basic necessities and certain minor comforts and luxuries, the amount set aside in savings rises very rapidly. We find, for example, that families with incomes of between $4,000 and $5,000 often save 21 per cent of their earnings, while families in the bracket of $20,000 and up set aside half or more of their incomes. The latter are able to do this while spending five times as much for food and twenty times as much for clothing as the median family. Families in the upper bracket also spend sixteen times as much for medical care and thirty-six times as much for recreation as the typical family unit.

Other facts could be cited to fill in this picture—facts regarding housing and inadequate educational and recreational facilities—but enough have been given to illustrate how far the United States is from providing the essentials of life for its population.

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Hush-Hush on the Potomac

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, December 4

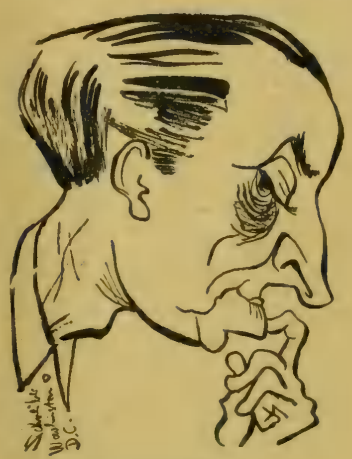
ALL is so quiet along the Potomac that even a statement by John D. H. Hamilton is heavy enough to make a splash. Time was when Washington, as the seat of controversy between liberalism and reaction, was something of a news center, as important in its way as Helsinki. But that was before the war broke out. Since then Washington items, if any, have been trailers to the European news. Several thousand reliefers had to start starving in Cleveland to call attention to the fact that all the world's bereft are not in Europe.

The quiescence of the New Deal and its enemies during the last few weeks has not been accidental and not without ominous implications. It is the result of a deliberate policy of hush-hush and compromise on the part of the Administration and a growing disposition on the part of business to cooperate with government, especially if government does most of the cooperating. The President has soft-pedaled reform, borne down hard on the economy key, and achieved something approaching a close harmony with conservative Democrats, in which sour notes from the Republicans could be drowned out.

Apparently feeling that continuation of the domestic truce and concentration on foreign affairs will lay the smoothest pavement for Democratic success in 1940, the President is shooting for a short, non-controversial session of Congress. He must realize that this will entail enormous concessions to the tories. He seems to be ready to make them. Indeed, he has already started making them. The Budget Bureau, obviously acting under orders from the White House, is cutting deep into the estimates of New Deal agencies. At Warm Springs the President talked about holding the maximum relief load down to 2,100,000 cases. Patronage recommendations from such reactionaries as Senator Walter George of Georgia and Senator Josiah Bailey of North Carolina are receiving sympathetic consideration from government personnel officials—always sensitive barometers of Administration pressure. New Deal spenders, who want to supplement war business with public investments, are receiving no encouragement, and liberal advisers of the President are less in evidence at the White House.

All these things have of course happened before. There have been "breathing spells," cycles of "business appeasement," and periods of reconciliation by other names between the Administration and its enemies. But all of them have been more clatter than substance, and all have been short-lived. The weeks immediately preceding a session of Congress are invariably seasons of brave talk about drastic economy. The talk ordinarily dies out as soon as Congress reassembles. But this time the circumstances and the portents are different.

In a general way the President had a choice between two courses of action after his neutrality legislation was passed and his foreign policy determined. Course number one, urged upon him by a group of influential New Deal economists, called for resumption of heavy government spending for relief and public works. The theory behind it was that war trade, even under the liberal provisions of the neutrality law, would not be sufficient foundation for a healthy and lasting recovery. It would have to be bolstered by purchasing power fed by government pay rolls. Those who favored this course, among them Chairman Marriner S. Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board, advocated increased taxation to pay the bill. They particularly favored heavier taxes on medium incomes—the largest potential reservoir of additional revenue.



Marriner S. Eccles

Believing that the American people were willing to pay for the blessings of peace, these spending economists wanted to make the most of the opportunity afforded by the European war to increase taxes all along the line, feed the proceeds out through public-works channels, and at the same time close the gap between income and outgo. They argued that such a policy would carry the New Deal a logical step forward, put a firm base under the new prosperity, and strengthen this country's position as a neutral capable of preserving its neutrality. The war situation, they felt, could be made the justification for public-health undertakings, public works, and other socially valuable projects as well as for a bigger army and navy. They argued that spending for peace and preparedness was politically possible even in an election year; that it would, in fact, create an issue on which a liberal candidate could go to the country with confidence of success.

It now seems clear that this course and these arguments have been rejected in favor of a more orthodox political stratagem—the trick of cutting the ground from under the opposition by adopting its slogans. The argument for the expediency of this line is that by next November the United States will be an island of peace in a world engulfed by war. Business, under the stimulus of war trade, will be reasonably prosperous if not booming. Comparing their good fortune with the plight of other peoples, American voters will be content with what they have. Republicans will have nothing more enticing to offer than something just as good. Even their promises to economize and to quit interfering with free enterprise will appear to be birds in the bush comparing unfavorably with birds already in hand. Voters, while enjoying the benefits of war trade, will be content to return to power the party that kept the United States out of war.

To make the most of this anticipated situation, the President must not excite the country about some new program, such as the taxers propose. He must keep attention focused on the foreign situation. Hence his desire for a do-nothing session of Congress. Although he announced at Warm Springs that he was considering the advisability of new taxes to put national defense on a pay-as-you-go basis, he soon made it plain that he would not insist upon this, that he had merely thrown out the suggestion as something the country should consider. After a subsequent visit to the White House, Chairman Pat Harrison of the Finance Committee expressed gratification at the increased yield of present revenue laws and assured the country that no general tax revision would be necessary at the next session. The White House then confirmed Harrison's analysis. There is nothing surer in politics than that Congress will avoid tax increases in an election year unless the Administration takes the initiative and puts up a strong fight for its legislation. So unless the White House does a flip-flop, there will be no new taxes in 1940.

Whatever is done to improve the budget picture will be on the spending side, and most of it will be done with mirrors. The President has announced that defense expenditures will be budgeted separately. The regular budget will show some Administrative reductions, but, in relation to total government outlays, these economies will be drops in the bucket. The drops will be important only to the agencies from which they are squeezed, and in some cases they will be life blood. The Wage and Hour Division of the Labor Department, already confronted with an impossible enforcement problem, can spare none of its meager appropriation. Reductions here will be tantamount to nullification of the law. And many other New Deal agencies are in much the same situation. The biggest savings will of course come out of relief and public works, and when cuts are put into effect here, the results may well be what they have been in Cleveland.

As usual Congress will pay little attention to the budget where it conflicts with politically expedient spending. The farm lobby almost certainly will shoulder the budget aside for some expensive legislation. Extension of the food-stamp plan and a certificate arrangement permitting restoration of processing taxes for the benefit of wheat and cotton are already being planned. Some of the Budget Bureau's agency cuts, particularly those affecting agriculture, likewise will be ignored by Congress. In the end there will be few if any savings left, but Congress, rather than the Administration, will have to accept the responsibility for extra-budgetary outlays. The reliefers and the unemployed, who have no organized lobbies to help them punch holes in the budget, will bear the brunt of whatever substantial economies there are. As has happened this year, five hundred will be thrown off relief every time fifty are rehired by private industry.

Bad as all this sounds, there is a liberal defense for the President's strategy. The Congress that comes back to Washington in January will be the reactionary Congress elected in 1938. On domestic issues it has been in the hands of the Republican-Southern Democratic coalition from the start. It jumped through the President's hoop at the special session only because the agenda was limited to foreign policy. For the President to push a tax-spend program at the coming session might be to invite defeat and loss of prestige on the eve of a national election. To demand adequate relief appropriations might be to butt a stone wall. A short, sweet session may head off the Barden amendments to the Fair Labor Standards Act, which are still pending before the House Rules Committee and actively supported by a strong farm-business lobby, the A. F. of L. amendments to the Wagner Act, the Smith bill to throw certain civil liberties overboard, and a score of other less conspicuous but almost as dangerous measures left hanging at the close of the last regular session. Then there is the troublesome question of the statutory debt limit, which must be raised if the deficit for the next fiscal year is as large as usual.

Granting that these are valid reasons for caution, some Administration liberals still feel that the President should make a fight in this Congress for extension of the New Deal. Better go down fighting, they say, than wave the white flag. It is their contention that a defeated liberal program would make the best platform for the President or his chosen successor. It is possible that this argument will yet prevail. The New Deal has seemed dead before, only to come back to life. At the moment, however, Roosevelt's New Deal seems to have gone the way of Wilson's New Freedom, torpedoed by war abroad and reaction at home.

Ideology and Pretense

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

IN ANALYZING the Russian or any other political situation a simple cynicism is no more illuminating than a simple moralism. To condone Russian politics of recent months on the ground that it is merely "power politics" in a world in which the power game is still being played and in which defensive necessities require participation in the game, counters the criticism of only those moral purists who are under the illusion that politics can be sublimated into an exercise of pure moral suasion. Everyone else knows that all political struggles are power-political struggles, in the sense that contending forces avail themselves not only of rational and moral arguments but of whatever social power they control.

The real issue does not lie in the use of power, but in the relation of national interests to the universal values which transcend a nation. Every national organism seeks to defend itself, and possibly to extend its power and prestige, in competition with other nations. Every nation claims that in doing this it is fighting not only for its own existence but for certain values which transcend its existence. This claim need not be wholly spurious. It cannot be wholly spurious, in fact, if it is to achieve any degree of plausibility. But the claim is always more unqualified than the facts warrant. Thus Germany claimed, until recently, that it was fighting not only for its own existence but to preserve the world from bolshevism. Britain and France claimed they were fighting for democracy, but that did not prevent them from scuttling the democratic cause in Spain. America was even more intent upon the defeat of fascism than were France or Russia; but we were prevented from going to war against a fascist nation by the fact that our vital interests were not imperiled by fascist aggression. Russia was at the center of the whole united-front movement against fascism until it appeared that the defensive requirements of the Russian state were better served by an alliance with, rather than against, Germany. These states are all in the same position—their devotion to the cause or interest which transcends their national interest is not so complete as they pretend it to be. No nation is ever true to the cause which transcends its national life if there is not some coincidence between the defensive necessities of that cause and the defensive requirements of the national organism. Every nation pretends, on the other hand, that its primary loyalty is to a universal value. This is the element of deceit which is involved in all national life, and in all human existence for that matter; for individuals, as well as nations, sanctify partial and particular interests by identifying them unduly with universal values. Why they should do this has never been adequately analyzed in Marxist theory, though Marxism undoubtedly made a tremendous contribution to the discovery of the fact.

Whether we judge this or that nation more or less severely for engaging in these pretenses depends upon our own ideological bias. Thus the same comrades who tore their hair over Chamberlain's disloyalty to democracy through his policy of appeasement are quite complacent toward Stalin's pact with Hitler, though the latter obviously freed Germany to make its attack on Poland and to plunge Europe into war. In domestic politics all of us, whether of the right or the left, are similarly influenced. If our cause is supported by Constitution and tradition, we claim that our primary concern is the preservation of constitutional government. If constitutional procedure favors the enemy, we convince ourselves that nothing is so important as to challenge tradition.

The recognition of this universal ideological taint in human affairs, including the inclination to be conscious of the foe's dishonesty but not of our own, does not, however, do full justice to the problem involved in Russia's recent volte-face. Russia is a slightly different case, being the national embodiment of an international movement which claims to have risen above nationalism and imperialism in politics and above "ideology" (in the exact sense of that word) in culture. It is the thesis of Marxism that rationalization of interest is a characteristic of bourgeois society but that a classless society is free of this dishonesty. It is the Marxist claim that nationalism is a product of capitalism and that the sentiment of nationality is transcended in the new society. Marxist doctrine affirms that the state is merely the instrument of class domination, that power and coercion are necessary only so long as the classless society is forced to contend against internal and external foes. When these are defeated the state will wither away.

The proof that these claims are taken seriously is given by the fact that thousands, if not millions, of the faithful outside the boundaries of Russia are completely devoted to its cause because they regard it not as a nation among other nations but as primarily a force of proletarian revolution in the world. Their devotion is so complete that their loyalty remains unshaken even when all the evidence points to the fact that the defensive, and possibly the imperialistic, requirements of the Russian state, rather than the strategic considerations of the workers' cause, determine Russian policy. They remain devoted even when

Izvestia disavows the whole "ideological" battle line of yesterday and declares that like or dislike of fascism is a matter of taste.

The problem which this situation presents to the progressive and labor forces of the world cannot be dismissed by the cynical reminder that Russia is merely a nation like every other nation and like every other must play the game of power politics. If this is all that Russia is, it does not deserve the devotion of the nationals of other countries, and one can hardly blame other nations for seeking to destroy or to suppress the primary allegiance of some of its citizens to a "foreign state"; for this loyalty gives Russia an undue advantage in the game of power politics.

Obviously Russia is still in some measure loyal to a proletarian civilization which transcends its national existence. Yet it is bound to interpret this international cause in terms which practically identify it with Russian national interests. The question is whether this ambiguity of Russian politics will not become an increasing source of peril to the radical cause in other nations. Could anyone deny that the radical cause in France is greatly weakened and embarrassed at this moment in its fight against reactionary tendencies in France by the fact that the once vital Communist movement of that country stands under the indictment of owing primary allegiance to a foreign state the interests of which are not identical with either French national interests or French labor interests?

If this problem is probed to its full depth, it may appear that not only will the Stalinist interpretation of Marxism have to be challenged but the Marxist theory of ideology have to be reexamined. Whatever its great merits in uncovering the relation of economic interest to moral, legal, and cultural ideas and ideals, Marxist theory has become a source of moral and political confusion by attributing ideology to economic class interest alone, when as a matter of fact the ideological taint is a permanent factor of human culture on every level of advance.

The fact is that the most potent form of pretension arises at the very point in culture where the claim is made that all partial perspectives have been transcended, and where it is assumed that a political force in conflict with other forces is in fact a transcendental force, moving above the welter of interest and passion. Modern culture confronts in modern communism exactly the same problem that the Reformation and the Renaissance faced in Catholicism at the dawn of the modern age. The Catholic church claimed to be, not a particular religious, political, and cultural force imbedded in the feudal order and sanctifying particular political interests, but an absolute and transcendental force. It is because the claim of ultimate and absolute validity is always involved in religion that Marx rightly declared, "The beginning of all criticism is the criticism of religion." That truth must now be applied to Marxism itself in so far as it is not merely a political movement dealing with particular abuses but a religious movement claiming to have a solution for the ultimate problems of human existence. Catholics and Communists are both bound to resent this comparison. But that does not prove it to be untrue. Rival absolutists are not likely to recognize affinities in their conflicting ultimate claims, for they are too impressed by the difference in content to note the similarity in method.

The ideological taint, the dishonest pretension of universality, which accompanies every partial perspective in history does not mean that significant choices between rival political movements cannot be made; we are still capable of making them, though we are ourselves involved in rationalization and have no absolute and impartial perspective. If there were not some degree of freedom from interest in the human mind, there could be no culture at all, and all life would be no more than a conflict of interests. But our choices will be less confused if we know how to discount the latest ideology, which always presents itself in the guise of a final freedom from rationalization. It was important for Renaissance rationalists to discount the claim of a feudal civilization that it was a final form of civilization because it was "Christian." It was equally important for the Marxist to discover that the "objective" and "impartial" social scientists of the liberal-bourgeois period subtly insinuated bourgeois perspectives into their objective scientific conclusions. The contemporary task is to unmask the rationalizations of these same Marxists, who wrongly assume that the class organization of society is the sole source of ideological pretension. The pretensions of Russia must be judged as those of any other nation. Its transcendent disinterestedness in the field of world politics is an illusion. A proletarian civilization cannot be assumed to be good merely because it is proletarian. That a dictatorship which worships power for its own sake and another which rests upon the utopian illusion that all power can be eliminated from human life should reveal so many striking similarities is a perfect revelation of the moral and political confusion of our era.

The similarity between the dictatorships has now been extended to the field of propaganda. The Russians professed themselves imperiled by the aggression of the Finns, just as the Germans pictured themselves the long-suffering victims of Polish aggression, and acted accordingly. Thus Russia has graduated into the position of a completely modern state. Not only does it engage in the general rationalizations of which all nations avail themselves and which consist in interpreting facts from a particular national perspective, but it has learned the art of the tyrannical state, which so controls all organs of opinion that it can manufacture, rather than merely interpret, facts to suit its purposes.

Creel's Crusade

BY I. F. STONE

THE least of the dangers facing us as the European war develops is the danger of taking thought. Those of us who supported repeal of the embargo on arms denied that it need be the first step toward intervention. The test of our sincerity will be our determination to impose no embargo on reflection.

Study of the career of George Creel may be recommended as an ice pack for the fervent. In "Words That Won the War," by James R. Mock and Cedric Larson,* the records left by Creel's Committee on Public Information are examined for the first time. Creel was Wilson's "propaganda minister," and "Words That Won the War" is a close-up of the greatest war-propaganda machine the world had ever seen. Creel himself was one of its victims. In 1916, in his "Wilson and the Issues," he termed the European war an imperialist struggle from which the United States should hold aloof. In 1920, in his "War, the World, and Wilson," Creel was still so strongly under the influence of his own propaganda that he bitterly attacked Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace." "Had the Germans been stripped of every asset and subjected to vassalage for generations to come, still would the punishment have fallen far short of their monstrous crime."

In assessing and briefly summarizing the facts uncovered by Mock and Larson, I do not wish to imply that the present situation is entirely analogous to 1914-17. I cannot regard a choice between Hitlerism and Western capitalist democracy as "a matter of taste," or equate Hitler's Germany to the Kaiser's. But if a war to overthrow Kaiserism is followed within a generation by a war to overthrow Hitlerism it is because Franco-British imperialism by its very nature could not build a stable Europe in which a peaceful Germany would have its proper place. There are differences between this war and the last war. But there are also strong similarities, and these become stronger as one approaches the problem, not of the war, but of the peace to be made *after* Hitler. It is at this point, I think, that Creel's career becomes most instructive. It was he who set up the megaphones through which his master, Wilson, proclaimed that this was to be a war to end war, and both must be judged not by the Second Battle of the Marne but by the battle fought at Versailles. One learns from Creel's story that idealists are as necessary as brass bands in war time. One also learns that the idealists tend to suffer from the delusion that they are running the war, when it is the war that is running them. This becomes clearest when the victors meet to divide the spoils; eloquence and idealism then rate as highly as they do in other forms of poker. Creel's story warns of the organized mass idiocy that will become a necessity if we are again drawn into war, and of the difficulties liberals will encounter in trying to make a decent peace when it is over.

Creel started as an anti-imperialist and an isolationist. He was one of the young progressives who rallied to Wilson's defense in the "He Kept Us Out of War" campaign of 1916. In "Wilson and the Issues" he attributed the drive for our entrance into the war to American imperialism, and he saw the issue before the American people as "empire versus democracy . . . a decision between the decent, orderly development of our own resources, to the end that wretchedness, injustice, and ignorance shall be eliminated from the national life . . . a choice between the ideals of peace and the sordid shame of continual money wars."

Wilson was reelected in November and took us into war in April. Amos Pinchot wrote to George Creel, "Has Wilson changed? . . . Have we got to die tomorrow for principles that yesterday the President told us were wrong?" On April 12 the Secretaries of State, War, and the Navy sent the President a letter suggesting "some authoritative agency to assure the publication of all the vital facts of national defense." They recommended the creation of a Committee on Public Information and expressed the view that "the chairman should be a civilian, preferably some writer of proved courage, ability, and vision." On April 13 Wilson appointed Creel chairman. The appointment alarmed conservatives. The New York *Times* referred to Creel as "a radical writer." Creel was asked whether he was an I. W. W. and a Socialist. Just as business would have preferred a Hughes to a Wilson, so it would have preferred some right-wing writer to a Creel. But wisdom was dawning in some quarters. Grosvenor Clark of the Council of National Defense complained in August of the lack of enthusiasm for the war, and Roy W. Howard wrote, "This weakness must be remedied before the nation will go to war with its heart as well as its hands and feet." The upper classes were soon to find out that history had chosen more wisely than they. A Chamberlain would have left the American masses apathetic. It took an eloquent social reformer to create enthusiasm for the war.

The authors of "Words That Won the War" approach Creel's work as Wilson's propaganda chief in a friendly

* Princeton University Press. $3.75.

spirit. As middle-of-the-roaders they are not particularly concerned with the areas of labor struggle and nonconformist opinion that provided the sharpest test of Creel's, and Wilson's, democratic principles. But the fact that the book is, if anything, weighted in Creel's favor only makes its evidence more appalling. It is the most important study of propaganda I have encountered, and this is a good time to read it, for, if I may venture a fourth-dimensional metaphor, it is slightly reminiscent in advance.

On page 184 of "Words That Won the War" there is reproduced a Committee on Public Information advertisement from the *History Teachers' Magazine* for September, 1917. The heading asks, "What Can History Teachers Do Now?" One of the suggestions is, "You can help people understand that failure in the past to make the world safe for democracy does not mean that it cannot be made safe in the future." To make sure that people understood, Creel ran a campaign that remains a press agent's dream, and some of our ablest public-relations counselors obtained their training in well-poisoning as Creel's assistants. The committee's news and feature releases filled more than 20,000 columns of newsprint a week. Its Advertising Division obtained more than $1,500,000 worth of space for layouts that ranged from "Bachelor of Atrocities" (for college papers: "Are you going to let the Prussian python strike at your Alma Mater, as it struck at the University of Louvain?") to "How Wear Ever [aluminum] Utensils Are Helping to Win the War." Its 75,000 Four-Minute Men gave short "informational" addresses in the nation's movie houses. It did an $852,000 business in war films. It marched the scholars into some of history's muddiest trenches. Stuart P. Sherman provided "American and Allied Ideals: An Appeal to Those Who Are Neither Hot nor Cold," and Carl Becker, "America's War Aims and Peace Program," for Creel's series of Red, White, and Blue pamphlets. Frederic Paxson, Edward Corwin, Charles Beard, and Sidney Fay were in Creel's battalions in this sector. For those who, like Harold Ickes, then head of the Illinois State Council of Defense, thought these pamphlets too highbrow Creel provided simpler messages: "The Hun—His Mark. Blot It Out with Liberty Bonds." Tin Pan Alley was also mustered into service, and a nation that had been singing "Yacki Hacki Wicki Wacki Woo" turned melodiously to the more patriotic "Hinky Dinky Parley Voo." It is an engaging period in the history of American culture.

Creel tried to keep the whirlwind under control, but the job was beyond any man. "The emotional climate," Mock and Larson point out, "in which Ora Buffington, a Pennsylvania attorney, urged the Committee on Public Information to import for public exhibition some of the Belgian children whose hands had been cut off was the very climate that Mr. Creel had to maintain for the support of President Wilson's most ennobling political ideals." Creel prided himself on not using his power for partisan purposes and repeatedly declared that the Committee on Public Information was "without the slightest authority to decide what constitutes seditious utterances or disloyal attitudes." But offenders could always be handed over to the secular arm of the Censorship Board set up under the Trading-with-the-Enemy Act, and Creel was also a member of that board. Inevitably employers confused profits with patriotism. While John R. Commons in a committee leaflet was explaining that "this is an American workingman's war" and Samuel Gompers, Hugh Frayne, and John P. Frey were doing their best to make workers think so, employers were using committee-inspired fervor to show labor "the necessity for rising above its technical rights." Labor's old friend, E. T. Weir, figures in this chapter. Creel admitted that "the fact that there are so many employers who put greed before patriotism makes it very difficult to level any blanket attack against workers who are likewise guilty of thinking of themselves before their country." He proposed a fight "against both kinds of slacker!" Nevertheless, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company was pleased with the effect on its workers of the committee's patriotic posters. Here, too, the Muse was enlisted. Edgar A. Guest sang:

> Said the workman to the soldier: "I will back you to the last,
> No more strikes for higher wages till the danger time is passed."

Creel's greatest fight was his "fight for the mind of mankind." The committee flooded Europe with American propaganda. It provided funds for German Social Democrats in Switzerland, and it sent the Hungarian pacifist Rozika Schwimmer into the Dual Monarchy. It got results in Italy from the visit of Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt: "The press representatives were delighted with the frank statements of the Secretary." "In Spain as in every other country the two potent items of propaganda were military successes of the Allied arms and the idealism of Woodrow Wilson." But our allies had no intention of letting this idealism run away with them. The committee's agent in Spain reported, "Daily evidence is accumulating . . . that the British and French are trying in many ways to offset the growing influence of President Wilson . . . a member of the French embassy said to a prominent Spaniard yesterday, 'President Wilson may think he is going to be the arbiter of this war but he is fooling himself.' . . . The use of the word 'Yanqui,' which always appears in the material given out by the French office, is used with malice aforethought, for they know it is a term of opprobrium in Spain." The committee's agent in London reported, "There exists a large imperialist class here that is secretly hostile to all international ideals and regards our policies with the deepest hatred."

The Creel committee sought to "sell" democratic idealism to the Bolsheviks as well as to the Tories. In addition to the agents Creel sent into Russia as "journalists," Wilson dispatched a commission made up of "Elihu Root . . . and other parasites . . . to acclaim the rising of the Russian nation. . . . To mask the capitalistic lot [*sic*] of the commission, serving as a lightning rod, were the leader of the American Labor Federation, James Duncan, and the 'prominent Socialist' Charles E. Russell." The description is from a copy of the Petrograd *Commune*, September, 1917, found in the committee's files. The committee circulated the Sisson "documents" proving that Lenin and Trotsky were German agents. (As every reader of the *Daily Worker* knows, only Trotsky was a German agent.) The committee's activities multiplied with the November revolution. On December 2 Creel cabled Sisson in Petrograd, "Drive ahead full speed regardless expense. Coordinate all American agencies in Petrograd and Moscow and start aggressive campaign. Use press, billboards, placards, and every possible medium to answer lies against America. Make plain our high motives and absolute devotion to democratic ideals. . . . Engage speakers and halls. . . . Cable if send motion pictures." In February, when the Germans were approaching Petrograd, Sisson had a "practical idea of greeting Germans if they ever arrive in Petrograd with bill-posted copies of the President's messages. . . . Bill posters keen for job." It would take an O. Henry to do justice to this episode in the committee's activities.

The Allies made sure that the words which won the war would not win the peace. In March, 1918, Creel complained that the British censorship was throwing his material out of the mails, and our minister in The Hague protested that Wilson's messages, "relayed through London, arrived so late or in such mutilated condition that the newspapers could not use them." M. Renault was finding the committee's films useful in his factories, but one of Creel's chief Paris aides warned against "the kickback." "Peace isn't very far off . . . after the military battle will follow the diplomatic battle . . . with the so-called 'practical' politicians and statesmen sneering at sun-kissed diplomacy." And in February, 1919, from the committee's office in Berne came gloomy but prophetic summaries of Swiss opinion. "It is almost certain so-called World War not last war. Without total revolution naive to believe shall see formed great family Europeans of London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Vienna, Berlin, Petrograd. . . . Impression prevailing Wilson gave way to French-British imperialistic pressure. Germany driven desperation. . . . Hopeless Germany dangerous to European peace. Germany and Entente policies responsible for coming catastrophe by refusing listen Wilson."

Mock and Larson's book has been published just in time for that "coming catastrophe," and new Creels may be in the making.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

Trade as a Weapon

THE establishment of an Anglo-French committee to coordinate the economic effort of the Allies may not have the far-reaching post-war implications that some commentators have discerned. But it does mean "union now" for the purposes of the war, and by promoting common action in the fields of finance, industry, foreign trade, and shipping it should do much toward enabling the economic machinery of Britain and France to realize its enormous potentialities. From the point of view of our business men, however, it may not be an entirely happy development, since it will add greatly to the Allies' bargaining power and even make possible their competition in markets which Americans had hoped to occupy exclusively.

The primary objectives of the Allies' economic strategy are to exhaust the enemy and not to exhaust themselves. In order to attain the second of these ends they must do their best to hold export markets, not only to prevent the dissipation of their foreign reserves but also with a view to safeguarding their standards of living when peace returns. Hence one of the first tasks of the coordinating committee will be to assure a supply of raw materials to export industries and to work out methods of sales promotion in foreign countries. Naturally war industries will normally receive priority both in regard to labor and materials, but in some cases it may be considered more economical to maintain an industry capable of earning foreign exchange rather than an additional armaments factory. Thus it would certainly be wiser to keep the Paris dressmaking industry at work for the American market than to attempt to retrain its skilled employees as munition workers. The dollars they earn can, if necessary, be used to buy shells here.

The brief speculative boom in this country in early September was largely based on a belief that the Allies would be forced to rush into the market and buy goods regardless of cost. Thanks to reserves in hand they were able to follow a far more deliberate course which left many speculators stranded by a receding tide of prices. If the war is prolonged, opportunities for "soaking" the combatants may be multiplied. At present airplanes and machine tools are so urgently needed by the Allies that they cannot afford to haggle over terms, but in respect of most other American goods they can proceed cautiously.

This is particularly true of raw materials, owing to the vast resources of the British and French empires. *Commerce Reports* for November 25 states that the British Ministry of Supply has made long-term agreements to purchase 80 per cent of Canadian copper production and the entire output of lead and zinc. The price fixed for copper is believed to be between 10 and 11 cents per pound, which compares with current quotations in this country of 12½ cents. A similar contract has been made with the Rhodesian producers. In the case of other raw materials the policy of mass purchases from empire sources may put the British in a position not only to

supply Allied needs on reasonable terms, but to exact a high price in this and other neutral countries. For instance, the British government has bought the entire West African cocoa crop for 1939-40, representing over 50 per cent of world shipments of this commodity. In reselling a part of this crop to America it could, if it wished, raise the price against consumers here. The British government is also able to influence, if not control, world prices of tin, rubber, and wool—all commodities of which we are large importers.

No doubt such powers will be exercised with diplomatic restraint, but it is noteworthy that the London *Economist* recently criticized the British authorities for endeavoring to keep down the price of tin and rubber. It pointed out that tin in New York had risen less than non-ferrous metals produced in America and argued that, even though a further increase would make the British government's own purchases more costly, it would be "worth while spending a few more pounds in order to gain a lot more dollars." Under normal circumstances the *Economist* would be the first to attack such a suggestion of monopoly exploitation. Its new and unnatural role as an advocate of "squeeze" thus serves as an indication of the importance attached by Britain to the maintenance of its dollar funds—an importance enhanced, of course, by the Neutrality Act's ban on all credit.

Apart from the question of price, British control of raw materials may cause temporary shortages. This seems to be happening in the case of the current Australian and New Zealand wool clip, which was taken over at the outbreak of war. It was understood that some part would be made available to Canada and the United States, but it appears from a recent debate in the House of Lords that merchants here are still waiting to know how much they can obtain and at what price.

In using trade as a defensive weapon the Allies may attempt to push prices upward in this and other markets if the traffic seems able to bear it. But trade can also be an offensive arm and may then be so wielded as to reduce prices. Germany's hopes of resisting the Allied blockade depend largely on its ability to extract from the Balkans the foods and raw materials they can supply. Unable to hinder this trade by force, the Allies must use their economic weapons. This involves both undercutting German prices and offering better terms for Balkan products. Already some successes seem to have been scored in this field, particularly in Rumania, where large quantities of oil and wheat have been bought up and kept out of German hands. Missions are now engaged in most of these countries endeavoring to negotiate agreements which will extend Allied trade while reducing supplies to the enemy.

It is possible that these arrangements may have an adverse effect on some American exports. Both Turkey and Bulgaria are large producers of tobacco and have frequently found it difficult to dispose of their crops, for which in recent years Germany has been the best customer. There are rumors that Britain is now prepared to accept large quantities, and should these prove correct, the present standstill in British purchases of American leaf may continue for the duration. Englishmen have long shown a strong preference for Virginia cigarettes, but if smoking Turkish will help win the war they will no doubt be nonchalant and light a Murad.

In the Wind

GENERAL GAMELIN, a foreign correspondent relates, was recently asked his opinion of Italy's military status. "If Italy remains neutral," he answered, "I shall need five divisions to watch it. If it joins Hitler, ten divisions will be needed to defeat it. And if it comes in on our side, I shall need fifteen divisions to rescue it."

A CONSCIENTIOUS objector appeared recently before a London tribunal and asked for exemption from war service. The judge asked him whether he had arrived at his conviction "by a process of reason," and rejected his plea when he answered "yes."

AT A PRIVATE, unreported meeting of F. D. R.'s Cabinet held recently, the future of the Communist Party was discussed. Participants agreed that the party's suppression was desirable but divided on the method. Some were for direct White House leadership of the move, while others urged that it originate "spontaneously" in Congress. The latter view won. Watch for fireworks in January.

OBSERVERS HAVE noted the reappearance in Washington of Toshi Go, South Manchurian Railway official, who did valuable "contact work" for the Japanese government on earlier critical occasions. This time he conferred with Senator Vandenberg and a number of other prominent legislators, and there are persistent reports that his missionary efforts have done a good deal to cool pro-embargo sentiment.

A PILOT OF one of the British planes which have been dropping leaflets on Germany returned to his base two days late. The company commander asked what had delayed him. "Nothing, sir," replied the aviator. "But the other planes in your squadron returned forty-eight hours ago, and they had dropped all their leaflets," the commander pointed out. "Dropped their leaflets!" exclaimed the aviator; "I put mine in the letter-boxes."

A GROUP OF leading bankers held a closed session recently and agreed that the United States was sure to stay out of the war for the next six months; after that anything might happen —and financial commitments should be made accordingly.

HENRY GORDON SELFRIDGE, the London merchant, arrived in Ripon, Wisconsin, his home town, recently. To reporters who questioned him about his "war aims," he said: "If Hitler and the Nazi regime were eliminated, Göring, a decent fellow, would probably take charge, remove the Nazi policies, and readjust Germany."

HEYWOOD BROUN'S last column in a Scripps-Howard newspaper will appear on December 14, when his contract expires. Roy Howard has made it plain that it won't be renewed—primarily because of Broun's Guild and labor activities. He is shifting to the *Post*.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Prague—a "Conducted Tour"

The Hague, November 16

LET me say at the outset that I was treated with great consideration and courtesy by the Nazi officials with whom I came in contact in Germany, especially those who permitted me to go to Prague, and that I am sincerely grateful for the tolerance and broadmindedness they displayed in granting entrance and freedom from censorship to one who has been 100 per cent opposed to all their doctrines. I admit that I wondered at times whether this was wholly tolerance or partly ignorance of the extent of my offending, or whether their attitude was due to an often-evidenced naivete and conceit which lead them to believe that it is only necessary to show the visitor what great things have been accomplished to convince him that the Nazi system is the best in the world. It was one of these confident officials who first suggested that I go to Prague to see for myself how happy the Czechs are now that the "rotten old government" of Masaryk and Benes has given way to the authoritarian efficiency of the Nazis. Naturally I wanted to go, especially as I was told, rightly or wrongly, that no other foreign journalist had been allowed in the protectorate since July except the few residing in Prague. It was Dr. Sallet, a Harvard Nazi in the Foreign Office, who obtained permission for me.

Unfortunately for the plan to convince me that the millennium had come for the Czechs, I chose the wrong day for my arrival. It was October 28, the anniversary of the founding of the republic, and the streets were full of people wearing its colors. From the news gatherer's point of view, I made the mistake of immediately driving up to the Burg and presenting my letter of introduction from the Foreign Office to Freiherr von Gregory, the propaganda chief of the protectorate. I should have spent the day on the streets. Freiherr von Gregory at once devoted himself to my welfare, taking me to lunch and giving me the opportunity to meet, in the absence of Baron von Neurath, the Protector, Dr. Karl Hammon Frank, the *Stellvertreter,* or as we should say the Vice-Protector. Dr. Frank is highly unpopular with the Czechs. He is obviously a man of great executive ability and ruthless determination, the type of man who will brook no opposition and if any arises will see that the extreme penalty is paid without loss of time. I believe that he has since been transferred to Poland, which will relieve the Czechs but will hardly bring happiness to the Poles. We had a frank exchange of opinion which he himself invited by asking about the attitude of the United States; I saw no reason why I should gloss over the American attitude of hostility, and he laughingly said he supposed that it was Nazis like himself who were to be eliminated. When the interview was over, he warmly shook my hand and thanked me for having been so frank.

Freiherr von Gregory was so devoted to me that except for an hour's call upon our consul general and a brief interval for dinner I was not allowed a moment to myself. It was the old familiar technique of the Russians—showing you just what they want you to see; in this case the motive was obvious—to keep me off the streets, the police having had to fire shots in the air even before noon to control the crowds. I was taken to tea with the Under Secretary of State, Dr. von Burgsdorff, a real, not a Sudeten German, and his charming wife and daughter. And in the evening I was foisted upon another young couple without being asked whether this would be agreeable to me, as I had not been consulted in regard to any other arrangements. Herr von Holleben, the secretary of von Neurath, was obviously an able young man, and his wife was an attractive woman, but the evening was not wholly a success. Naturally my hosts and others present did not like it when I told them that they were undertaking a hopeless experiment in trying to rule the Czechs and that the world was moving far beyond this sort of thing. It was a little hard also to be courteous to a young German diplomat who assured me that the demonstrations of the day had been puerile and stupid—he had stood on a street corner and asked the police if anybody had been shot, and they had told him no. As the grapevine system of communication which spreads all over Germany was already in touch with me, I knew that something serious had happened.

The next day indisputable proof came to me—under the very noses of my Nazi hosts—that three Czechs had been killed, twenty-seven seriously wounded, and many others slightly hurt, and that seventy had been arrested and would be given "exemplary punishment." The press was not allowed to say one word about the shootings. In this connection I must add that the worst German offenders are the newly uniformed Czech and Sudeten Nazis, who as in Austria immediately after the annexation are abusing their new authority and taking vengeance on their former opponents. I saw one boy in a brown shirt flourishing his revolver in a most needlessly provocative way.

The Black Shirts have also developed an original technique. They shoot diagonally down at the sidewalk so that the bullets ricochet up into the crowd. Then they are "so sorry": "Did you not see that we deliberately fired at the sidewalk and not into the crowd?"

Freiherr von Gregory's kind attentions and those of his representative, Baron von Uexküll, did not stop there. The next morning I was called for and given a real treat. I was shown the beautiful old church of St. George and then was taken over the cathedral by the Bishop of Prague, by whom I was deeply impressed and with whom I had a most instructive talk. Then I was taken to the City Hall, where the Nazi Acting Mayor, the Czech Mayor being absent, and some eight members of the city government, together with my two barons-in-waiting, honored me with a delightful luncheon. There, alas, my good manners again forsook me. When I made my little speech of thanks in my best German, I was so wicked as to say that of course we Americans were deeply interested in Prague and that, as they knew, we had felt pretty unhappy about recent events, but at least we were all able to rejoice that so unique and rarely beautiful a city had been spared the horrors of war. I added that Masaryk had been greatly respected in America, and that Americans had looked upon the Czech Republic as at least a grandchild of our government. I also expressed my deep sympathy to the members of the city government because so much of their valuable trade with the United States had been stopped by the city's inclusion within the unfavorable tariff arrangements of Germany and the United States.

The German Vice-Mayor rose nobly to the emergency, but I cannot say that a "good time was had by all," though I know that some were not wholly unhappy. From that moment the kind attentions of Freiherr von Gregory came to an end. To save my soul I could not obtain the next day the privilege of thanking him in person for all he had done for me. At the Rathhaus luncheon when he asked if he or Baron von Uexküll could do anything more for me, I thanked him warmly but said that I must insist on a little free time to call upon my friends. I was assured that there was not the slightest intention of absorbing all my time, that I was quite free to go anywhere. It is worth recording here that while I was making my first call, the Gestapo arrived to inquire whether it was I who was calling and what we were talking about. Baron Uexküll gave me his word that neither he nor Freiherr von Gregory had had anything to do with this. Of course not, but it was rather a coincidence that the two barons-in-waiting were the only ones who knew that I was going to make calls that afternoon. That visit of the Gestapo put an end to further calls, because I naturally could not subject my friends to the unpleasant experience of having the dreaded Gestapo drop in on them, in addition to myself.

Well, I got anything but a pleasant impression of what is happening in the protectorate. The conquerors are using the old technique of imposing their will on their subjects by force, plus the new Nazi technique of going to work on the children to mold their minds: there are Black Shirts or Brown Shirts on duty in every secondary school, watching the teachers. The existing Czech government is a mere shell of a government, though it has 7,000 Czech troops still in service and certain delegated powers. I believe that as it is at that a very genuine annoyance to the conquerors it will be mustered out as soon as possible, whether in favor of outright annexation or something else I cannot say. The Protector is, of course, a veritable czar. He can upset the decisions of the law courts even when there are only Czechs involved; Germans can only be tried or sued before a German tribunal. The process of taking over all of Czech industry as well as agricultural production and distribution is going on rapidly.

If the large Czech newspapers that were in existence on March 15 are still undisturbed, they are of course completely censored. Thousands of Socialist, Communist, and other publications have perished. Even music is controlled, and nothing allowed which might arouse the "national passions" of the Czechs. The economic conditions are far better than in Germany. Food is plentiful and as yet but little regulated. Germans are rigidly excluded unless they come on business; otherwise there would be a tremendous inrush to purchase food at the cheaper Czech prices. All Jewish companies have been liquidated, and all Jewish officials of those companies eliminated in favor of carpet-bag Germans. In fact, the Jews are without work and are sitting about waiting to be robbed of everything they possess, except 3,000 marks, and shipped into Poland, probably to die of hunger.

This is what is left of Czechoslovakia. Where 3,500,000 Germans, or rather non-Slavs, were "emancipated," 7,800,000 Czechs are in mental and physical bondage, to be broken at the will of the conquerors. As long as there is any hope that the Allies may win the war, the Czechs will keep up the struggle. If that hope is taken from them, a long, long period of suffering, depression, and forceful amalgamation is before them. I do not know whether it is true that 70,000 Czechs have been arrested and confined in Germany, but I do know that this came to me from a source which should have the facts. This same source stated that the many thousands of Czech workers shipped into Germany, especially since the war began, are very well treated and are paid high wages in the fields and factories. Every effort is exerted to make them feel happy and to give them a good impression of Germany. Still, I believe that the effort to amalgamate the Czechs and make Germans out of them will be wrecked on the rocks of Czech courage and devotion to their ideals. As I took the liberty of saying to my hosts in Prague, "It is still true that oil and water will not mix."

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Avant-Garde: 1939

NEW DIRECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY: 1939. Edited by James Laughlin IV. New Directions, Norfolk, Conn. $3.

"NEW DIRECTIONS," an annual "volume of experimental and creative writing," edited by James Laughlin IV, enjoys the distinction of being the only sizable publication in this country expressly dedicated to *avant-garde* writing. Hence its value, unlike that of most anthologies, amounts to more than the sum of its contents. Carrying on in the spirit of the aesthetic magazines of the twenties, it has served for the past few years as the organ of those dissident and extremist strains that are constantly crowded out by the norms of taste. Moreover, "New Directions" has performed this highly important function at a time when craft research was shunned as a form of "escapism" and the little-magazine tradition was being destroyed by the highly publicized movement for a political art.

On the whole, "New Directions" displays the characteristics of its species—self-consciousness, esotericism, aggressiveness, and a striving for special effects. Steeped in the traditions of the vanguard and generally indifferent to canons of form and subject, the contents give the impression of literary sectarianism. The contributions range all the way from genuinely original work to those formal maneuvers and futile postures that seem inevitably to accompany all ventures in modernism. This sectarian tone, moreover, should be recognized as the natural atmosphere in which new aesthetic methods are evolved and perfected. For the past century, in fact, new movements in literature and art have constantly tended toward "secession" from the normal and rational, since the preservation and renewal of values seemed possible only through the withdrawal into self-defined ideals.

If, however, this issue of "New Directions" contains the usual quota of academic modernism, it is more than compensated for by a few pieces of a very high order and several others of at least an unusual interest. Blood Wedding, one of the best works of F. Garcia Lorca, the much-discussed Spanish poet, is here made available for the first time in translation. Marked by an almost classic normality and written with great strength, this "peasant tragedy" lays bare the fatalities of the primitive Spanish countryside. The selections from "The Tropic of Capricorn" by Henry Miller and "The Black Book" by Lawrence Durrell present two writers little known in this country—one an émigré from the United States, the other from England—who have been working new veins of fiction. And while I think the tributes to Miller's powers have been somewhat exaggerated—his self-indulgent ruminations about the meaning of things sound a little Saroyanesque—there is no denying the sweep of his rhetoric or the effects of abstract irony he is often able to achieve. Durrell, whose book has been described by T. S. Eliot as "the first piece of work by a new English writer to give me any hope for the future of prose fiction," seems to have contrived a method for weaving a pattern of moods and associations around essentially simple experiences, simply told.

To complete the citations: there are some meticulous sketches by William Carlos Williams, who never appears to be out of place in a collection of new trends; such abler younger writers as Dylan Thomas (a leading figure of the latest generation of British poets), John Berryman, Elizabeth Bishop, Richard Eberhart, Sherry Managan, and Kenneth Rexroth are rather well represented; and Harry Levin contributes a lengthy commentary on "Finnegans Wake" that is somewhat didactic in tone but quite clever and informative, raising some important critical problems. In addition, many of the Greenberg MSS left behind by that untutored young poet, whose influence on Hart Crane has recently been discovered, are published in their original form. The products of a highly romantic and obsessive but almost completely undisciplined imagination, these poems provide a remarkable opportunity for a study of the sources of talent. And a section of the volume is devoted to a discussion, with illustrations, of New Directions in Design.

As an index of the state of American letters "New Directions" reveals that, after the flush of the thirties, a new mood of social indifference and ennui has seized writers. Instead of the large human structures with which literature was concerned but a few years ago, the subjects of most of the younger writers today are limited to some corner or gradation of experience. And the absence of literary schools and group programs would seem to indicate an atomization that has thrown the individual writer back upon himself. In the discipline of his craft he has apparently found—at least for the moment—an escape from the easy salvation of politics.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Hitler's Weakest Link

FROM NAZI SOURCES. By Fritz Sternberg. Alliance Book Corporation. $1.75.

AFTER the close of the First World War Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff during some of its most critical periods, estimated that only 25 per cent of the national effort had been exerted by the soldiers and sailors. Today the percentage would be less even if armies and navies were using their maximum strength. Dr. Sternberg agrees, takes as his text the judgment of the Chief of the German Economic General Staff that "the economic strength of the nation is of decisive importance for the outcome of the war," and proceeds to demonstrate that by this test Germany must lose.

He uses Nazi sources—statements of Nazi officials, soldiers, and economists. A book largely plagiarized from Dr. Sternberg's work was published in Budapest last summer and sold thousands of copies. The Germans became so alarmed that

"they ordered the Hungarian government to confiscate it," although they could not point out any errors. Outside Hungary the revelations caused less excitement because they were more familiar. Other books and magazine discussions had analyzed in considerable detail German shortages in fats, steel, oil, foodstuffs, and other raw materials.

For one reader, the attractiveness of the presentation and the persuasiveness of the argument are not increased by pictographs which might well be called *Kindergraphs*—that is, pictorial translations or rather loose paraphrases of statistics. Why for healthy prose interspersed with pertinent figures should authors substitute pictures which are frequently puzzling and sometimes misleading? I had rather be told something about the coal and iron production of the Allies and the Central Powers in 1914 and not have to count symbols apparently representing ingots but looking like coffins. Little piles of bank notes represent wages; smokestacks, factories, some of them capped by helmets with swastiskas on them to show war production; and black figures, workers, who look at first as if they had guns over their shoulders rather than shovels. Every schoolboy knows that Germany had much more food in 1913 than in 1918, but he must be very young indeed to need to learn it by estimating the shrinkage of loaves of bread, legs of lamb, and pats of butter. In the last case, apparently, the plate shrank even more than the butter.

Some years ago a volume was published entitled "Is the Navy Ready?" Based almost entirely on excerpts of the proceedings of the United States Naval Institute, it disclosed that many naval officers were asking questions concerning strategical concepts, marine architecture, and training and ability of personnel. American readers of that book hoped that the unreadiness of the navy had been grossly exaggerated. American readers of Dr. Sternberg's book will hope that he does not exaggerate and that, in the phrase of his subtitle, he has demonstrated "why Hitler can't win." But before Hitler is willing to agree, how much will have been lost by England, France, nearby neutrals, and even more remote neutrals?

LINDSAY ROGERS

Yesterday's Muckrakers

CRUSADERS FOR AMERICAN LIBERALISM. By Louis Filler. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

NEWSPAPER CRUSADERS: A NEGLECTED STORY. By Silas Bent. Whittlesey House. $3.

WHAT one finds in both these books is interesting and valuable documentation of the exploits of crusading magazines and newspapers, particularly during the Golden Age of muckraking—the decade that preceded the outbreak of the World War. What one misses is the chain of economic and social relationships, the full historical context, in which these exploits took place. Commercial magazine muckraking flourished once, is today no more, and so far as I am aware nobody except perhaps Mr. Filler thinks it can be revived. Why? Newspapers still conduct certain kinds of crusades but do not conduct certain other kinds. Why? What was the nature of the editor-reader relationship in the first decade of the century, and what is it now? What changed it? Where do we go from here, and what do we use for power?

Mr. Bent does not attempt to answer these questions, and Mr. Filler, when he broaches problems of theory or tactics, almost invariably becomes confused and rhetorical. One can't make Mark Sullivan a muckraker again just by reciting incantations before the shrine of "democracy" or by declaring, as does Mr. Filler, that in the thirties "Americans were ready for muckraking if muckraking was ready for them." Not only is there less give to Mr. Sullivan these days; there is also less give to the periodical publishing apparatus and other institutions of our capitalist democracy. They are both more "mature"—to use the word on which Mr. Filler concludes his exhortation.

One must quickly add, however, that Mr. Filler has obviously fallen in love with his material; that he has here exhumed, arranged, and exhibited large quantities of it with vast industry; that he has done belated justice to a number of underestimated writers, notably David Graham Phillips. The result is a book that even the surviving muckrakers will want to read.

What stands out in Mr. Filler's account, as in other studies of the period, is the sudden emergence of the phenomenon of magazine muckraking, its amazing spread and intensity, its equally sudden and almost complete collapse. Except for such isolated portents as Henry Demarest Lloyd's "Wealth and Commonwealth" and Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," the gay—and violent—nineties were without benefit of magazine muckraking. But starting in 1901 and 1902, with priority disputed among Lincoln Steffens, Mark Sullivan, and Ray Stannard Baker, and among *McClure's, Collier's Weekly,* and the *Atlantic Monthly* as publishing mediums, the muckraking movement spread like a forest fire and was soon devouring three-quarters of the wood pulp that went into the magazines. By 1910 a dozen muckraking periodicals, each with circulations of 300,000 and upward, were running full blast, with a score of lesser sheets competing in the same market. But by 1916 there was nothing left except a pulp-paper *Pearson's,* rapidly expiring in the hands of the raffish Frank Harris. Big business dispatched the muckraking magazines either by cutting off their credit or by "joining" them through the business office; the muckrakers found themselves without a market, and the war completed their demoralization.

Some of the muckrakers, like Charles Edward Russell, Upton Sinclair, Albert Bullard, and George Creel, were Socialists, and it was precisely they who herded the liberals—Ray Stannard Baker, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Ida Tarbell, Will and Wallace Irwin, Ernest Poole, Harvey O'Higgins—into the propaganda apparatus for the war. Here a certain contemporary parallelism is apparent, although Mr. Filler fails to note it. The muckrakers of the nineteen hundreds acquired a big following, accomplished many reforms, and at their peak were dressed up with a good deal of power. But they didn't know where to go or what to do; so it was Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to war we go. Today it would seem that candidates for president of the vigilantes in the American League of Artists and Authors for Patriotic Services (Herman Hagedorn in the last war) and for chairman of the Committee on Public Information (George Creel) are already almost visibly standing in line.

Mr. Bent's volume will contribute usefully to a realistic

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appraisal of both the potentialities and the limitations of our "free press." He has no difficulty in showing that crusades are still to a degree the routine business of newspaperdom, and that while most of them are aimed at increasing circulation and hence profits, some of them have apparently been conducted just because some newspaper editor or publisher got mad, or stubborn, and decided to lose his shirt. While everybody will be relieved to learn that the Chicago *Tribune* has had its moments of virtue, this reviewer is pleased to see Mr. Bent, loyal newspaperman though he is, handling without gloves even such institutions as the New York *Times*. He also notes that "from quack medicines and utility rapacities the poor man is now being saved, to some extent at least, by the Federal Trade Commission, not the newspapers." The volume contains a particularly interesting section on the role of the press in Colonial and Revolutionary times.

JAMES RORTY

France in Twilight

FRANCE AND MUNICH: BEFORE AND AFTER THE SURRENDER. By Alexander Werth. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

MUNICH was the deadline, and the Western world missed it. If it is not to be too late now to retrieve the error, one must begin by understanding what happened. Since September 3 the pattern has become much clearer. For one thing we see now that the French lost far more than their Little Maginot Line when Hitler took the Czech fortifications at Munich. They lost what Georges Duhamel is quoted in this book as having called their Descartes Line. France abdicated the throne of spiritual authority it had held for so long. It is some, but small, comfort to know that this is a throne the Pretender across the Rhine can never occupy.

How did it happen? Was it because the French, like the Chinese, value life too much? For if the Japanese are the Prussians of Asia, France is the China of Europe. Like the Chinese the French honor reason, value life, and are the makers and lovers of beautiful things—silks and stone cathedrals, paintings and porcelains. Both are now set upon by the others, the warrior-mystics, the ones to whom embattled death for the Fatherland is the highest achievement. But no people for whom death is more than life can conquer the living.

Or was it because this people, once the light and life of Europe, let their lamp go out through sheer inertia born of twenty years of frustration of every generous instinct?

Mr. Werth tells the story of the abdication and its aftermath in France—from Delbos's visit to Prague in December, 1937, to Hitler's entry into Prague in March, 1939. Having been for the last ten years Manchester *Guardian* correspondent in Paris, he is well qualified to tell it, as readers of his last two books on French politics will know.

What emerges from his story is the degree of France's passive responsibility for the sorry events that made today's war of false fronts inevitable. The peace was not lost in Moscow last August. It was lost in London in July, 1936, when M. Blum conversed of Proust with Mr. Eden and came home to find himself announcing the thing called non-intervention. Subsequent French surrenders were also contrived by Whitehall, working with the assistance of the French appeasers on the weaknesses of the Popular Front government. It is no minimizing of Whitehall's role to say that weakness can be as culpable as the misuse of strength.

In Mr. Werth's record of the facts we can see how surrender bred surrender because the consequences of one imposed the necessity of the next. We see on the one hand Daladier, unable to make up his mind for any length of time, and on the other Bonnet, grimly determined to give in. We watch the growth of the appeasement spirit in France to a climax in the incredible rancor of the remark made by a reporter from the rightist *Jour* on the day of Hitler's Nürnberg speech: *"La Tchecoslovaquie—on s'en fout éperdument. Benes—il nous emmerde."*

Led and articulated by Flandin from outside the government and implemented by Bonnet from inside, appeasement ate away the underpinnings of French policy until one day it collapsed, and one saw that only sawdust had been holding it up. In those weeks anyone who took a "firm" line, anyone who talked about treaty obligations, anyone who referred to the danger of giving up the "Bohemian bastion," and certainly anyone who mentioned Czech democracy, was a *belliciste*, a warmonger.

It was this atmosphere, contrived and fostered by certain groups, which so weakened French resolve that the initiative was left to Mr. Chamberlain—Mr. Chamberlain whose amateurishness and what Mr. Werth calls "fundamental provincialism" have produced the worst mishandling of British foreign policy since Lord North lost the American colonies. Of all places, Prague was the last where France should have abandoned the initiative. The Little Entente, of which Czechoslovakia was the middle pillar, was a French creation; it was their bailiwick. That they resigned Czechoslovakia's fate into the hands of others was a measure of their irresolution. But racked by internal troubles—in which, through the perennial problem of the franc, Britain too had a hand—and having already resigned the initiative to London in the Spanish war, France could not summon the strength to get it back. For too long, protesting faintly at every other step, Paris had tagged along behind London. Although Mr. Werth fails to point this out, at least explicitly, the loss of the initiative in Czechoslovakia was of a piece with its loss in Spain. France could not get it back—did not want it back.

This was at the bottom of Daladier's irresolution. He did not, says Mr. Werth, "at heart desire Munich"; he allowed it "in spite of himself." Therein he differed from Mr. Chamberlain, who wanted Munich, who approved of Munich, who believed in Munich, and who was consequently to be the more deceived.

Inserted almost parenthetically, a three-page chapter called The Neglect of Russia has taken on added significance since this book was written. No one still wrestling in his mind over Soviet policy—and who is not?—should miss it.

In Munich's wake came the vote of plenary powers, the fiasco of the general strike, the hounding of the Communists and others as "warmongers" (it is odd to think of them now being hounded as pacifists), and above all the breaking up of the Front Populaire. In the vote on Munich and on the plenary powers the three parties of the Front Populaire finally split and thus was achieved what had been the aim of the

"other" France ever since Blum came to power in 1936. This, not Munich, was the real goal and triumph of the appeasers. And this, together with Pertinax's dictum that "France had retroactively lost the World War at Munich," was the real meaning of the September crisis for the French Republic.

Happily Mr. Werth has given some light relief in a book that makes bitter reading. He has included his dispatches to the Manchester *Guardian* during the British royal visit to Paris in July, 1938. To one who, like the reviewer, opened the *Guardian* avidly every morning in London to turn to the Paris date line from "Our Own Correspondent," these dispatches, colorful as the Gobelin tapestries hung in the little Bois de Boulogne station where Their Majesties alighted, are a joy to reread. Those reading them for the first time will find that Mr. Werth combines an eye for every detail of personality and incident with a deep appreciation of the French people and their peculiar genius.

It is the France of the royal visit that one hopes to see live again. But so long as the Flandins and the Bonnets remain to run again another day, that France will have to wait.

BARBARA WERTHEIM

DRAMA

"Key Largo"

"KEY LARGO," Maxwell Anderson's new play at the Ethel Barrymore Theater, belongs among the most ambitious of his works. Like "Winterset," which it resembles in several important respects, it dispenses with the rather easy romanticism which contributed largely to the popularity of several of his most successful tragedies, and, again like "Winterset," it seeks instead to explore the deepest significance underlying a contemporary situation. Inevitably judgments of its worth will vary as widely as they have in the case of Mr. Anderson's other more pretentious plays, and under the circumstances it does not become a critic to play too safe. Despite certain weaknesses which are clear enough, "Key Largo" seems to me an impressive play which reestablishes its author's claim to be considered among the most arresting of contemporary writers.

No one, I presume, is likely to question the importance or the largeness of the theme. The drama begins with a prologue at a lonely outpost in Spain held by four American volunteers who had come to fight for their ideals. Their cause is plainly lost, not only because complete military defeat is inevitable, but also because all four have come to realize that even victory for the Loyalists would mean a good deal less than full victory for democracy and freedom. One of the four saves his own skin by deserting, arguing that under the circumstances any other course of action would be the most futile of quixoticisms, and that no man is called upon to sacrifice his life to a hopeless cause in which he no longer even believes. The play proper is concerned with his efforts, back home in America, to justify himself before the bar of his own conscience, to discover why he is still oppressed by a sense of guilt despite the fact that his reason still tells him that no cause would have been served by his death in Spain. When one has lost all faiths, nothing remains except the religion of self-preservation, but there are many who cannot emotionally accept the conclusions which to their intellects seem ineluctable. What, then, is the meaning of this emotional protest? Is it merely the consequence of an emotional lag, a sort of racial adolescence, part of the growing pains of the human race, and hence destined to disappear as completely as the sense of guilt which our ancestors felt when they first broke some now meaningless taboo? Or does it mean that honor and faith and decency and heroism do mean something, despite the fact that their sanctions are not discoverable in nature and their function not definable by the intellect.

No contemporary problem is more fundamental than the one which can be stated in these general terms, nor, I think, is any more suited to dramatic treatment, since what is required for its most effective statement is not a pseudo-answer in terms of a formulated creed but an exploration in terms of emotional effects; and this is exactly what Mr. Anderson has striven for. As in "Winterset," the moment chosen is not the moment when the choice which starts the train of events is made but the epoch during which the consequences of that choice are becoming fully apparent. The hero, like one of the principal characters in "Winterset," is a sort of Orestes in search of absolution. In both cases the result of this method is to make possible a brooding intensity which a mere presentation of the original events themselves could not have achieved. At the same time it must be admitted that the defects of the two plays are equally similar. For one thing, certain of the long speeches —notably that of the blind man near the end of the present play—fail so signally to reach what they aim at as to produce an effect perilously close to bathos. For another, some of the action which keeps the play going and finally brings it to a factitious rather than to an inevitable or very significant conclusion seems arbitrary and melodramatic. And in both cases these defects would probably seem even more serious than they seemed to spectators were it not for the fact that both plays were admirably produced and acted. In the present case all the parts, including the second most important, which is taken by Uta Hagen, are excellently performed, and Paul Muni's interpretation of the central character is highly distinguished. The part is written almost in monotone, for it is one long plea for self-justification, and Mr. Muni plays it without any attempt to provide contrasts which are not there. But for all his restraint he plays with subtly placed accents which keep the character movingly alive.

I have more than once expressed the opinion that to say of an artist only that he has chosen an important subject and means well is to say nothing. Some positive achievement is necessary, and the requirement applies to Mr. Anderson as well as to anyone else. But to say that a play is not perfect, to say that the full greatness of a great theme has not been revealed, is quite a different matter. For all its shortcomings—and they are shortcomings characteristic and persistent in Mr. Anderson's work—"Key Largo" does not fail. It chooses a great theme, and it makes something out of that

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great theme. To me the achievement is at least as evident as the shortcomings, and the work worth anyone's attention.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"The Mikado" has gone "hot" and "red"; now Shakespeare, after a turn at being "modern," has gone jitterbug. There is a dream, to be sure, in "Swingin' the Dream" (Center Theater), and a hilarious version of Pyramus and Thisbe, but there is much more of mad dancing in a forest near New Orleans, and superb Benny Goodman. The décor is fresh and bright, and Maxine Sullivan, Louis Armstrong, and Butterfly McQuade—who is a delightful Puck—carry the affair through with a charm peculiarly their own. Forget Shakespeare and you can enjoy a lively, lavish swing show. M. G. S.

ART

Picasso: Painter of the Year

THE painter of the year is Picasso. Not only because the crowds choke every room at the Modern Museum—where his show is current until January 7—or because the society pages rave, or because children and grown-ups and professors and young business men and tidy old ladies and even casual passers-by come in and argue and laugh and accept and praise and wonder. Not for any one of these reasons, or for all together. But because Picasso is indisputably a force in the world of today, is working his way courageously forward amid the terrors and indignities of our time, and is holding a lamp that penetrates into the most fearsome corners of the contemporary scene. Not all the visitors will realize this, of course. For his Guernica, that supreme glory of his life and this show, will not be "seen" yet. But most of them sense an independence, a daring, an imagination that are welcome to them as Americans.

This quality of innovation is evident in Picasso's very earliest work. He came to Paris a lad still in his teens. He fell in love with its movement and vivacity. And if he saw the Moulin de la Galette as Renoir did, and dancers as Toulouse-Lautrec, and the poor as Steinlen, he also registered a steely delight that was his own and a vivid compassion that was as troubling as it was unique. Then suddenly he forgot his influences and did his On the Upper Deck as if structural painting had been habitual to him for many years.

But life was hard. He had to shuttle to and from Spain. He lived in poverty. Beggars reminded him of his native land—or perhaps of El Greco; he saw clowns evicted; sensitive youngsters looked underfed and babies wiser than their poet-parents. These hardships, so clearly reflected in his work throughout his so-called Blue Period, continued until about 1905. Then he began to sell. For this reason, perhaps, but also because he was living in different light conditions and expanding his own means as a painter, he entered what is somewhat too schematically called his Rose Period. Forms were larger, softer, rounder; he caressed more and suffered less. He painted an unforgettable portrait of Gertrude Stein (1906), and then late in the year began a crucial canvas, Les Demoiselles d'Avignon.

It was occasioned in part by his detonating collision with the African Negro art which he had discovered only a short time before. Under its impact Picasso sought a rawer, fiercer, more elemental attack upon painting, and particularly upon the realization of forms in space. No doubt the canvases of Cézanne, then first achieving recognition, influenced him in this. In any case, he had now embarked on cubism. And it was now that, along with Braque and Apollinaire, the poet, and other ardent friends of his, he really entered the main stream of the moderns. Or rather, directed it into his own channel. For from this time forth no painter could disregard Picasso. Cubism continued, and he analyzed forms until he found the structure underneath; then he broke this down, eliminated even color, and sought to construct with unattached angles and rhythms and balances. Some have considered this period—roughly 1907 to 1913—the purest one in Picasso's painting. Certainly it is one of the most stimulating.

The war was an interruption. He continued with his *collages,* some of which seem like cafe jokes, while others remind us that he was exploiting new materials just as contractors were in building, and that, being sensitive to his external environment, he was merely duplicating it on the canvas. In 1917 he journeyed to Italy, where he made contact with the Russian Ballet. His so-called neo-classicism followed. Inspired by Ingres, but no less by the regular features of his Russian wife and by a new, spare, and at times almost reactionary art spirit which sought an anchorage in the past, he produced a whole series of elegant and incredibly accomplished drawings. This neo-classical tendency, fully illustrated by ballet curtains, costume designs, and pen portraits, as well as by many of the paintings which make up the 362 items in the show, alternated with his Cubist efforts. The latter terminated with the shivery Three Musicians of 1923, one of those summations which Picasso periodically produces.

In the next ten years he painted some large and handsome still-lifes—in particular The Fish Net, which has an eerie quality akin to sympathetic black magic—and a whole series of frenetic and sometimes bonelike dancing figures. In 1930 he depicted a squeezed, pared, and taut Crucifixion, which with a Burial of many years earlier was a predecessor to the mighty resolutions of his current phase. He also broke up forms, flung them one against the other, and at times seemed to be on the point of disintegration.

After his Goya-like Minotauromachy, an etching of 1935, he produced almost nothing for approximately two years. The Spanish War roused him again. He satirized Franco in a series of etchings. Then, after the bombing of Guernica, he engaged to do a mural on the subject for the Madrid government. Painted entirely in black and white, with an intermediary of gray, this huge work, which stands in a temple-like space on the third floor, cries out the very agony of those years. Everything is shattered in it—persons, horses, birds, bull, vegetation, tools and weapons, buildings—everything, that is, but the lamp of truth. This, held by the still intact hand of an indestructible humanity, lights the scene for the future to see.

The paintings which follow—Girl with a Cock, a pair of roosters, and a series of remarkable "stitched" portraits, like murdered Van Goghs—have a power and richness of color never equaled by Picasso before. Here, indeed, he is the spirit of the world in this hour—and the promise that the eye which

Upton Sinclair Has a Dream

THIRTY-SEVEN years have passed since I began writing in the cause of Social Justice. When I began, our country had a Socialist paper with a circulation of 600,000. Today the name of "Socialist" has been stolen by the Nazis, and our cause is mocked by the vileness of Anti-Semitism. Stop and realize that "Father" Coughlin's sheet called "Social Justice" is now going out to one million Americans every week!

We intellectuals, liberals and progressives, don't know what the American people are. We stand on a little island, surrounded by superstition and hate, and the tide is rising. We seek refuge in ivory towers, castles in Spain—and remember what came to the intellectuals of Spain!

In the course of thirty-seven years I have published sixty-five books and pamphlets, and have tried to get mass circulation for them in my own country. For the most part I have failed. Only once or twice in those years have I been free from debt, because the only way to get books to the poor was to give them. Books couldn't and can't be sold in competition with Hearst, McCormick, Macfadden, Curtis, and the rest.

My books are read abroad. A bibliography (1938) shows 772 different translations, in 47 languages and 39 countries. My mail is full of letters testifying that all over the world the masses have learned from my books what is really going on in America. But how often in our own country do movies, radios, newspapers, or magazines give real facts about our ignorant, starved, and tormented masses?

Only in scattered cases does a library buy a book of Upton Sinclair. I know cases of fifty reservations for one volume; and of course they are soon worn out. But libraries will accept gifts of my books. I tried it recently with three hundred cloth copies of *The Flivver King,* and none was rejected.

Here is a dream which has haunted my life for many years. Somehow, sometime, from a best seller or a movie, I would get a large sum of money, and print an edition of ten or twelve volumes of my works with special stout bindings, and present a set to the libraries of every college and university in the United States, and to public libraries of cities and towns, and branch libraries in the large cities. They are printing thick volumes nowadays, and using the old plates you can put a lot into ten volumes; novels like *Boston, Oil, The Jungle, Co-Op, The Flivver King, Little Steel;* social studies such as *The Profits of Religion, The Brass Check, The Goose-Step;* the anthology, *The Cry for Justice;* critical works, *Mammonart* and *Money Writes;* plays such as *Singing Jailbirds* and *Hell;* also several pamphlets in which the average American will find his own problems discussed in his own language.

An edition of ten thousand sets would mean 100,000 books placed where the people could find them. I have examined many library copies of my books, and find that they go out about once a week. That would mean that in one year 5,000,000 persons would read a book which gave them the truth they need. Such is my dream.

It could be done for about $25,000. I have tried many times to earn it, but have failed. Now, being sixty-one, I am not likely to succeed. I have talked to rich people about it, but I have never had the fortune to encounter one who had that much social vision. They want to be entertained; they want you to come to tea-parties—and I am writing a long novel about Europe.

Today I found myself a few hundred dollars ahead, and in a world of wholesale starvation and misery I am not happy with money in the bank. I decided to spend it to put this question publicly: Is there, anywhere in the whole United States, a person of wealth who can judge the social value of books; who really wants to fight Fascism and Anti-Semitism with sound ideas of Social Justice?

Please understand, I don't want to touch any money. The plates are stored with a big printing concern. I will give my authorization free of charge; the donor may order the edition, and the books be mailed directly to libraries by the printer. My wife and I don't spend two thousand a year on our personal needs, and I can earn more than that. All I want is readers. In return I offer you the gratitude of 5,000,000 persons; and I will dedicate the edition to the donor.

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Merry Christmas to you, and enjoy it, for your next one may be less so.

UPTON SINCLAIR

sees will not fail. This magnificent exhibition must be seen to be appreciated. All praise to the museum for a magnificent show, and to the public for a response which seems to show an awareness that Picasso has cut to the very core of our time.

Georges Schreiber has been doing a good job of acclimatizing himself to the American scene. Indeed, in his current show at the Associated Americans Artists' (through December 9) this European, now naturalized, has surpassed some of the native-born artists who have so vociferously been publicizing their efforts to "paint American." Wheat fields, Florida beaches, plantation scenes, and the long gray road before the tourist—all these he has seen and brought back with him from an extended automobile trip which took him through twenty-seven states. His reports on them are contained in ten oils and thirty-four water-colors.

He scores this time with his oils. At least half of them are distinctly personal versions of the land and its people, and two among these are something more. In the first, In Mississippi, our new citizen follows a load of hay with a quickening humor which seems to spring from the landscape itself. In the second, Farmer and Raincloud, he has tellingly caught the farmer just before the skies open up. Two moods prevail in the water-colors. The more successful show people doing something to the land; the others, when occasioned by excitement or agitation, seem overemphatic. Mr. Schreiber is at his best painting the simpler activities. Then his fresh European eye sees something that the Currys and Woods do not. All of which would indicate that, if patriotism is as patriotism does, then Mr. Schreiber is a better American than his more advertised compeers.

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Mozart: "The Magic Flute"; Beecham; $27.75. Overture to "The Magic Flute"; Toscanini; $2. Symphony K. 551 ("Jupiter"); Walter; $5.75.

Mussorgsky: Closing scene from "Boris Godunov"; Chaliapin; $2.

Schubert: Posthumous Sonata in A; Schnabel; $9. Ballet Nos. 1 and 2 from "Rosamunde"; Walter; $1.50.

Schumann: "Die Lotosblume" and "Widmung"; Janssen; $1.50.

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Strauss: "Traum durch die Dämmerung" and "Die Nacht"; Janssen; $1.50.

Stravinsky: "Petrouchka"; Stokowski (not an unflawed performance); $8.

COLUMBIA

Bach: Organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Commette; $1.50. Organ Chorale-Prelude, "Komm' Gott, Schöpfer"; Commette; $1.

Beethoven: Sonata Opus 53 ("Waldstein"); Gieseking; $5. Sonata Opus 57 ("Appassionata"); Gieseking; $5. Violin Sonata Opus 30 No. 3; Milstein and Balsam; $3.50. Overture to "Fidelio"; Weingartner; $1.50.

Bloch: Violin Concerto; Szigeti; $6.

Brahms: Variations on a Theme of Haydn; Weingartner; $3.50. Variations on a Theme of Handel; Petri; $5. Symphony No. 3; Weingartner; $6.

Debussy: "L'après-midi d'un faune"; Beecham; $1.50. "Nuages" and "Fêtes"; Inghelbrecht; $3 (two records from set of Three Nocturnes).

Handel: Concerto Grosso No. 5; Weingartner; $3.50.

Mozart: Symphony K. 297 ("Paris"); Beecham; $5. String Quartet K. 387; Roth Quartet (technically finished but lifeless performance); $5. Piano Concerto K. 491; Casadesus; $6.

Purcell: Fantasia; Pasquier Trio; $1.50.

Scarlatti: Sonatas for harpsichord; Casadesus (playing them on the piano with suavity instead of sparkle); $5.

GAMUT

Bach: Sonata No. 3 for violin and clavier; Schwarz and Ehlers (violin recorded a little shrill; surfaces poor); $3 (two records from Set 7).

Mozart: Fantasia K. 475; Webster Aitken (recording imperfect; surfaces poor); $1.50.

Schubert: Posthumous Sonata in C minor; Webster Aitken (performance a little feverish; surfaces poor); $5.

MUSICRAFT

Schumann: "Davidsbündlertänze"; Kurt Appelbaum; $5.

DECCA

Schubert: Sung by Lehmann: "Geheimes" and "Der Tod und das Mädchen" ($.50); "An die Musik" and "Du bist die Ruh'" ($.75); "Auf dem Wasser zu singen" ($.75).

Schumann: Sung by Lehmann: "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Widmung" ($.50); "Marienwürmchen" ($.50). Sung by Tauber: "Mondnacht" and "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet" ($.50); "Der Nussbaum" and three songs from "Dichterliebe" ($.50); "Ich sende einen Gruss" and "Widmung" ($.50).

Strauss: Sung by Lehmann: "Ständchen" and "Traum durch die Dämmerung" ($.50).

JAZZ

Kirby Orchestra: "Undecided" (Decca 2216); "It Feels Good" (Vocalion 4624).
Johnny Dodds: "Wild Man Blues" (Decca 2111).
Kansas City Five: "Good Mornin' Blues" (Commodore 511); "I Want a Little Girl" (Commodore 509).
Basie Orchestra: "If I Could Be with You" (Vocalion 4748).
Hampton Orchestra: "Sweethearts on Parade" (Victor 26209).
Goodman Orchestra: "My Honey's Lovin' Arms" (Victor 26095).
Jess Stacy: "Complainin'" (Commodore 506).
Billie Holiday: "I Wish I Had You" (Vocalion 4238); "The Very Thought of You" (Vocalion 4457); "Fine and Mellow" (Commodore 526).
Frankie Newton: "The Blues My Baby Gave to Me" (Bluebird 10216).
Coleman Hawkins: "Crazy Rhythm" (Victor 26219); "Dee Blues" (Commodore reissue 53-54); "Heartbreak Blues" (Commodore reissue 55-56).
Ellington Orchestra: "Jitterbug's Lullaby" (Vocalion 4309); "Saratoga Swing" (Bluebird reissue 10245; "No, Papa, No" (Victor reissue 26310).
Louis Armstrong: "Savoy Blues (Decca 2538); "Potato Head Blues" and "Put 'em Down Blues" (Commodore reissue 59-60).
Maxine Sullivan: "I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" (Victor 26260).

(Bluebird, Decca, Vocalion, 35 cents; Victor 75 cents; Commodore $1.)

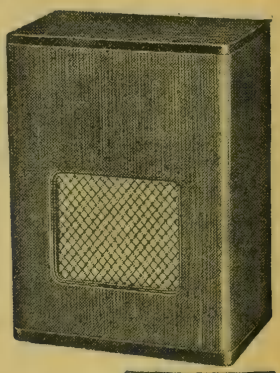
FILMS

"WE ARE NOT ALONE," starring Paul Muni (Warner Brothers), is the most interesting of the recent films. But it is interesting, I am sorry to say, for its faults rather than for its virtues—faults in the subject matter, in Muni's acting, and, more important, in the whole conception, which reveals clearly the compromises and hence inadequacy of the Great Industry when it concerns itself with psychological problems. The bitter fact is that even such an honest attempt as this results in nothing more than ambitious phoniness. I assume that the rave notices the picture received were merely the expression in reverse of the suppressed disgust of reviewers with the normal run of pictures which they have to take seriously. But their understandable reaction does not make "We Are Not Alone" as good as they say it is.

The whole picture, though its plot is involved, hard-worked, and full of melodramatic contrivances, depends on the character of a middle-aged doctor in a small English town. The doctor is devoted to his profession, has modern ideas, a heart of gold, and little temperament. He has also a humorless wife, petty and ugly, and a nervous little boy who is the victim of his mother's misunderstanding and constant nagging. It is a dreary household, yet we are asked to believe that its master has a great sense of beauty and love of nature.

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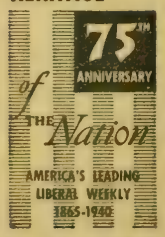
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"There is nothing I can do," he says, but he is not convincing. Then the girl enters, a dancer with a broken wrist. She is an Austrian, very shy but bold enough to have run away from school and got into Russia with a false passport in order to study dancing. How she comes to England remains a mystery. She does not look like a dancer in cheap halls; for that matter she doesn't look like a dancer at all. She looks like a nurse and becomes one in the doctor's household until she is dismissed by the doctor's wife when her unhappy but innocent past is revealed. The doctor objects to the dismissal. The wife takes the child out of the house. But the child sneaks back and manages to break a bottle of pills; he collects the pills from the floor and puts them into a different bottle. You're right. The doctor's wife takes the wrong pills and dies. At this moment a second film starts. The war breaks out—it is 1914—and stores with German names are demolished; the doctor gets worried about the Austrian girl and persuades her to leave. He takes her on his bicycle to the station, where they are both arrested. Soon they are put on trial, accused of murder. When on the witness stand the doctor is asked whether he loves the girl, he answers to his own astonishment, "Yes, I do, but I never thought of it." They are condemned to be hanged, and for those of us who have often complained about artificial happy endings here for a change is an artificial unhappy one—the sentence is carried out. Outside the movies the finger-prints of the child on the bottle would have saved the innocents.

There are many convincing details in Paul Muni's performance. The surface of the part—the doctor's movements, the way he walks, eats, talks—is perfect. But Muni only *shows* a person; he does not impress us with a character. This man learns nothing, suffers nothing, changes not at all; he behaves in the last scene as in the first. If there is a fine point in that I missed it. If one had suspected that Muni in his ambitious biographical parts was smothered by make-up and the desire to be as like the original as possible, here he had a chance to create a character freely. He failed.

"Destry Rides Again" (Universal), the comeback picture of Marlene Dietrich, is a western, with all the tumult and the shooting. Marlene Dietrich plays a dance-hall girl, a variation of her role in her first international success, "The Blue Angel." She proves, with her "allure," her husky singing voice, and precise acting, that she is far from passé—not even in a type of part which, to her praise be it said, she has outgrown. I hope to see her soon again in a picture more worthy of her talents. James Stewart of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" plays a simple, shrewd sheriff who does not like to carry pistols, and again wins every heart.

"The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (Warner Brothers) is a profound disappointment. Maxwell Anderson's stage play has been photographed in technicolor with a handsome wooden horse as Essex (Errol Flynn); Bette Davis overplays the queen in a grand manner, but nothing can move this Essex. Therefore the greater her passion for him the smaller the queen becomes. Miss Davis is best in her solo scenes; then her painful thoughts about her love are not made ridiculous by the presence of a stupid lover.

For thriller addicts: "The Cat and the Canary" (Paramount) is witty, fast, gruesome, and offers no insult to the average intelligence.

FRANZ HOELLERING

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

Letters to the Editors

Do Germans Want Peace?

Dear Sirs: In a curious article glowing with generous admiration for German power and kindness, Mr. Villard, writing in *The Nation* of November 25, speaks of the desire of the German people for peace. In that the people are at one with Chancellor Hitler's many assurances of his own desire for peace. The question is only: What kind of peace? A super-Munich? The right to rule "inferior" races like Poles and Czechs? The Germans could have had peace—and could have let mankind have peace—if after the acquisition of Austria and the Sudetenland they had not marched into Prague and had not regarded the Poles as a *minderwertiges Volk*. There would be peace immediately if the Germans left Prague and learned to be more critical of themselves, their own virtues and character, than of the Poles.

HANS KOHN

Northampton, Mass., November 29

Control of Ideas

Dear Sirs: Max Lerner's proposal for "idea-control" in your issues of November 4 and November 11 poses a problem which is bound to be discussed with much metaphysical hair-splitting. The cornerstone of the liberal tradition has been that in the free and unhampered interplay of ideas the truth will ultimately triumph. Social responsibility, therefore, impels us to strive toward the establishment of a free intellectual atmosphere.

It was the eighteenth-century view that men are primarily rational creatures among whom there is a fairly equal distribution of common sense. This sense common to all enables man to distinguish good from evil and truth from falsehood. The opinion of the majority is usually truth because it is founded on common judgment.

But these concepts, embodied in our Constitution and exercising a vital function in the democratic process, have been subjected to shattering blows from three directions—Marx, Freud, and educational psychology. Studies in intelligence testing reveal the fact that there is no equal distribution of intelligence. Marx denied the existence of pure, disinterested ideas. Freud's "wishful-thinking process" shows the impossibility of divorcing the intellect from emotional conditioning.

It is becoming increasingly clear that social ideas are reflections of group interests. It is also evident, as responsiveness to modern advertising technique has shown, that erroneous ideas may be accepted as true. Ideas may be given the force of truth by the power of money, organized propaganda, the press, and the radio. The old ideal of establishing a free and open ground for the battle of ideas falls far short of expectations.

Whether it would be possible for the government to regulate ideas, as it is seeking to control wages and hours, prices, crops, and monopolies, without causing irreparable damage to our intellectual development is a debatable question.

SAMUEL SLEEPER

Worcester, Mass., November 28

Release Jean Giono!

Dear Sirs: Shortly after the war began, a group of thirty French intellectuals and trade-union leaders issued over their signatures a pamphlet denouncing the war. Among the signers were the well-known writers Jean Giono, author of the novel on which the prize-winning French film "Harvest" is based, Alain, and Victor Marguerite. Other signers included Lecoin, secretary of the Solidarité Internationale Antifasciste group; Georges Yvetot, former secretary of the General Federation of Labor (the C. G. T.); Vigne, secretary of the Miners' Union; Robert Laizon, editor of *La Révolution Prolétarienne;* and Marceau Pivert, secretary of the Workers' and Peasants' Socialist Party.

General Hering, the military governor of Paris, at once invoked against this group the decree law of September 1, 1939. This law forbids "all manifestations that might exercise an unfortunate influence on the morale of the army and the population."

Giono was arrested on September 16 and is now confined in the municipal prison of Digne, Basse-Alpes. Lecoin has also been arrested and is imprisoned at Angers. We do not know the fate of the other signers.

We wish to call your readers' attention to the following cablegram that was sent to Premier Daladier signed by thirty American artists and writers at the invitation of the League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism. "We protest imprisonment of Jean Giono and other signers of anti-war statement. Such repressive measures against writers and trade unionists guilty only of expressing opinions are incompatible with democracy. We demand release of Giono and others."

Perhaps some of your readers, too, will want to make their protest heard about this official persecution of men for their beliefs.

DWIGHT MACDONALD,
Executive Secretary, League for Cultural Freedom and Socialism

New York, November 29

Santo Domingo or Palestine

Dear Sirs: I read with interest your editorial entitled Mercy and Statesmanship in your issue of November 25 and am in complete accord with you when you heap praise on Santo Domingo, which is actually prepared to accept non-Aryan colonists. However, "the tardiness with which Jewish organizations took up its offer" is not to be wondered at. In the first place, the failure of Baron de Hirsch's Argentinian settlements at the end of the past century and the impossibility of colonization in such lands as Tanganyika and British Guiana are too fresh in the minds of our people. The second and more important reason why we look askance at these various offers is the fact that there is a country which is willing to throw wide open its doors to admit as many as a million refugees if it be allowed. That country is Palestine; yet not a word concerning Palestine was spoken in Washington during the recent Inter-Governmental Refugee Commission sessions.

ISIDORE STEIN

Brooklyn, N. Y., November 30

Defense of "Ham and Eggs"

Dear Sirs: As one of the minority who recently voted for "Ham and Eggs" in this state, I challenge your characterization of our economics as "spurious" and of our measure as a "fantasy."

Professor Irving Fisher commended such a stamp scrip as we proposed to use, and mentioned its successful use at various times by numerous municipali-

ties both in Europe and America. Indeed, it was its very practicability that accounted for the bitter opposition of banking and other interests.

There seems to be some controversy among economists as to how far purchasing power is affected by volume of monetary currency and its rapidity of circulation. But economists have very generally ascribed the boom preceding 1929 and the following depression to monetary inflation and deflation. Here in California, with wages low and money scarce, there has been absurd talk of overproduction, and crops of oranges, potatoes, and other produce have been deliberately destroyed. It seems, therefore, that an increase in our circulating medium, both in bulk and rapidity of turnover, might have gone a long way to relieve the situation. I am strongly of the opinion that the advocates of retirement warrants in the shape of a stamp scrip had all the best of the argument.

But this particular battle was not decided by argument; the victory was bought by bankers, by chambers of commerce, and by reactionary influences that spent enormous sums of money to create a scare among the less intelligent part of our population—the part that is scared of all new ideas.

WILLIAM R. TYMMS

Whittier, Cal., November 27

Tax-Exempt Religion

Dear Sirs: I am moved to take exception to an incidental assertion in *The Nation* of November 18. It is to the effect that we in the United States are free of the church-state entanglement.

The government does not, indeed, favor any particular denomination, but deism as such receives state sanction through exemption of religious property from taxation. In this way a body of belief in the supernatural as a moral imperative is recognized and a pecuniary discrimination is made against the increasing number of secular-minded people. Even if there is nothing to do about it, the situation deserves to be seen in the clear. ANNA B. BISHOP

White Plains, N. Y., December 1

Lazare and American Art

Dear Sirs: Christopher Lazare's review of the current Whitney Museum exhibition—in *The Nation* for November 18—is truthful, critical, and profound. It is profound because he has seen through the obsequiousness and cowardice of a well-wishing and overzealous public. Why all the palaver about the vitality of contemporary American art, especially that collection which happens to repose on the sacred walls of the Whitney Museum? DE HIRSH MARGULES

New York, November 27

CONTRIBUTORS

KENNETH G. CRAWFORD, Washington correspondent of the New York *Post*, is the author of "The Pressure Boys: The Inside Story of Lobbying in America."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR has just returned from an extensive European visit. He had the honor of delivering the Gifford lectures at the University of Edinburgh.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS is an editor of the *Partisan Review*.

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JAMES RORTY is the author of "Our Master's Voice: Advertising," and "American Medicine Mobilized."

BARBARA WERTHEIM contributed a study of the French press to *The Nation* last summer. She has published a book entitled "The Lost British Policy."

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A MODERN AGE BEST-SELLER

THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

THE ADMINISTRATION IS GIVING CONCRETE evidence of the sympathy of this country for Finland and its abhorrence of Russian aggression, but has decided not to sever relations with Moscow or even to take the less drastic step of recalling our ambassador. We think this is wise. It is harder to obtain reliable information from Russia than from almost any other country in the world, and it is important that an American representative with full status should be in a position to keep the State Department fully informed of developments there. Nor would a breach in relations afford any practical aid to the Finns. This is much better provided by the $10,000,000 credit made available by the Import-Export Bank and the President's proposal to hold the current instalment of the Finnish debt payment in a suspense account until Congress has an opportunity to vote its employment for the benefit of Finland. The immediate need of the Finns is for economic assistance. Given this, they seem capable of holding their enemy at bay long enough to make Moscow think again about the desirability of negotiations. Meanwhile, the attempt by the Republican National Committee to use Russia's new imperialism as a club to beat the President with seems to have petered out miserably. Some of the committee's best friends have advised it not to be foolish and have recalled that recognition of the U. S. S. R. in 1933 was approved by the country as a whole and by many leading Republicans. Moreover, however much we detest Russia's recent actions, we cannot logically withdraw recognition now without simultaneously breaking off relations with Germany and Japan.

✶

RUSSIA'S INVASION OF FINLAND IS NOT going to be a *Blitzkrieg* despite the Soviets' overwhelming superiority in men and material. The Finns are tough, hard-headed, and well-trained, and the weather is as much an aid to them in defense as it is a handicap to their enemy. Soldiers reckon that to make certain of an offensive being successful an attacking army should be three times as numerous as its opponents. This means that an army of one and a half millions might be required to complete the Finnish conquest. No doubt Moscow can raise the troops, but the task of maintaining them in the field will be a formidable one. The battle line from the Arctic to the Gulf of Finland is long, and apart from the small and heavily fortified sector of the Karelian Isthmus it runs through a sparsely inhabited wilderness ill-provided with roads. In such country transport difficulties must limit the number of men employed, and the problem of keeping open lines of communication in sub-zero weather would slow down the rate of advance even if Finnish resistance were less vigorous. Deep snow is a severe handicap to the mechanized weapons with which the Soviets are supposed to be well supplied, while it aids the concealment of tank traps and land mines. In the long run, of course, the Finns, unaided, cannot hope to defeat Russia, but they may well hold out until the spring and impose a casualty list on the enemy that might have repercussions inside the U. S. S. R. In any case they are certain to provide a stiff test of the caliber of the Red Army and particularly of its leadership. Should its fighting quality fail to measure up to the extravagant claims that Moscow has made for it, Stalin may find that in gaining a province he has blunted the edge of his most potent weapon.

✶

THE ACCENT ON YOUTH IN MR. DEWEY'S speech at Minneapolis would have been more impressive if he had proposed for the solution of our economic problems something other than the white-whiskered shibboleths of laissez faire. There was no limit to the growth of America, he declared, provided that private enterprise was freed from its chains of "repressive taxation" and "government hostility." This is a mere echo of the *Wall Street Journal*, whose editor is reputed to be among Dewey's chief undercover advisers, and shows no recognition of fetters placed on free enterprise, not by Washington, but by monopoly capitalism. Yet the Republican champion gave in his speech a clue to this situation when he mentioned the disparity between the prices the farmer gets and those he pays. Had he carried his analysis a little farther he might have reached the dangerous conclusion that the woes of agriculture are due in considerable part to the fact that it sells in a highly competitive market but buys in a market sheltered by tariffs, trusts, and price leadership. Dewey's attack on the defeatism of the New Deal also revealed small understanding of economics. It relied chiefly on a speech made by the President in 1932, which stated: "Our industrial plant is built. The problem now is whether under existing

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conditions it is not overbuilt." Young as he is, Mr. Dewey is old enough to remember that in 1932 half the industrial capacity of the country was idle. We were in the throes of a depression ascribed by conservative economists to over-saving and overexpansion of investments during the Republican twenties, and the immediate task at that time certainly was to stimulate consumption in order to get existing plant into operation. Nor is the problem of over-saving solved even now, as Mr. Dewey will quickly discover if he ever reaches the White House.

*

IN 1924 SENATOR WHEELER WAS THE LATE Robert M. La Follette's running mate, but the Montanan's address at the recent annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers displayed a distinctly different brand of "progressivism." Senator Wheeler has Presidential ambitions, largely acquired when he made himself a Liberty League hero by fighting the President's court-reform plan. He went on record before the N. A. M. as favoring revision of the Wagner Act (John L. Lewis please note), and his warnings against "extravagance" coincided happily with the general tone of the convention held by America's oldest and most effective reactionary and anti-labor organization. The resolutions adopted by the convention do not require detailed attention; with some slight cracks this is the same record the N. A. M. has been playing since 1933. But in defiance of journalism's oldest rule, it still seems to be front-page news when the manufacturers bite the New Deal. It is worth noting that the N. A. M.'s new president, H. W. Prentis, Jr., is one who includes democracy among the "alien isms" against which our citizens are warned. In its issue of August 26 *The Nation* called attention to the anti-democratic utterances in Mr. Prentis's speech at the Teachers College Congress on Education for Democracy. On that occasion he echoed the Nazi, Coughlinite, Silver Shirt line that this country was intended to be a "republic," not a democracy.

*

WE DON'T WANT TO EMBARRASS HIS HONOR, but Mayor LaGuardia has now "repealed" the Norris-LaGuardia Act by his order forbidding picketing in jurisdictional disputes. When reporters reminded him of the law he had fathered in 1932, he said his order was not inconsistent because a controversy between rival unions is not a "labor dispute." But if he will go back to Section 13(c) of the Norris-LaGuardia Act he will find a labor dispute defined as "any controversy concerning terms or conditions of employment, *or concerning the association or representation of persons in negotiating . . . terms or conditions of employment.*" The Supreme Court has consistently held that picketing in jurisdictional disputes is protected by the Norris-LaGuardia Act. It happens that in this state the right of picketing in a jurisdictional dispute was upheld by the Court of Appeals before either the Norris-LaGuardia Act or our own state anti-injunction legislation was enacted; one of the decisions upholding it was by Justice Cardozo. In forgetting the Norris-LaGuardia Act the Mayor is in a class with the judges who "forget" about the anti-injunction provisions of the Clayton Act. The Norris-LaGuardia Act was passed to remind them, and to keep them from interfering with picketing and other legitimate labor-union practices. It does not, of course, protect labor unions against sudden ukases issued by mayors.

*

FULLY AS STRANGE AS THE NAZI-SOVIET PACT is the coalition supporting Batista for President of Cuba. The remains of Machado's "Liberals" are linked with the Communists, the National Democrats, the Nacionalistas, and the Realistas in a "Socialist Democratic coalition." The presence on the same platform of Batista and Juan Marinello, head of the Cuban Communist Party, is as incongruous as the meeting of Stalin and Ribbentrop in Moscow. For Batista and the sinister Pedraza, who succeeds him as head of the army, have in the past persecuted Communists and "Communists" as bitterly and as brutally as has the Gestapo or the Ovra. It is true that Batista has relaxed his dictatorship in the past year and promises that, if elected, he will "forget the past." But can he be trusted? He betrayed Grau and the Cuban revolution at the pleasure of our State Department. He became a hard-boiled dictator. Now he is a "democrat." How long will he remain one? And how stable is the "Popular Front" supporting him? Pedraza will be head of the army, and in the last analysis the army may rule, as it did under Batista. But Pedraza must be haunted by the nightmares of a Macbeth, and the blood of some of Cuba's finest and noblest cries out against him. If Pedraza is a democrat, so is Himmler.

*

THE WEEK'S WORST ATROCITY STORY CAME out of Ohio, where thousands of Americans were still being starved by a political blockade. Cities throughout the state were trying desperate measures to meet the crisis precipitated by a Republican governor with an urge to balance the budget. The Cleveland City Council authorized a $1,000,000 bond issue; Toledo enacted an ordinance designed to raise $273,000. Meanwhile, in Washington President Roosevelt approved a $1,200,000 expenditure for three WPA projects in the Cleveland area. These steps came after days and nights of mass suffering, and there was no assurance that they would do more than temporarily relieve the situation of the thousands who had been cut off relief. Earlier in the week the President issued a statement blaming the situation on the ambitions

of Governor Bricker, who complained that the charge was "political" and continued to look the other way, stubbornly refusing to summon the state legislature or to take any steps to alleviate the misery. The Ohio tragedy, as the President pointed out, is a dramatic illustration of "economy" in practice. It is also, as he did not point out, an example of the chaos in our relief system. The only encouraging item in the whole episode is the nation-wide revulsion which Bricker's performance has aroused.

*

RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK CITY WILL HAVE an opportunity to insure themselves against the costs of medical care under a plan just approved by the State Insurance Department. The scheme is modeled closely after the 3-cents-a-day hospital plan which has enjoyed wide popularity in the city and throughout the state. A subscriber pays $18 a year, for which a new organization, the Associated Health Foundation, Inc., agrees to meet all doctors' bills. The fee for married couples is $30 a year, and children under sixteen are included for $7.50 each. Another organization, the Medical Expense Fund of New York City, Inc., is expected to announce a similar scheme in the near future, and a plan is already in operation for twelve upstate New York counties. The launching of these organizations represents a notable step in the fight to make adequate medical care possible for the average family. Voluntary insurance of this type must not be regarded, however, as a substitute for health insurance or tax-supported medical care. Experience with the hospital plan shows that no such scheme can reach the lower third of the population. The average family in this group cannot begin to afford $30 to $45 a year for a doctor's services, and will in most cases take a chance of avoiding sickness rather than lower its already depressed standard of living. With this fact in mind, the American Association for Social Security has drafted a bill for introduction in the New York and other state legislatures providing for compulsory health insurance for employees earning less than a minimum to be fixed either at $1,500 or $2,000 a year. It has been charged that the voluntary plan has been introduced as a "backfire" against compulsory insurance. We believe it should be regarded rather as a demonstration on a restricted scale of a technique that should have much wider application.

*

ADD TO THE LIST OF FRANCO'S VICTIMS Dr. Moyer S. Fleisher, dismissed from his post of professor of bacteriology at St. Louis University after almost twenty-five years of service. The Committee on Academic Freedom of the American Association of University Professors finds that Dr. Fleisher lost his position because he sponsored a meeting addressed by the Reverend Michael O'Flanagan in support of the Loyalists. St. Louis University is a Jesuit institution, and the Jesuits are fond of tracing the free American ideals expressed in our Declaration of Independence back to the writings of two obscure sixteenth-century Jesuits, Suarez and Bellarmine. But they seem better at providing a Jesuit genealogy for Americanism than at applying its principles, for Dr. Fleisher's dismissal is a violation of the right of free speech. The Committee on Academic Freedom blames Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis and the Catholic Club of that city for bringing pressure on the university to dismiss Dr. Fleisher. The most ignominious episode in the case is that Dr. Fleisher was forced to write a letter of apology to the Very Reverend Harry B. Crimmins, president of the university. President Crimmins seems to have hated to dismiss Dr. Fleisher, but was compelled to do so. For the Archbishop we prescribe Matthew 5:7 and 44.

The Finns at Geneva

WHEN von Ribbentrop was in Moscow he seems to have won Stalin over to the tactics, if not the tenets, of the anti-Comintern. The Moscow correspondent of the New York *Times* reported on December 10 that if Russia were attacked for blockading Finland "at the request of the Kuusinen government," the Soviet government intended to retort with references to "Italy's blockade of the lawful Spanish government at the request of General Francisco Franco." Mussolini's conduct in Spain is not the most admirable of precedents for a government that purports to be anti-imperialist and a union of socialist republics. If Stalin is to model himself in the future on the Duce, he has much to live down, as Rudolf Holsti's address to the Assembly of the League eloquently demonstrated. For a large part of the Finnish delegate's speech was made up of quotations from the plea made by Litvinov before the Assembly two years ago. Litvinov asked the League's aid in halting the attack on the Spanish Republic under circumstances strikingly parallel to the attack on Finland.

The Assembly of the League wisely decided to attempt mediation of the Russo-Finnish war rather than take the more dramatic step of expelling the Soviet Union from the League, for which it is doubtful that unanimous consent could have been obtained. The League's belated intervention and weak action in past instances of aggression provided too sardonic a background. Perhaps the greatest deterrent to so drastic a first step was the opposition of Russia's neighbors, fearful of its ill-will. The Finns themselves asked for mediation rather than a move that could only intensify the Soviet attack. In general, the warmth of anti-Soviet denunciations on the eve of the Assembly meeting seems to vary with the distance of the denunciator from the Russian border. The South American countries were

loudest in their demands for Soviet expulsion, but since none of them are likely to bear the brunt of an anti-Soviet war, their views were at least temporarily overruled.

The Russians have been given twenty-four hours to reply to the mediation proposal, and by the time this issue of *The Nation* appears, Moscow's decision will be known. The answer is not expected to be favorable, although Russian demands, as revealed in the Finnish White Paper, do not seem to us so extreme as to make a compromise impossible unless the Soviet government is looking for expansion rather than security. If the attack on Finland is part of a larger scheme for a Russian or a joint Russo-German attack on Scandinavia, mediation will of course be rejected, and the rejection will serve as a warning of what is to come. But if the Russians are merely concerned with control of the entrances to the Gulf of Finland and Leningrad, the fighting which has already occurred should have left them in a mood for mediation. For it should be clear to them by now that Finland is no easy conquest. The puppet government set up at Terijoki has evoked only derision within Finland. The Finns are fighting for their homeland; the Red Army is an aggressor; morale is on the Finnish side. The wide lakes and tangled forests, the Arctic twilight and the deep snow are the Finns' best allies, and the weight of numbers counts for little along a front that is a succession of Thermopylae passes, all of them difficult of access. These are not the dusty Polish plains over which the Nazi juggernaut swept to an easy victory, nor is there any evidence that the Red Army compares in efficiency or equipment with the German, officered by the ablest military caste in Europe.

The Soviets seem to have bitten off more than they will be allowed to chew in security. Should they conquer Finland, the iron ore of both Norway and Sweden would be at their mercy, and the Nazis are dependent on this ore. If they then move into Rumania, their objective will be not merely Bessarabia, which seems already evacuated, but Bukovina to the north and Constanza in the south, controlling the mouth of the Danube. To succeed in both objectives would truly be to encircle Germany, and to drive it into making the best bargain it could with the Allies. The Italians seem determined to fight if the Russians go south of the Danube or much beyond Bessarabia, though the Yugoslavs are unwilling to be made an Italo-Russian battleground. The Italians would like to keep Russia embroiled in Finland and away from the Balkans. The Germans would like to divert them to Constantinople, and the Mosul oil line: a Russo-Turkish war would be to their liking. But Moscow's present program of expansion in both Finland and Rumania seems designed to give the Rome-Berlin axis a new common interest, and plays into the hands of those who are already beating the drums for the anti-Soviet crusade that has been one of Moscow's phobias. Daladier's hint that the Germans as well as the French must condemn the invasion of Finland will not go unnoticed in the Kremlin.

Realpolitik is carried on with mirrors and sometimes is best understood by reading its messages backward. Thus the sudden appearance in the Russian press of an article attacking Germany for aiding Finland and another presenting Britain in a friendly light may have been calculated to raise hopes in Britain of a Russian rapprochement and fears of it in Germany. The British, in contrast to their failure to send planes to Poland when that little country was under attack, have ostentatiously sent twenty planes to Finland, but otherwise seem to be playing a cautious game. But if the Finnish war goes on much longer, Russian freedom to sell out to either side is likely to grow more and more limited. On the horizon is the bogy the Soviets have always feared. They seem to have outsmarted themselves.

The Far East

WHILE all eyes are on Europe, developments are under way in Asia which may be in the long run of even greater significance for the United States. On the surface there have been few changes of a tangible nature since the signing of the Soviet-German pact. Japan is still bogged down in the vastness of China, and its recent minor victory at Nanning has not offset its defeat at Changsha. Politically, the Japanese suffered a setback in the death of the old war lord Wu Pei-fu, whose cooperation was desperately needed for the establishment of the long-projected puppet government under Wang Ching-wei. But beneath the surface there is intense activity. The Japanese militarists have apparently become convinced that a pact with the Soviet Union would solve their difficulties. While presumably they might have to surrender much of China in such an arrangement, they would be freed from the bogy of Russian planes over Tokyo and could take advantage of Britain's preoccupation to extend their empire in the South Pacific. The Dutch East Indies are particularly tempting because of their rich oil resources.

An attack on the Dutch East Indies would upset the existing balance of power so violently that the United States might eventually join the British and Australians in their defense. Whether Russia would become involved is problematical. But it is not impossible that a Japanese offensive in the South Seas would be paralleled by a Soviet attack on India. In such an event we might find ourselves embroiled in a world conflict, not, as most people expect, through European entanglements, but through our long-standing interests in the Pacific.

So far the Japanese government has resisted pressure

from the military for a Soviet pact. Yet some straws in the wind point to an agreement. Trade talks have been under way at Tokyo between the Soviet Ambassador and the Japanese Foreign Minister, and the Foreign Office's carefully worded denial that a non-aggression pact was being considered did not exclude the possibility of its consideration in the near future. The Japanese press has hinted more than once that a broader understanding might be achieved. Many of these statements, however, bore the earmarks of inspired revelations designed to put pressure on the United States to renew the trade treaty which expires on January 26. It has been evident for weeks that the civilian elements in the Tokyo government would greatly prefer an agreement with Great Britain and the United States to a pact with Russia. The Japanese Foreign Minister has been generally conciliatory in the preliminary talks held with Ambassador Grew. Many long-standing claims for damage to American property in China have recently been paid up, but Americans are still suffering many indignities. It is evident that the extremists, despite an undoubted loss of prestige, continue in a position to offset any concessions that the government may offer. Whether they can bring about a Soviet-Japanese understanding is another matter, one which depends on the attitude of the Soviet Union and the policies of the United States even more than on anything that Japan can do.

Moscow has hinted that it is not averse to a betterment of its relations with Japan. But it has not offered a non-aggression pact. Nor has there been a let-up in its increasingly substantial aid to China. Presumably it has a large stake in a Chinese victory, and an even larger stake in the defeat and destruction of the Japanese military machine. While it might not be at all unwilling to see Japan turn south and thus become involved in a war with Great Britain and perhaps the United States, it would find it even more profitable to block the expansion of the Japanese Empire. For it must be remembered that the Japanese are detested above all peoples in Moscow for their behavior in Siberia in the intervention campaign of 1921. And the Japanese occupation of North Manchuria, long regarded as a Russian sphere of influence, is a serious threat to Vladivostok—Russia's one real outlet on the Pacific.

Thus while our adoption of an embargo against it might drive Japan to seek a pact with Russia, there is no assurance that it could obtain one. And it is fully as logical to argue that a relaxation in our support of China, coupled with Britain's retreat in that area, might so disturb Russia that it would hasten to make peace with its nearest and most dangerous enemy. Without American supplies, which have greatly increased of late, Japan would be removed as an effective threat to the world. It would be neither attractive as a potential ally nor menacing enough to force its terms on any country.

Taming Mr. Dies

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IT DOESN'T matter who the malefactor may be, Morris Ernst takes him out to lunch or gives him a cocktail, and this alchemy is supposed to turn him into a civic benefactor. I don't say it never works; on the contrary, it is a technique that deserves every encouragement, especially since Mr. Ernst even tries it on *Nation* editors now and then. But its successes are, I suspect, occasional and accidental, like the rewards of virtue. The other day Raymond Clapper's syndicated column in the Scripps-Howard papers disclosed Morris Ernst's recent efforts to enlighten and reform Martin Dies, the one-man Gestapo from Texas. According to Clapper, Mr. Ernst "has been working on Representative Dies to interest him in using his investigation to bring out the differentiation between home-grown American liberalism and alien communism. The argument is that in this way a real service can be rendered to democracy. . . ." This is one instance in which the Ernst method will, I think, prove inadequate. Success would imply several almost comical presuppositions, such as a desire on the part of Mr. Dies to make the differentiation Mr. Ernst proposes, an absence of political motives in his investigation, and a sincere interest in democracy.

More realistic is the Eleanor Roosevelt approach to the Dies menace. As clearly as anyone in the country, Mrs. Roosevelt realizes that a major fight is in progress between the liberal forces in American life and the agents of repression. She knows who is who, underneath labels and pretensions. She knows what Mr. Dies is up to and why. She knows what his methods are and is shocked by them. She is not as free an agent as Mr. Ernst, but in her handling of the Dies committee she has, I think, proved a more effective one.

Mrs. Roosevelt is interested in young people; and when officers of the Youth Congress and the American Student Union were asked to appear before the Dies committee she appeared with them, not to testify but to watch. She watched silently through two sessions, invited the witnesses to the White House for lunch, approved in her daily column the "courtesy" and "helpfulness" of the committee members and its counsel, and commented on the rougher tactics of the committee's special investigator, J. B. Matthews. "His whole attitude, tone of voice, and phraseology made one feel that a prisoner, considered guilty, was being tried at the bar. I surmise that this impression was made on other people, for in a little while a gentleman came around and whispered in Mr. Matthews's ear. . . . Immediately the atmosphere changed. His voice was softer, his manners were more courteous. . . ."

Mrs. Roosevelt also gave it as her opinion, after listening in on these hearings, that "what is said by people

about other individuals is not half as important as discovering what the people themselves, working in these organizations, say and do." In her presence the Dies committee was both tamed and at the same time most effectively shown up.

But if the youth organizations were spared the more unsavory tactics of the committee, the consumer groups have not done as well. Perhaps Mr. Dies decided after Mrs. Roosevelt's intervention that open hearings may be dangerous. In any case he released as a report of the committee a set of accusations against these groups drawn up by the same Mr. Matthews whose behavior distressed Mrs. Roosevelt. This report was, however, never submitted to the committee itself; it was placed in the record at a "meeting" at which Chairman Dies was the only member present. Another member, Mr. Voorhis, has openly attacked the report and the way it was prepared and issued.

In his relation to the consumers' movement, Mr. Matthews is an interested insider. He was a director of Consumers' Research when that organization was torn by a strike after refusing to recognize the union (A. F. of L.) set up by its employees. Out of the strike grew a rival organization, Consumers' Union, created by strikers and sympathizers and headed by Arthur Kallet, formerly associated with Mr. Matthews and Mr. Schlink in the direction of Consumers' Research. Consumers' Union and Mr. Kallet are among the chief targets of Mr. Matthews's present accusations.

It is impossible here to sort out and list the lies in Mr. Matthews's report, but I can vouch personally for the untruth of several of his charges. I marvel, for instance, at the inclusion of the Committee for Boycott Against Japanese Aggression among the organizations under inquiry. Since this committee urged Americans not to buy Japanese goods, only the inverse logic of a Dies investigator could have made it a "consumer" organization. But more important is the fact that Mr. Matthews's list of "participants" in the "operations" of this committee contained not one actual member. It was apparently culled from a much longer list of signers of a general manifesto sent out by the committee as part of its boycott propaganda, carrying the names of dozens of persons of all political colors. The names used by Mr. Matthews were taken from the *Daily Worker*, which for its own reasons ignored the larger majority of "respectables" among the signers.

This incident is small but typical. A committee which has no relation to the consumer movement is "smeared" by publication of a list of persons who had no connection with the committee; and incidentally the committee is no longer in existence. Much more serious, because of their possible effect, are the charges against such organizations as Consumers' Union, the Milk Consumers' Protective Committee, and various other genuine consumers' groups. Even Mr. Matthews had the grace to admit that some of these were "devoted to legitimate consumer interests." But apparently one drop of red blood is enough to pollute any organism. The Consumers' Union has done an outstanding job, limited only by its financial handicaps, in exposing practices injurious to consumers of all sorts of goods. It is not a Communist organization. Communists are admitted to its ranks, as are all persons interested in its objectives. Even Communists, one may suppose, like to buy honest merchandise at fair prices; this is a human, not a purely Muscovite, failing. As for the milk committee, it has not only exposed the price-fixing methods of the major distributors but has also founded a cooperative concern which sells clean milk at less than the regular rate in New York City.

This latest star-chamber exploit cannot but reduce still further the prestige of Martin Dies in the eyes of ordinary men and women. An indiscriminate foray into the ranks of consumer protective groups hits the interests of too many of us. By the time the new session of Congress meets, Mr. Dies may well have cooked his political goose. Mrs. Roosevelt may drop in casually on the Dies committee room, but it is a long way from there to the White House just the same.

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*Militarism vs. Socialism in Russia**

BY ALAN MATHER

IN THE years before Hitler came to power in Germany—that is, before competitive armament had begun to strain the economies of European countries to the breaking-point—the question of whether or not it was possible to build socialism in one country remained an academic one. Why, it was asked, should it not be possible for a single country, Soviet Russia, to have socialism? It had but to protect itself with a wall of armament, exclude subversive capitalist doctrines, and go full steam ahead. And so, in 1932, as the first Five-Year Plan arrived at what looked like triumphant completion, the internationally minded socialists were routed not only by the Stalinists, who were in the real sense of the term *national* socialists, but by every liberal who wished to see the "Russian experiment" succeed.

But since 1934 factors which the internationalists had predicted would prevent the development of Russian economy into socialism have operated at an accelerating rate. Lenin's warning to the Russian workers that "we live not only in a state but in a system of states" has begun to have more meaning for them than at any other time since 1919.

In 1935 national defense took one-eighth of the expenditures of the Soviet budget. This year it took more than one-quarter. Since that budget covers industry, transport, and similar items excluded from calculation in other countries, it can be said that the number of persons shifted from the production of consumers' goods to the making of armaments is proportional. Although the working force grew from 23,500,000 to 28,000,000 persons in this five-year period, the net increase in the energy available for the creation of real consumers' wealth, expressed in terms of the number of workers, was less than half a million persons.

While men have been deserting industry for military training, women have been leaving it for the joys and duties of maternity. After the 1936 decree prohibiting abortion and reinforcing the bonds of matrimony, there was a phenomenal increase in the birth rate—and the potential soldier supply. The U. S. S. R. baby crop of 1936 was 13 per cent greater than that of 1935; 1937 did better than 1936 by 20 per cent—Moscow had a birth rate of thirty-five per thousand inhabitants, Baku forty-two, Krasnoyarsk and Ivanovo forty. (In 1936 Chicago had a birth rate of thirteen per thousand, Philadelphia twelve.) If one considers that a woman's effective working age corresponds roughly with child-bearing age and that 35 per cent of all workers in the Soviet Union are women, one sees that the ratios do not adequately express the havoc created in the working force. From day to day the actualities were printed in *Izvestia*—in the story about the Leningrad textile factory where three hundred out of four thousand women employees quit their looms in one year, or in the one about the desperation of a collective-farm manager in Kuban when a third of the women members of a brigade left the fields at the crucial harvest season.

It may be imagined that the mechanization of Soviet industry and its annually heightened productiveness have been enough to offset the drain of man-power and money into armaments and of women into child-bearing, but statistics of production do not bear this out. After having maintained a yearly rate of increase of from 15 to 35 per cent between 1929 and 1935, the output of coal, pig iron, steel ingots, and rolled steel flattened out to an almost dead level in 1936, 1937, and 1938. Worse yet, production of steel ingots and rolled steel for the first six months of 1939 dropped below that for the same period of 1938, though in 1938 the purge of many executives had a bad effect on output. The forward surge which the authorities assured everyone would follow on the heels of the purge has not yet appeared. Moreover, spasms of high and low output seem to have hit Soviet industry. On the production charts 1934 appears with the profile of pond ripples, 1937 has a sawtooth edge, and 1939 takes on the icicle outline of the course of business in capitalist countries.

To meet the drain of militarization, the authorities have had to resort to the speed-up and labor discipline. In politics they have met rising opposition to "socialism in one country" with the ruthless extermination of the old proponents of international socialism. The Stakhanov movement of 1936 was part of this economic offensive. The real significance of Stakhanovism has been buried under a confusion of arguments as to whether or not it was speed-up. The truth is that it had two differing aspects. The better one was the contribution of Alexei Stakhanov, a young coal miner, who noticed that so long as he had to do both propping and hewing his output of coal and his piece-work wages would never increase be-

* Most of the information on which this article is based comes from the statistical publications of the State Planning Commission of the U. S. S. R.; the *Monthly Review*, published by the U. S. S. R. Trade Delegation in Great Britain; speeches of Stakhanovites and officials at the First All-Union Conferences of Stakhanovites, 1935; *Industrial and Labor Information*, published by the International Labor Office; *Research Bulletin on the Soviet Union*, by the American-Russian Institute for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union; *Monthly Labor Review* of the United States Department of Labor; and "Russian Economic Notes" published by the United States Department of Commerce.

yond a certain point. When he stuck to hewing and had a fellow-worker do the propping for him, the output of the two miners exceeded that of both when the labor was not divided. Increased production through division of labor, plus organization of the supply of materials and intelligent use of tools, is the better side of Stakhanovism. The obverse, as appears from the speeches of other "Stakhanovites" made at the All-Union Conference of Stakhanovites in 1935, is a mere stepping up of production through greater effort. Krivonoss, the hero of the Commissariat of Railways, simply drove his locomotive at a high "Bolshevik" speed; some heroines of the textile industry ran around faster to attend more looms; iron workers in the Urals strained themselves to get more out of ancient furnaces. Stakhanov's accomplishment, which in normal times, in a gradual and reasoned application, would have attracted little attention, was under a war drive used as an excuse to step up production norms everywhere. Hence the average worker who, before Stakhanovism, with old equipment in a badly organized factory, gained a subsistence with difficulty and had to strain himself to earn more, found that, after Stakhanovism, with equipment and factory unchanged, strain had become the price of mere subsistence. And since Stakhanovism was purposely identified with socialism by the officials, all those who opposed its appended speed-up were, *ipso facto,* against socialism.

The most serious threat to socialism springs from the growing differences between the wages of skilled and unskilled workers—differences created, first, by the system of gradations of skill and, secondly, by piece-work wages. The classification of workers into grades with a different coefficient of payment for each grade was introduced in the period of the New Economic Policy and continues to this day to such an extent that in one industry the topmost category of workers has a basic rate of pay ten times that of the lowest. Payment by piece rather than by time was in force for 65 per cent of industrial workers as far back as 1931 and is the system used today in all parts of Soviet industry where it can be practically applied. It is important to note that these piece-work rates are progressive: a worker is paid so much per unit for less than a hundred units per day, but he may be paid double or triple the unit rate for what he produces above the hundred-unit norm. In 1936, for example, the basic wage rate for a coal driller was 7.26 rubles for a six-hour shift. For work done above the norm of drilling and reinforcing four cubic meters of coal in one shift he received two and a half times the basic rate. And although the norm has been stepped up since that time, it still holds true that Stakhanovism gives to the skilled worker —who already enjoys an advantage in the higher basic pay of his classification—an increased opportunity of getting double or triple the basic rate by exceeding the norm. Stakhanov ran his monthly pay up from 500 to 1,600 rubles; Busygin went from 300 to 1,000 rubles a month; and Krivonoss, the railwayman, boasted of doubling his pay while working only part time.

No harm would be done to the lower categories of workers if the skilled men were paid according to the value of their labor. But the principle that any ton of coal above a certain norm is worth two and a half times as much as any ton below it tends to reward a Stakhanovite miner beyond the value of his social contribution. New machinery and more efficient factories were the social base of Stakhanovism. Individual Stakhanovites, engineers, and officials are reaping all the surplus values produced on that base. The true effect of unequal payments can be visualized if one keeps two central facts in mind: industrial production, measured in tons, gallons, or other physical quantities—*not* in rubles as Soviet officials are so shrewdly measuring it these days—has been leveling off in the past three years, while the total annual pay roll has gone up from 56 billion rubles in 1935 to 96 billion rubles in 1938. This means an inflation which the Stakhanovite is able to weather better than the unskilled worker. To look at it the other way around, inflation was one way of getting an increased proportion of the national income into the hands of Stakhanovites and others without cutting the *money* wages of the unskilled. For in times when the total industrial output levels off and, therefore, the total of real wages remains constant, increased rewards to one group can only be made at the expense of another. To do this by means of inflation is politically more expedient than by wage cuts. By inflation *all* money wages can be increased. Nobody will deny that the money wages of unskilled workers have risen. But their real wages have declined so catastrophically that at the end of 1937 a decree had to be passed adding a supplement to their wages to bring them to 110 rubles per month. This supplement is not a reward for labor. It is relief of the poor.

The Stakhanovites will use their political influence to hold their grip on the national wealth. They are demanding radios, electric refrigerators, cosmetics, automobiles, and they will get them, while the lower workers have yet to enjoy substantial shoes, winter overcoats, and a halfway decent diet. In housing, too, the differences between wages paid to skilled and unskilled workers have their effects on forms that are peculiarly socialistic. The aim of the Soviet government in its early days was to remove the burden of housework from women in order to make them available for industrial employment and office work. Hence the kitchen was to be amputated from the worker's home, and communal kitchens, dining-rooms, and nurseries were to multiply. Now much of this "theorizing" has been done away with. Between 1928 and 1933 the per capita housing space for the city population dropped from fifty-eight to forty-eight square feet.

Burlingame, Cal.

Although the funds allocated to housing rose steadily, they failed to keep pace with the urban influx. After 1935 those funds started downward. Per capita space figures are no longer available, and that fact, considered in conjunction with the enormously increased birth rate, suggests that conditions have passed from the intolerable to the explosive. One thing seems to have served to neutralize the probable discontent—and it implies an abandonment of all social theorizing: housing is apportioned less than ever on a per capita basis. Wage differences and the resulting ability to pay even steeply graded rents permit a Stakhanovite or an engineer to enjoy a whole house or flat, while the unskilled worker must be satisfied with an eight-hour share of a bed in a barrack. The relative contentment of the influential section of the populace smothers the grumbling of the less fortunate.

Qualitative changes in a direction away from socialism have paralleled the unequal allotment of housing space. On February 3, 1936, *Pravda* published an editorial blast against the "leftist tendency" of certain architects who, still considering a home as a mere place to sleep in, had been omitting kitchens, bedrooms for servants, laundry tubs, and closets for foodstuffs in individual apartments. It seems that Moscow was full of apartments designed by leftists who, as one architect wrote in to *Pravda,* were "attempting an artificial implantation of communal principles." In buildings already in process of erection stoves were hurriedly installed in bathrooms and living-rooms. In special articles in the *Moscow Daily News* architects discussed plans for the newly required servants' bedrooms. Some held that since the bedrooms were likely to be very small, they might be just alcoves in the kitchens. By 1937 the fundamental cause of this change in the architectural "line" was made quite clear: a steady drain of workers to the armament industries had depressed the number of workers in the public food services —restaurants, cafeterias, and the like—from 545,000 to 395,000. It is this labor shift that has caused the decline of "communal" eating and made way for the restoration of the private kitchen.

To increase the railroads' capacity for transporting war materials by relieving them of the need to carry as much foodstuff, the authorities have been granting plots of ground to millions of city industrial workers for use as kitchen gardens. For years the trade unions discouraged these kitchen gardens, asserting that there was nothing more alien to the concept of socialism than the picture of the industrial worker struggling to increase his real wages by scratching the soil around some sickly cabbages while the peasant was seeking an outlet for the produce of his acres. Now their assigned task is to get rakes, hoes, and packets of seeds for the workers.

Perhaps, as its statesmen repeatedly assert, it is against a world of hostile countries that the Soviet Union seeks to fence itself. But having embarked upon armament competition, the home of socialism has had to resort, first, to a new creation of classes, and then to that same forceful maintenance of class relationships which underlies the military economies of other lands. Whatever may have been the truth about the attempts to shoot Stalin, poison Gorki, and put ground glass in some Stakhanovite's borscht, many of the leaders shot for treason, Bukharin in particular, had been thinking seriously about the conflict between militarism and socialism.

Gunning for Maverick

BY CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ

San Antonio, December 11

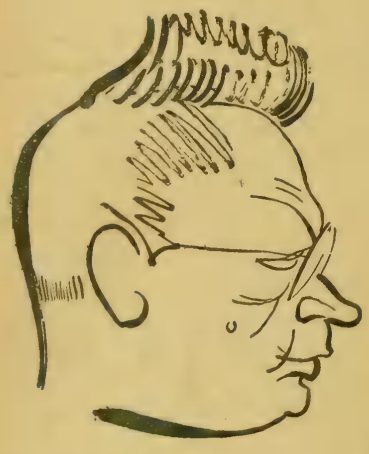
MAYOR MAURY MAVERICK was at his desk in the City Hall this morning. That is where a mayor should be, but for the last two weeks Maverick has spent most of his time at the red-stone county courthouse two blocks away, fighting for his political life and even for his liberty. His enemies did their utmost to send him to the penitentiary for paying the poll tax of another person, which is a felony in Texas. They failed. Maverick said it was all a political smear; certainly the prosecution didn't have much evidence. But if it couldn't convict him on the indictment, it hoped to convict him of standing up for the constitutional rights of Communists, of being friendly to the C. I. O. and the Newspaper Guild, of getting $1,000 of Yankee money for his campaign, and of knowing David Dubinsky well enough to call him Dave. It was only after nearly two weeks of a tense, bitter trial, that a jury called at least a temporary halt to the whole noisome business by deciding that Maury Maverick wasn't guilty.

The halt is temporary because Maverick may be brought to trial again. He still faces four felony and ten misdemeanor indictments on similar poll-tax charges. It would seem only fair, since all the charges grew out of the same episode, to dismiss the remaining indictments, but in San Antonio politics fairness is considered almost sissy. District Attorney John Shook, who is running interference now for the city machine which Maverick defeated last May, has not yet decided whether or not to press the remaining charges. The felony indictments are

likely to be ignored, since there is little chance of gaining a conviction on them. But Shook may press the misdemeanor charges in the hope that Maury's political record can at least be smeared with a fine.

From the beginning, the prosecution had only the faintest hope of convicting Maverick of a felony. But it went to trial anyway so that the testimony, true and false together, could be spread on the public record. The most that the prosecution really hoped for was a hung jury. Then it could have been said of Maverick in future campaigns, "True, the jury didn't find Maury guilty, but neither did it find him innocent."

But whether the remaining charges are pressed or not, Maverick's acquittal in the first trial is regarded here as a pretty certain indication that his enemies will fail in their effort to ruin his career. Most observers feel that his foes overreached themselves. They came close to making him a political martyr, and he is likely to emerge from the whole ordeal stronger than ever. Besides, Maverick would not be dismayed by a fine, or even by a felony conviction. He was prepared in the event of a conviction to attack the whole poll-tax law, and his attorneys laid the basis for an appeal to the Supreme Court on constitutional grounds. He was not in the least afraid of going to jail.



Maury Maverick

These poll-tax charges were only part of a long campaign to discredit Maverick's administration. He had no political honeymoon. Within two weeks of the day he took office on June 1 the newspapers were solemnly announcing that he had violated his campaign pledge to reduce city expenses. When he hired a police chief from Illinois because he could not find a suitable man at home, the papers yelled that it was an insult to San Antonio's manhood. But all this was a mere whisper compared to the tub-thumping that echoed to the Texas skies when he let Emma Tenayuca, a frail little Mexican girl whom they call the Red Rose of San Antonio, have a permit for a Communist meeting in the Municipal Auditorium. Right then Maverick's stock was really low. Scarcely anybody could be found who would admit he ever had voted or ever would vote for Maverick. If his foes had been wise, they would have sat back quietly to wait for the next election.

The poll-tax charges were based on an episode that occurred last January. David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, gave Maverick $1,000 for his campaign, and Maverick in turn gave $250 to the San Antonio local of the I. L. G. W. U. The prosecution claimed that this $250 was to be used for the illegal payment of poll taxes, but Maverick successfully maintained that the money had been intended only to help the union carry on a publicity campaign to encourage their members to pay their own poll taxes. This is a perfectly legal aim.

There were gaps in the evidence so big you could drive a tank through them. But whenever the evidence was weak, prejudice was offered instead. Judge Bryce Ferguson, who conducted the trial ably and fairly, threw the prejudice out promptly, but the prosecution seemed to be working on the theory that if you throw a skunk into the jury box, you can drag out the carcass but not the smell. However, this appeal to prejudice failed completely. The trial even removed from Maverick the curse of the Communist meeting last August, for testimony showed that the meeting had been purposely arranged to embarrass him.

Immediately after Maverick's acquittal it was suggested, chiefly in Washington, that he should lead a drive against the poll tax throughout the South. But Maverick himself sees his first job as catching up on his work in the San Antonio City Hall—if he can keep out of a courtroom long enough. He wants to be reelected. It will do him no good to be famous abroad if he can't get a majority of the votes at home.

Meanwhile, he is still the leader of the Roosevelt third-term movement in Texas. President Roosevelt was among the first to congratulate him on his acquittal. If it comes to a fight between Roosevelt and Garner in Texas, Maverick will play an important role, for though his following is not state-wide, he does have important support not only in his home city but also in Austin, Houston, and Dallas. There are lots of Roosevelt men in Texas.

Moreover, Maverick's trouble with the poll tax will probably gain him a wider audience and enhance his political stature throughout the state. Thousands upon thousands of poor workers and poor farmers—not only Mexicans and Negroes but Anglo-Americans too—are disfranchised by the poll-tax law, and Maverick's trial has in a sense dramatized the issue. After he has consolidated his position in San Antonio, he may find support in the state where he has found it in the city—among people hitherto not accustomed to vote because of the poll tax. Maverick won't be ready for a state office in 1940, but he may be by 1942.

The Catholic Press

BY H. RUTLEDGE SOUTHWORTH

THOUGH the average American is unaware of its existence, the press of the Roman Catholic church is today one of the most influential publishing units in the United States. More powerful than any other religious press, it includes, according to Charles H. Ridder, president of the Catholic Press Association, 139 newspapers, with a circulation of 2,639,165, and 197 magazines, with a circulation of 4,604,141, besides more than 4,000 local publications. What gives this press its peculiar importance in comparison with the press of other religious groups is the fact that the Catholic church engages in politics on a vast scale and that Catholicism is in fact the oldest of the international isms. The American Catholic press is a vital part of the church's political machinery and was greatly encouraged by Pope Pius XI, who saw it as a powerful agency of Catholic Action—that is, cooperation between laity and hierarchy for the attainment of Catholic aims.

Technically, the Catholic press does not speak for the church. Only the Pope does that. But millions of practicing Catholics never question either the news or the news interpretations in the Catholic press. This is especially true of readers of the sixty-odd diocesan and archdiocesan organs. These are usually weekly newspapers and have the largest lay circulations—frequently exceeding 50,000. Each receives its official status from the bishop, and three out of four are edited by priests. Sometimes the paper is held in the bishop's name, along with other church property; sometimes it belongs to a company controlled by wealthy laymen. In either case its influence in the diocese comes from the bishop's recommendation. The paper is what he wants his flock to read. Bishop Molloy of Brooklyn, who last November was decorated by the Fascist government of Italy, must, one surmises, approve of his diocesan paper, the *Tablet,* which is anti-New Deal, anti-C. I. O., anti-Semitic, pro-Fascist, pro-Coughlin, and pro-Franco. On the other hand, Cardinal Mundelein, late Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago, urged his people to read the *New World,* which was pro-New Deal, pro-C. I. O., anti-Coughlin, anti-Fascist, distrustful of Franco. Both are official Catholic publications.

It was through the *Freeman's Journal,* his official organ, that Bishop Hughes began in 1852 his campaign to secure public money for Catholic schools. The continuity of Catholic policy is seen in the keynote address to the 1939 meeting of the Catholic Press Association, in which Bishop Gannon counseled the Catholic editors to work for the same goal, as yet unattained. (This campaign, today the most important domestic drive on the church's program, is assuming increasing importance in the Catholic press. Witness the second encyclical of Pius XII.) Catholic campaigns against birth control, "indecent" literature, the Child Labor Amendment, and the liberal government of Mexico, and in behalf of motion-picture censorship and Spanish fascism, were largely directed by these "official" organs.

Father Peter M. H. Wynhoven, editor of *Catholic Action of the South,* and vice-president of the Catholic Press Association, lists 235 important Catholic periodicals which though not "official" are "approved" by the proper church authorities. Included are publications of religious orders, such as the Jesuit *America,* the most influential Catholic publication in the United States, and of Catholic societies and fraternal orders, such as the *Holy Name Journal,* sponsored by the Holy Name Society. *Catholic Action,* official organ of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, speaking for the American hierarchy, is "approved," not "official." The most widely circulated Catholic journal of our times, Father Coughlin's *Social Justice,* was formerly "approved" but early this year lost that standing. Father Wynhoven does not list it as a Catholic publication. He lists the liberal *Commonweal* as "approved," but *Commonweal* editors do not know who "approved" it. The *Catholic Worker* is neither "approved" nor "official."

In 1920 the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the American hierarchical organization, established a press service which now furnishes to Catholic papers a weekly news service averaging 50,000 words, including foreign cable and radio dispatches. It services 452 publications and 24 foreign countries, and is probably the most influential Catholic press bureau in the world. The Catholic Press Association, founded in 1890, which today includes 142 leading Catholic publications, is also important in formulating Catholic press policies. A significant effort to streamline the Catholic press is the work of Monsignor Matthew Smith, editor of the Denver *Register,* who has persuaded twenty-two dioceses to add local items and issue their own edition of the *Register.*

FROM COUGHLIN TO MUNDELEIN

A Catholic of any political point of view can today find at least one Catholic paper to suit his taste—whether he is progressive or fascist. The foetal-fascist wing of the Catholic press was outlined by *Social Justice* on

July 17 last in a list which gave as "required reading" *America*, the *Tablet*, and *Social Justice*. *Light*, organ of the International Catholic Truth Society and edited by the Coughlin understudy, Father Edward Lodge Curran, Ph. D., and the *Sign*, published by the Passionist Fathers, also belong in this group, as does *Our Sunday Visitor*, diocesan organ of Huntington, Indiana, which has a national circulation of more than 400,000 and wide distribution among young people.

These papers have supported fascism not only in Spain but elsewhere. "Czechoslovakia Rises Again as a Christian State" was a front-page headline of the Brooklyn *Tablet* shortly after Munich, over a story reading in part: "Now freed from the foreign elements which had been foisted on to the Versailles-created republic, Czechoslovakia as a federation is determined to build itself up as a Christian state." On October 2, 1938, *Our Sunday Visitor* declared editorially, "Germany, Italy, and Japan—the so-called fascist nations—are allied in sympathy and cooperation—and this may be bad. But England, France, Russia, Czechoslovakia, and the United States are allied in a similar manner—and we believe this is worse."

The leader of this group is *America*, to which must be credited the growing influence of the Jesuit "line" in American Catholic publications, the desire to see here the sort of state advocated in Austria by Dollfuss and Monsignor Seipel, in Spain by Gil Roblés, and created in Portugal by Salazar—that is, Catholic, or "integral," democracy. These Catholic fascist movements flowered when papal diplomacy was in the hands of the present pope. Francis X. Talbot, S. J., editor of *America*, wrote last year in Harold Stearn's symposium, "America Now," this outline of the Catholic position:

> In the United States, then, the Catholic church recognizes the government established by the will of the people as wholly and undeniably legitimate; demands that the Catholic communicants give free and unreserved allegiance to the government; and pledges itself to uphold that government in every exigency, to the best of its ability. Nevertheless, the American Catholic, enthusiastically affirming that the American constitutional system of government is the best non-Catholic form yet devised, claiming, furthermore, that the American Declaration of Independence and Constitution were derived from Catholic sources, can declare in utter good faith that a government erected on the Leonine [Leo XIII] principles would be a more perfect instrument.

The bulk of the Catholic press follows *America*. A very few Catholic papers follow the *New World*, a provocative weekly with a virile and realistic approach to current problems that is sadly lacking in other Catholic progressive journals. The *Commonweal*, a national Catholic magazine of social and literary comment, which had been steadily edging deeper into reaction, in 1938 abandoned its right-wing position, but it has never approached the forthrightness of the *New World*. The *Catholic Worker*, hopeful and starry-eyed, has a good labor record and has distinguished itself by its continued opposition to Catholic neo-fascists. The *Labor Leader*, organ of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, is more realistic. The last two suffer from small circulations and are supported largely by those members of the clergy who feel that if the church does not take a more vigorous pro-labor stand it will lose the workers.

More significant than these lay experiments is the defense of union labor by diocesan papers like the *New World*, the *Michigan Catholic* of Detroit, and the *Pittsburgh Catholic*, all published in centers of C. I. O. activity. The *Register* chain vigorously defended union labor last summer when Cleveland business men, headed by C. F. Burke of the General Tire and Rubber Company, protested against the labor activities of Catholic leaders.

FASCISM, SPAIN, AND CHURCH POWER

On international issues the Catholic press has always advocated whatever political course would further church power. It opposed American foreign intervention in support of the Hungarian Kossuth, a Protestant; it favored intervention in behalf of the Catholics in Ireland and in Mexico. It has opposed extending the "Good Neighbor" spirit in Latin America for fear of spreading Protestantism. Father John La Farge, S. J., declared in *America* (January 14, 1939):

> The strongest bond of unity in this whole pan-American field is not economic or commercial interdependence but the Catholic faith which these nations possess in common with 20,000,000 citizens of the United States and over 4,000,000 in Canada. This bond of unity lies in our custody as Catholics. Is it not about time that we rouse ourselves and insist that American diplomacy recognize this bond in the pursuit of inter-American harmony?

In the name of the church's 20-odd million members the Catholic press has tried to bring American foreign policy into line with international Catholic policy even where that policy favored the fascist powers. A plain indication of the hierarchy's tolerance for fascism was given by Bishop John Mark Gannon of Erie, chairman of the Press Department of the N. C. W. C., in an address before the C. P. A. in New York on June 22, 1939.

> In Europe [said Bishop Gannon] we have five dictatorships: Russia, Germany, Turkey, Italy, and Portugal. Two of them, Russia and Turkey, are definitely hostile to Christianity and God. Two of them, Italy and Portugal, actually support by public tax the church in all its fields of endeavor. Germany likewise supports the church, but due to a secular tendency in recent years there is a definite but we hope temporary form of persecution of Christian leaders.

The clearest expression of fascist sympathies in the Catholic press was its pro-Franco stand during the Span-

ish war, and it is not unfair to use that issue as a touchstone. The success of the campaign to retain the embargo on Spain was largely attributable to the unremitting pressure of the Catholic press. Pro-labor papers like the *Michigan Catholic* and the *Pittsburgh Catholic* espoused the anti-labor, pro-fascist cause in Spain. Only three Catholic periodicals—the *Catholic Worker*, the *New World*, and the *Commonweal* in the last months of the war—dared even suggest that Franco's war was not a holy war. This unanimity was secured through the releases of the N. C. W. C. news service. Judged by any standard of modern journalism, the coverage of the war in Spain given by the official Catholic news agency must be considered one of the most dishonest efforts of our age.

The Catholic press based its Spanish stand on the following points, all demonstrably false: (1) the Popular Front achieved victory in the February 16, 1936, elections through fraud and violence; (2) immediately after the elections the left began with governmental connivance a reign of terror which forced the army to intervene to restore order; (3) the murder of Calvo Sotelo by the government on July 13 provoked the Spanish people to rise; (4) proof of a Communist plot to seize the government caused Franco to rise; (5) Franco was supported by a majority of the Spanish people; (6) the Spanish government was fighting to impose communism on the Spanish people; (7) Franco's movement was not fascist; (8) Franco accepted no German and Italian help until after the Soviet Union intervened in behalf of the Spanish government; (9) the massacre at Badajoz never took place, the bombing of Guernica was a newspaperman's fake, and the bombings of Barcelona and Valencia were confined to military objectives.

The trump card of the Catholic press, however, was the lurid charge that the "anti-religious" Spanish government had killed 300,000 men, women, and children because they were Catholics. It is true that churches were burned and that priests, perhaps even nuns, were killed in Republican territory, though never in anything like the figures given in the church press. That press, moreover, rarely pointed out that such outrages against the lives of priests as occurred took place *after* Franco had risen in revolt—in the name of the church—taking with him the bulk of the army and police power. There is no evidence to show governmental connivance in the crimes committed by an enraged people who thought the church was supporting a fascist movement—as indeed it was. The Catholic press never explained to democratic American Catholics why these things happened. It did not tell of the issue of the Catholic magazine *Acción Española*, published in Burgos in March, 1937, with the benediction of the Cardinal Primate, which declared the justification for its politics to be that "democracy and universal suffrage were embryonic forms of communism and anarchy." It did not tell how the Bishop of Pamplona had early in 1936 blessed the flag of the fascist Spanish Phalanx. It did not tell of the English Catholics, Jerrold and Pollard, who, acting on behalf of their international religious affiliations, helped to bring Franco from the Canaries to Morocco. These facts, often published in Spain with the sanction of the church, were never revealed to American Catholics. Only a *New World* columnist had the courage to face the challenge to the Catholic press given by the German and Italian post-war revelations of aid to Franco. He wrote (June 30, 1939):

> The accusations are now being made on every side that many Catholic writers and, unfortunately, most of the Catholic press were guilty of presenting falsehoods about the Spanish Civil War. . . . They are the more unfortunate because these writers and papers were continually accusing the daily press of untruthfulness and unfairness, while they themselves did not have clean hands. It now appears that the daily press gave a more fair and accurate picture of the Spanish war than did many units of the Catholic press.

The *Catholic Review*, archdiocesan organ of Baltimore, replied that "the isolation of the *New World* from the rest of the Catholic papers is complete. For that we are thankful." Monsignor Thomas S. Duggan wrote in the Hartford *Transcript*, official diocesan organ:

> What we black sheep Catholic papers printed about the Spanish war was taken directly from the news releases of the National Catholic Welfare Conference or inspired by those releases. The National Catholic Welfare Conference is the creation and mouthpiece of the American bishops. If we were dishonest there is an inference to be drawn which all but the foolhardy will avoid.

To defend its falsehoods on Spain the Catholic press attacked the publishers and correspondents of the secular press. Father Joseph F. Thorning, the most articulate of Franco's propagandists, often pointed out that Pulitzer, Stern, Meyer, and Sulzberger were Jews, and therefore prejudiced against Franco. Jay Allen was attacked to discredit his story of the Badajoz massacre. G. L. Steer was assailed to tear down his story of the bombing of Guernica. Father Thorning libeled Lawrence Fernsworth by writing in the *Tablet:*

> The evidence of Mr. Fernsworth's connections with the leftist government of Spain was gathered by agents of the British Foreign Office and led to his resignation from the *Times* (London) and the New York *Times*.

Herbert L. Matthews was called insane. Leland Stowe, Vincent Sheean, Ernest Hemingway, John Gunther, and others were constantly vilified.

It is impossible to gauge with accuracy the power of this press. By no means does it reach even half the Catholics in this country. After two years of Catholic press enthusiasm for fascism in Spain, the Gallup poll in December, 1938, reported that one-third of American Cath-

olics had no opinion on the war, while 43 per cent of those with opinions were pro-Loyalist. The press did succeed, however, in molding a loud, militant pressure group which had tremendous effect on politicians. At the suggestion of Father Gillis, editor of the monthly *Catholic World* and author of a column widely circulated in the Catholic press, the Catholic Press Association in June adopted with only two dissenting votes a motion to rebuke all secular newspapers the C. P. A. believed guilty of reporting the Spanish war unfairly. This kind of Catholic pressure on the secular press is now organized in the United Catholic Organizations Press Relations Committee, directed by Father Toomey, S. J., of *America.*

ON COUGHLIN AND THE WAR

The most significant Catholic press development in recent months has been the increasing support for Coughlin. To the non-Catholic press Coughlin is perhaps known chiefly for his encouragement to anti-Semitism. But to the Catholic press he is the man who deluged Congress with telegrams against lifting the embargo on Spain, the man who led the fight against revision of the Neutrality Act. The N. C. W. C. news service sends out Coughlin's speeches. The *Tablet* prints Coughlin's speeches in full. The Catholic *News,* New York archdiocesan organ, prints weekly excerpts, as does the St. Louis *Catholic.* The *Western Catholic,* organ of the Springfield, Illinois, diocese, speaks of the "fearless, peerless Father Coughlin." The *Evangelist,* Albany's diocesan paper, defends Father Coughlin's anti-Semitism with:

> Communism's Enemy Number One in this country is Father Coughlin. In his sincere effort to expose its godless philosophy and harmful economic system he spares neither Jew nor Gentile.

The *Catholic Herald,* St. Louis's "approved" newspaper, reprints Coughlin and comments:

> But whatever men say, they cannot truthfully and justly contend Father Coughlin lacks the courage to speak the truth as he sees it, and is convinced of it. And that is something big, just as the priest's venture is big. Something all Americans should, in conformity with a fine tradition, admire, whether they subscribe to Father Coughlin's view or not.

Only two diocesan organs stand out in the fight against Coughlin—the *New World* and the Pittsburgh *Catholic.*

Purely Catholic interests will determine the attitude of the church press on the present war as they have on other major issues. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, prominent American church spokesman, declared in England this past summer, "The majority of Catholics do not want the President to be given the right to declare who is an 'aggressor,' lest it be used against the church as it would have been used against it in Spain if such a right were then enjoyed." There are, however, even in the Roman Catholic church, wheels within wheels. A recent report received from Rome indicated a 40 per cent decrease in papal revenues since the invasion of Poland. The prime financial importance of the United States church to the Vatican and the fact that the New World Catholic population now equals that of the Old, may cause the church to continue its "isolationist" stand. Nevertheless, there are some signs that a shift is in the making. If all the guns can be turned against Soviet Russia, the church press may well clamor for our participation in a "holy war." Yet the church is wary. John P. Delaney, writing in *America* (October 14), says:

> This is not yet a religious war. Before it can become such, we must have some assurance that the men and nations who are directing the war are primarily interested in the preservation of religious liberty. Thus far, we have no such assurance.

Another factor that will contribute to the formation of the Catholic "line" is the articulate anti-British Empire bias of the Irish leadership of the American Catholic hierarchy and press. England, with its apostate state church, and anti-clerical France are viewed with disfavor by many American clerics. Also, the church would not favor any coalition, even against Soviet Russia, that might result in an international body not dominated by the church, for international organizations are the special foes of the church, be they Socialist, Communist, Masonic, or leagues of nations. Patrick Scanlan, managing editor of the *Tablet,* summed up the Catholic editor's position, as far as it can be summed up, on April 1, 1939:

> The question for us is: Who is for God and who is against God? Who favors religion, who is against it? Who will protect and uphold God's rights, defend His church, and oppose anti-God? That is the all-important issue. Nothing else matters a great deal.

Democracy? Truth? Liberty? Fraternity? Equality? "Nothing else matters a great deal."

News from Vienna

By ANTON KUH

REFUGEES who arrive fresh from Austria, on Dutch and Italian boats, are very circumspect and cautious when asked about conditions in the Ostmark. The fate of hundreds of thousands of fellow-sufferers who were left behind under Hitler's whip imposes discretion upon them. Other passengers with whom I have talked, however, neutrals who have managed to slip in and out of the Reich, are less reticent. Whether their observations and comments on Vienna give a picture that is true for other sections of Germany is difficult to determine at this distance, but they are important in themselves, and their authenticity is apparent to one who knows Vienna and the Viennese as intimately as I do.

History has hit the Austrian in a particularly sensitive

spot, his stomach. Many of the rich foods of which he was so fond had practically disappeared from the market before the war broke out. Now coffee, tea, and chocolate cannot be bought, cards or no cards. Butter is rationed at the rate of half a pound a week, not per person, but for a medium-sized family. Sugar can be obtained only in minimal quantities. As for bread, two rolls are allowed per day, per person. The weekly ration of meat at the beginning of the war was fixed at about a pound and a half per person, fat and bones not included. Early last October it was reduced to a fraction over a pound; today it still weighs the same but with a qualification—bones are now included. Single persons who must take their meals in restaurants are even worse off. For weeks the menus of the Viennese restaurants, at one time famous for presenting a vast selection of savory items, have offered only one dish—stewed sauerkraut and *Knödel,* or Viennese dumpling. This most native of Austria's national dishes has always been popular, and its preservation as the universal ration may have indicated deference to the culinary sentiments of the Viennese if not to their bodily needs. But some Viennese wits have suggested that it is more probably an expression of the Führer's satirical humor, for the *Knödeln* are not made of flour and generous quantities of fat but of a sticky mess of potatoes, and sugar can no longer be used to sweeten the sauerkraut.

With respect to other household essentials the people do not fare any better. Nobody dares even think about dust-cloths and mops. Soap is obtainable only by card, one cake a week for a whole family. It is of the coarsest quality and must serve for both toilet and laundering purposes. As to wearing apparel, the rule is two suits, two shirts, and one pair of shoes a year. Replacements cannot be bought without a certificate of need.

And how is such a certificate obtained? Again Hitler observes the traditions of his Viennese with a vengeance. In the Vienna of Emperor Francis Joseph, just as in Paris, the concierge was the all-powerful genie of daily life. His hands held the reins of the entire apartment house, and he certified births, deaths, marriages, political reliability, morality, and voting qualification. Hitler has restored all these offices to the feared cerberus of the past, the *Hausbesorger,* and enhanced his importance by making him a trusted party member, with the duty to watch over the bodies and minds of his tenants. He is the person to be seen when the suit has fallen to pieces, and his is the power to obtain a new shirt when the old one will not stand another washing. It is up to him to decide whether a new garment may be bought or whether a stitch here and a patch there will prolong the usefulness of the old one. He inspects the worn heels of his clients and sits in judgment when he believes that the precious cake of soap is not properly used. (Only women's stockings are outside the concierge's sphere. In order to buy a new pair one has only to hand over the old stockings to the salesgirl, who turns them in for reprocessing.) The records in the concierge's lodge have become an integral part of life in Vienna. His files contain everything from political dossiers to pants buttons.

At the same time the authorities have issued to shopkeepers instructions calculated to maintain a Potemkin's illusion of abundance. The magnificent plate-glass windows of the stores in the Kärntnerstrasse are filled with the costly articles which have always formed the attraction of that thoroughfare. But amid the smart dresses, silk scarves, leather bags, hats, and furs is a little placard, replacing the sign "Jewish store" of a year ago, with the inscription *"Schauware"* (display stock); sometimes this novel sign bears as explanation the legend "Must not be sold." Inside, the store suggests the palaces on movie lots —a magnificent front and nothing behind it. The shelves are empty.

In times of need the spirit of rebellion rises in the women of the people rather than in the men. The housewives are the first to clench their fists and grumble against the harsh authorities. The Hitler regime is well aware of this and has formed an auxiliary police force, consisting of several hundred middle-class women and servant girls, whose function it is to report to the Gestapo any indiscreet complaint overheard in restaurants, in the markets, or in homes, and to denounce those who sneer at the *Opfergeist,* the spirit of sacrifice, which should rule the home front. These women receive regular pay, enjoy favors which the Gestapo alone is able to confer, and consequently perform their tasks conscientiously. But treachery in their own ranks does not paralyze women as it does men. It did not prevent Viennese women last month from organizing a mock demonstration of loyalty to their Führer. Several hundred strong, they marched through the streets carrying empty shopping bags in their right hands and chanting, as they raised them to the Hitler salute, *"Wir danken unserem Führer"* (we thank our Führer).

Resentment and dejection have for some time reigned among Austrian women. An official decree forbids public mourning for sons, fathers, brothers, husbands, killed in the war. A woman who should forget herself in the street to the extent of shedding a tear for a loved one is liable to be picked up by the first S. A. patrol, usually composed of boys between fifteen and twenty, and conducted to the nearest police station. The Gestapo knows how to nip a revolution in the bud; it simply clears the streets of all surface signs of discontent. Mobilization orders have not been posted as formerly but mailed to each individual, so as to prevent any public gathering where silent but eloquent looks might be exchanged.

But the truth is too conspicuous to be covered up. Two capital facts in particular can no longer be concealed. The first is that from the early days of the war a dis-

proportionately large number of Austrian soldiers were sent to the Polish battlefields, where they suffered enormous casualties. (The Nazis issued orders prohibiting the appearance of wounded soldiers in the streets of Vienna.) In the light of this fact the reports of mutinies in garrisons in Styria, Carinthia, and Upper Austria, so often denied by the Germans, become entirely credible. The Austrians are gradually beginning to see Hitler's true relationship to them. For him they are a conquered people, an unreliable element, in the acid test proved to be poor material for totalitarianism. The best place for them is at the front, in Prussian army formations, under Prussian officers!

The second, more far-reaching in that it affects not only Austria but the entire Reich, is the discovery that the men who have been specially trained and been instilled with enthusiasm for the war to come, the élite Hitler guards, are now stationed in the rear. Their job in this war is apparently to dry, in their more or less subtle way, the tears shed in Vienna, Warsaw, Katowice, Bromberg, Mährisch-Ostrau. At the front are only the regular army corps made up of young farmer boys and career officers reinforced by contingents of middle-aged men. Inquiries among families who have sons of military age almost invariably bring out the remarkable fact that the flower of the Nazi regime, the S. S., S. A., and H. J. lads, busy themselves with the cultivation of the proper attitude at home and in the conquered provinces. The middle-aged men, the uncles and fathers who saw service at the front in the last war, man the fortifications.

The quick wit of the Viennese has seized upon this fact and has already compressed it in a *bon mot*, which was repeated by a former high official of the Schuschnigg regime upon his arrival in New York a few days ago: "Hitler exterminated his opponents in three stages—first Socialists, then Jews, then Catholics. Now he is at the fourth stage—all male Germans over thirty-five."

This bitter joke springs from the realization that Hitler intends to keep intact and unharmed his own army of German youth, regardless of what may happen to the people's army. His young followers must not be allowed to experience the horrors of war on the battlefield. Their heroism is given an outlet in taming a disarmed foe. (The Czechs were no doubt driven to make their recent hopeless outbreak by the humiliation of having to submit to schoolboys playing police.)

Before Schuschnigg's fall the board fences in Vienna and the walls of houses and comfort stations were smeared with swastikas; now they are covered with a bit of doggerel. It is a simple couplet, hardly refined in tone but typically Viennese in its laconic irony:

Die Juden sind weg
Und wir haben ein' Dreck.

To what or whom the Viennese refer will be the business of future historians to unravel.

In the Wind

MEMO TO FRANK GANNETT: The Federal Trade Commission, prosecuting Hearst's *Good Housekeeping* for misleading ads, recently held a hearing in Chicago. It heard a number of physicians testify that certain widely advertised drugs were not what the ads said they were. Commenting on the hearings, *Space and Tide*, a private news letter for advertising men, said: "As usual, here as elsewhere, there is a flat ban on mention of the trial in the dailies."

PRINCIPALS OF Los Angeles high schools have received a confidential communication from school-system officials about John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath." Pointing out that the book is "objectionable" to "several groups of people" and that it is intended for adults, the statement warns: " 'The Grapes of Wrath' . . . should not be assigned or recommended by teachers to high-school or junior-high-school students. When students have read the book under the supervision of their parents and wish to deal with it in a school situation, the discussion should not be permitted to stimulate an unwholesome interest, and should be very carefully guided."

TO PROSPECTIVE subscribers the New York *Times* has sent a Christmas circular which reproduces a recent front page of the *Times*. The page carries the headline: "Nazi Guns Razing Warsaw; Half of City Afire, 1,000 Die." The circular is headed: "Sure to Please."

SHORTLY AFTER the Munich beer-hall explosion, Neville Chamberlain went on the air to ridicule Nazi charges that he was responsible for it. After listening to the address with friends, Lloyd George said solemnly he wasn't convinced and argued that there was some ground for Nazi suspicions. Pressed to explain, he cracked: "The bomb exploded fifteen minutes late."

A BRITISH correspondent reports that Czechoslovakian margarine factories are being compelled to pack their product in paper sent from Russia plainly labeled "U. S. R. R." The object, obviously, is to convince worried consumers in Berlin and elsewhere that Russian aid is already being received on a large scale.

THERE'S A CLASH brewing in the New York Newspaper Guild; John Chamberlain and Ferdinand Lundberg are organizing a bloc to fight the present leadership in the coming Guild elections. . . . The New York *Times* advertisement for Martin Dies's Manhattan mass-meeting was listed under "amusements." . . . Reports trickling out of Germany say that the names of two S. S. men are being whispered as the assassins of von Fritsch.

IF THE *Daily Worker* is right, the Helsinki government was trying to give the Russians a Mickey Finn.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Communism from Above

The Hague, November 18

WHEN I said to persons with whom I talked in Germany that the Reich would be communized in from five to ten years, they always replied that there was no danger of that whatever as the workers would never accept that economic system. When loyal Nazi officials made this answer, I fairly gasped, since the Nazis themselves have so often declared that only their seizure of power saved Germany from the Communists, who were then rolling up about 5,000,000 votes. My reply was that while I agreed with them that communism would not come from below in Germany, I believed it certainly would from above. All maintained that I was ridiculously wrong except one Foreign Office official who said frankly: "I admit that from now on our government's direction will be more to the left." He even went so far as to add that, after all, the governments of Germany and Russia have much in common and numerous joint objectives.

What the officials I talked with could not see was that they have created and set in motion a totalitarian machine which cannot be stopped short of communism unless the aim of the engineers in control is altered, unless, for example, they choose butter instead of guns. This will be true even if the end of the war leaves Hitler at the head of Germany; it is today especially true, for the war is speeding up governmental control of industry. When one reads, for instance, that the government has issued a complete tariff of prices to be charged for the repair of any part of any standard car built in Germany, one gets an idea how far this is going. In order to fight and win the war the government must control all industry and agriculture far more thoroughly than in 1914-18, because so far as food and some other necessities are concerned the nation is off to a worse start than it was twenty-five years ago. It used to be said in the United States that the protective tariff was the mother of trusts and the handmaiden of socialism. Soon some author will rise to prove that modern war inevitably breeds communism and that wholesale military preparedness leads in that direction.

If the war lasts long, it will put Germany far on the road to the complete nationalization of industry and agriculture, and the same thing will happen in France and England. But it will be more difficult for Hitler and Göring to retrace their steps after the war, should they try to do so, than will be the case with their enemies. In the first place, there is the pressure of Göring's Four-Year Plan—copied from the Russians—which is temporarily in the discard. In the second place, there are all the currency complications within the Reich, which, together with indirect inflation, have given the government such a strangle-hold on all financial institutions. Then there is the coming enormous taxation, which may take the form of a capital levy or confiscation. I discount the German big business men who declare that communism has already arrived because their companies must earn 100,000 marks in order to have 10,000 for distribution to stockholders. We know their brothers in the United States who denounce all tax increases as bolshevism. Still, with the government taking all the product of many concerns, regulating production, and fixing both profits and the wages and hours of workers, it is obvious that the present owners are only managing the plants for the Nazis and could easily be dropped.

As for the Communist movement itself, the first people I talked to in Hanover, two workingwomen, assured me that there were more Communists there than ever before. I can only believe that the bulk of the Communists of 1933 have merely put their views in cold storage to save their skins, and that many radical Nazis who hold Hitler faithless because he has not been as socialistic as he promised to be are now all for the swerve to the left. Both of these groups must be hailing the alliance with Stalin. There is no doubt that several thousand, some say six thousand, Communists were released from German concentration camps after Hitler signed up with Stalin. Some persons admitted to me that this was part of the price exacted by Stalin and assured me that all the released men had been immediately shipped to Russia. Wherever they may now be, Hitler can certainly send no more men to jail for being Communists or spreading communistic doctrines within Germany. Stalin will not let him! Thus Germany is as open to Bolshevik propaganda as are the Baltic states. With Russians pouring into Germany on official business and large numbers of German technicians going to Russia, there will certainly be a free interchange of ideas. It is most amusing, in this connection, to record the fact that the public libraries in Frankfort-on-the-Main have just been forbidden to circulate "Mein Kampf"—pending the issuance of a new edition minus all uncomplimentary references to communism and the Bolsheviks! Whether this is a voluntary act of Hitler's or is also part of the bargain, each reader must decide for himself.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Jean Giraudoux

BY KLAUS MANN

AFTER the last World War the younger French writers discovered the Orient Express, the thrills of the Six-Day Bicycle Race and of jazz music, the greatness of Arthur Rimbaud, psychoanalysis, Berlin night life, the genius of Picasso and Charlie Chaplin, the Ballet Russe, and Negro sculpture. The younger generation in Germany, on the other hand, cut off from the world during the war, discovered "Young France." In Paris we encountered a generation of writers who, standing in the line of succession to Proust and Gide, knew how to combine the magic of a new "surrealist" vision with the charm of the *élégance latine* and a certain measure of European common sense. Among those who then held us enthralled was Jean Giraudoux.

In the rich and felicitous stream of his production many elements and charms of the "new France" are blended in the most natural way. His neo-Hellenistic plays—"Amphitryon 38," "La Guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu," and "Électre"—show that mixture of poetry and casual ceremony which we admire in the dramas of Jean Cocteau—though Giraudoux's urbane manner is far removed from the aesthetic radicalism of Cocteau's half-tragic, half-capricious attitude. His novels, among which "Bella" and "Églantine" are my favorites, testify to the experienced master-craftsmanship of the psychologist who has absorbed French narrative art from Stendhal to Proust, yet has himself remained original.

Giraudoux is a man of the world and a diplomat. He knows many countries and languages. Above all, he knows Germany—a knowledge none too common with French intellectuals. The problem of Germany has perhaps exercised him longer and more profoundly than any other—with the exception of the corresponding problem of France. In his play "Siegfried" it is the Franco-German relationship that forms the dramatic theme.

I first made Giraudoux's acquaintance in Berlin. His appearance and bearing at once speak in his favor. One is inclined to take the tall, lean, carelessly elegant gentleman for an Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian. He has none of the obvious marks of the writer. He lacks, likewise, the noncommital, routine suavity so common in diplomats. Observing him in a restaurant or on board an ocean liner, one might conclude: a very modern, very athletic college professor from Cambridge, Stockholm, or Boston, as deeply interested in tennis and field sports as in a first edition of Montaigne or an essay by Sigmund Freud.

Later I often saw him in Berlin, whither he journeyed on occasion even after Germany had become the Third Reich. (His new play, "Ondine," was scheduled at the outbreak of the war for performance at the State Theater during the season of 1939-40; thus he personally has little reason to complain of bad treatment in the land of Hitler.) We ate together in Paris restaurants, and I visited him in his office on the Quai d'Orsay. My last personal message from him came from Persia. He was on a sort of journey of inspection to various French legations. In Teheran he met a young diplomat who had married a friend of mine. A line from Giraudoux from such a wild and remote country—it was an agreeable and gracious surprise.

When I read in the newspapers that he had been appointed general commissioner for information I was delighted. The notion of investing a poet and declared friend of the Germans with *pleins pouvoirs* at so critical an hour is typically French—bold, slightly capricious, and very shrewd. For it *is* shrewd not to descend to the level of an enemy whom one could hardly outdo in resourceful infamy and shrillness of lying. Instead, a delicate and winged voice was chosen to present the cause of justice to the world—and we may be certain it will be stronger than the screams of hatred and the hypocritical whimperings on the other side. Yet M. Giraudoux is no Galahad; he is, among other things, a politician. He will do an excellent job.

His sympathy for Germany can be doubted no more than his earnest and passionate patriotism. He loves his France with deep pride, though not without criticism. It is this proud, critical love of his French homeland that lends character and pathos to his long essay, "Pleins Pouvoirs." The book appeared shortly before the outbreak of the war. It is an important book—not merely because its author today has the title and functions of Ministre de l'Information, but because the French spirit here analyzes itself without cowardice or vanity, weighing the chances and dangers of its future with intelligent concern. In large parts it appears to be a most prosaic book. There are statistics about the declining French birth rate and immigration. Detailed plans for public works take up more space than the formulation of moral postulates. The tone and the accent are enthusiastically sober. Giraudoux sees the problem of France chiefly in the guise of an internal problem. To remain *une nation de premier ordre*, to avoid sinking to the position of a vassal state of totalitarian neighbors, France must regenerate itself—"modernize" itself, as our author is inclined to say—while at the same time finding its way back to the great traditions of its history and culture. The situation is very

serious. Giraudoux warns: "Our life is at stake, *notre pays et . . . nous.*"

The very author who advised his fellow-citizens to give more thought to raising the birth rate and modernizing Paris city planning than to international politics, that same author is now charged with the difficult task and delicate honor of rendering plausible to his own people and a "neutral" world the dignity and interests of embattled democracy. Giraudoux, a French European and citizen of the world, is unlikely to abuse his *pleins pouvoirs*. He believes that every service he renders to France is also rendered to civilization itself. With noble eloquence he propagates *la civilisation de politesse,* in contrast to "the civilization of arrogance—arrogance toward other countries, other people, other gods."

Statesmen are much given to lying, but poets speak the truth. I take it as a good and promising omen that an independent writer of importance now gives us information about France. Giraudoux is surely far from deluding himself that this war is conducted purely on idealistic grounds. Yet he tells no lies and lends expression to what millions of his compatriots feel when he declares: "We desire victory, not to destroy Germany, but to save Europe."

Two Decades of Playgoing

THE AMERICAN DRAMA SINCE 1918. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Random House. $2.50.

IN THE last paragraph of an essay on the Function of Criticism Mr. Krutch drew up some seven years ago the blueprints for his "The American Drama Since 1918." "We can," he wrote then, "ask only that the critic shall be aware of the personal nature of his reactions as well as of the arbitrary character of his standards, and that, just in proportion as he fails to maintain an absolute detachment, he will cultivate that underlying skepticism which softens the dogmatism from which we cannot escape so long as we undertake to say anything at all."

On this basis the strictness and scope of the arbitrary standards become matters of critical cogency; in Mr. Krutch, as few playgoers, especially if they are readers of *The Nation,* need to be told, they exist in rare purity combined with sharp perceptions, sound scholarship, and the pervasive warmth of the truly enlisted playgoer. It is a combination that gives his work a serene perspective without loss of the jostling touch of people in the aisle and the forces they bring into the theater with them. As a critical historian whose work is based on active playgoing, Mr. Krutch has the wisdom to observe the theater as well as the drama.

His observations make up the soundest and most knowledgeable study of contemporary American playwrights that we have yet had in connected terms. Both Miss Flexner and Mrs. Bloch have recently gone somewhat scathingly over the same ground, but with the frank bias of critics studying the social viewpoint and conditioning of playwrights rather than their position as artists. Mr. Krutch reveals his own attitude most clearly I think in one line about Elmer Rice, whose uncertain status in our drama may, says Mr. Krutch, "stand as an awful warning to the artist who confuses artistic seriousness with seriousness of any other kind."

Here, then, is a study of American playwrights from the moment when the native theater cast off, after generations of European imitation, the tradition of slavish borrowing, and in the work of O'Neill and his followers began to set up an authentic drama of its own. These domestic impulses might have been apparent sooner if Moody had lived, if Fitch had been bold enough to use his craftsmanship on something beyond copying, if "The New York Idea" had been more than an isolated drop in an empty bucket. But as it happened, the war that made America really Europe conscious gave its drama some self-confidence, so that our theater found in the year 1918 a landmark as convenient and definite as the Armory Show in painting. It yielded then to a transfusion of ideas that embraced stagecraft, acting, and scene design, and in this enlarged range of procedure, as well as in the loosening grip of business monopoly, the emerging authors found themselves with a free theater and a free hand. Ultimately they even found an audience.

It is, of course, childish to assume—as one pre-Hitler German doctrinaire argued on the basis of O'Neill's use of masks—that this native drama stems from the Indians. O'Neill himself acknowledges his debt to Strindberg; Odets, consciously or not, writes in the shadow of Chekhov; and Sidney Howard's own work reveals plainly the effects of the French drama he was so adept in translating. In one period at least, Rice was obviously influenced by the post-war Germans, and Behrman derives his romantic comedies by way of the Shavian dialectic, plus the English tradition of high comedy.

These playwrights, along with Robert E. Sherwood, Maxwell Anderson, Philip Barry, George S. Kaufman, and George Kelly, have provided most of the material which Mr. Krutch subjects to a searching examination. He is as clear and penetrating in his method as he is thorough in assembling the facts. His discussion of the comedy values in Mr. Behrman's work is particularly felicitous as an example of the critic's lightly incisive analysis. His estimate of O'Neill is a superb blending of criticism and historical narrative, and his conclusion that O'Neill's finest play, "Mourning Becomes Electra," falls short of absolute greatness only because we live in an age whose foremost dramatist cannot rise above prose, is not likely to be challenged. His summary of Mr. Howard's work goes to the core when he says that "behind it may lie a point of view and a philosophy; but the personages and the situation come first. They are not invented to illustrate a thesis. The thesis, if any, is discovered by the audience—and sometimes, I suspect, by the author as well—after contemplating them."

There are naturally points on which playgoers will inevitably disagree. Though he does eloquent justice to a neglected playwright in his discussion of George Kelly, Mr. Krutch gives Lillian Hellman less than her due, largely, perhaps, because her facility in plot and the consequent overelaboration of incident twist her real meaning in the direction of sheer theatricalism. Her slickness as a craftsman doubtless distracts attention from her solider merits as a dramatist. I

could wish that he had included in his discussion Sidney Howard's "Lucky Sam McCarver," which remains to my own way of thinking that playwright's best play. This is neither the time nor the place to continue the critical debate over the merits of "Winterset," which Mr. Krutch holds is the best work of what seems to be an overrated poetic talent. But when he says that some of the dissenters objected because "gangsters do not speak blank verse," it is fair, I think, for me to add that the objection, in my case at least, wasn't to blank verse as blank verse in gangster speech but merely to its quality as dramatic poetry and to its function in characterization and narrative. I do not think that gangsters, or any other of Mr. Anderson's characters, should speak, as they often do, out of mere infatuation with the sound of their own words.

But all this is arguable. The book's incontestable value lies in its vigor, its discrimination, and its stimulating judgment on two decades of important, if somehow tentative and miscellaneous, drama that may be truthfully identified after all these years as our own. JOHN ANDERSON

History of the Oppressed

THE AWAKENING OF AMERICA. By V. F. Calverton. The John Day Company. $3.75.

THE rights and privileges fought for and won by the radicals of one century become the reactionaries' defense against the demands of the radicals in a later century. Thus the defenders of the status quo today point to the blessings of free speech, religious liberty, and political democracy as sufficient reason for our resting content—"In what other country are the people so fortunate?" They seem unaware that their counterparts in a previous era were the ones who stood in the way of the peaceful attainment of those very blessings which are at present so highly praised. It is therefore well to remember that—

> Democracy in this country has been a gradual evolutionary process, a slow, accumulative development. What democracy we have was attained only through struggle. Those in power never grant rights and privileges to those who are not in power unless the latter struggle for them. American democracy today is a result of that struggle. Democracy is a dynamic and not a static concept. Today we have political democracy; tomorrow, it is to be hoped, we shall have industrial democracy. Whether we get it or not will be determined by the success of the struggle to extend political freedom to include economic freedom.

It is with the story of that struggle that V. F. Calverton is concerned in this volume, the first of a series on the social history of our country. He joins the small but growing number of scholars who are performing the important task of writing history from the point of view of the oppressed, not the oppressors. The usual run of historians has either purposely neglected the strugglers or bitterly denounced them as "agitators"; the new group looks with sympathy and understanding on their fight for justice for the common man. It is gratifying to record that Mr. Calverton, like some other historians of the people both here and abroad, is well equipped for his task: he has gone to sources, he documents his material, he knows how to write.

Here, then, is the record of the revolts of the ruled against the rulers in colonial America. Here are the familiar stories of Nathaniel Bacon's rebellion of the small man and of Nat Turner's insurrection of the black man in Virginia; here, too, are accounts of the less well-known revolts of Fendall in Maryland, Culpeper in the Carolinas, Leisler in New York, and of others, both white and black. Detailed attention is also given to some of the cooperative communist colonies set up by various religious groups.

Mr. Calverton's primary emphasis is social rather than economic; he devotes the greater part of his analysis to the manners, morals, ethics, philosophy, and religion of the colonists. He makes many detailed excursions into these fields —excursions which are usually important and entertaining, sometimes merely entertaining, and occasionally unimportant and dull.

His book will appear to many as muckraking. It must be that by its very nature. In the light of his new material, and his new interpretation of old material, the author shatters many established beliefs; in the process of building up new heroes he tears down old ones.

Unfortunately, in his eagerness to drive home a point against traditional interpretation he frequently repeats himself. On page 131 he informs us, "As was pointed out in the previous chapter, the Puritans were not the art-hating, culture-loathing people that most American historians and critics have contended." Why, then, must we be told the same thing again on page 133, and still again on page 138? I mention this only because Mr. Calverton gives ample evidence that he can write forcibly and well. There is no excuse, therefore, for this type of annoying repetition, or for his occasional lapses into sloppiness in conveying his meaning.

In his preface the author tells us that his approach is that of a Marxian, though not of an orthodox one: ". . . . with the qualifications indicated, this book can be called the first extended Marxian history of America." But on page 408 we find, "Frontiersmen, like everyone else, were interested primarily in the needs of their existence." To which is appended this amazing footnote:

> James Truslow Adams makes a point, and a very good one, to the effect that the American intellect has been profoundly conditioned by that fact. Without question, as has already been shown, the whole American outlook on life has been influenced by this singular factor in its development—*something completely unknown to Europe.*

The italics are mine. What kind of monkey business is this for a Marxian? LEO HUBERMAN

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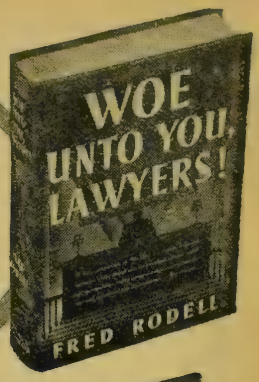
MANNERS AND MORALS OF BUSINESS. By Max Radin. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THE third chapter of Mr. Radin's book is titled Money. It says that in the New Hebrides strips of matting were once used for money. In "another island" the red feathers from the breast of the honey-eater bird have served as currency. The American Indians used wampum. Cowrie shells have been used in many parts of India and Africa, and rings and strings of shells have been widely circulated in Melanesia.

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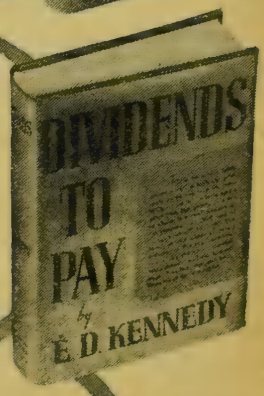
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The Solomon Islanders made ornaments as well as coinage out of small red discs.

Homeric brides were valued in cattle. "Iphidemas paid one hundred kine for his wife." "King Laertes gave twenty for Eurycleia, who might nurse a royal prince." The Roman word for money, *pecunia*, "means nothing more or less than 'cattle.' " Silver and gold coins were first found in Asia Minor about 700 B. C. Queen Elizabeth put "excessive alloy" in her coins. Nowadays exchanges of property "running into fabulous sums" are managed by "a mere calculation" in which "no money is passed at all." The chapter, which requires only ten pages, ends with the reflection that money has "strengthened human avarice more than human benevolence."

The other fifteen chapters in "Manners and Morals of Business" closely resemble the chapter on money. They consist largely of quotations, references, and allusions, usually to ancient, primitive, medieval, or colonial periods and hardly ever to modern or contemporary events. The basic argument is that business is a development of the acquisitive instinct and that nice people, before, during, and after the days of Plato and Aristotle, have not considered that peddlers and hucksters were gentlemen. The constant references to the remote past are loosely cemented by a series of commonplace generalities, such as: "It may be confidently stated that there will be no overwhelming change in the mental make-up of human beings within any period that the most foresighted of us can readily contemplate."

The book jacket identifies Mr. Radin as a professor of law at the University of California and as "a popular lecturer on social and political subjects, in addition to his avocation of writing." In this book some lectures, or notes for them, appear to have found their way into print. E. D. KENNEDY

Recent Fiction: Sandoz and Farrell

CAPITAL CITY. By Mari Sandoz. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

TOMMY GALLAGHER'S CRUSADE. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. $1.

IN THE composite Middle Western state of Kanewa, invented by Mari Sandoz for her new novel, stands the city of Franklin, named for a certain eighteenth-century freethinker and signer of the Constitution, of whose radical notions the town's present best people are a little bit afraid and ashamed. Their grandfathers were plowmen and pioneers, hard-working, hard-handed, too new to the country themselves to have any notion that they "belonged" and others did not. The grandchildren, whose only callouses have come from sitting in the seats of the mighty, are a vapid lot, suffering from spiritual dry rot, living on the past, expending their feeble energies in absurd pageants and in lamentations over New Deal interference with business, while they take their real pleasures furtively and without joy. Reading "Capital City" is like moving into such a town: at first you see only the flashy surface, carefully furbished by the boosters, but after you have lived there long enough to cease being an outsider the older residents themselves begin to reveal the spongy, rusted spots one by one, with a hitching of the chair a little closer and a confidential "You mustn't ever let anyone know I told you, because Joe is one of my best friends, but have you ever heard how. . . ."

Miss Sandoz, author of "Slogum House" and "Old Jules," has always lived in Nebraska and knows her people, sees through their pitiful pretensions, finds in their blind lethargy a grave menace to democracy itself. The voters of Kanewa are easily bamboozled by the leather-lunged medicine man, Charlie Stetbettor, who wages a successful campaign for the governorship by lambasting imaginary reds and harmless aliens, and promising free-and-easy pensions. The Gold Shirts, recruited from misfits, ex-convicts, and perverts, intimidate honest but easygoing citizens; owners of the state's big trucking companies import armed thugs to crush a drivers' strike; civic clubs exert pressure to hamstring liberalism in the faculty of the state university. Only a few exceptions, like Hamm Rufe, rebellious scion of one of the dynastic families, or Abigail Allerton, an authoress who is boycotted and feted by turns as her book appears likely to present the town with unsavory truth or profitable publicity, wage a losing fight to uphold the ideals of the city's founders.

Considering what has already been done in this line by Sinclair Lewis, T. S. Stribling, and other novelists, "Capital City" has not quite the explosiveness that the publishers claim for it, but it is a substantial, sharp-visioned reinforcement to fiction's assault on fascist and near-fascist forces in America.

Also very well worth attention as protest fiction is James Farrell's "Tommy Gallagher's Crusade," a long short story about a Catholic family's black sheep, who vents his dissatisfaction by selling Father Moylan's *Christian Justice*, picketing a radio station that refuses to grant time to the Father, and beating up Jews. Despised by his own very decent and upright family for his refusal to work even when they find jobs for him, he continues to sponge on them while storing up venom in his soul for *der Tag*. Although the shortness of the piece precludes Mr. Farrell's usual meticulous thoroughness of character-exploring, Tommy Gallagher unfortunately may be recognized on a good many New York street corners these days and nights, hawking his wares midway between *Eq--l-ty* and the *D--ly W-rk-r*. LOUIS B. SALOMON

DRAMA

Our Other Town

IT seems impossible to begin a review of "Morning's at Seven" (Longacre Theater) without saying that it is a comedy of middle-class life in a small American community. Unfortunately, however, such a description inevitably suggests a very familiar genre, while the remarkable thing about this play is the fact that it manages somehow to remain singularly unexpected in incident and singularly original in tone. Paul Osborn, the author, is currently best known for his highly successful dramatization "On Borrowed Time," but the two plays resemble each other only in the same misleading way that "Morning's at Seven" resembles the more usual varieties of homespun comedy. To me, at least, "On Borrowed Time" was mechanical, unconvincing, and

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blatantly sentimental. "Morning's at Seven," on the other hand, is fresh, spontaneous, and so far from sentimental that any handling less deft than the author manages to give it would certainly have resulted in something both acrid and unpleasant.

Jo Mielziner's set representing two comfortably shabby frame houses of the carpenter-designed variety as they are seen from their common backyard is a masterpiece in itself and prepares one in a general way for what is to come. As the characters emerge they seem at first not unfamiliar types, and even the two intertwined stories—the story of the mamma's boy who at forty still hesitates to commit himself to matrimony and the story of his maiden aunt who knows that she is not wholly welcome in the only household where she could live—seem about to be developed in expected ways. But though the mood is never actually violated by anything sensationally incongruous and though the story never takes any startlingly unexpected turn, the whole manages somehow to hold the interest firmly and to seem everywhere both freshly observed and sincerely set down. The humor bubbles quietly but continuously up from some deeply-lying source. The pathos—never forced and never allowed even temporarily to mar the pervailing comic mood—is just sufficiently suggested to obviate any hint of condescension in the author's attitude toward his dramatis personae.

Some considerable part of the credit for the curiously original and yet consistently maintained mood of the whole is doubtless due to the quiet, restrained, and harmonious performance of an excellent company, including Jean Adair, Russell Collins, John Alexander (excellent as the dilatory suitor), and, perhaps best of all, Dorothy Gish, whose fine sense of comedy has seldom been better exhibited than in her playing of the role of the unwanted maiden aunt. But the text itself is remarkable for the way in which it establishes a mood which is neither that of nostalgic sentimentality nor that of the now almost equally conventional satire on small-town life. Mr. Osborn's characters would not fit into either Zona Gale's "Friendship Village" or Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg." Neither, for that matter, would they be exactly welcome in Thornton Wilder's particular town. They are by no means all sweetness and light; there are even one or two skeletons in one or two closets, though this is certainly no Spoon River boneyard. And if all this seems negative praise, that is only because it is so much easier to say what "Morning's at Seven" is not than it is to say what it is. It is humorous and essentially kindly; it is by no means sugary or merely quaint.

"Foreigners" (Belasco Theater) is quite as odd a production as one would naturally expect when Frederick Lonsdale turns from frivolous drawing-room comedies to consider the state of the world and diagnose its ills. For reasons which are never too convincingly explained, a vague English vessel is cruising in equally vague but remote seas with a passenger list which includes one specimen each of the English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Irish, and American nationalities—plus a solitary Jew. Each, except the last, is extremely objectionable in ways assumed to be characteristic of his race, and when they are all wrecked on a desert island it is the Jew who, since he has managed to get hold of the only arms, rules them all until such time as they are rescued and the Jew himself decides to remain behind. There are numerous flashes of wit in the dialogue, but the chief lesson to be learned is probably only that the dramatic methods which work very well in farce comedy are sadly inadequate when put to more serious tasks. "Foreigners" is not funny enough to be a farce, and it is too flimsy to carry the weight of a portentous lesson.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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MUSIC

IN ONE of his finest essays, "Music at Night," Aldous Huxley writes of what a painting, by "the forms and their arrangement . . . the disposition of the lines and planes and masses," will say "to anyone in the least sensitive to the eloquence of pure form." But to someone not in the least sensitive to the eloquence of pure form the painting will say nothing. And such a person, if he lives on the democratic assumption of the complete adequacy of his normal equipment to any subject, is likely to conclude that if the meaning of the painting were only explained to him in the right terms he would understand it, or that there is something to know *about* the painting which, if he were told it, would give him him the perception he lacks, or that there is really nothing to perceive and those who claim perception are frauds. Faced by these attitudes one can try to remove them, or one can exploit them. One can, that is, try to explain to a reader that there is an "eloquence of pure form" to which one person may be sensitive and another not. Or one can entertain him, and let him think that when he is entertained he is understanding the painting (to be amused by biographical details is not to be sensitive to the eloquence of pure form); and one can, in this way, confirm his belief that what there is to be understood he is fully competent to understand and what he does not understand is not there to be understood.

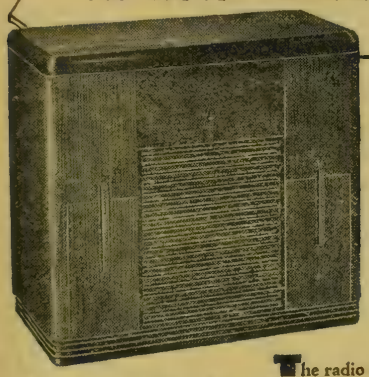
This is the Simon and Schuster method with the arts and sciences, of which the latest example is "Men of Music" by Wallace Brockway and Herbert Weinstock ($3.75). The publishers, true enough, offer it to the reader who has "an affection for, though not a technical knowledge of, music," which some readers, no doubt, will have; but there is no doubt also that it will be read by those whom it was planned

to attract—readers who think that all they need to increase their slight enjoyment of music is a good dose of "knowledge." Such readers will be attracted to the book by the statement of Clifton Fadiman, breaking his rigorous silence on books about music to say that this one is "for those who know practically nothing of music but are willing to learn"; and by the publishers' statement that the book, which "treats music in the terms of the men who created it," "will prove immensely valuable to the millions of people who wish to know more about the music they hear each day."

Opening the book the reader encounters first Deems Taylor's introduction—a characteristic Taylor performance. Taylor once wrote of Walter Damrosch: "He never was a Karl Muck, and I don't believe he ever wanted to be one. He seems curiously impatient of ultra-subtle readings of the classics"—by which the difference between Damrosch and Muck was converted into the difference between healthy simplicity and ultra-subtlety, and Damrosch's inadequacy into a defect in Muck. That is the Taylor method, which he uses in the present introduction to convert the types of music that are not discussed in the book into matters that no healthy, normal music lover will bother with. And in this instance, when Taylor gets his readers to share his ignorance of the nature and significance and value of types of music other than European music of the past three centuries, he encourages the intolerance such readers are likely to feel toward these forms of music and toward people who are not ignorant, and he is therefore guilty of a species of cultural rabble-rousing.

After this introduction the reader comes to the book itself. The authors' intention in describing the lives that are to illuminate the music includes stripping away the romantic glamour and revealing the composers as human beings like the rest of us; their method includes jazzing up the material and tone; and while this sensationalizing and cheapening procedure can entertain readers with a taste for that kind of entertainment it cannot accomplish the proper end of biography. To write, as W. J. Turner does, that when Leopold II did not include Mozart in his retinue for the coronation in Frankfort, Mozart, "in view of his desperate financial plight and the possibility of having a large audience among the visitors to the coronation, pawned his silver plate and ornaments to pay his expenses," is to give a reader a notion of the circumstances of his life and period—the fact that his only hope of the money, the commissions, the post he needed so desperately was to present himself to such audiences—that made him decide he must go to Frankfort at any cost. To write, as Brockway and Weinstock do, that "Mozart's actions at this point were hysterical. Constanze was ailing and required expensive medical care, he himself had only just recovered from a serious illness, and his poverty was becoming unbearable. Yet he pawned the few valuables he had left and gallivanted off to Frankfort with the idea of giving concerts while the city was crowded with notables," is to give the reader a false conception of the circumstances, the action, and ultimately the man. Similarly, to write, as Turner does, that a sensitive and imaginative person can understand what the letters to Puchberg must have cost Mozart, is to convey to a reader a notion of what makes these letters so painful to read—the agony of a man of delicacy and pride who has to

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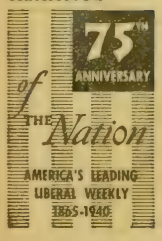
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beg for help; to write, as Brockway and Weinstock do, that "he now began that series of begging letters to a fellow-Mason which is matched in the annals of music only by the more flagrant specimens from Wagner's pen," is to give a reader a false conception of the letters and so of the man. And countless details of this sort add up to the authors' inadequacy to their objective of illuminating the lives of the men they discuss.

This inadequacy appears also in their discussion of the music: it is understandable that men who miss what is in Mozart's letters should miss the poignancy of the E flat symphony and hear only "a gay, even impudent work, with but few notes of pensiveness." And with the same inadequacy there are the same deflationary intention and the same sensationalizing and cheapening method—which enables them to be airily impressive to their readers, but not to accomplish the proper end of criticism. Their reading of Tovey is evident in the unacknowledged borrowing of words, phrases, ideas—everything, in fact, but Tovey's understanding; as a result their discussion of Schubert's music is a lurid hashing up of all the notions that Tovey cites chapter and verse in the music to disprove; and from their statements about Schubert as a composer capable of the single lyrical inspiration for a song but unable to cope with the materials and problems of large forms—for example, "But alas! it was again on the rock of development that Schubert foundered. After proving conclusively that he could write page after page of great symphonic music, he seems to have unfocused his attention on the extremely difficult business on hand, and to have lapsed into . . . irrelevant garrulousness. Thus, the C major concludes on a maundering, inconsequential note . . ."—from such statements a reader will not get the understanding of Schubert as a powerful innovator in large forms that one gets from Tovey's monumental demonstration, the understanding even of Schubert's weaknesses that Tovey expresses in the statement that they are relaxations of his powers—to say nothing of Tovey's observations that the first movement of the C major symphony has "more than Schubert's usual concentration," that "the development is conspicuously free from redundancy or digression," and that the conclusion of the work "is one of the greatest in all symphonic music."

And finally the book offers material of which a fair sample is the statement that in his piano trios the piano helped Schubert "successfully to overcome miscalculations in design and instrumentation that often baffled him when composing for strings alone." This statement, properly made, sums up detailed knowledge of the works for strings alone and detailed observation of their miscalculations in design; and it can be genuinely understood only by a person who has this detailed knowledge and observation or is willing and able to acquire it. The reader of "Men of Music" is therefore not likely to understand the statement, but this will not keep him from repeating it; and there we have a major purpose of the book. It is, says Mr. Fadiman, "for those who may have heard a good deal of music but are not even quite sure they know what they like"; and it makes it possible for such persons to talk knowingly about Schubert's miscalculations in design without being able to know one if they heard it.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Camps for Refugees—a Disgrace to France

Dear Sirs: Since my arrival in New York two weeks ago I have been reading the New York *Times* and a few other papers every day. After living in Austria, where the press was rigidly controlled by an authoritarian government even in the years before the annexation, and coming now fresh from France, where an all-too-powerful censorship restricts the dissemination of news and ideas, I am extremely impressed by the fulness and excellence of the European news in American newspapers.

I was therefore particularly surprised to find that none of these papers have so far reported any of the fundamental changes which the war has brought about in the condition of the many thousands of German and Austrian refugees living in France. Furthermore, an article by Lansing Warren in the New York *Times* of November 26 by what it conceals rather than by what it reveals gives the reader an entirely false picture.

I spent six weeks in three different French concentration camps for Germans and Austrians. I had left Austria as a political refugee immediately after the annexation and had lived in Paris since May, 1938. During my entire stay in Paris I was secretary of the largest Austrian organization of political refugees in France—former members of the Social Democratic Party. As such I was in constant contact with the French authorities and private French organizations dealing with the refugees. There were scores of others, like me, in intimate contact with the French authorities, well known to them through years of collaboration, and still others known to them as anti-Nazi writers, journalists, or artists. Nevertheless, we were all interned at the outbreak of the war. This in itself would have been no reason for us to complain—and nothing to be concealed from the American public. What was therefore Lansing Warren's reason for falsifying the picture by saying that "all Nazi residents [a few hundred] have been interned," and as regards the refugees for remarking only that they are "under investigation"? They are under investigation, it is true, but they are also *all* in concentration camps. Why does he not mention that fact? Why does he say, "A good many anti-Nazis found themselves interned at the outbreak of the war," instead of saying that with the exception of a very few individuals all anti-Nazis were interned? And why does he not say that those anti-Nazis (16,000) who found themselves interned at the outbreak of the war find themselves, with the exception of a few dozen, still in concentration camps?

The fact is that all German and Austrian men without discrimination—Nazis and anti-Nazis, Jewish refugees, Socialists, Communists, Catholics, liberals, business men, spies, and others—were and still are interned. The last I heard was that there is at present no hope that they will be released, in spite of the fact that a great many of them had even before the outbreak of the war voluntarily offered to do military service for France. One must remember that 80 per cent of these men are Jews driven out of Germany and Austria by the Nazis.

A full description of my personal experiences in the largest of these camps might sound like propaganda against France; so I shall limit myself to a few illustrative remarks. We spent two weeks in an open-air football stadium, sleeping on stone seats and narrow wooden benches. We had no warm food during this time. Every single one of the twenty-eight lunches and suppers consisted of bread and liver-paste, nothing more. At the end of two weeks we were removed from Paris to an open field in a department some distance away. It took a week to house us all in flimsy tents. Some of my friends were still sleeping in the open air in the cold, wet October nights. Those of us who were lucky enough to be in tents had a sleeping and living space six feet long and fourteen inches broad on the wooden floor, covered with a little straw. On rainy days we could not leave the tents, and some had to stand while the others sat or lay. For three weeks each man in this group had only one pint of water daily to drink and use for washing himself and his dishes.

In this one camp were to be found, along with a few Nazis, more than fifteen hundred Austrian and German Jews. Living under the same conditions, and with no discrimination in treatment, were the doorman of the Brown House in Paris and Konrad Heiden, author of the best-known Hitler biography, who through his writings has earned the lasting hate of the Nazis and the admiration of their enemies. I do not know whether any Nazi spies were interned; probably the real spies found ways and means to escape this. But I had the pleasure of meeting in this camp the German Catholic writer Edgar Alexander, whose "Mythos of Hitler" is the best Catholic criticism of the Third Reich, and Norbert Mühlen, who in his remarkable biography of Hjalmar Schacht unmasked the amazing practices of the Nazis in getting rid of their debts. With the exception of Konrad Heiden, who was released after six weeks, these men are still in the concentration camp, with dozens of others who are well known in Europe as vigorous anti-Nazis and the masses of unknown victims of Nazi persecution.

Conditions vary in the individual camps, and there have been some improvements with the passing weeks. But the coming of winter will cause new hardships. One of the worst things is the pressure that has been brought to bear upon the men to join the Foreign Legion. To give an example: among the few lucky ones who were released after some weeks was Karl Hubeny, perhaps the most zealous and experienced underpowerful organization in the Socialist Youth Movement, who has for years been the representative of this once powerful organization in the Socialist Youth International. One week after he left camp he was arrested and forced to sign a declaration that he would join the Foreign Legion within a week or return to concentration camp. I am still waiting for news from my friends as to whether or not their attempts to intervene for him have been successful.

I think this account is enough to prove that the picture drawn in reports such as Lansing Warren's, and one by Edgar Mowrer in the New York *World-Telegram* of November 6, is not in keeping with the facts. I know from personal intercourse with some American correspondents in Paris how deeply they are concerned with the lot of these refugees, and how they are trying to help them. I cannot understand their strange silence about a matter of such general interest. The reason might be their fear of supplying material for German propaganda

against France. If this is their concern, my answer is that the facts themselves are doing much more harm to France than could be caused by their publication in America. Apart from the right of the American public to know the truth, such a step might help those among the French who are conscious of existing conditions to bring about a change. It is still possible to solve the problem just as it has been successfully solved in England. GUSTAV RICHTER

New York, December 8

The Worst Outrage of All

Dear Sirs: In a sense, the brutal attack of Soviet Russia on Finland is no worse than other similar attacks of powerful nations on weak neighbors. But in so far as it is a socialistic rather than an imperialistic attack, it is the most damnable of all the outrages on weaker nations in recent years. Most damnable because it is a betrayal of a cause which the Soviet Union professed to uphold, and because its profession led millions outside Russia to look to the Soviet government as the only dependable bulwark against fascist imperialism.

It was hopeful thinking that led many to condone in Russia what they elsewhere condemned—the violation of all human liberties, the ruthless extermination of lives. Without hope, no better world is possible. But hope is no substitute for clarity. And it is in clear thinking, not hopeful thinking, that thought can make its distinctive contribution. FRANK D. SLOCUM

New York, December 5

Schiller in Moscow

Dear Sirs: S. G. Morley lightly reproved me in your issue of December 2 because I failed to recognize the quotation from Schiller, *"Nacht muss es sein—wo Friedlands Sterne scheinen."* He is quite right. It is sad and also significant that neither I nor any of the critics in the Berlin press who commented on the cabaret skit remembered that bit from our school classics.

Schiller, as Mr. Morley knows, is under a cloud if not under a ban in Germany, but curiously enough he seems to be experiencing a come-back in Russia, Germany's new ally. The Central Library for foreign literature in Moscow announced a month ago that it would celebrate in November Schiller's 180th birthday. It also announced a series of lectures on Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Gerhardt Hauptmann. (Mark the Russians' sense of humor in choosing as literary representatives four classics none too popular with the Nazis!)

I am sure S. G. Morley will now ponder the question whether the Moscow Institute will let Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" come up for discussion.

TONI CHRISTEN

New York, December 6

Polysyllabic Illiteracy

Dear Sirs: Twenty years ago I switched from the *New Republic* to *The Nation* on account of the difficult style affected by some of the former's editorial staff. No use trying to make it out without the liberal use of the unabridged dictionary. Now I find the same error creeping into *The Nation.* Is there really any need to employ words like "intransigence" and others not in regular use by persons not raised in a strict literary atmosphere? Can the meaning of a writer be given only by polysyllabic words? Is not their use, where unnecessary, a sign of a particular kind of illiteracy, a want of command of the language? Did Lincoln, one of the world's best writers, need to say it in long words? H. J. TANNER

San Francisco, December 9

Children in China

Dear Sirs: Of the abominations of war none is more detestable than the suffering inflicted on children, and not within memory have so many children been overwhelmed with misery and disaster as in China today.

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ARTHUR UPHAM POPE,
Chairman, American Committee
for Chinese War Orphans

New York, December 4

CONTRIBUTORS

ALAN MATHER, in collaboration with Professor Talbot Hamlin, prepared a traveling exhibit on "Architecture and the Construction of Cities in the U. S. S. R.," under the auspices of the American Russian Institute.

CHARLES CURTIS MUNZ, author of "Land Without Moses," has made a close study of the racial and economic problems of the Southwest.

H. RUTLEDGE SOUTHWORTH has been engaged in an investigation of the press treatment of the Spanish war.

ANTON KUH, well known in Austria as writer and lecturer, is now in the United States.

KLAUS MANN is coauthor with his sister, Erika Mann, of "Escape to Life."

JOHN ANDERSON, dramatic critic of the *Journal-American,* is the author of "The American Theater."

LEO HUBERMAN is the author of "We, the People, an American History" and "Man's Worldly Goods."

E. D. KENNEDY has recently published a book on monopoly capitalism entitled "Dividends to Pay."

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THE Nation

VOLUME 149 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · DECEMBER 23, 1939 NUMBER 26

The Shape of Things

WHY DID HITLER ORDER THE SCUTTLING OF the Graf Spee? It is true the action is in accordance with a rather petulant German tradition notably illustrated at Scapa Flow, but it hardly measures up to the Nazi conception of the heroic life. Are Wotan's halls open to those who disdain battle when the odds are heavily against them? The incident might be easier to explain by reference to Hitlerian psychology rather than Hitlerian philosophy. For the latter was a pretty badly damaged craft last August when Hitler decided to scuttle it and seek safety first via the Russian pact. From the angle of domestic propaganda, the Graf Spee's suicide may be less awkward to handle than its internment or its sinking in battle. The Germans are a literal people, and had the pocket cruiser gone down fighting, however gloriously, it would have been difficult to convince them that the German navy had not suffered defeat. But the scuttle can perhaps be pictured as a cunning maneuver to rob the British hounds of their prey, and, moreover, it can be said that Uruguayan insistence on the ship's departure deprived her of a fair chance. So far as Winston Churchill is concerned, we have no doubt he is well satisfied. His main object, which was to put a dangerous commerce raider out of the way, has been accomplished fairly economically. If the Graf Spee had put up another fight, the end would no doubt have been the same, but more valuable lives might have been lost and valuable ships damaged.

✶

ANGLO-FRENCH ECONOMIC COOPERATION has been greatly strengthened by the new agreement for the pooling of financial resources and the stabilizing of currencies. Until six months after the peace treaty the rate of exchange is to be pegged at 176½ francs to the pound, which means that francs can be freely used throughout the British Empire, and sterling throughout the French Empire, without any exchange risk. It is, in effect, a monetary union of the world's two largest empires which should do much to assist the most economical use of Allied resources. The agreement also provides for joint participation in any foreign loans which may become available and for constant consultation on the employment of gold and dollar resources. This may lead to steps to bring the official and unofficial exchange rates between the dollar and the Allied currencies into a closer relation. At present there is a gap of about 10 cents between the Bank of England's quotation for dollars and the market rate in New York—a discrepancy which is a definite hindrance to trade. An important feature of the new Anglo-French agreement is an undertaking not to impose fresh restrictions on each other's imports either for protective or exchange reasons. Since the economies of the two countries are complementary to a considerable extent, there is much to be said for a mutual abolition of import duties. Such a move would certainly be a great help in holding down the cost of living in both countries, and by bringing price levels into a closer relationship, would make the maintenance of the pegged exchange rate easier. However, the war strain will probably have to increase a good deal before so revolutionary a step becomes practical politics.

✶

THE PROMISE TO OPEN THE YANGTZE RIVER is clearly a stage play on the part of the Japanese to persuade the United States not to impose an embargo at the expiration of the trade treaty next month. In itself it is a meaningless gesture since all trade in the occupied areas of China moves through Japanese-controlled monopolies which have the full backing of the Japanese military forces. Foreign exchange also is under the complete control of the Japanese authorities. During the next few weeks we may expect a certain amount of trade to develop for reasons of political exigency. But as long as the military occupation continues, such trade will be entirely on the sufferance of the Japanese and can be cut off at any moment. In commenting on the renewed conversations between Ambassador Grew and Foreign Minister Nomura the Japanese press continues to stress the possibility of settling outstanding incidents between the United States and Japan but contains no hint of a fundamental change in policy which would serve as a safeguard against future incidents. Recent dispatches from Shanghai anticipate early seizure by Japan of the customs houses at Shanghai and Tientsin, long under international administration, and suggest that new incidents are almost inevitable. The Chinese victories at Kaifeng, Nanchang, and in the vicinity of Nanning may do more to soften Japanese policy than any spontaneous change of heart at Tokyo.

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THE PLIGHT OF THE SPANISH REFUGEES IN France has been rendered graver than ever by the French government's action in raiding the S. E. R. E., the official Spanish agency for aiding the refugees to emigrate to foreign countries. This leaves them dependent on immediate foreign aid if any appreciable number are to escape the Franco terror. Already 360,000 of the 500,000 persons who fled before Franco last spring have been forced back into Spain. Others are being returned daily. Most of those who have gone back so far are non-combatants—old men, women, and children. But nearly all of the remaining 140,000 are former militiamen who on return must face a Franco firing squad or a slower death in a concentration camp. It is estimated that at least one-third of them will meet immediate execution. Among the few children who remain are some score who were injured when their frantic mothers threw them through the windows of a moving train rather than see them returned to Spain. To make matters worse for those still in France, the French government has seized some of the equipment and supplies sent the refugees from abroad. It has forced Spaniards who had settled in villages throughout France back into concentration camps, where few have adequate clothes for winter. Blankets are non-existent in some of these camps. Food is universally bad. Meanwhile, across the border the terror continues. The press of the provincial towns regularly publishes lengthy lists of the executed. In welcome contrast to the usual news we learn from Rome that the death sentences of two Basque priests have been commuted to thirty years' imprisonment. But the same source reports that fifty priests are being held in a single prison—the Carmona Prison in Andalucia. Thus is Franco preserving Christianity in Spain.

*

SO FAR THE LINE FOR 1940 IS FORMING definitely on the right—Dewey, Vandenberg, Taft, Willkie, McNutt, and now Garner. Mr. Garner announced last week-end, with the modesty becoming a Texas Coolidge, that he would accept the nomination for President. At the same time he said he would "make no effort to control any delegates. The people should decide." This is good homespun talk which will not of course keep Mr. Garner from trying to control as many delegates as possible to the end that the people should decide on a conservative Democrat, preferably from Texas, with the "common sense" to dismantle the New Deal.

*

"DIRTY BUSINESS" WAS JUSTICE HOLMES'S term for wire-tapping by prosecuting agencies. Two new decisions by the Supreme Court make it harder than ever for the government to indulge in this kind of lawlessness. Both decisions, one by Frankfurter, the other by Roberts, forbid even the indirect use of evidence obtained by wire-tapping. The case involved in the first decision has an interesting history. In 1937 the Supreme Court, speaking through Justice Roberts, ordered a new trial for a group of alleged Puget Sound liquor smugglers on the ground that evidence obtained from tapped wires had been used for conviction. The same men appealed to the courts again on the ground that in the new trial conviction was obtained by the indirect use of evidence secured by wire-tapping. Justice Frankfurter, for the court, ordered a new trial in which the government must prove that the evidence in question was obtained independently. To permit indirect use of evidence illegally obtained, Justice Frankfurter said, would be to "stultify" the law. Justice McReynolds, last of the "rugged individualists" on the court, dissented. He was of the majority in the five-to-four decision in 1928 which permitted wire-tapping. Justice McReynolds is probably better prepared than we are to explain how one can be ruggedly opposed to government intervention in sweatshops but complaisant about government invasion of the privacy of telephone and telegraph wires.

*

THURMAN ARNOLD AND MAYOR LAGUARDIA should be interested in the Supreme Court's order affirming the decision of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals in the Zirkin case. An A. F. of L. union obtained an injunction forbidding a C. I. O. union to picket a concern with which the former had a contract. But the higher courts agreed in voiding the injunction on the ground that a jurisdictional strike is a "labor dispute" within the meaning of the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act. Mayor LaGuardia has denied that such strikes are protected by the act he sponsored. The language of the act, quoted in last week's *Nation,* seemed clear enough to the Supreme Court, as it does to us. The decision should also give pause to Thurman Arnold, for in his Indianapolis letter he included jurisdictional strikes among the labor-union practices which have "no reasonable connections" with the legitimate objectives of labor unions. He proposes to use the anti-trust laws against these practices. But according to this new decision he cannot obtain injunctions under the anti-trust laws against jurisdictional strikes, and the court's reasoning will make it more difficult to use the anti-trust laws in any form against them. Finally there is a moral here for the A. F. of L. How can it consistently fight the menace of the labor injunction and at the same time try to use that weapon against the C. I. O.? Had the A. F. of L. succeeded in the Zirkin case, the precedent would have been a boomerang.

*

IN RELEASING J. B. MATTHEWS'S "EXPOSÉ" of the consumer movement, Martin Dies enabled his pet investigator to fight a private feud on public time. But that isn't the whole story of the disgraceful episode.

There is increasing evidence that in their foray against honest and legitimate consumer groups Dies and Matthews are acting as "transmission belts" for William Randolph Hearst and a number of leading American advertising and commercial interests. Last August the Federal Trade Commission issued a thirteen-page complaint against Mr. Hearst's *Good Housekeeping*. The complaint charged that the *Good Housekeeping* "Institute," which places its seal of approval on advertisements appearing in the magazine, is something less than scientific. It enumerated a host of advertisements approved by the institute which were a blend of half-truths and whole lies. J. B. Matthews's report, issued while the FTC hearings were in progress, specifically cited the prosecution of *Good Housekeeping* as part of the "Communist" attempt to undermine the sacred institution of advertising and thereby wreck the profit system. The Hearst *Daily Mirror* boasted of its part in "helping Mr. Dies to uncover communism" in the consumer movement. All this is on the public record. Far more significant is the charge made over the air by Drew Pearson and confirmed in *Space and Time*, a news letter for advertising men, that on November 30 Richard Berlin, general manager of Hearst publications, George Sokolsky, F. J. Schlink, and representatives of two leading national advertisers, meeting privately, heard J. B. Matthews read his report on consumer organization. They greeted it enthusiastically, and Sokolsky outlined plans for promoting the drive. Participants in the session emphasized that advertising interests should bring pressure on "recalcitrant" sections of the press to insure sympathetic publicity for the "exposé." The subsequent press coverage of the report is now history. Who owns Martin Dies?

*

THE LA FOLLETTE COMMITTEE'S HEARINGS on California's migratory labor situation have been ignored in the press in a way that contrasts sharply with the space given the Dies and the NLRB hearings. Yet of the three the La Follette committee has produced the most substantial and most sensational testimony. It has been established that as a result of the activities of the Associated Farmers, there have been far more violence and more extensive infringement of civil liberties in California than in any other agricultural region in the country. This is of particular significance in view of the fact that the Associated Farmers voted at their recent convention to extend their organization throughout the country. An Associated Farmers of Minnesota has already been formed, and plans have been announced for organizing in twelve other states. In a 10,000-word statement Paul S. Taylor, professor of economics at the University of California, presented to the committee a masterly analysis of the agricultural-labor problem in California and other parts of the country. He demonstrated statistically that the problem was not one of the relationship between a typical farmer and his hired men. Recent years have seen the development of a group of "farm operators" who are not farmers in the traditional sense of the word. They are rather farm employers who have introduced large-scale production in agriculture at the expense of a submerged class of migratory workers. Although California has gone farther than any other state in this direction, there is abundant evidence that it is merely providing a preview of events that may soon rock the entire country.

*

EARL BROWDER'S ARREST ON CHARGES OF using a false passport now seems to have been the signal for launching a widespread attack aagainst the Communist Party rather than the isolated prosecution of an individual who happens also to be head of a political movement. Jack Stachel, Communist trade-union leader, is being sought as a passport-fraud witness; Nicholas Dozenberg, reputed to be one of the founders of the party, has been arrested on charges of conspiracy after a melodramatic cross-country chase; and Harry Gannes, foreign-affairs expert of the *Daily Worker*, has been indicted for using a false passport. The case against Stachel and Dozenberg is yet to be revealed, but that against Gannes is not impressive. He is accused of obtaining a passport fraudulently in 1938, the fraud consisting in the fact that his application failed to mention a passport he obtained in his own name in 1926 and one he obtained for China in 1932 under the name of Jacobs. The statute of limitations, of course, bars prosecution of the 1932 offense. In the case of Gannes as in that of Browder the failure to admit use of a false passport is being used to circumvent the statute of limitations. A more basic question is whether these prosecutions may not also become a means of circumscribing political liberty for Communists or those suspected of sympathy with them—possibly a very large number, as the Dies committee's generous use of the red label indicates.

*

A LONG REPORT ON LIVING, WORKING, AND health conditions in the mining area of Missouri, Oklahoma, and Kansas, recently published by the Tri-State Survey Committee, shows that one does not have to go to the Dust Bowl or the valleys of California to find men and women living on a "Grapes of Wrath" standard. Workers in the area are largely descendants of English and Scotch-Irish pioneers with roots deep in the country. The housing conditions of these Americans is incredibly bad. Out of 4,867 dwellings investigated, no fewer than 3,541 were classified as unfit for human habitation. Many are mere tar-paper shacks of two or three rooms. Inside plumbing and central heat are almost non-exist-

ent. Sanitary facilities are seriously deficient both in the homes and in the mines. As a result of such conditions, ill health is widespread. The most serious problem is the prevalence of tuberculosis, which originates as silicosis contracted in the lead and zinc mines. The tuberculosis death rate is about three times the national average. Although the mine operators have made commendable efforts to eliminate the silicosis hazard, the investigation shows that their efforts have been too narrow in scope. Public-health education and facilities are hopelessly inadequate. Several previous investigations in this area have disclosed the same appalling conditions. How long will action be confined to reports?

*

CHARGES MADE BY JOHN L. SPIVAK AGAINST Father Coughlin in a series of articles in the *New Masses* warrant thorough investigation by the Department of Justice. Spivak accuses Coughlin of diverting tax-exempt funds to political uses, of collecting money through the mail under false pretenses, and of filing false statements with the postal authorities about the circulation of his *Social Justice*. Documents purporting to support these charges have not only been incorporated in the articles but have been submitted to the Department of Justice. Thus far the department has made no response. But *Social Justice* itself has responded with a hysterical and inflammatory attack on the *New Masses* editors, carefully avoiding any discussion of the evidence. This may satisfy the Father's frenzied followers, but it should not satisfy the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which in the case of Communist leaders has displayed an irrepressible zeal. The Attorney General's silence is no tribute to the political integrity of his department.

Irony at Geneva

PROCEEDINGS at Geneva last week were steeped in the spirit of irony. The League of Nations, waked from a long sleep by the Russian invasion of Finland, took more rapid and decisive action against a breach of the Covenant than it had ever previously attempted. For the first time it exercised its power of expulsion and against a state whose representative had argued eloquently year after year for effective measures to halt aggression. Now these rhetorical grenades were picked up by countries which on former occasions, when League aid was invoked, had been content to stall and compromise, and flung back in Moscow's face.

For all that, the verdict of the League was a just one. Russia's aggression against Finland is as inexcusable as Italy's rape of Ethiopia; indeed, more inexcusable because of the ideals the Soviets once championed and still claim to represent. In one of its earliest proclamations, on November 7, 1917, the Soviet government asked for a just peace without annexations, which it defined as follows:

> By annexation or seizure of foreign territory the government . . . understands any incorporation of a small and weak nationality by a large and powerful state without a clear, definite, and voluntary expression of agreement and desire by the weak nationality, regardless of the time when such forcible incorporation took place. . . .
>
> If any nation whatsoever is detained by force within the boundaries of a certain state and . . . is not given the right to determine the form of its state life by free voting and completely free from the presence of troops of the annexing or stronger state and without the least pressure, then the adjoining of that nation by the stronger state is annexation.

Stalin cannot forget that he once subscribed to such a policy, and his consciousness of guilt is betrayed by his attempts to cover an imperialist adventure with such ragged shifts as the Terijoki "people's government."

Soviet hypocrisy does not make League hypocrisy any more palatable, and the self-righteousness of some nations at Geneva was nauseating. An active part in the condemnation of Russia was played by states which have not hitherto been conspicuously active in promoting League principles and in any case are far enough removed from Russia to make moral courage cheap. The pitiable nervousness of the small states neighboring either Russia or Germany was proof of the demoralization of Europe and the belatedness of the League's effort to take a stand for the rights of small nations. Between these two groups the representatives of Britain and France, the only two great powers remaining at Geneva, steered an uneasy course but finally agreed to support the resolution calling for expulsion. However, a curious procedure was adopted to safeguard the chins of those countries within Russian reach, and the report drafted by the Committee of Thirteen, with several members abstaining, was adopted in the Assembly, not by a roll-call vote, but by the failure of any delegate to rise in opposition.

The actual position as regards assistance to Finland is little altered by the League's action. The resolution made no call for sanctions against Russia but merely asked members, and non-members as well, to render what aid they could to the Finns. It will be interesting to see how much Argentina, Portugal, and other states which were especially vociferous in condemning Russia will do toward implementing this pledge of help.

Meanwhile, there are signs that the invasion of Finland may provide a cue for yet another peace offensive by Berlin. A Nazi plea to halt the war in order to stem the red tide would undoubtedly meet a response in varied quarters. In the Allied countries, and still more in the neutral states, there are men of property who would forgive Hitler everything if he turned his back on Stalin.

Italy, Spain, and the Catholic church are powerful forces working in the same direction. But to do the British and French governments justice, they have so far shown no sign of being diverted by the Communist bogy from their war against the Nazis. Their present attitude seems rather that there is little to choose between Hitlerism and Stalinism, but that the former offers the greater immediate danger. Both are nihilistic forces which can only stimulate each other's growth. For our part we can think of no step more fatal to the Western powers than to form an alliance with Germany against the Soviets. At one stroke it would revive fascist morale everywhere and give Hitler a safe passage to his goal—the mastery of Europe.

Investors Organize

SMALL investors are the cannon fodder of corporate finance. When big business intrenches to resist some alleged onslaught of government on the rights of private enterprise, the little men and the widows and orphans are sent into the front line. And when a corporation comes to grief owing to mismanagement or plain skulduggery, it is the same people, more often than not, who are left holding the bag. The big insiders all too frequently can take advantage of advance information to retire unscathed. In 1929, as is well known, leading New York banks urged customers to buy their stock at the very time the top officers were steadily unloading in anticipation of trouble.

The experiences of the past ten years have made small investors rather more cautious—which is as much a factor in the present sluggishness of Wall Street as the "hostility" of Washington—while, thanks to the Federal Securities Act and the activities of the SEC, highway robbery of stockholders has been made both harder and more dangerous. Nevertheless, the man with a few thousand dollars to invest outside the government bond market still finds the scales weighted against him. Corporations are now compelled to make greater disclosure of information, but it is not always readily available, especially to those living in the country, nor is it in a form easily digested by the financially inexpert.

For this reason we welcome the formation of the American Investors' Union, which intends to maintain a vigilant watch on developments in the investment, savings, and life-insurance fields. It will subject the accounts of corporations in which members are interested to critical analysis, examine merger and reorganization proposals, and give advice on investment lists and insurance programs. It will also seek to enlarge the influence of small stockholders in corporate meetings and, when authorized, will act as proxy for members. Finally it will work to strengthen existing legislation designed to safeguard investors and will organize opposition to laws which threaten to diminish their rights. The union has an impressive list of sponsors and includes on its board of directors John T. Flynn, well-known financial writer; Paul J. Kern, president of the New York City Civil Service Commission; Dr. Robert Lynd, coauthor of "Middletown"; Councilman Robert K. Straus of New York City; Professor Colston E. Warne, president of Consumers' Union; and Professor Robert A. Brady of the University of California. Bernard J. Reis, author of "False Security: the Betrayal of the American Investor" and a leading accountant, is to be the executive director.

Worthy of Dies

THE daily press, never strongly prejudiced in favor of labor, has been making the most of the Smith investigation of the NLRB. First prize for distortion goes to Roy W. Howard's ex-liberal New York *World-Telegram,* which ran an eight-column line, "Shoot Rivals, C. I. O. Union Told. House Told Labor Board Knew of Order. Would Kill A. F. L. Miners 'Faster Than Rabbits.'" The story, as might have been guessed, was slightly exaggerated. The headline grew out of a memorandum written by one man on what another man said a third man had said. A day later, but too late to erase the impression made by story and heads, the man who was supposed to have said it denied it. But the newspapers are not as much at fault as the committee, which is conducting its investigation in slaphappy fashion, skittering from one obscure memorandum and its sweeping charges to another, without finishing any topic or giving persons slandered or accused a fair opportunity to be heard in reply. These investigators are not only anti-labor; they are also incompetent. The reader soon finds himself lost in a maze of memoranda that no one could understand without a great deal of background, and the background is never supplied. A request by Charles Fahy, counsel for the NLRB, for permission to examine or cross-examine witnesses was denied. Permission to introduce evidence in rebuttal after damaging memoranda had been read was "neither granted nor denied." Arthur Krock set a new high in fatuity when he wrote of these requests that "in refusing to permit the board's counsel to control the order of the proceeding Mr. Smith appeared to be setting a high standard of inquiry at the beginning." One could as justly say that the request of accused persons for defense counsel was an attempt to control the order of court proceedings.

An interesting "first thought" appeared in Turner Catledge's story of the Smith investigation in last Sunday's New York *Times.* "There was some oddity, on first thought," Catledge wrote, "in the revelation that board members left memoranda in their files criticizing or condemning the conduct of important officials of the agency." The memoranda referred to were principally

those of the board's newest member and the committee's star witness, William M. Leiserson. After July 20, when the resolution authorizing the investigation was passed, Dr. Leiserson should have realized that every word he wrote would be subpoenaed by a hostile committee.

At the hearing, though both the chairman and the counsel were obviously uninterested in what he had to say, Dr. Leiserson did manage to read into the record some sections of a carefully written defense of the act and of the board which contrasted strangely with his intra-office notes. This part of his testimony was either buried or omitted in the reports in most newspapers. One sentence, coming as it does from the committee's principal eyewitness of the board's alleged wickedness, should have a deflating effect on the "revelations" to which the committee has treated an eager press. "I must say," Dr. Leiserson declared, "that on the whole the other members of the board are to be commended for the good job they have done under very trying circumstances." A companion sentence throws a not too flattering light on Dr. Leiserson's judgment in putting in the way of such a committee vague memoranda airing his differences with the other members of the board. "I think a great injustice has been done to a devoted body of public servants," Dr. Leiserson said, "by the manner in which blanket charges of partisanship and misbehavior have been directed at employees and agents of the board." So do we.

We have no doubt that the NLRB has made its mistakes, but we are not prepared to condemn it on the basis of ex parte proceedings, particularly when the charges made are vague and suspiciously unsupported by concrete evidence. We withhold comment on the complaint of Elinore M. Herrick, New York regional director, about "un-American" methods in the investigation of her office by the board until both sides have been heard—in the American way. We are not even disposed to pass judgment in the case of Dr. Leiserson's charges against Nathan Witt, secretary of the NLRB. Witt's past record and Dr. Leiserson's admission that he based the charge of partiality against Witt "merely upon impression" lead us to conclude that Dr. Leiserson may be too impressionable. If anyone is guilty of lacking impartiality, it is the committee's counsel. According to *Labor*, organ of the railroad brotherhoods, Toland has been the Washington representative of Earl F. Reed, a Pittsburgh corporation lawyer and head of the committee of fifty-eight American Liberty League lawyers which solemnly assured the country that the Wagner Act was unconstitutional. Toland's effort to drag in the red bogy in questioning an official of the International Juridical Association threatens to involve the committee in a jurisdictional dispute with the Dies committee. His fantastic attempt at one point to make it appear that the Labor Board might accuse parish priests of unfair labor practices is worthy of Dies.

Heywood Broun

"SOME years ago," wrote Heywood Broun back in 1927, "I discovered that it was easier to write about myself than any other subject." He could hardly have picked a richer mine to work. For Broun never wrote of himself neurotically or as one who merited attention for his own sake; he wrote lustily of himself as the incidental center of a whole succession of lively environments. There was Broun the Poker Player and Bon Vivant, Broun the Father, Broun the Crusader, Broun the Musical Comedy Actor, Broun the Socialist, Broun the Amateur Painter, Broun the Militant Trade Unionist, Broun the Communist Sympathizer, Broun the Dog Fancier, Broun the Religionist. Always the activity, the way of life, was the important thing, even though it emerged purely and unblushingly in the form of the impact it made on the mind of Heywood Broun.

It is hard to escape the feeling that Broun's choice of mediums dictated the course of his life, converting it from a genial shiftlessness to a stubborn, if easy-going, quest of a holy grail. Broun started out with more than the usual complement of honesty, a genuine feeling of good-fellowship, and a vast capacity to be impressed. Having to set down his thoughts from day to day, he found himself in time driven into positions which he would not have approached in cold theory. These stands on particular issues he defended with skill and passion, and as he did so the logic of events moved him to an acceptance of more general positions. Unburdened by any theoretical frames of reference, he gave himself unsparingly and with great gusto in single engagements, but often found himself unable to go along with the same comrades-in-arms in subsequent campaigns. From a passionate adherence to a Voltairean liberalism he passed through the fires of the Sacco-Vanzetti case to the conclusion that "there is no reason to respect the man who keeps his mind so open after the storm has broken that he cannot temper the wind to any shorn lamb." He ran for Congress as a Socialist, only to abandon the party shortly afterward in a leftward drift that went on unchecked until the Russian-German pact turned him in hot indignation against the Communists.

His intense honesty and what he called his "extraordinary mixture of sophistication and naivete" proved tragic for Heywood Broun, driving him always in search of a haven, and leaving frequent scars where he found himself forced to turn against old friends. But if his odyssey was tragic for him, it was a boon to the causes he espoused, for everything Broun championed was the stronger for his adherence. His passion and eloquence in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti were the equal of Zola's "J'accuse"; the American Newspaper Guild is a monument to his tireless efforts for labor; and *The Nation* is certainly the richer for his contributions to its pages.

The Great Debate

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

IN THIS issue of *The Nation* four contributors discuss the future of Europe. All of them are persons of long experience in the jungles of European relations. This does not mean that they follow identical tracks or come out at the same place. Each has his particular angle of approach and emerges with a theory of his own. But at this stage in the war difference is more valuable than unanimity. What we need today is not cut-and-dried specifications for a new and orderly Europe. We need, rather, to accumulate and examine data, compare notes, exchange ideas, and slowly crystallize conclusions that stand a chance of representing a consensus of free opinion when the war ends.

The discussions in *The Nation* this week are the first of many that will appear in the months to come. We hope to present contributions by Europeans now in exile, whose opinions must carry particular weight; by representatives of the smaller European neutrals, whose stake in both war and peace is almost as great as that of the belligerents; and by Americans who understand the significance of our role as a great power in a contracting world. In the course of this debate *The Nation* will work out its own editorial position. A new world order cannot be built in a day—even on paper.

A good many good people are cynical about the whole subject. They recall the results of similar well-meaning discussions in the last war. Then, as now, liberals, pacifists, laborites, Socialists talked into existence the idea of a great European union to be formed when the fighting ended. Popular support for the war was largely founded in the ideas of such groups. At Versailles they —and Europe—were betrayed. Today many persons in similar groups, like burned children, shun the peace plans being generated by the present struggle. They are wary of enthusiasms and commitments that may be used for contrary ends by those who make policy. Such a state of mind is natural, but it is self-defeating too. The hope of the world lies in a constructive and generous peace; and men and women with enough disinterested wisdom to help frame or promote it cannot claim exemption because they fear betrayal. They can only add vigilance to their efforts and try to back them up with power as well as good intentions.

This is just as true in America as it is in Europe. The sort of settlement reached after the war will determine the course of American trade, the size of our navy, our relations with every country in the world, and in the end our political and economic institutions here at home. The war in Europe may not be "our war," but the peace will be our peace even if we neither fight for it nor help negotiate it.

Whatever their differences, the contributors to this issue join in one major conclusion—the need of creating a federal union of European states at the end of the war. That this proposal implies a vast overturn of existing relationships and institutions, none of them denies. Military victory over Hitler is only the first and most obvious objective. Revolution in Germany—halted somehow this side of communist dictatorship; suppression of the violent nationalisms that have barricaded themselves behind insuperable tariff walls; the ousting of reactionary governments now in control on both sides of the struggle: these are a few basic prerequisites of a European peace based on union. Beyond them lies the demand for fundamental social change throughout an impoverished continent, change which will take from Hitler, and from Stalin as well, the power to rouse a population suffering under the growing ills of capitalism and, in many parts of Europe, under the remnants of a decayed feudalism. To face these staggering difficulties and consider how they are to be overcome is as important as the formulation of peace terms, and it is an inescapable part of the same job.

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British Labor's Double War

BY G. D. H. COLE

London, December 4

I MAKE no pretense to be able to state the war aims of the Chamberlain government. I remain strongly opposed to that government, and convinced that its foreign policy in recent years has been a long sequence of disastrous blunders. I believe that if the British and French governments had stood solidly behind the policy of collective security from the moment that Nazi aggression first became a serious menace, either war could have been averted, or, if it had come, we could have been certain of confronting the aggressor with an overwhelming opposition. I am convinced that we ought to have stood firm in 1938, at the time of the Munich surrender, and that we could at that time have made sure of securing the help of the Soviet Union. I hold that, in default of that help, the unilateral pledge to Poland was a blunder, and that it has landed Great Britain and France in war under unfavorable conditions which a wiser policy could have avoided.

Nevertheless, now that Great Britain and France are at war with the Nazis I feel I must support the war, because there can be no real peace or security in Europe and no decency in international relations until the monstrous machine which the Nazis have built up for purposes of military and economic aggression has been put out of action. I believe I share that feeling with the vast majority of my fellow-citizens. Our first and foremost war aim is to check and to defeat a political gangsterism which has become an intolerable threat to all decent living, except for those who are far enough removed from it not yet to appreciate its menace.

Therefore, despite all my dislike and suspicion of the Chamberlain government, I support the war. But it does not follow that I, or those who think as I do, regard a military victory as our principal war objective. We want most, not a military victory which might lead to a second Versailles and a second Hitler—each worse than the first—but a German democratic revolution, which will create in Germany a government with which we can hope to make peace on fair and equal terms. Such a revolution, we are aware, cannot be made from outside Germany. It must be the work of the German people, disillusioned with the fruits of the predatory militarism by which they are now enthralled. But the revolution can be helped, though it cannot be made, from outside Germany; and it should be a principal objective of British policy to help it in every possible way.

The aim of Nazi propaganda is to represent Great Britain as fighting a war for British imperialism. But this is sheer perversion of the real facts. The opponents of the Chamberlain government are well aware of the danger that, under its auspices, imperialist motives are bound to count for much; for the British Conservatives have no intention of renouncing British control over the colonial empire if they can find means of keeping it. But that is a very different matter from fighting an imperialist war, and it would be impossible to rally the support of the British people behind a war fought mainly for imperialist ends. Nor are the opponents of imperialism in Great Britain at all minded to surrender the British Empire to Hitler, so that he may exploit it with much greater ruthlessness. We want to end empires, not to transfer them from one state to another.

It is not easy to combine the two tasks which at present face the democratic forces in Great Britain—to support the war, and to oppose the government so as to bring about a creative peace. Nor is it easy to state the terms of peace for which we stand, for these must depend in part on the development both of military operations and of conditions inside Germany—to say nothing of the unknown factor of Soviet Russia. In order to state the aims of British democracy, I have to make assumptions; and I shall assume at this point the fall of Hitler and the possibility of then establishing in Germany a democratic regime.

On that assumption I want, and I think British democrats generally want, some sort of federal union of the states of Western Europe. I do not believe it is practicable to aim at a federation wide enough to include the United States or any of the other independent states of the American continent. Nor do I believe that it is practicable to include the Soviet Union, or the countries of the Far East. I hope, indeed, for some sort of league wide enough to draw all these states together for certain forms of common action; but for Europe—at any rate for Western Europe—I feel sure we must aim at a much closer union than is yet possible for the world as a whole.

Our aim, then, must be a federation of as much of Europe as can be brought to agree on a basis involving a complete pooling of all armed forces other than police, a creation of a network of common services, especially in the field of transport, directly controlled by the federation, a common Parliament democratically elected by the citizens of the constituent states (and therewith, I hold personally, a common elected executive authority with powers and functions not unlike those of the President

of the United States). Over the whole area of the federation there must be a great effort to develop economic collaboration and a common public opinion based on free movement and intercourse between the peoples; and, on the other hand, there must be for each national group and for each important minority the fullest freedom to retain and develop its own culture and its own institutions of local and regional government.

I am convinced that no federation of this sort can be workable as long as any state included in it retains a separate colonial empire of its own. Accordingly, I believe that federation involves a complete pooling of all colonial empires, under the direct authority of the federation as a whole. As for the British dominions and India, I believe that they should be given the right to enter the federation as equal partners, if they so desire.

This is, of course, the merest outline, needing to be filled in at many points. But I have no space to develop it further here, save in one aspect. I am sure federation cannot work unless the states composing it possess compatible political and economic institutions, and are all, in a broad sense, animated by a common idea. The only idea capable of uniting Western Europe into such a federation as I suggest is the idea of democracy, economic as well as political, growing out of the half-democracy which has developed gradually in most of them in the course of the past hundred years. Federation is impossible between, say, democratic Sweden or Switzerland and militarist Germany or Italy. It is not possible without revolutions in those countries, or without large advances toward democracy in the greater capitalist states, such as Great Britain.

British democrats must aim at overthrowing the Nazi tyranny, because there is no hope of European federation while it lasts. But they have also to wage a struggle on the home front for British democracy, and to do all they can by close common action with French democrats to further the advance of democracy in France. They have to do this in order to create a public opinion which will insist, when the time comes, on a democratic and constructive peace, and in the meantime will protest loudly and vigorously against any attempt to win the war for other than democratic ends.

So far I have been writing on the assumption—essential to a decent and creative peace—of revolution in Germany. But what if the German revolution fails to happen? I confess that without that assumption I find it exceedingly difficult to formulate war aims at all. For unless the Germans do revolt against Hitler before all Western Europe has been devastated and exhausted by prolonged warfare, it looks very much as if the making of the peace will be a matter neither for Mr. Chamberlain nor for British democracy nor for Hitler nor for the German people, but for Stalin; and I do not pretend even to guess what sort of peace Stalin would be likely to dictate to an exhausted Europe. As a Socialist I profoundly admire many of the achievements of the Soviet Union; but in common with the vast majority of my fellow-Socialists I do not believe that the institutions which have been built up in barbaric Russia are suitable, without great modification, for being transplanted to the more civilized countries of the West. In Western Europe we have established, under a capitalist system which has been rapidly becoming obsolete, certain habits and institutions which are of permanent value; and it would be a disaster to humanity if these habits and institutions were now to be uprooted and destroyed. High among them I rank the value set on individual liberty and the toleration, within fairly broad limits, of differences of opinion and behavior, the freedom, still within limits, of speech and writing, and the freedom to assemble and organize voluntarily for a host of purposes and causes of every sort and kind.

One of our chief war aims is the preservation of these values as a foundation on which to build the democratic society of the future. The Nazis have trampled on them deliberately, as inconsistent with the totalitarian ambitions of the military state. The Russians have never possessed them. We, who have known them and cherish them, are fighting that they may be preserved. For they are the human habits and institutions by which alone democracy can save itself from the menace of the leviathan state, armed as it is now with the formidable weapons of mass-production, not only of instruments of destruction, but of human opinion as well.

Our war aim, then, little as our rulers of today may love it, is democracy; and as Hitlerism is the principal enemy of democracy, in fighting Hitler they are urged forward to fight for democracy even against their will. That is why British Labor and British radicalism are supporting the war, despite their intense dislike and mistrust of the Chamberlain government. That, also, is why it is absurd to label the struggle an "imperialist war." For in fighting against Hitler's endeavor to turn the greater part of Europe into a German colonial empire of hewers and delvers for the Nazi Reich, the British government cannot but be driven, however little it wishes any such thing, toward the emancipation of its own subject peoples.

Western Europe must "federate or perish"; and it cannot federate until the tyranny of Nazism has been overthrown. Nor can it hope to federate, and work successfully its new collective institutions, except on a firm basis of democratic control. These objectives alone make sense of a struggle in which much else seems hopelessly confused. Finally, in struggling for these war aims of democracy, both against Hitler and in dealing with their own governments, European democrats need every ounce of help they can be given by the friends of democracy in the United States.

The Menace of a United Germany

BY ROBERT DELL

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN said the other day that we must distinguish between war aims and peace aims. For once I agree with him. The aim of the present war is quite simple and purely negative. It is to put an end to German aggression and rescue its victims. No other way of doing that remained. Heaven knows that the British and French governments did their best—or worst—to avoid war by making concessions to Hitler in the hope of appeasing him; and it was this policy of appeasement that made war finally inevitable, as some of us foresaw that it would. We are at war now because we did not take the risk of war in time. Hitler could almost certainly have been stopped without war at any time up to last March—and even perhaps as late as last March—if the British and French governments had made it clear to him that if he did not stop they would fight. As *Pravda* said on August 14, ten days before the signature of the Soviet-German pact:

> The countries that are called democratic . . . yielded to the aggressors not because they are weaker—the bloc of capitalist democratic countries is stronger than the Fascists. What was the cause of the free hand that they gave to the aggressors? Comrade Stalin indicated the essential cause in his historic report to the eighteenth congress of the Bolshevik Party. He said: "The essential cause consists in the renunciation by most of the non-aggressive countries, England and France in particular, of the policy of collective security, the policy of collective resistance to the aggressors."

This is not an imperialist war on the part of the Allies. One of the paradoxes of the situation has been that a British government mainly composed of members of the party that claimed a monopoly of imperialism has done more to damage the British Empire and ruin its prestige than any previous government in history. Whatever the result of the present war may be, I doubt whether the harm done to the British Empire can ever be repaired.

Nor is this a capitalist war. Finance and big business in England and France have been for some time past ultra-pacifist. They have advocated peace at any price—even at the price of sacrificing vital British interests and allowing Hitler to dominate the greater part of the European continent—because, as Philip La Follette said in his speech to the Economic Club of New York last spring, they put their class interests, or what they believe to be their class interests, before those of their countries. They have feared that war might lead to social change, as it possibly will, especially in England. They have called social change "bolshevism" or "communism," to hoodwink the people. One thing that attracted them to Hitler was his destruction of organized labor. Now that Stalin has sacrificed communism to Russian imperial interests and thrown the whole European labor movement into confusion, the British ruling classes are disposed to be lenient toward Russia.

This is a people's war. The British pro-Nazis were obliged to change their policy, much against their will, by the pressure of public opinion. Last March the British and French people awoke to the fact that they had been duped by the promise of "peace for our time," and they determined to put an end to concessions to Hitler. In his speech in the House of Commons on March 15, after Hitler's entry into Prague, Chamberlain declared that what had happened could not make him change his policy. Three or four days later he had to eat his words. He was faced with the choice of changing his policy or resigning, and he chose the former. Had not his vanity been stronger than his concern for the welfare of his country he would have resigned after the catastrophic failure of his policy had been demonstrated. I am not surprised that his continued presence at the head of the government causes England to be distrusted in America and elsewhere, but he cannot turn back now. He is no longer master of the situation. There is no enthusiasm for the war in England and France, but there is a firm determination to carry it through to victory.

I am convinced that the British and French peoples will tolerate no peace negotiations with Germany until Germany has been beaten and reduced to impotence. They are unlikely to be taken in by the talk of communism in Germany, which no doubt has its source in Nazi propaganda. Communism is unlikely in Germany, and in any case it could be no worse than the Nazi regime. Hitler undoubtedly wants peace—on his own terms. He was forced into war because, confident that England would never fight, he had gone too far to draw back. But these are reasons why the Allies should go on with the war. All intelligent people in England and France know that Göring or the Reichswehr would be no improvement on Hitler. Hitler's aggressive foreign policy is not new. It is the continuation and logical development of the policy of imperial Germany before 1914, one of the bases of which was the *Drang nach Osten*.

No peace aims are necessary to justify the war, but we ought to consider what we are going to do if the Allies are victorious. If they are not, the Allies will have no voice in the matter and will no doubt have to submit to a

peace treaty even more oppressive than the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, compared to which the peace treaties of 1919 were extremely lenient, although too many people seem to have forgotten that fact.

For my part I believe that European federation—the creation of the United States of Europe—is the only solution, but I am not blind to the immense difficulties in the way of it, and we had better first consider what should be done in any case. The fundamental error of the peace treaties of 1919 was that they broke up Austria-Hungary and left Germany intact except for a certain diminution of territory, whereas they should have done exactly the contrary. The history of the last twenty years has indeed justified the dictum that if Austria did not exist, if would have to be invented. We must now reverse the process of 1919 by restoring Austria and breaking up Germany. I do not mean that we should restore the empire of the Hapsburgs. What is needed is a Danubian Federation.

The problem of Germany is quite other. We must recognize that we have to do with an abnormal country. An eminent diplomatist said to me in Berlin in 1933: "This is not a normal civilized country, and the German government is not a normal civilized government and cannot be dealt with as if it were one." This is the truth, and the removal of Hitler would not change it. It his book "Unto Caesar" F. A. Voigt says: "Only the shallowest understanding will see in the National Socialist revolution 'the result of Versailles.' That revolution is the nightmare of German genius come true. In the history of the Third Realm Versailles is but an incident and the Great War but an episode." He is undoubtedly right. The success of the Nazi movement was due fundamentally to something in the German subconsciousness. It was foretold more than a century ago by great Germans who knew nothing about the Treaty of Versailles. Mr. Voigt quotes a prophecy of Hölderlin's that the German people would be "made barbarous by industry and science and even by religion." Hitlerism is essentially a religion, and Hitler is primarily a religious leader. Göring said in an article published in the now defunct London *Morning Post* on January 31, 1934, that as Catholics believe the Pope to be infallible in matters of faith and morals, so the Nazis believe Hitler to be infallible in all matters concerning the moral and social interests of the people.

Heine foretold the Nazi movement in a remarkable passage in which he even foresaw the pagan revival in Germany. "The old gods," he said, "will shake the dust off their statues and descend from their pedestals." Goethe and Schiller said in the "Xenien" that the revolutionary class in Germany was the middle class. They were justified 140 years later by the Nazi revolution, which was, to begin with, essentially a middle-class movement. Much later, after the war of 1870, which he regarded as a defeat for German civilization, Nietzsche foretold the appearance on the German scene of a man such as Hitler, in whom, he said, "degeneracy determines an excess of spiritual and nervous electrical discharge." Such a man, he said, inspired fear, for "the fanatic, the man possessed, the religious epileptic, all eccentrics, have been regarded as the highest types of power, as divine."

In an interview with H. R. Knickerbocker published not long before I left Europe, Dr. Carl G. Jung said that Hitler belongs in the category of magician-chiefs to whom their followers attribute supernatural powers. "Hitler," Dr. Jung said, "is the mirror of the subconsciousness of every German, a loud-speaker who magnifies the imperceptible murmurs of the German soul." Vernon Bartlett expressed the same thing in different words when he said: "Mussolini rules Italy; Hitler is Germany." That is still true even if there is a certain amount of discontent in Germany at the present moment. If we distinguish between Hitler and the German people we shall make a disastrous mistake despite the sizable minority of determined anti-Nazis who have undergone ruthless persecution for their beliefs. When I returned to Germany in 1933 I was struck by the fact that many people whom I had known as sincere republicans and democrats had become equally sincere Nazis. In reality, they had been subconsciously Nazi all the time.



"LOOK OUT, BRAUCHITSCH, HE'S GETTING ANOTHER INSPIRATION!"

The success of the Nazi movement was due to several causes, one of which was the world economic crisis, but its chief immediate cause was the concessions made by England and France to Germany. In an article published in the *Temps* in 1929 Dr. Wilhelm Förster, the well-known German pacifist,

said that it would be a mistake to evacuate the Rhineland, for its evacuation would lead to a great militarist and nationalist revival in Germany. I criticized him at the time, but I discovered later that he was right. He knew his fellow-countrymen better than I did. Hitler never counted as a force in German politics until 1930, after the evacuation of the Rhineland. At the German general election of 1928, nine years after the signature of the Treaty of Versailles and five years after the occupation of the Ruhr, there was not enough resentment left in Germany at those events to give Hitler more than 800,000 votes in the whole country. At the general election in September, 1930, after the evacuation of the Rhineland, he polled between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 votes. In March, 1933, he made himself absolute master of Germany in a few days, without any opposition, although Germany had the strongest trade-union organization in the world and the Socialist and Communist parties were very large and powerful.

If Goethe, Schiller, Hölderlin, Heine, Nietzsche, and other great Germans were able to make prophecies that have been fulfilled, it can have been only because they recognized certain faults in the German character. Every nation has certain peculiar characteristics which, although they are not shared by every individual, are so prevalent that they may rightly be called national, and which show themselves particularly in collective action or inaction. They are due not to race but to national history, environment, climate, upbringing, institutions, and other causes. In Germany an important factor has been the bad influence of certain German philosophers, notably Hegel and Fichte. Among the chief German national characteristics are an inferiority complex, a craving for a Führer, and an abnormal lack of common sense, which means a lack of political sense. Bülow was right when he said: *"Wir sind ein unpolitisches Volk."* The unification of Germany in 1871 intensified the faults of the German character and converted Germany into a huge machine which crushed whatever independence there was and destroyed individual initiative. When the machine broke down in 1918, most Germans were helpless.

Moreover, unified Germany has been a menace to Europe ever since it existed, and in particular to France. For the fact that it is now a greater menace than ever the German Social Democrats have a heavy responsibility. As Mr. Voigt says in the book already quoted:

> They carried the work of Bismarck one stage further in circumstances far more difficult than Bismarck ever had to face. And it is this work which Hitler and the National Socialists are completing—and striving to expand—on foundations which would have been destroyed had it not been for the Social Democrats. Without the Social Democrats and their organized and highly disciplined following, the unity of the German Empire would have perished in 1918.

Mr. Voigt thinks that it was to the credit of the Social Democrats that they sacrificed socialism to German nationalism. I cannot agree with him. Had German unity perished in 1918, we should have been saved this war.

One thing is certain. The French will not, if they can help it, tolerate the menace of a united Germany on their frontier any longer. They have had to put up with it for nearly seventy years and they have had enough of it. If the Allies have the victory, the French will probably insist on the break-up of the German Empire into its constituent parts and on the reduction of Prussia to its original dimensions. They will certainly insist on what they asked for in 1919, namely, the separation of the Rhineland from Germany and its conversion into an autonomous and neutralized state with its bridgeheads garrisoned by the French army. I was opposed to the French demand in 1919, but experience has taught me that the French were right. They abandoned that demand in return for guaranties by England and the United States, which were not implemented. The French felt, quite rightly, that they had been badly let down, and they are determined not to be let down again. When the German sheep were split up into little flocks with inoffensive little Führers, they were harmless. When the sheep became united in a single flock with a single bellwether, they became *moutons enragés*. Germany is a pathological case and needs pathological treatment. I do not say that the German people will never change, but it will take a long time to bring them to sanity and civilization.

If there is no European federation, it will be necessary to put the German states for a time under some sort of tutelage. They should be treated as mental patients, not as criminals. The Treaty of Versailles was much too severe economically and too lenient politically. The new peace treaty will have to be severe politically but very lenient economically. There must be no indemnities, even if nicknamed "reparations," and everything must be done to foster the economic life of the German states. They should be forbidden to have a totalitarian regime but should be allowed to have either a monarchy or a republic as they prefer. The matter would be immensely simplified by a European federation of which all the German states would be members. In any case a European customs union is essential, for we cannot permit the German states to have a customs union of their own. We must get rid of all the tariff barriers that are ruining the economic life of Europe. A European federation would be particularly to the advantage of the small countries, for it would make the continued existence and autonomy of even the smallest country possible. Without federation, the very small European countries can hardly survive. It was inevitable that the Baltic states, for example, should fall under Russian or German domination. A European federation would make a Danubian federation unnecessary.

As I have said, the difficulties in the way of European federation are immense. The linguistic and other differences make it much more difficult to form a United States of Europe than it was to form the United States of America. But the difficulties are less great than would be those of Clarence Streit's proposed union of certain selected countries, widely separated from one another geographically. In spite of modern communications, it is both more easy and more natural to federate the countries of a particular continent. I am not in a position to propound a scheme for a European federation. It is a matter that needs long and careful study. I should suggest Paris as the federal capital, for Paris is already the intellectual capital of the world. Moreover, the European continent should be federated even if England holds aloof, as I hope would not be the case. Naturally, there would have to be a federal Parliament with a senate in which every country would have the same representation, or perhaps the big countries might be allowed four senators and the others two. There should be no armed forces except those of the federation. Complete disarmament is quite impossible at present and is likely to be so for a long time. No country in the federation should be allowed to have a totalitarian government, but here again some might have monarchies and others might choose republics. The colonies of all the European countries should be held by the federation and administered by international mandates until they become sufficiently developed to stand alone. The position of the British dominions, which are independent states, would naturally not be affected, and India should be given full dominion status. There is no reason why the British Commonwealth should not continue even if the dominions were outside the European federation, as they would probably have to be. Russia would, I regret to say, have to be excluded until it ceases to be a totalitarian state.

It is possible that federation would have to be imposed on some countries as it had to be in America. The doctrine of self-determination, which was an exaggerated form of nationalism, has been one of the causes of the present deplorable conditions in Europe. A million people cannot be allowed to override the general interest of Europe. I do not know whether the governments of England and France would agree to the abolition of absolute national sovereignty which federation involves, or whether it would be possible to achieve federation immediately after the end of the war. It would certainly not be possible if Germany were victorious. There are, however, encouraging signs of a growing belief in the necessity of federation in every European country. It is possible that we may have to proceed by stages. At least, as I have said, we must make a European customs union, or Europe will perish. A federation of Europe does not involve the suppression of the League of Nations. On the contrary it would strengthen the League. If the example of Europe were ultimately followed by other continents we might in time attain Tennyson's ideal of "the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

United States of the Danube

BY RUSTEM VAMBERY

WARS are not courts of law, and peace treaties are not instruments of justice. Only the Princess on the Moon in Cyrano de Bergerac's "Histoire Comique" could ask her visitor from the Earth: "If people really believe justice is on their side in the war why do they not apply for arbitration instead?" True, Lord Bacon called war the test of justice, of which God is the judge, but since Frederick the Great discovered that the Almighty is on the side of the heaviest battalions, not even people living on the Moon would indorse Lord Bacon's view.

No such thing as justice is conceivable with the victor's gun leveled at the vanquished. There were never just and unjust treaties, merely reasonable and foolish ones. It is almost a truism to say that the Versailles treaties were preeminent specimens of the latter category. One of the many blunders—perhaps the greatest of all—of the elderly gentlemen who redrew the map of Europe was the way they carelessly and without forethought broke up the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Not that this empire, created by Francis II under compulsion from the Rhenish Federation to indemnify the Hapsburgs for the loss of the Holy Roman Empire, was destined to long-continued existence. Though even the Czech historian Palacky declared—he was later to retract it—that if Austria did not exist it would have to be invented, the rising tide of nationalism was bound to sweep away this artificial structure. When after the Crimean War national states sprang up in Southeastern Europe like mushrooms after the rain, it became evident that the two "sick men" of Europe, the Ottoman Empire and the realm of the Hapsburgs, were going to disappear. The Allied Powers' secret agreement of 1915 only accelerated an inevitable process. Not even the plan which the murdered Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand had conceived to reorganize the empire by substituting trialism

for dualism could have averted the disaster; such a system would not have satisfied the Czechs, the Slovaks, or the Rumanians, and it would have infuriated the Magyars.

It may be true that "he highest builds who with most art destroys," but the destructive work of the peace treaties was utterly lacking in art and revealed no comprehension of their economic and political bearings. The treaties broke up an economic unit in which Hungary was the granary and Austria the workshop; Austrian factories supplied to Hungary more than 70 per cent of its industrial needs. Each lost its best customer. Hungary also lost most of its timber and ore, while the Succession States received what they least needed. Rumania, abounding in timber and coal, got Hungary's woods and coal mines; Yugoslavia with its rich wheat fields was given Hungary's best wheat-growing regions; and Czechoslovakia, possessing in Bohemia and Moravia many well-developed industries, received its best factories.

Hence it seems that not even an economic excuse can be found for the creation of these various miniature reproductions of the conglomerate Hapsburg empire, with national minorities forming 41 per cent of the population in Czechoslovakia and 36 per cent in Rumania, and without the tradition that helped to maintain Austrian unity. Apologists for the peace treaties usually assert that post-war minorities in the Succession States totaled "only" 15,000,000 as against 26,000,000 in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. This is true, but at the same time a number of new national antagonisms, such as the Czech and the Slovak, the Polish and the Ukrainian, the Servian and the Croat, were created—antagonisms which either did not exist in the Hapsburg empire or were kept at bay by the central authorities. Moreover, minorities in post-war Europe, with the praiseworthy exception of Czechoslovakia, have been at the mercy of a chauvinism which the "victor" states developed out of their exultation and the vanquished ones out of utter despair.

Even if one admits that the old Hapsburg governess who in her Austro-Hungarian nursery was able to control these more or less infant peoples had to be dismissed, one is amazed that peoples of age like the English and the French could have hoped to secure peace by letting loose a half-dozen immature nationalities to build new customs barriers in Southeastern Europe. Scared to death by an imaginary Bolshevik danger, the Allies encouraged chauvinism in the defeated countries in the belief that fascism was a potent remedy against bolshevism. Allied generals took a delight in the display of rival militarisms in Central Europe, and British foreign policy, suspicious of the Little Entente as the outstretched arm of French hegemony on the Continent, backed reactionary efforts for a "peaceful revision." Statesmen in the victor countries simply ignored the fact that the East European mind is characterized by a childish boastfulness, a warlike spirit, a tendency to trickiness, and above all an utter dislike for truth, qualities imprinted on it by centuries of despotic Turkish and Hapsburg domination.

Hugh Dalton, when Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said that the only practical policy is to take existing frontiers for granted and to aim not toward their revision but toward their obliteration. Unfortunately this was not practicable in 1919, partly because of the general European situation, partly because of the truth of what Shaw wrote in his preface to "John Bull's Other Island": "When you break a nation's nationality it will think of nothing else, listen to no philosopher, no preacher, until the demand of the nationalist is granted." Had the victors not played a hypocritical hide-and-seek game with nationalisms, had they, looking at the ethnographic map, realized that it is impossible to draw a sharp line between the hopelessly intermingled races and nationalities of Central and Southeastern Europe, had they, finally, paid attention, as they pretended to do, to the economic welfare of the peoples of whom they disposed with wanton recklessness, they would inevitably have reached the conclusion that a substitute for the Hapsburg empire must be created. It is true they had promised their "little allies" everything during the war, but with their economic and financial superiority they could easily have insisted that their satellites form a defensive economic unit against Germany. Apparently they had never heard of the allegory used by the Hungarian statesman Francis Deák, who spoke of the overcoat that was buttoned awry and that could not be adjusted without being first unbuttoned. They unbuttoned the realm of the Hapsburgs but failed to button it again. That is why Europe caught cold.

In this case it cannot be said that it is no use crying over spilt milk. For it is essential to the future of European civilization that the same mistake should not be repeated. Just now none but a fool or a humbug would venture to prophesy how the current war is going to finish. It is, in fact, not one war but three wars merged in one: a war of two empires against three would-be empires, another war between two ideologies screening the first, and a third very carefully hidden war between capitalism and its enemies. The partners and the adversaries are not the same in all three wars, but however the first two end Europe will have to face once more the problem of interspersed nationalities in the Southeast. And even the statesmen with whom Europe's fate rests may have learned from experience that kotowing before the abstract idea of sovereignty according to the prescription of the Covenant of the League is of as little value for preserving the peace as is dissimulating the dangers of nationalism. There is, of course, but one real solution, for which the example is set by the United States of America.

If the integration of smaller units is to precede the

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United States of Europe the victors must first consider the turmoil of peoples who live in the Danube basin. The idea of a Danubian Confederation is not a new one. After the defeat of the Hungarian struggle for independence in 1848-49, its leader, Louis Kossuth, in exile realized that the failure was mainly due to the hostility of the non-Magyar nationalities. Count Ladislas Teleki first suggested the federation of the Magyars, Slavs, and Rumanians, but Kossuth took up the idea. Any state of the lower Danube, he wrote, even if it were successful in "rallying round itself all its racial brethren now belonging to other states, could be at best only a state of second rank. However, if the Magyars, the South Slavs, and the Rumanians would adopt this plan, they would become a wealthy, powerful state of first rank, with 30,000,000 inhabitants, and would weigh heavily in the scales of Europe."

In Temperley's "History of the Peace Conference" we read: "Broadly speaking, the ethnic frontier between Hungarians and Rumanians was clear enough." As a result of this "clear" ethnic frontier 1,550,000 Magyars were handed over to Rumania. Professor A. J. Toynbee came perhaps nearer the truth when he wrote ("The Treaty of Versailles and After") that in dealing with the nationalities the top-dog of the pre-war regime had been "turned into under-dog and the pre-war under-dog [had] become the post-war top-dog." Any protection of minorities by legal rules has thus far proved illusory, and, further, the alleged violation of such rules has been used by the aggressor—this was the case in both Czechoslovakia and Poland—as an excuse for grabbing the coveted territory. In a cantonal federation the fair treatment of the minorities is guaranteed by the fact that the majority in one canton is a minority in another.

There is no doubt that only in a federal structure is there hope for autonomous cultural developments. Any other "revision" or readjustment of the frontiers in Southeastern Europe means but new irredentisms for old and suicidal economic autarchy. Before Munich the Magyars were to liberate their brethren under Czechoslovak domination; afterward, when Hungary had received a slice of the Nazi loot, the Slovaks wanted their brethren to shake off the Magyar yoke. In 1936 Dr. Hodza suggested the federation of Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia as the nucleus of an even more extensive union. Dr. Benes, in his book "Democracy—Here and Now," advocates a federated Danubian system, and he emphasized at Yale that what Europe needs is an entirely new principle of social and political organization.

No one could reasonably challenge the usefulness of a Danubian federation as a means of preventing German or Russian imperialism from swallowing the whole group of ambitious "sovereignties" in Southeastern Europe. Not one of these countries has been able to cope successfully with its own difficulties. In Czechoslovakia Slovak nationalism helped to dismember the republic; in Yugoslavia the Croats, of the same stock but different in religion and in their "Austrian" culture, are the stumbling-block to unity; in Rumania, in spite of agrarian reform, the Boyar rule persists. As for the surviving representatives of feudalism in Hungary, nothing short of restoration of the pre-war boundaries would satisfy their appetite for power and jobs.

In the light of these facts, can it be expected that the Danubian and Balkan "sovereignties," suffering more or less from an incurable megalomania, will voluntarily surrender the power and glory they crave for security and the peace of Europe? Like Chanticleer they all believe that their dunghill is the highest mountain range and that their crowing directs the rising of the sun. Their patriotism is not love of country, but love of *more* country. Without restriction of the sovereignty fetish a federation of Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and maybe Austria has little prospect of materializing. Not even the depressing outlook of becoming the sorry satellites of one of the rival imperialisms will drive them to do what a flock of sheep does in a thunderstorm. They will always hope to outwit one imperialism with the help of another. It will be the moral duty of the civilized victors, therefore, to squeeze those "sovereignties" into a federation which will be both a safeguard of peace in Europe and a guaranty of the economic prosperity of its members.

There is one premise, however, which the makers of a Danubian federation or an eastern Switzerland cannot ignore without sowing the seeds of future unrest and discord. A comparison of the statistics of the imports and exports of the Danubian countries, including Austria and Czechoslovakia, shows that a federation would undoubtedly be self-supporting. But this alone is not enough to remove the dragon's teeth of social upheaval. In most Danubian countries there is a strong undercurrent of discontent which may become manifest in either bolshevism or, if this is banned, a home-made Nazism. In order to satisfy an impoverished lower middle class and the jobless farm hands who are most susceptible to Nazi or Bolshevik contagion, it will be the victors' first business to clear away the remaining medieval and semi-Oriental economic institutions. This is the only way to take the wind out of the sails of the Nazi and Bolshevik corsairs. It is self-deception to deny that in all current dictatorships there really is a popular trend, at least with regard to their promises. And no democratic rule can be firmly established unless it reasonably fulfils the unreasonable promises made by the dictators. Without economic integration of the different nationalities of Southeastern Europe the next peace, too, will be but a temporary pause in the endless wars of rival powers on the European continent.

G. O. P. Budgets for the Hungry

BY ROBERT JORDAN

Cleveland, December 14

OHIO is booming. Steel mills, automobile plants, machine foundries, textile factories—all are working at only a notch from capacity; Republic Steel of Cleveland has shot up to 97.2. Bank debits in Cleveland are $30,000,000 greater than in 1938; department-store sales have increased 25 per cent; and total income has risen $1,000,000. The number of unemployed has dropped by almost 100,000.

But Cleveland—or at least part of Cleveland—is hungry. From 70,000 to 80,000 people in this sixth largest city of America face the specter of starvation. In the month of November 60,000 had their relief cut one-third, low as had been the level previously maintained. Sixteen thousand were struck off the rolls altogether. Meanwhile, the politicians busy themselves, not with relief, but with the politics of relief. "No one is going to starve in Cleveland," declares Mayor Harold H. Burton. But reporters from other places find people living in virtual dog kennels on something less nutritious than dog food. The country hears about it. Cleveland itself hears about it—until now its press has been reticent. The President utters an indictment. Then Governor John W. Bricker amends the Mayor's statement: "There is no relief problem in Ohio." If people are starving in Cleveland, it is said outside, that is Cleveland's fault. "No," retorts Ohio's wealthiest city, "it's the state's concern." The state comes back: "It's Washington's responsibility." Washington replies: "Relief is a state problem." And so it goes, while thousands huddle quietly in their bare rooms, hang around chilly relief stations, or walk the streets despondently.

I met a fairly well-dressed elderly Jewish woman in a relief depot in a middle-class district, where, the supervisor assured me, they have the "highest type" of relief client. It was Thursday, and I heard this woman say: "I haven't got nothing to eat since Monday." At the same time an emaciated girl, twenty-five or twenty-six years old, was sobbing to a second relief worker: "I have no heat at all. I have babies. It's awful!" A moment later a burly Slavic laborer, in answer to the question "Who is feeding you?" replied, "Nobody. No money for two weeks." Rent orders are more difficult to get than food. Relief workers advise clients to jump the rent or cajole the landlord with tears.

To obtain an order for medication is almost an impossibility. A man who had earned $64 a week in 1932, now desperately ill with a spinal disease, was living when I saw him on two cups of coffee a day. The most the authorities would give him was an order for $1.15. A former piano-teacher who had anemia and suffered spells of dizziness when hungry received $1.40 for two weeks. Almost everyone I saw was ill with something—anemia, cardiac trouble, tuberculosis, arthritis, ulcers. At one stage city officials feared an outbreak of typhoid. Yet a person must be practically dying before he can get an order for drugs or medicines.

Cleveland has no relief standard. People fight for whatever they can get. The louder they holler the more they get, and vice versa. Up to October the city spent, officially, $27.70 per case per month. (About three persons comprise an average case.) New York City was spending $44, Rochester (New York) $48. But before the present crisis two 10 per cent cuts in relief had been made, bringing the average down to about $22.50. The latest 33⅓ per cent cut reduces the average further to about $15. Since the cost of living in Cleveland is higher than in all but three of the country's forty-one largest cities, persons on relief, especially when they have children, find themselves just above the absolute starvation level of those denied relief altogether. It is not strange that during the crisis the newspapers have reported a wave of petty crime, particularly purse-snatching and stealing in stores.

Early this month the federal government stepped in with forty carloads of supplies from the Surplus Commodities Corporation and 14,000 WPA jobs. The Cleveland press made it seem as if Santa had really come to town. But the joke was on the unemployed. The average surplus-commodities allotment was one basket of apples worth 20 cents, three pounds of flour worth 15 cents, three pounds of oatmeal worth 15 cents—a total of 50 cents' worth of food for a relief case for two weeks. Moreover, what can you do with flour when you have no yeast, milk, or eggs? The answer is that you mix it with water and walk about with a bloated stomach.

As for WPA jobs, I was informed by Federal Relations Commissioner Frank E. Bubna that only half go to persons on relief. Unemployed not on relief are being assigned the remainder because they more often reach the federal "standard of certification"; this qualification, not the emergency, determines WPA assignments in Cleveland. Moreover, all the new projects but one or two are outdoor projects, and Cleveland is noted for its heavy snows and subzero weather, while a goodly number of men who have been on relief are not as stalwart as

they might be. Commissioner Bubna informed me, further, that in the spring WPA will be cut again. If the 1939 curve is followed, the curtailment of WPA alone will bring on another sharp crisis. In fact, Cleveland is now carrying more relief cases than it did in 1935 solely because of a severe drop in WPA employment from 75,000 last January to 30,000 in August.

So much for federal assistance. The state has helped Cleveland even less. Governor Bricker, though a Republican like Mayor Burton, refused to provide any money during the emergency despite the fact that the state had been paying only a third of the dollar it promised to match against each dollar Cleveland supplied for relief. He charged extravagance. This appealed to the rural communities that dominate the Legislature through a 1910 gerrymander which gives the rich urban areas, containing 68 per cent of the population, only one-third of the seats in the Legislature. The rural majority some years ago passed a law prohibiting any municipality from levying special taxes for such purposes as relief. This law cannot be rescinded except by a 65 per cent vote; innumerable attempts by urban leaders to abolish it have met defeat. Thus Governor Bricker can be callous to the plight of Cleveland's and Toledo's jobless without decisively affecting his political strength in this state. The Governor, moreover, has Presidential aspirations and would like to point to Ohio's $8,000,000 surplus as the major reason why he should be nominated by the Republicans.

Mayor Burton fought Bricker in the crisis. LaGuardia and Roosevelt also attacked the Governor, lending tacit support to Burton. Burton has shown himself in the past to be more or less a New Dealer, but this does not make him a progressive. He campaigned for Bricker as the man who would solve the relief question. Furthermore, in the treasury of the city of Cleveland, just as in the treasury of the state of Ohio, there is more than enough money to care for the homeless and the hungry. But Burton too has aspirations—in the direction of the United States Senate—and he likewise wants to leave office with a balanced budget.

It is true Burton raised an emergency sum of $1,200,000 for relief against tax-delinquency bonds. But this is to cover only December relief, at the reduced level. The Mayor admits that the outlook for 1940 is black. The city's power of issuing deficiency bonds is now exhausted. Property-owners threaten revolt if they are taxed further. Relief next year, it is anticipated, will cost more than the $7,281,000 of 1939, especially if the unemployed organize, as they are now doing.

Three demonstrations before the City Council by Cleveland's three small unions of unemployed have already given officials the jitters. These were organized by the Federal Workers' Union, the Association of Unemployed, and the WPA and Professional Workers' Union, led, respectively, by Arthur Price, C. B. Cowan, and Louis Golden—all well known and highly respected among trade unionists and unemployed alike. The opinion of these three groups, now in the process of unifying, appears to be that Burton could raise relief standards by simply using part of the $14,000,000 sinking fund now lying fallow, and that by refusing to do so he is openly favoring the wealthy owners of city bonds.

Chronic unemployment has come to be taken for granted. What alarms officials in Cleveland, and in other cities, is the danger that with relief crises recurring in a period of industrial prosperity, the unemployed may get out of hand.

Everybody's Business

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

"Fifth Column" in the Treasury

THE guerrilla warfare waged against the New Deal by the big corporations and the surtax payers who control them goes on unceasingly. The victory won last summer, when the remains of the undistributed-profits tax went into the discard, produced no hint of appeasement from this grim army. On the contrary, it served to stiffen morale for a fresh campaign with the reduction of corporate-income tax and the abolition of the capital-gains tax as major objectives.

An important advantage possessed by the surtax generals is the presence of a "fifth column" in the Treasury itself headed by Under Secretary John W. Hanes, formerly a member of the Wall Street firm of Smith, Barney and Company. Back in August Mr. Hanes launched an appeal to the leaders of industry, banking, commerce, labor, and agriculture to send him ideas for improving the tax structure. All suggestions, he promised, would be carefully considered and laid before a special Ways and Means subcommittee of the House due to meet in November. The underlying intention of this plan, according to the Washington Bureau of the *Wall Street Journal*, was to organize support for further tax revision from the "business-aid" angle.

As one would expect, there was a warm response, and schemes rapidly piled up on Mr. Hanes's desk. That of the United States Chamber of Commerce may be taken as typical. It suggested no less than forty changes in the revenue laws, all designed to lessen the burden on the oppressed rich. Among its major proposals were the reduction of corporate-income tax by progressive stages to 15 per cent, reduction in individual surtaxes to a maximum of 40 per cent, "simplification" of the capital-gains-and-losses provision with the rate on capital gains reduced to 12½ per cent, and reduction in the estate duties. No suggestions were made as to how the loss of revenue involved in these changes would be met. The rather similar program of the Merchants' Association of New York included, however, a recommendation for the reduction of the present personal-income-tax exemption, coupled with an increase in the rate levied on the middle brackets.

This campaign for tax revision was getting along nicely

until November, when a change in atmosphere around the Treasury became apparent. About the time that the President at Warm Springs asked the public to consider whether the additional defense expenditure should be met by taxation or borrowing, both Mr. Morgenthau and Mr. Hanes stated that the Treasury had no program of tax revision in preparation. This apparent abandonment of earlier activities was explained when it became known that the White House was studying a new formula for an excess-profits tax. Advocates of tax relief, badly alarmed, decided that with such schemes in the air it would be better to avoid reopening the tax question. As the *Wall Street Journal* reported, "Those leaders who previously favored extensive tax revision in the interests of business stimulation are understood to feel that the imposition of 'war' taxation might well outweigh whatever benefits were offered by removal of further business irritants."

Checked in their major offensive, the tax warriors have been sniping at Section 102 of the internal-revenue code, to which new and more effective teeth were given by regulations issued last July. In 1938, when the battle against the undistributed-profits tax was at its height, one of the arguments of its opponents was that it was redundant, since Section 102, which originated in the Revenue Act of 1934, already gave the Treasury power to prevent surtax payers from eluding its grasp by piling up profits in corporate coffers. In an article in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1938, Maurice Wertheim, the investment banker, said:

> Some well-informed lawyers and tax experts say that if a determined effort were made to enforce Section 102, even this could be done. Whatever the necessities of the case, let them be covered. No one can successfully defend the proposition that the only way to penalize unreasonably retained earnings is to penalize those reasonably retained.

Congress was impressed by this argument, and the Revenue Act of 1938, which emasculated the undistributed-profits tax, strengthened Section 102 by adding the following clause:

> (c) Evidence Determinative of Purpose.—The fact that the earnings or profits of a corporation are permitted to accumulate beyond the reasonable needs of the business shall be determinative of the purpose to avoid surtax upon shareholders unless the corporation by the clear preponderance of the evidence shall prove to the contrary.

The penalty where tax avoidance by such means is discovered amounts to 25 per cent on the first $100,000 of undistributed profits and 35 per cent on any excess.

Some criterion of unreasonable accumulation was still necessary, however, and this was provided by regulations issued on July 26, 1939. These brought under Section 102:

> (1) Corporations which have not distributed at least 70 per cent of their earnings as taxable dividends.
>
> (2) Corporations which have invested earnings in ways unrelated to their normal business.
>
> (3) Corporations which have made loans to officers or shareholders out of undistributed profits.
>
> (4) Corporations a majority of whose stock is held by a family or other small group of individuals.
>
> (5) Corporations the distribution of which, while exceeding 70 per cent of earnings, appear inadequate when considered in connection with the nature of the business or the financial position of the corporation.

Enforcement of Section 102 under these new regulations should be fairly effective in preventing tax avoidance through the accumulation of corporate surpluses. At the same time it need not affect growing businesses which are genuinely using profits in order to expand their plants. But surtax payers are less enthusiastic about the virtues of Section 102 now that it has served its purpose of helping to kill the undistributed-profits tax. They are complaining bitterly to Washington of the unfairness of the new instructions and especially of the rule that corporations which fail to distribute a sufficient proportion of their profits must prove that accumulation is to their "fifth column" for a way out. But the reinforced section has powerful friends, and so far even Mr. Hanes has not been able to get the offending regulations redrafted.

In the Wind

SOCIETY NEWS: On the New York *Times* society page last week appeared the picture of the daughter of a prominent New York family. The story below announced that she had been married in London to Gustavo Duran of Madrid. In society-page style the item said that Mr. Duran had been educated in Madrid and Paris, composed a ballet when he was twenty-one, and so on. One fact was omitted: Gustavo Duran was an officer in the army of the Spanish republic.

WASHINGTON NOTES: New Dealers are grumbling that Herbert Hoover has sewed up the Finnish delegation for the Republican convention . . . and rejoicing at Secretary Ickes's comment on Tom Dewey's opening speech: "Dewey has thrown his diaper into the ring."

WHEN MAX LERNER'S "It Is Later Than You Think" appeared last year, William MacDonald reviewed it for the New York *Times*. Two weeks after submitting his review, Mr. MacDonald died. Lerner's latest book, "Ideas Are Weapons," appeared last month, and Ernest Sutherland Bates reviewed it for the New York *Herald Tribune*. Two weeks after he turned in his copy, Mr. Bates died.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION: The St. Louis division of the Communist Party recently published a brochure defending the Russian invasion of Finland. One sentence read: "The Soviet Red Army cannot be an imperialist army. It can only serve as an army of liberation." The word "liberation" had been stamped on the page as a correction; originally it had been "liberalism."

THE VERTICAL file-service catalogue published by the H. W. Wilson Company lists current pamphlet literature. In its December issue this cryptic entry appears: "How the Army Trains Butchers, by Arnold Kruckman. 2 pages illustrated. Published by science research associates. Describes instruction courses for butchers in army schools."

THE NEW YORK *Daily News* recently published a photograph of Fritz Kuhn being led away to prison. It was captioned: *"Drang Nach Ossining."*

[Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Collective Security Must Come

London, December 1

ONE of the few encouraging facts about the war situation is that here in England one finds universal recognition of the fact that if the Allies win there must be a new order and collective security in Europe if the Continent's civilization is to survive. The man in the street or perhaps one sitting next to you on the bus tells you that Europe cannot stand a continuance of the armed peace of the last five years. Only yesterday I was astounded to have an American army officer say to me that collective security must and will come because "the soldier has become too costly for any country to support." I had never expected to hear those words from an active officer of our army, but he assures me that he has been preaching the doctrine of collective security for some years. Reams and reams of white paper are being covered here by people writing on peace terms and on how Europe should be rebuilt if it survives this war. And there seems to be a pretty general recognition that if the nations will not or cannot outlaw war, they must find a collective way of guaranteeing peace. Preparedness for such wars as this one costs more than any nation can afford.

Ever since my return from Germany I have been eagerly asked what the surviving liberal, anti-Hitler forces there are thinking about the future. I have had to reply that I never heard the subject of a reorganization of Europe mentioned. The people of this stripe I talked with were all too much absorbed in the war and their actual living conditions to have time to think about what might come after. As for France, I hear that the one idea there—and my information comes from very important sources—is to deal with Germany, if the Allies win, in such a way that France will never again be invaded from the east. That is the collective security that they want. They are saying that this is the third attack since 1870 and that if they win, it will be the last. This time they are going to be thorough about it. They will take the left bank of the Rhine, will favor splitting Germany up into at least two states, one Protestant and one Catholic, and see that this time Germany's disarmament is permanent. This, by the way, is in accord with what one German I had just met said to me abruptly as we were parting: "The only way to deal with us Germans is to disarm us. Give us guns and we shall always be a menace because we like to be soldiers and to fight." Plainly, it will be extremely difficult to hold the French in line for anything else than a peace which they trust will make forever impossible the domination of Europe by German armies. They have learned nothing and forgotten much!

Here there continues to be a great deal of favorable discussion of Clarence Streit's plan for the federalization of Europe. It is admitted that the League of Nations is dead save for its Labor Office and its humanitarian activities. So the solution is rightly sought in a new machinery which will avoid the errors of the League, foredoomed to failure as it was by being tied up to that body of death, the Treaty of Versailles. The merit of Mr. Streit's proposal is in its suggestion for a federal union in which all nations would have equal status; its weaknesses and faults are many—he does not even define democracy before using the word as a touchstone in picking out the states which he would have lead the way to a federal union of the world. But he must be given credit for having made people everywhere think about a new world order.

The difficulties in the way of collective security are endless, as the French attitude shows. The other day when I was urging one more restatement of the Allied peace aims for the purpose of encouraging the peace movement within Germany a British officer said to me, "But there are great difficulties in doing that." I replied, "I am aware of them all and probably know more about it than you do since I have just been on the other side of the fence in Germany. But is it not the task and duty of your statesmen to find the way out? Who else will, just now?" He admitted that I was right. What frightens one over here is the conviction that it will be harder to get a wise and just peace than in 1919 because there were no such madmen as Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini to deal with then, and no such hostile economic systems to reconcile. But what is even more alarming is the dearth of statesmen equal to the tasks which will confront the peace-makers if the Allies win. One almost regrets that there is no one with the forcefulness of Clemenceau or the adroitness of Lloyd George as one scans the horizon for anybody who gives promise of having the stature needed for the superhuman job ahead. But then the realization comes again that for all their ability these leaders of 1914 were the architects of our present misery. The only comfort, I repeat, is that everybody I have met here is aware that the Europe of 1934 to August, 1939, cannot be reestablished when the war ends.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Notes by the Way

A FRIEND of mine used to run his desk on the principle that if you kept a letter two weeks it answered itself. If you keep a book three months it doesn't review itself, but it may become timely again; and in the light of events in India, "War Without Violence" by Krishnalal Shridharani (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) has more news value than when it appeared. Mr. Shridharani gives an excellent account of the genesis and history of *satyagraha.* What will interest Western readers even more is his description of its technique, his comparison between war and *satyagraha* as alternative methods, and his suggestion, tentative but persistent, that it has practical meaning for the West.

Mr. Shridharani emphasizes that *satyagraha* is not simply non-resistance but a form of direct action which proceeds in orderly, specific steps from negotiation and arbitration to demonstration and ultimatum, to economic and social boycott, to non-payment of taxes, to non-cooperation, to civil disobedience, and finally to parallel government. He says it has much more in common with war than with Western pacifism and offers it as the "equivalent discipline" postulated by William James. "So far war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community," said James, "and until an equivalent discipline is organized, I believe that war must have its way." Mr. Shridharani makes a very ingenious comparison between war and *satyagraha.* Like war it is based on direct action; it is an instrument of aggression; it appeals to the instincts of self-sacrifice and courage; it is an organized institution; it exercises compulsion; but whereas war coerces through inflicting violence, *satyagraha* compels by refraining from violence, by suffering the violence of its opponent and thus disrupting his morale. Finally, "there being no spirit of punishment or revenge, *compulsion* does not achieve the extent of coercion. It stops with effecting what Gandhi calls 'a change of heart,' and the consequent 'redress of wrong.' As a result, the opponent is not vanquished but victory comes to both sides. *Satyagraha,* therefore, does not entail the vicious circle of defeat and revenge," which has been the end and worst product of most wars, including the class war.

Plenty of arguments rise to confute this counsel of sweet reasonableness. It is pretty well drowned out just now by the roar of guns in the new thirty years' war that seems to be under way in Europe; in India *satyagraha* is a practical method because India's millions are conditioned to it by religion and temperament and because, having no weapons, their only recourse is to some such method—yet even in India *satyagraha* has not achieved its aim of independence. It seems pretty unlikely that it can be developed in the West if only because it is hard to imagine a Westerner keeping his hands folded until the fingernails grow through the palms—that has been done in India.

On the other hand, *satyagraha* has certainly won important victories over the British raj. Gandhi stopped the process in 1930 before it had reached the stage of parallel government; so we have no way of knowing whether those Indians are right who maintain that they have the power to carry through, though we can be pretty sure that there would be violence on the British side. As for the West, Mr. Shridharani points out that non-violent direct action in the form of strikes and boycotts has been common; he also notes that with the increasing concentration of armed power in the hands of government the millions of the West have come into much the same predicament as the unarmed Indians.

I don't look for any immediate development of *satyagraha* in the West. Neither, for that matter, does Mr. Shridharani. But whatever the relevance of *satyagraha,* one thing is clear. Large sectors of Western opinion have come to feel, like the Indians, that violence is its own reward. War with violence has lost its moral prestige. It is no longer a glorious venture but a dirty business. It is in the light of this shift in the attitude toward war with violence that the conception of war without violence takes on interest, especially if one agrees with Gandhi that struggle, that is, war, will continue to be a constant in human affairs.

As a companion volume to "War Without Violence" there is a short biography of Jawaharlal Nehru by Anup Singh (John Day, $1.75) which gives an account of one of the most intelligent popular leaders of our day. Unlike Gandhi he is a convinced socialist. He is an agnostic, yet has a tremendous prestige in religious India. He has been influenced by the Russian "experiment" but rejects its means-end philosophy and totalitarian violence. He is a leader who fears the leader principle. It seems to me that he is much more likely than Gandhi to carry the method of *satyagraha* to its final revolutionary conclusion. Aside from all this, he is an appealing figure merely as a human being, a product of India and the British Empire who is likely to wield an enormous influence on the future of both.

THREE WEEKS ago I quoted Carl Sandburg's remark that the story of Lincoln and his period "has lamentations and beatitudes enough to make an American Bible." It also contains at least one interesting study in literary composition. Here is a paragraph (1) as written by Seward and (2) as revised by a writer named Lincoln:

> I close. We are not, we must not be, aliens or enemies, but fellow-countrymen and brethren. Although passion has strained our bonds of affection too hardly, they must not, I am sure they will not, be broken. The mystic chords which, proceeding from so many battlefields and so many patriotic graves, pass through all the hearts and all the hearths in this broad continent of ours, will yet again harmonize in their ancient music when breathed upon by the guardian angel of the nation.
>
> I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

AS A CHILD I was told that my grandfather read the Bible in three languages and didn't believe a word of it in any of them. I wish I could send him a copy of "The Bible of the World" in which all the infallible words of most of the infallible religions are set side by side. (Edited by Robert O. Ballou, Viking, $5.) He would appreciate the irony. . . . The British, it seems, are suffering from a shortage of brass buttons for uniforms and are temporarily substituting bone. Bone seems to me more practical. It will be a nuisance raking up all those brass buttons. MARGARET MARSHALL

Danube Mosaic

WORLD WITHOUT END. THE SAGA OF SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE. By Stoyan Pribichevich. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.

EMIL LENGYEL in his recent work "The Danube" presented a very objective picture of the Danube Valley as seen, so to speak, from above. Reading "World Without End" is like exploring the same part of the world—and far south to the Mediterranean, east to the Black Sea, and north to the Sudeten—on foot, following many back roads. We see in detail the landscape of which we got an interesting panoramic view from Lengyel's scouting plane. Stoyan Pribichevich is an excellent guide. He knows every stone and many people. He wants us not only to see as superficial tourists do but to understand and to learn and to bring home the kind of knowledge which will be useful wherever we live. He is always scholarly but never tiresome. His heart is engaged. He arranges our journey through the past history and present reality of the Balkan countries with the artist's sure sense of what makes for drama, suspense, and refreshment. When the journey comes to an end—under a clear sky, on a mountain top with a view into the Danubian federation of the future—one feels that one would like to travel the same route again, stopping longer at certain places. This book is not to be read merely once.

In Part One we are given complete histories of the Danube nations from prehistoric times until the present. The complicated interwoven fates of the Czechs, Hungarians, Croats, Serbs, Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Bulgars, Rumanians, Jews, gipsies, and German settlers are spread out with great skill, not only their political past but their whole underlying cultural development. Part Two, The Life and the Mind, deals with the present and future. After a survey of the political and economic organization of the Balkans the author digs deeper and deeper. He analyzes the classes and their relation to each other; he does not merely deal with them as categories, however, but always in terms of the concrete human beings he knows so well. We come really to understand how a Croatian peasant or a Montenegrin woman feels and thinks, and why. Many pages of this book could stand alone as studies in character or social behavior. All aspects of life are presented—poetry, music, the dance, sex. The story becomes fuller and fuller from page to page, and in its course hundreds of revealing stories are incorporated in such a way that one never has the unpleasant feeling that an anecdote is being inserted.

The author of "World Without End" is the son of Svetozar Pribichevich, leader of the southern Slavs in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and later Premier of the new state of Yugoslavia. Under King Alexander the elder Pribichevich went to prison for his democratic convictions and later died in exile. The son seems to have inherited his father's political temperament. He is not content with the reporter's job. Every page of his book reveals an urge, youthful in the best sense, to find meaning in the great struggle he describes so vividly. He reports and interprets and plans. He has character and conviction, and he does not try to hide them behind a false objectivity.

In a most exciting chapter, Peasant Renaissance, he surveys the exploitation—and the awakening—of the peasantry all over the world. The perspectives of this chapter alone would be enough to keep one sleepless the whole night, even after one has discounted the author's appealing but romantic bias for the peasant, which reminds one of the mystic love of the first socialists for the proletariat. He believes, and has many good arguments to support his belief, that the next turn of history will see the peasant coming into his rights through political and social democracy and—the "Good Neighbor cooperatives." He cites many hopeful examples of the progressive work of the party of Croatian peasants which recently succeeded in bringing Yugoslavia back on the road toward democracy. In this context the polemic against Marx seems unjust. One quotation from "Capital" seldom proves anything, and the fact that modern peasant movements owe a debt of impetus to the labor movement is not given consideration. It is also misleading to compare the proportionately higher living standard which the skilled worker enjoys today after a great and costly struggle with the living standard of illiterate peasants. If one compares their lot with the workers' lot at the beginning of industrialization, the difference disappears. It would have been interesting to have an analysis of the historical reasons for socialism's fateful neglect of the exploited peasant and for its misunderstanding of his psychology.

"World Without End" breathes a healthy optimism in spite of the thoroughness with which it pictures the unsuccessful struggle over thousands of years. The author gives an eloquent statement of his faith that the democratic system—which is not more than 150 years old—will be victorious over reactionary authoritarianism. His style is lucid, exact, and full of suggestive overtones. When he speaks of his homeland he sometimes achieves the poetic intensity of the first hundred pages of Louis Adamic's "The Native's Return."

FRANZ HOELLERING

Spanish Testament

IN PLACE OF SPLENDOR: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SPANISH WOMAN. By Constancia de la Mora. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

ALMOST every foreigner who sat in on the slow murder of the Spanish Republic got to know Constancia sooner or later. If one wanted a pass to visit the front, an interview with some unwilling official, or even just a little information, it was always "See Constancia." Officially, she was Luis Rubio Hidalgo's assistant at the Foreign Press Office—until the gov-

ernment moved to Barcelona, when she succeeded Rubio as chief and showed how efficiently the office could be run. Privately, she was the wife of General Ignacio Hidalgo de Cisneros, head of the Republican air force, and the granddaughter of Antonio Maura, the patriarchal Prime Minister of the last days of the monarchy.

"In Place of Splendor"—a title which strikes me as singularly inappropriate—tells how Señorita de la Mora made the difficult transition from the stuffiness of her aristocratic youth to the scorned independence of a business woman at the age of twenty-five, supporting her small daughter Luli on her meager earnings in a peasant art shop. Brought up in a fashionable convent in Madrid, she first tasted freedom at (of all places) St. Mary's Convent, near Cambridge, England. There she wanted to go into business with a Mexican woman, whose family in Spain was quite as distinguished as her own but who, in spite of it, kept a dress shop. She was not very surprised, however, when her pious mother came traipsing up to Cambridge to take her back to Madrid to make a "brilliant" marriage.

As it turned out, her marriage to Manuel Bolín of Málaga was neither "splendid" nor "brilliant"; it lasted four unhappy years while her husband did his best to squander all her money. Embittered and resentful, she finally broke with her husband, her family, and her church—it was a sin to be separated and unheard-of to be divorced—and went back with her little daughter to Madrid, where presently she met Ignacio Hidalgo de Cisneros. They were married a year later, after Constancia had obtained one of the first divorces of the infant republic, and went to live in Rome and then Berlin, where Cisneros was sent as air attaché to the Spanish embassies. They did not return to Spain until just before the electoral victory of the Popular Front, in February, 1936. Meanwhile, as air attaché, Cisneros had been silently observing the plotting against Spain in both fascist capitals, and reporting it in detail to Indalecio Prieto, his chief, who made light of it in his Paris exile, Señorita de la Mora says, and did nothing to counteract it after his return to Madrid.

The last half of her autobiography is devoted to the war years, 1936-39, and this should have been the better portion of the book. Unfortunately it is not. For despite a good running account of the war, seen from her position as propagandist, wife, and mother, Señorita de la Mora betrays the stoppage of her growth as an individual and her subjection to a party line. War itself does this to people, I know; but sooner or later even erstwhile officials find an opportunity to tell the unvarnished truth—and what else is of value, now that Spain is lost? The Communist Party, however, transcends wars, and its adherents can never ignore the line for long. Far from ignoring it, Señorita de la Mora lays it on so thick in the last half of her book that one can predict her every opinion in advance. Everything Prieto does in the war is wrong; everything Negrín does is right; and this seems to me not only debatable but mathematically impossible. Prieto is condemned for using his position to send his daughter out to France to escape the rigors of the war; yet Señorita de la Mora sees nothing wrong in the fact that she later sent her own daughter out to Russia, or that Dolores Ibarruri had a grown son there all through the war. Luis Araquistain and Francisco Largo Caballero are painted as unprincipled scoundrels—which they weren't; while Juan Negrín, Julio Alvarez del Vayo, and La Pasionaria are seen as saints—which they weren't. This sort of sectarian distortion extends even to the reporting of events. Of the rearguard clash of May, 1937, to cite but one of dozens of examples, Señorita de la Mora naively writes: "The P. O. U. M. militiamen, the Trotskyite heroes who had played football with the fascists . . . started for Barcelona, this time in dead earnest about the fighting. They intended to slaughter the people of Barcelona on the streets—as they had never slaughtered fascists." Nonsense. There were fascists in the P. O. U. M., certainly, but there were fascists in the P. S. U. C. (the Communist Party) too—in every party. The P. O. U. M. had no monopoly on spies and ogres any more than the P. S. U. C. had a monopoly on heroes and saints.

In the long list of names that appear in the book, I am surprised to find that Señorita de la Mora has not once mentioned Aurora Riaño, her loyal assistant, or José María Quiroga Plá, her equally loyal chief censor. Both Señorita Riaño, who always did the heavy work, and Quiroga, who was diabetic, and ought to have been in a hospital instead of the censor's office, stayed on until the end, long after Constancia herself had abandoned the Foreign Press Office. They never left Spain until they were literally bombed and shelled across the French frontier—yet their heroism receives no mention in her book. Even so, "In Place of Splendor" is worth reading, if only for the first portion, which is excellent. But a thorough, candid account of a Spanish government worker in the war is still waiting—and begging—to be written.

LEIGH WHITE

The Poetry of Mark Van Doren

COLLECTED POEMS, 1922-1938. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

THE "Collected Poems" of Mark Van Doren show that the poet's manner was formed as soon as he had found his material. The manner is remarkable in that, almost alone among his contemporaries in this country, Mr. Van Doren shows no trace of French influence. He is in the English tradition; his master, we can hardly doubt it, Dryden. He has the ease of Dryden, as he has the sanity; though he has always clarity he does not have a comparable radiance. He has his own grace, but does not give that sense of inexhaustible strength which, more than anything else in Dryden, contributes to the impression of manly nobility. Mr. Van Doren is more easily resigned. He has come late to the English tradition, as he is rather belated in coming to his particular New English material. The style he has made for it is properly autumnal and dry. But if we should by any chance be about to complain that it has the dryness of an October cornstalk, it is then we discover, under the dry rustle of the long leaves, the authentic golden grain. Mark Van Doren is extremely prolific; and yet his poetry is presented, amid his verse, with a sparse hand. Nevertheless it is always there.

The enormous influence of the French poets of the nineteenth century on contemporary American poetry is easily accounted for if we remember that these poets were the first

to explore the effects on the sensibility of a civilization in which, with each decade, industry played more and more the predominant part. It cannot be too often said that what the Symbolist poets sought was not an escape from the life of their times. What they sought was life; they could only report where it failed. The poetic means which they created to that end corresponded to the exasperation of nerves which accompanied the hunt, the distraction of the mind, the extremity of the heart that came with its failure. There was not one of the great Symbolist poets who might not have declared, as the last of them did, that his aim was to write of his race and of reality. That, it is true, is also Mr. Van Doren's intention. It is significant that in adhering to the English tradition, which he has adapted to the uses of a modern sensibility with no small skill, he has been constrained to take as his peculiar province a place where industrialism has not apparently penetrated. It has, of course; only in that portion of Connecticut that is Mr. Van Doren's poetic property, it does not look like industrialism. It looks like death.

And yet, having made his choice, how honestly Mark Van Doren has held by it! He is a completely integrated person in an age when all we have known disintegrates. He seems while young to have become accustomed to the fact that his own particular world was already lost. And these things make him not altogether of our time. He is not solitary, but remote. The region into which he takes us is one where "Time smiles at us and rests his heels."

His poetry proceeds from the New England air and like it is both harsh and delicate. And like that atmosphere it lends itself continually to fine perceptions; it has its own clarity, which may perhaps conceal, as the district it celebrates, how intricate its thought really is. Mr. Van Doren's corner of Connecticut may now appear old, harmless, and mad. It was not always so.

For New England is more than a section of the country; it is a peculiar spiritual climate. And it may well be that they will weather it best who, like Mr. Van Doren, were born and nurtured in the Middle West. The native New Englander, if he happens to be a poet, will probably revolt like Cummings against Concord, Cambridge, and all their works. He will escape as rapidly as possible and yet continue to breathe, with full lungs, upon its furthest confines of air. The Middle West was settled by New Englanders who sought less inclement elements and hoped to find an earth not so frugal with her children. Across country they carried a spiritual culture, and the Middle West has no other. It is a soulless region. The Middle Westerner must either be content to get along without a soul and record, as Hemingway has done, all the circumstance of living without an inner life, or he must look elsewhere. It may be that he will return, as Mark Van Doren has done, to New England. The old landscape is still there. Much in Connecticut is permanent. And yet it is a land that men have abandoned. The poet looks at what was once a farm to see a fallen barn whose timbers the rain will soon sink into sod.

> Nothing remains
> Of what it was that made these beams a barn.

This country around West Cornwall was where a man once could say:

> I can go home. I can be my own master.
> I've got a house now, a little patch of corn,
> A plow, and a shed, and a one-eyed mule;
> As ignorant and poor as I was when I was born;
> But I'm my own pauper and I'm my own fool.

That was the self-reliance of the sixties. But that was long ago. Now, where there were such men, is

> No corn upon an aged trembling hand.

To look for the genius of the place is to find, in a poem appropriately called "Spirit,"

> A straight old woman, tall and very pale,
> Moving from room to room of a musty house
> No voice is ever heard in.

It is a land, not only abandoned by its men, but of men abandoned by their gods. (Mr. Van Doren's "American Mythology" is not about gods, but about folkways, which he calls by the names of gods.) It is a land of death and resignation to the approach of death by way of a dragged-out living, which is no longer desperate and scarcely tragic, which is, in fact, no longer much of anything.

That Mr. Van Doren loves this land almost every page of his bears witness. Though he is without romantic illusions about it, he finds in these hills somehow his proper surroundings. He makes them the landscape of his spirit. It is the land of his poetry. Out of it he has made much, for it is his by choice. He comes there to write his "Winter Diary," and it is a charming account, in most skilful couplets, of a cold season spent there with his family, playing at being snowbound. For it is play. The snow that falls is real. But the

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SOVIET RUSSIA TODAY
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Van Dorens, not being farmers, not being cut off whenever they like from escape, only pretend to be confined by the long cold. But it is for them, as for the reader, a pleasant pretense.

When so much has been given of New England, it seems ungrateful to ask for more. But what is lacking here is something that went out of the region long ago and whose loss was set down with incomparable intensity by another poet who was completely aware of what had gone.

> The missing All prevented me
> From missing minor things.
> If nothing larger than a World's
> Departure from a hinge,
> Or Sun's extinction be observed
> 'Twas not so large that I
> Could lift my forehead from my work
> For curiosity.

That is the authentic New England note, not self-reliance, which before and after Emerson could be carried away, but the soul sufficient to itself. That is the note. But we can scarcely blame Mr. Van Doren that he has come too late into the country to hear it. For none since Emily Dickinson has heard it. It is no longer there.

The capacity for tragic action, which is continually present in Emily Dickinson's verse, is gone. And the strain of loss is over. What is left has assured Mark Van Doren a singular tranquillity and enabled him to write his elegies of New England.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

Handbook for Boat-Owners

SEAMANSHIP BELOW DECK. By Ruth Brindze. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN THE past two years yacht builders by force of necessity have taken to building small, well-put-together, yet relatively inexpensive cruising boats to meet the pocket of the sea-minded moderate-income group. The success of these boats in the past season, from the Chesapeake Bay to Maine, has resulted in substantial additions to the sailing fraternity. To the many newcomers in this group, both captains and first mates, I suggest Miss Brindze's book as a Christmas present; it will be an excellent starting-point for discussion on winter evenings, when the boat is up on dry-dock but not far from the captain's mind.

The author has evidently done more than her share of sailing, and writes with authority on the inner functionings of a ship. The care of galley and cabin while at sea and the choice of articles to be carried are excellently handled. The problems of lighting a small ship adequately are well stated and solved. Notes on winter care are exceptionally timely and correct. The book is also a mine of information on clothing for on and off watch, time-tables, weather-bureau reports, cooking suggestions—all thoroughly indexed. The author must have kept either a notebook or a dictaphone handy for quite a few years, and stirred up many a discussion with old salts. To those who know the joys of the sea, here is a book to be read with much pleasure. For the neophyte, it furnishes a large-scale chart of the numerous rocks and reefs that threaten the comfort, if not the safety, of life on the water.

HUGH H. DARBY

DRAMA

Christmas Suggestions

"DU BARRY WAS A LADY" (Forty-sixth Street Theater) pretty well lives up to expectations. The public anticipated something lush and lavish and lewd as well as hilariously laughable, and that is just about what it gets. Cole Porter has written cleverer lyrics and more ingenious tunes than any in the present show, but none have ever been more skilfully delivered than these are by Ethel Merman, happily at her superb best. Moreover, Bert Lahr has never been funnier. The role of a washroom attendant who dreams that he is King of France and can (unfortunately) do no wrong with Du Barry fits perfectly his horrid talents. I know of no one who can make quite so much out of something subtle like an arrow in the rear. Add dazzling investiture as well as a lot of pretty girls who dance extremely well, and you have about everything anyone could want in such an entertainment. Perhaps, however, there is just a little bit more of one thing than some people want—namely, a few jokes just a little bit dirtier than is absolutely necessary. I am not referring to those which are agreeably fleshly; I mean those which strongly suggest what burlesque shows use to fill in with. Possibly one remark given to Miss Merman when her lover is under the covers doesn't mean what I thought it did. Possibly it is just the fault of an evil mind. All I can say is that probably one of us ought to be arrested.

Those who would like to see "Hellzapoppin'" (Winter Garden) again have the excuse of a new edition. The general confusion being what it is, I am not sure that I can always distinguish what is new from what is old, but there is one incident which is certainly an addition and is rather terrible. A man in a diver's helmet and suit crosses the stage with a furled umbrella. "Who's that?" "Mr. Chamberlain." "Where's he going?" "To review the British fleet."

Hamlet. Forty-fourth Street Theater. Return engagement of Maurice Evans in his faithful production of the almost uncut play.

Key Largo. Barrymore Theater. Maxwell Anderson's brooding study of a man who cannot forget that he did the reasonable thing when his comrades were heroically unreasonable. In verse and one of the author's most ambitious attempts. I like it very much, but it is only for those who are willing to take Mr. Anderson seriously.

Life with Father. Empire Theater. Very adroit dramatization of Clarence Day's sketches about the unreasonable man whom his family adored. One of the three best plays of the season.

Morning's at Seven. Longacre Theater. Comedy of small-town life in America but much more original in tone than that suggests. Gentle and funny, not at all sentimental, and a very encouraging augury for the future of its author, Paul Osborn.

The Man Who Came to Dinner. Music Box Theater. The Kaufman-Hart farce-comedy about the serpent-tongued sentimentalist whom everybody is supposed to recognize

Louis Fischer on RUSSIA

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as a good deal like Alexander Woollcott. It is the most popular play of the season and very laughable, but far too mechanical and slick for my taste.

The Time of Your Life. Booth Theater. A playful and delightful fantasy on realistic themes which could not possibly be by anyone except the irrepressible Saroyan. Even those who have resisted the author on previous occasions like this. To my mind the best play of the year.

The World We Make. Guild Theater. Sidney Kingsley's dramatization of the novel by Millen Brand about a young girl who recovers her sanity by running away from a sanitarium to mix with people whose problems are not mental. Genuinely interesting.

Too Many Girls. Imperial Theater. Lively musical comedy by George Abbott, Richard Rodgers, and Larry Hart. Shares with "Du Barry Was a Lady" first place on the list of musicals. Innocently fleshly but less unsuitable than the other for maiden aunts. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

A READER writes to add her "little bit" to what I wrote about N. B. C.'s barbarous handling of Beethoven's quartets: "Each Sunday I listen to the New Friends of Music on WJZ between six and seven. No matter what is being played, they interrupt it for station announcement promptly at 6:30." I recall being outraged by this practice last year; and that station identification does not have to be made rigidly on the half-hour is shown by the fact that C. B. S. does not do this in its New York Philharmonic broadcasts, nor N. B. C. in its Toscanini broadcasts. I also recall occasions last year when the New Friends broadcasts were cut off at 6:45—once, infuriatingly, in the middle of one of the fine Haydn symphonies.

The New Friends concerts themselves have continued to offer occasionally something as fine as the Beethoven String Quintet Opus 29 played by the Budapest Quartet and Primrose, but for the most part inconsequential, dull works like the two Beethoven Trios Opus 1, in which there was fine ensemble playing by Nadia Reisenberg with members of the Budapest Quartet, or the Beethoven and Mozart Quintets for piano and winds and Beethoven's "Kakadu" Variations for trio, in which Webster Aitken did some superlative piano-playing that deserved better music and one or two better associate artists. As for other concerts, writing after Zadel Skolowsky's New York recital debut Olin Downes correctly appraised his "pianistic talent, well trained, fluent, musical," and correctly pointed out his need of further study and playing, but failed to use this occasion, as he might, to point out the situation which Skolowsky faces: the commercialized concert world which does not provide a talented young artist with the opportunities for playing that are the stimulus and the economic wherewithal for study.

Composers, too, are better off writing under the stimulus of performance, but not, as American composers have contended, necessarily better. Koussevitzky proved this at his opening New York concert with works as bad, in their composers' various ways, as Arthur Foote's Suite, Walter Piston's Concertino, and Roy Harris's Symphony No. 3. After these the first movement of Randall Thompson's Symphony No. 2, engagingly energetic and unpretentious, was a pleasure; but later movements added nothing to what was said in the first.

Victor has devoted two sets to American music. The first (M-604, $6.50) offers a number of fine early American ballads and one—"I Wonder as I Wander"—that is breath-taking, all excellently sung by John Jacob Niles. The second (M-608, $8) offers music by a few of our older sophisticated composers—Paine's Prelude to "Oedipus Tyrannus," Chadwick's "Jubilee," MacDowell's "Dirge"—which testifies to their talent and ability to produce music that is well put together and well-sounding—though Paine's is inadequate to his subject. The set also includes the work of a young contemporary, Kent Kennan's "Night Soliloquy," which I do not find impressive; and Griffes's fine "White Peacock." The performances by the Eastman Rochester Symphony under Howard Hanson are good; but I recall Barlow's Columbia record of "The White Peacock" as better. From Victor there are also Toscanini's superb recording of Rossini's Overture to "William Tell" with the N. B. C. Symphony (M-605, $3.50) and Yella Pessl's recording of K. P. E. Bach's Württemberg Sonata No. 1 (M-606, $4.50), which is not important. And from Columbia there is a set of Beethoven's String Trio Opus 9, No. 1 (M-384, $5), which was completely uninteresting as played by Mr. Piastro and his associates at a recent New Friends concert, but which acquires life, charm, and humor in the performance of the Pasquier Trio.

Several of Marian Anderson's early European recordings have been issued here under the new Royale label (ten-inch, $.75): "O mio Fernando" from "La Favorita" (1763); "Adieu, forêts" from Tschaikovsky's "Jeanne d'Arc" and "Amour, viens aider" from Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila" (1764); the spirituals "Heav'n" and "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" (1765). The voice is fresher than on recent records and is recorded acceptably; occasionally the recording or surface is noisy.

The same company has had the good sense to have Jess Stacy make records with a well-chosen small band for its Varsity label ($.35). In the best performances, "Noni" and "Jess Stay" (8076), Stacy is heard only briefly; in "What's New" and "Melancholy Mood" (8064) at greater length. But in "The Sell Out" (Commodore 1503, twelve-inch, $1.50) Stacy plays alone and superbly for almost five minutes. I prefer this to "Ec-Stacy," with its lush Eastwood Lane chord progressions, on the reverse side. B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Let the Public Speak Out!

Dear Sirs: Theoretically, it appears correct that the true will "compete successfully with the false in the intellectual market-place," as you stated editorially in *The Nation* of November 18. But the market-place in radio is already controlled both by the broadcasting industry and the government.

The abolition of chain broadcasting will not help the situation. The large networks have been increasingly generous in making time available for the discussion of public issues. The smaller independent stations, according to their contracts with the networks, are compelled to accept only commercially sponsored programs produced by the networks; they are free to accept or decline sustaining programs. Break up the networks and there is little exchange of ideas.

Mr. Lerner's "TVA yardstick" suggestion will not further the purpose. Liberals conversant with the problem realize that government ownership, or even operation, is a dangerous approach that might easily lead to a result opposite to that sought. *Vide* Germany and Italy. Moreover, who would listen to a station devoted solely to educational, artistic, and controversial subjects? A further difficulty, apart from the cost, is that of acquiring effective radio technique. The Federal Department of Education, which should be sympathetic to a government-operated channel, has acknowledged that the success of its present programs is largely attributable to the assistance of commercial broadcasters in the preparation of program material. Again, competent speakers will not often welcome opportunities to broadcast if unpaid. Today the most effective political commentators obtain commercially sponsored engagements. Were I to desire to advance an idea I would prefer the half-hour on Sunday nights between Jack Benny and Charlie McCarthy to several hours daily on a government-owned station, dedicated to educational programs.

If competitive government stations were established, the broadcasters would feel themselves relieved of the obligation to give time for the discussion of ideas and would again feel free to sell time for the broadcasting of opinions. The powerful and organized majority opinion would buy time from the large, popular networks. Minority opinion would have to content itself with speaking to smaller audiences on the free government channels. The danger of government control of programs is evidenced by the Federal Communications Commission's recent attempt to circumscribe the content of international short-wave programs.

An attempt to meet the problem was made by the broadcasters themselves through the adoption of the National Association of Broadcasters' code. This aims to increase the broadcasting of controversy by providing equal opportunities for at least two representative opposing points of view and by prohibiting the sale of time for the discussion of controversial subjects except during political campaigns. A strong opposition to the code is at present disturbing the industry, largely because, it is alleged, such refusal to sell is censorship. It may be censorship, but it is equally censorship when a Henry Ford, through a Mr. Cameron, can propagandize, without restraint or affording opportunity to answer, or when the price for time is such that it can be paid by a large corporation but not by its employees. If the refusal to sell time to anyone is censorship, it may be that Mr. Lerner is right in saying that there can be no liberty without some restraint.

The safest and surest way to extend freedom of expression on the air is to widen the public consciousness of the danger of its loss and by vociferous expression of a demand for more and broader opportunities to challenge the broadcasting industry increasingly to fulfil its obligations as a semi-public utility. The companies realize that their success and the maintenance of their franchises depend on giving the public what it wants. They will respond to articulate demand.

HENRY J. ECKSTEIN

New York, December 7

Footnote to "Ninotchka"

Dear Sirs: "Ninotchka" is not a good picture—far from it—nor is it just a bad one. It is far worse than that; it offends common human decency, but so gracefully that one is hardly aware of the offense. It invites you to laugh with it while it poisons your humanity.

When those who are responsible for "Ninotchka" poke fun at the idealistic girl portrayed by Garbo, they do not satirize communism or Stalinist tyranny; they ridicule every honest effort to better man's lot. When Garbo says that the week's rental of the luxurious Parisian hotel suite would buy seven cows for Russia's peasants, that isn't funny; it is true. Nor is it funny to compare the wealth and extravagance of Paris with the frugality and primitiveness of Moscow in a way that implies that the Russians prefer it that way.

Of course we have seen slick, well-directed, well-acted pictures of no great moment before, but I doubt if there ever was one which combined quite the degrees of competence and viciousness to be found in this one. It is difficult to believe that anyone who had the intelligence to make such a picture could be unaware of its fundamental corruptness.

FRED C. RODEWALD

New York, December 12

Friends of the U. S. S. R.

Dear Sirs: It may interest you to know that I have received many letters praising my letter defending the U. S. S. R. which you printed on November 4. Only three were from persons I knew or have ever heard of. Theodore Dreiser made the following comment: "Your article is excellent. I intend to send it on to others." R. C. Davies, of Hartwick College, Oneonta, New York, chairman of the County Committee of the American Labor Party, wrote: "Bravo, I have silently agonized while my fellow-liberals have fallen for the anti-Stalin hysteria."

I was astonished when friends showed me the reprint of my letter on the editorial page of the *Daily Worker*. It shows that sincere, well-informed people can quite independently arrive at the same conclusions as the Communist Party.

I hope that *The Nation* will continue to print letters and articles supporting Soviet policy and opposing the present war maneuvers in Europe, which I firmly believe are nothing more or less than mobilization for a general war against the Soviet Union.

RUTH E. KENNELL

Palo Alto, Cal., December 9

Nazism in Wagner

Dear Sirs: In your columns a teapot tempest has been raging over the propriety of Mr. Haggin's sensing something very "Nazi" about Wagner's Siegfried music. (I refer to *The Nation* of September 23 and October 28.) In defense of your music critic, I cite a brief passage from Thomas Mann's new nine-page analysis of Wagnerian politics, written in reply to my current articles in *Common Sense* on Hitler and Wagner:

> I go a little farther than Mr. Viereck. I find an element of Nazism not only in Wagner's questionable literature; I find it also in his music, in his work, similarly questionable, though in a loftier sense—albeit I have so loved that work that even today I am deeply stirred whenever a few bars of music from this world impinge on my ear.

These words from Germany's greatest living writer and noblest anti-Nazi should go a long way toward justifying Mr. Haggin's obiter dictum on Wagner for your readers.

PETER VIERECK

Cambridge, Mass., December 9

Those Roosevelt Buttons

Dear Sirs: In his article on Lewis and the Third Term in *The Nation* of November 25 Richard Neuberger declared: "Sweetland states he wrote to Costigan for a new supply of 'Draft Roosevelt' buttons and received no reply." Our records show that the order was for 250 buttons and that on November 18 we sent to the Oregon Commonwealth Federation 155 buttons—all we had left out of an order of 70,000. We did not feel that Mr. Sweetland's interest was sufficient to justify us in ordering more buttons, since three months previously we had sent him 1,000 buttons and had had no further word from him. The order for 250 buttons, received from Mr. Sweetland in November, was not sufficient to change our deduction that the Draft Roosevelt campaign was at no time pushed in the state of Oregon.

TOM RABBITT,
Chairman, Draft Roosevelt Drive,
Washington Commonwealth Federation

Seattle, Wash., December 15

Labor's Neediest Cases

Dear Sirs: The annual Christmas Drive for prisoners and for labor's neediest cases is now under way. Men robbed of civil liberties, women living on starvation rations, children without shoes—these will be the beneficiaries of our drive.

For fourteen years the International Labor Defense has been sending checks for cigarettes and other small comforts each month into the penitentiaries and workhouses where labor's prisoners are confined. It has also sent relief and clothing to mothers and wives who struggle to exist without their breadwinner. There have never been less than two hundred prisoners and members of families receiving such relief.

The children of these prisoners look forward each year at Christmas time to gifts of toys and clothing and candy. Women, desperately hoping to keep their families warm and fed, await our gifts and messages as eagerly as do the children.

Please send donations to drive headquarters, International Labor Defense, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

VITO MARCANTONIO, President

New York, December 15

Clarence Darrow

Dear Sirs: One of the most stalwart defenders of civil liberties in America was Clarence Darrow, whose biography I am now writing. There must be many among the readers of *The Nation* who knew him and fought side by side with him in his cases and causes. If these people will send to me anything they may have in the way of letters, documents, or memories of Darrow which they feel will illuminate his life and work, I shall be most grateful. All documents will be safely returned.

IRVING STONE

Encino, Cal., December 7

Haym Salomon, Patriot

Dear Sirs: The Patriotic Foundation of Chicago is interested in hitherto unpublished material relating to the life of Haym Salomon, the "forgotten patriot of the American Revolution," in connection with the preparation of a new document on Salomon for the forthcoming completion of Lorado Taft's heroic memorial depicting George Washington, Robert Morris, and Haym Salomon, to be erected in the city of Chicago.

If any of your readers are in possession of documents or other material dealing with Haym Salomon, will they communicate with the Patriotic Foundation of Chicago, 33 North La Salle Street. All communications and documents will be returned to their owners intact. We are particularly interested in any letters or memoranda signed by Haym Salomon himself, or personal communications written by his friends and members of his family.

BARNET HODES, Co-chairman

Chicago, November 25

For Fred Beal's Release

Dear Sirs: The Non-Partisan Committee for the Defense of Fred E. Beal takes this opportunity to inform his friends and well-wishers that efforts are being continued unremittingly for his release, with prospects that are distinctly encouraging. Those who desire to express their good-will toward Beal in the spirit of the Christmas season may send gifts or letters to him at the Caledonia Prison Farms, Halifax, North Carolina.

The efforts exerted thus far and the work entailed in the future necessitate an appeal for funds. May we urge readers to send their donations to our office, Room 610, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York.

HUGO POLLOCK, Secretary

New York, December 18

CONTRIBUTORS

G. D. H. COLE, an outstanding social theorist and the author of many important books on British social and economic policy, is University Reader in Economics at Oxford University.

ROBERT DELL, *The Nation's* and formerly the Manchester *Guardian's* correspondent at Geneva, is now on a lecture tour in this country.

RUSTEM VAMBERY, noted criminologist and sociologist, was a member of several Hungarian government ministries and committees. He is now on the teaching staff of the New School for Social Research in New York.

ROBERT JORDAN is making a study of industrial conditions in Ohio.

LEIGH WHITE, an American journalist, drove an ambulance in Spain for some months and acted as a translator for the Loyalist government.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP has published two volumes of verse, "Now with His Love" and "Minute Particulars."

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The Shape of Things

AFTER A MONTH OF WAR THE RED ARMY'S drive against Finland appears to have been stalled in a snowdrift. We must, no doubt, discount some of the Finnish claims and, still more, the unofficial reports of Soviet disasters which reach us via Stockholm and Copenhagen. But making all allowances for exaggeration, it seems clear that the Russians have made no real impression on the Mannerheim Line, while their thrusts from the north and east toward the head of the Gulf of Bothnia have been checked. In both sectors they committed the error of outrunning their communications, thus rendering themselves vulnerable to flank attacks by the Finns. Meanwhile heavy snows blocked the meager transport routes available, and the Finns' policy of destroying all shelter as their army retreated left the Russian troops exposed to the subzero weather with supplies running low. The advance across the "waist" of Finland, which for a time looked as if it might achieve its objective, appears to have been turned into a helter-skelter retreat back to the Russian border. Farther south the Finns claim to have pushed on to Russian soil and may attempt to strike at the Murmansk railroad, which is the life-line of the Soviet forces. However, a Finnish drive in this direction would be subject to the same perils of weakened communications which the Russians have suffered, and the Finnish command, understanding the art of cooperating with "General Winter," will no doubt proceed warily. Checked on the ground, the Russians are increasingly active in the air and have raided many Finnish cities in the past few days. Perhaps their objectives are solely military, but, as always, the bombs once dropped fail to show a nice discrimination, and the civilian casualty list is mounting.

*

THE POPE, IN HIS CHRISTMAS MESSAGE, AND the President, in his letter announcing the appointment of Myron C. Taylor as ambassador without portfolio to the Vatican, both paid a seasonal homage to peace in the abstract. Unfortunately, the facts of the European situation hardly warrant optimism about the possibility of giving their sentiments a concrete form. The conditions laid down by the Pope as essential for "a just and honorable peace" were a guaranty of independence to all nations, general disarmament, the creation or reshaping of international bodies to assure faithful observance of international undertakings, the fulfilment of "the true needs" of nations and ethnic minorities, the abandonment of hatreds for "moral justice." It is easy enough to indorse these five points, but if words mean anything, their application would only be possible were Hitler to surrender his conquests and give guaranties against further aggression. That is the snag on which all the peace efforts since September have stuck, and there is no present sign of its removal. The only basis on which the Allies and Germany could possibly make peace now is a common opposition to Russia, and there are indications in the Pope's message that if this kind of united front could be arranged he might forgo his conditions for ideal settlement. Mussolini appears to be aiming in the same direction, and the Vatican must always take account of Italian policy. But we are dubious about American participation in any venture of this kind. A peace which would be, in effect, a Hitlerian triumph would lead directly toward a division of Europe between red and brown totalitarianism.

*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S PROMISE TO SEND army soup kitchens into Ohio if necessary to prevent starvation brought a characteristically ill-tempered reply from Governor Bricker, who charged the President with toadying to the C. I. O. and the Workers' Alliance. Bricker also charged the Administration with having discriminated against Ohio as a Republican state in making WPA appropriations. To this Colonel Harrington has responded by showing that failure of the local authorities to contribute their share of the funds as provided by law is responsible for the fact that only 140,000 out of the 156,000 authorized WPA jobs have been filled. Although the situation in Cleveland has been cleared up by a $1,200,000 bond issue, the plight of those dependent on relief in other parts of the state is more critical than ever. Statistics presented to Mr. Roosevelt showed that inmates of Ohio's jails and penitentiaries receive from three to ten times as much food as is provided for the unemployed. Back in 1929 it was perhaps understandable that the unemployed should be shunted to the bread line and soup kitchen for the necessities of life. But it is

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a sad commentary on American politics that after ten years of experience with mass unemployment a great state is unable to provide food for its destitute.

*

SECRETARY ICKES HAS PLEASANTLY ADDED another odd fragment to the nation's favorite political jigsaw puzzle—the problem of whether Mr. Roosevelt will or will not seek a third term. It may well be that the proposal of the Secretary of the Interior for a conference of liberals in 1940 has nothing to do with the President's candidacy or non-candidacy. But it inevitably gives rise to two theories. One is that Ickes is seeking to corral liberal support from both parties for Mr. Roosevelt. The other, canceling the first, is that Ickes knows Roosevelt will not run again and is fearful that both parties may nominate conservatives. The Secretary of the Interior, a Mugwump from way back, was candid enough to say that thanks to primary laws enacted since 1912, when the Bull Moose threw an election to the Democrats, "you can't get anywhere with a third-party movement in this country." He spoke of "a sacrifice hit" by the liberals. It is hard to believe that Mr. Roosevelt sees himself in the 1912 role of his cousin. The Ickes proposal seems to indicate that Roosevelt will not run again, or at least at the moment thinks he will not run again. More dangerous in our opinion than the nomination of conservatives by both parties would be the nomination of a phony liberal by the Democrats. A gentleman from Indiana comes to mind.

*

COMMODITY PRICES ARE ONCE AGAIN ON the march. Since the beginning of December quotations for a number of domestic farm products and imported raw materials have risen sharply. The war is not entirely to blame for this movement. The striking advance in wheat, the spot price of which reached 109 cents on December 21 as compared with 68½ cents on August 31, seems mainly due to the unprecedented drought in the winter-wheat belt. Prospective output from this area is estimated at 30 per cent below the average for the last ten years, and it is considered likely that next year's wheat harvest for the whole country will be insufficient for domestic consumption, making possible a reduction in the carry-over. The outlook for wheat farmers outside the drought-stricken district is thus more promising, but the situation of those in the Dust Bowl would be desperate were it not for federal parity, soil-conservation, and crop-insurance payments. Another mitigating factor is that some farmers hold part of last year's crop in the government-loan scheme and owing to the rise in prices will be able to redeem it profitably. The advance in cotton has also opened the door to a reduction in government-loan holdings. In this instance there seems to have been a genuine improvement in both domestic and foreign demand, with the latter stimulated by successive reductions in the export subsidy, which is likely to be withdrawn altogether shortly. So far finished goods have not reflected the rise in raw materials, but as the TNEC pointed out recently, a broadening of the current movement will make it difficult to prevent the kind of general mark-up which the Administration has sought to discourage in the interests of stable recovery.

*

THE NEW GERMAN-RUMANIAN ECONOMIC pact represents one of the Reich's few diplomatic victories since the beginning of the war. Yielding to incessant Nazi pressure, Rumania has agreed to supply Germany with 130,000 tons of oil monthly, an increase of 32,000 tons over the amount actually shipped in October. It has also agreed to accept an exchange rate of 49 lei to the mark in place of the 40½-lei rate which formerly prevailed. This will enable the Reich to purchase goods 22 per cent more cheaply than previously, but will impose a corresponding price disadvantage on German exports to Rumania. The new exchange rate does not constitute an unqualified Nazi triumph since Germany originally asked for a rate of 72 lei to the mark and accepted the new rate only after weeks of bickering. The significance of the 130,000-ton oil quota is dependent on Germany's ability to improve transport facilities. With the Danube closed, or nearly closed, during the winter months, Germany will be doing well if it actually obtains half its monthly allotment. Germany's special relations with Russia and Hungary seem to preclude, for the moment, political gains at Bucharest which would offset the advantage gained by the Allies in the establishment of the Tatarescu government. Rumania is interested primarily in protection against Russian, Hungarian, and Bulgarian territorial claims. Germany is hardly in a position to offer any such guaranties.

*

CHINA'S GROWING MILITARY STRENGTH HAS been demonstrated by the unexpected success of its mid-winter offensives on four widely separated fronts. In the far south, Kwangsi troops under Pai Chung-hsi are reported to have cut off the town of Nanning, recently captured by the Japanese, and to have occupied several strategic points on its outskirts. In Central China, Chiang Kai-shek's regulars have pushed close to Nanchang, and guerrillas are reported to have entered the suburbs. Farther north, the Chinese have fought their way into the city of Kaifeng, provincial capital of Honan, and captured Lowang, a railway station between Kaifeng and Lanfeng. Increased guerrilla activity has also developed near Hangchow, 100 miles south of Shanghai. Although the Chinese have yet to recapture and hold an important city, their offensive strength has never appeared in such

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a favorable light as within the last few weeks, while Japan has never exhibited less capacity for a sustained offensive. On the international front the Japanese military have once more effectively obstructed the efforts of the Tokyo government to conciliate Great Britain and the United States by delaying indefinitely the government's announced plans for opening the Yangtze and Pearl rivers to foreign shipping. The demonstrated incapacity of the Japanese government to live up to its promises in this instance, as in so many others in the past, should do much to allay the appeasement sentiment in Washington.

*

AFTER THE BRITISH BLUE BOOK CAME THE German White Book, and now we have the French Yellow Book. It can be said with historical accuracy that not one of the Blue, White, Yellow, Red, Orange, and other books published by the various governments during the last war survived the critical examination of scholars. All turned out to have been falsified in one way or another, and the present crop must also be read with care. The most interesting item in the cabled summaries of the Yellow Book is the story of how Hacha was bullied and virtually doped into signing away Czechoslovakia's freedom. Another illuminating revelation is the statement that as early as December, 1938, the Allied governments were warned that a Nazi-Soviet rapprochement was a real possibility. Was it negligence, distaste for a Soviet alliance, or Moscow's terms that were responsible for the failure to heed this warning and arrive at an accord with the U. S. S. R.? Probably all three. The warning came again on May 6 when the French representative asked a person close to Hitler how Germany could possibly make an agreement with the fatherland of communism. "You yourself ought to know," was the cold but realistic answer, "that the most Catholic King did not hesitate in bygone times to make an alliance with the Turks."

*

TIMING, ANY GOOD BOLSHEVIK WILL TELL you, is the essence of strategy. It is in the light of this dictum that Stalin's sixtieth birthday must be judged. The fact is that the Soviet press was in a bad way, what with the Red Army staging a *Blitzkrieg ohne Blitz,* world opinion getting extremely nasty over the "liberation" of the Finns, and Russians in street cars beginning to murmur doubts about the popularity of "the Popular Government of the Finnish Democratic Republic." *Pravda,* to cover up the Retreat to Moscow, has been reduced to some Bunyanesque tales of Soviet gunnery, which according to G. E. R. Gedye is a powerful solution of marksmanship and Fourteenth Street soapbox. When a Russian artillery commander gives orders to fire, there's nothing prosaic about it. "To battle!" he cries. "At the provocateurs of war! In the name of the Fatherland! Fire!" Or "Attack! Crush the artillery opponent! Destroy the long-prepared fortifications!" At least that's what Y. Ogniev, writing on "The Power of Voroshilov's Salvos," reports via Mr. Gedye. Such formulas remind us of the Milt Gross version of a Horatio Alger story, in which the bootblack hero is seen furiously working away at an ironing board conveniently located at the edge of a pier, while the flaxen-haired daughter of the banker shrieks for help as she goes down for the third time. "First," cries out the stalwart hero as he irons away furiously, "first must be nittly prassed de wall-worn coat!"

Finland and Panama

IN THIS business of safeguarding our neutrality, our endeavors to provide general rules are continually meeting shipwreck on the sharp rocks of particular events. The new Neutrality Act, passed after long and anguished debate, was designed to resolve our conflicting emotions in regard to the war between Nazi Germany and the Allies; that is to say, it was an effort to help the latter as much as possible while simultaneously minimizing the danger of getting into the war ourselves. But hardly was the act in operation when the attack of Russia on Finland produced a new set of circumstances which had not been envisaged at the time the Neutrality Act was before Congress.

If, on the outbreak of the Russo-Finnish war, both belligerents had been made subject to its provisions, the effect would have been far more harmful to Finland than to Russia. This would have seemed outrageous to most Americans, whose sympathies were heavily engaged for the victim of Soviet aggression. Hence there was hardly a murmur of protest when the Administration, taking advantage of the technical fact that no war had been declared, just as it has done in the case of the Japanese invasion of China, issued no proclamation under the Neutrality Act but bent all its energies toward rendering physical assistance to Finland. An Import-Export Bank credit has been arranged; a direct loan making possible the purchase of munitions is being discussed; the navy has waived its priority on delivery of new bombers. At the same time steps have been taken to place a "moral" embargo on shipments to Russia of armaments, molybdenum, and aviation gasoline.

We are far from criticizing these steps, but it is well to realize that they lead in a direction quite contrary to the Neutrality Act. At present the Allies are not at war with Russia, but they are sending Finland what aid they can, and if the war spreads to Scandinavia they may well decide on open intervention, merging the two wars now in progress in Europe into one. We should then have to drop financial aid to the Finns, insisting on cash and carry, or find ourselves in a very illogical tangle.

The westward swing of naval warfare has torn down another of the flimsy fences with which we sought to quarantine ourselves from Europe's quarrels. The Declaration of Panama, adopted by all the American republics, was intended to establish a neutral safety zone, 300 miles wide, round the entire hemisphere. Belligerent nations were politely requested not to undertake any hostile action against each other in the area so defined. Britain and France replied that they would observe the declaration provided that Germany observed it or that the United States guaranteed to enforce respect for it. As Germany made no similar statement and we were in no position to give such a guaranty, the declaration became, in effect, a purely pious resolution.

Just how pious has been lately illustrated by the fight between the Graf Spee and the British cruisers, and the chasing into a Florida port of the German freighter Araucas, suspected of carrying supplies for raiders. Now the knotty question of whether we can prevent more such incidents by putting teeth into the Declaration of Panama is being discussed.

A first step has been taken by the dispatch of a protest to the German and Allied governments signed by the President of Panama on behalf of the twenty-one republics. The statement served notice that the American nations would consult further in order to strengthen the protection of the "security zone" and indicated that a plan to bar American ports to belligerent vessels which had committed warlike acts within the 300-mile limit was under consideration. But already two South American states have made known their opposition to sanctions of such a nature. And even our own naval authorities may demur at rewriting international law in this way, for it would set a precedent which might prove awkward were this country ever to fight a war at sea.

Assuming that these difficulties are overcome, there is still no assurance that the belligerents will respect the Declaration of Panama. Britain has its own bases within the prohibited zone, and Germany will no doubt claim that their existence gives its enemies an unfair advantage; thus we shall again be accused of using neutrality as a mask for unneutrality. The truth is that the only way to keep war beyond the 300-mile limit is by the use of naval power. It is doubtful whether the combined American fleets are adequate for such an enormous task; but if they did attempt it, what would happen when an American patrol discovered a British warship fighting a German warship in the prohibited area? Would it sail between them and fire impartial broadsides at both?

Under these circumstances we expect the Declaration of Panama to grow teeth slowly, if at all. Meanwhile most of us will pray hopefully for the destruction of the remaining commerce raiders, preferably at a safe distance. This would automatically solve the problem, enabling us to have our neutrality cake and eat it too.

Broun's Requiem

IT IS true that we hated to see a former freethinker buried from a cathedral. Of all the places where Heywood Broun moved, in the city that he loved, we can think of none in which he would have felt more out of place than in St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue. If we feel impelled to say a few words about his funeral service, it is not to reflect upon the religion he adopted. We do not grudge him the spiritual solace he found in the church; but we feel as if it were the duty of some old friend to rise and defend him against the eulogy pronounced at his bier by his spiritual instructor, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. Monsignor Sheen is regarded in the church as a scholar and a philosopher. He and Heywood had fought on opposite sides of the verbal barricades on the Spanish issue, but he seems to have come to respect and admire his adversary. The occasion could have been made memorable. That Heywood Broun, the man about town, the radical, should have come finally to the cathedral, recalled a time when the church was truly *catholic*. But Monsignor Sheen chose to deliver a kind of parish priest's homily, and used Broun's conversion as a peg on which to hang a proselytizing oration.

Monsignor Sheen was kind. The kindness was condescending. The very parable he chose for his sermon, that of the worker in the vineyard who received his penny though he did not come until the eleventh hour, seemed to patronize. Only those whose view of religion is scrawny in spirit could fail to see that Broun had served God long before and without benefit of baptism. The love of humanity and devotion to justice which were expressed in his fight for Sacco and Vanzetti were of the kind that has inspired many of the founders and too few of the followers of our great religions. But one felt that in Monsignor Sheen's spiritual bookkeeping Broun's life contained no tangible assets until he decided to become a Catholic. The quality of the man did not entirely escape the priest. He was good enough to say that he had never met anyone who gave him "such an understanding of how our blessed Lord must have loved mankind." And he added that he meant this not merely of Broun after he had become "supernaturalized" but of Broun as he first came to him, "in the raw state." Broun discussed intimate things with Monsignor Sheen—his fear of death, his innermost feelings about the church, and what appears to have been a rather abject promise never to write again in favor of birth control. It seemed ill bred for the priest to air them from the pulpit, proudly detailing the story of a gratifying conversion. The best we can say of Monsignor Sheen is that he meant well. But in the midst of the beauties of the high requiem mass, the accretions of centuries of tradition, his words and their rather blundering revelations of intimacies, were painful to hear.

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1940 Comes In

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

I wake from dreams and turning
My vision on the height
I scan the beacons burning
About the fields of night. . . .

The signal fires of warning
They blaze, but none regard,
And on from night to morning
The world runs ruinward.

A. E. HOUSMAN

LET the old year slide into history. Do not waste tears on it, not even tears of repentance. It is too late for soft consolations. Look back over its days only to find their meaning for the days that are coming.

Through understanding we may find strength to meet the new year with hardy pessimism and forswear the belief that things will turn out better than the evidence of events and our own good sense tell us is likely. Tragedy has overwhelmed the world, and it is in great measure due to a general refusal to brave the facts. The wars that hold millions of men in trenches and hasten the bankruptcy of nations are a tribute to self-deception. No dictator could have brought this horror to pass if men, in high and low places, in all countries, had not permitted fatal steps to be taken toward a showdown they believed could somehow be dodged. Easy optimism, as well as fear and the drive for power, is responsible for the anarchy that has at last crystallized in war.

I cannot get out of my mind a paragraph in a book by one of the most experienced of European observers. M. W. Fodor wrote these words in 1937 at the end of his shrewd study of the intricate conflicts * that led up to the present disaster. Informed persons outside Central Europe, he said, "watch uneasily the news coming from these parts, believing that some day . . . they will read of some really big disaster in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, or the Balkans. But . . . the statesmen of Central Europe keep their blood cool. Dr. von Schuschnigg, despite all his difficulties, refuses to be perturbed. Dr. Benes, the great President of a small republic, has been an optimist for the last four years. The Polish Foreign Minister, Colonel Joseph Beck, declared the other day that people talk about a crisis in Central Europe; but if a crisis takes the form of permanence, then it is no longer a crisis; it is a permanent condition of life. . . ."

Where are these men now? Where are their countries two years after those words were written? Where did they find the fatal optimism that led so surely to political extinction? The earlier pages of Fodor's book give no satisfactory clue. But I believe it to be a fact that men in positions of power are easy marks for their own too clever tricks of prestidigitation. They come to believe that peace and security—or, at the very least, survival—can be conjured out of chaos by an advantageous deal, a new pact. They play, with faith in their luck, like other gamblers. And they refuse to see the signal fires of warning.

For 1940 Americans should make one simple resolution. It should not be pledged on New Year's Eve in a pleasant haze of fellowship and festivity. We should wait until the cold morning and then promise that in the days to come we will not fool ourselves with old hopes of immunity from the world's evils. America is in the world. No amount of talk, no laws, can remove us from it. Our role is a dominating one, whether we like it or not. It is far safer to accept this truth and make it the basis of our national policy than to go on trying desperately to dodge responsibility, only in the end to stumble into deeper trouble because we refuse to believe that the trouble properly concerns us.

The courage to be realistic is the best that Americans can ask of the New Year.

* "Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe." Houghton Mifflin.

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Assault on the NLRB

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, December 22

NO CONGRESSIONAL investigation for a long time to come is likely to suffer by its inevitable comparison with the Dies affair. So it is that the House committee investigating the National Labor Relations Board seems to have done such a remarkable job in its first week of hearings. It has shown some respect for the more rudimentary rules of fair play. It has recognized that the accused, even if they happen to be connected with the agency under investigation, should have a chance to present rebuttal testimony. It has refrained from announcing its findings in advance of the investigation. Until recently, these concessions to decency would have been conspicuous only by their absence. Now they are present virtues.

Chairman Howard W. Smith, who has not been noted for his restraint when the issue is employers' profits against labor's rights, has presided with fairness and tact. On several occasions he has sided with the two liberal members of the committee against the two conservatives on questions of procedure. Although he opposed the Wagner Act when it was before Congress and has been one of the bitterest critics of the NLRB ever since, he delivered a radio speech shortly after the hearings started conceding that a law protecting labor in the exercise of its rights to organize and bargain collectively should be kept on the statute books. The heavy-handedness of Edmund M. Toland, counsel to the committee, has served to set off Smith's judicial bearing.

But all this show of impartiality should not be mistaken for open-mindedness. Smith holds the balance of power on this five-man committee, and he is out to smear the Labor Board publicly as the first step toward perversion of the Wagner Act. He wants to rewrite organized labor's Magna Charta into organized labor's death warrant. The law should be preserved, to be sure, but with an amendment inserted to prevent coercion of workers "from any source." This dog-eared joker has been up the sleeve of the National Association of Manufacturers all along. There is no question in anyone's mind that the N. A. M. provision would be interpreted as a prohibition against almost any kind of membership solicitation by union organizers.

Smith can well afford to be kind and polite. The first week of the investigation, for all Toland's blustering, failed to turn up any evidence giving substantial support to charges of maladministration and partiality on the part of the Labor Board. What it did show was that members of the board do not always agree on questions of policy, and that, like every government and private agency with field representatives, it has had some perplexing personnel problems. Nothing that Toland or his witnesses said cast the faintest shadow on the board's remarkable record of achievement as attested by its almost perfect score before the Supreme Court, the volume of work it has successfully dispatched, and the growth of unionism under its protection, despite the A. F. of L.–C. I. O. schism. Yet the daily press managed to convert the account of the hearings into prominently displayed running stories suggesting corruption, confusion, and Communist decay.

The first, by all odds the most important, and probably the most misrepresented witness was Dr. William Leiserson, newest member of the board. Toland dumped into the record a stack of inter-office memoranda from Leiserson to Chairman J. Warren Madden and Edwin S. Smith, the older members, charging undescribed "irregularities" in the office of Secretary Nathan Witt, demanding that Witt be fired, disagreeing with the decisions of the majority members in a few cases, and suggesting changes in the election procedure. Because the wording of the memoranda was often caustic, it made good copy. Most newspapers did not play up—indeed, did not even mention—Leiserson's statements that the board and its personnel had, in his opinion, done a splendid job under tremendous difficulties and that he was opposed to any "vital" changes in the Wagner Act.

To keep the press juicy during the dry stretches of Leiserson's discussion of technical problems confronting the board, Toland dropped sensational trivia into the record at carefully spaced intervals. The cutest of these was the memorandum to the Labor Board from a West Coast representative reporting a conversation with John Boettiger, publisher of Hearst's Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* and son-in-law of President Roosevelt. Boettiger had been ordered, as a result of a Newspaper Guild complaint, to reinstate two employees found to have been victims of discriminatory discharge. Boettiger wanted the board informed that he resented the whole business but wasn't going to tell the President on its members because he never exploited his family connections. Anything less important to the waiting world than John Boettiger's opinion of the Labor Board is hard to imagine, but Labor-Board-Declared-Unfair-by-President's-Kin headlines were served up on almost all front pages that day. Another of Toland's publicity masterpieces was a memorandum by

Witt reporting a conversation with David Dubinsky in which the chief of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, complaining of a board decision, remarked flippantly, "That isn't what we pay our money for," or something to that effect.

Much of the day-to-day copy was fabricated from that kind of stuff. Charges that a Los Angeles regional director got drunk in Arizona and that another West Coast employee was favoring the C. I. O. received the attention they deserved, but the information that both were fired for their sins was developed slowly by Toland and appeared a long way down in the stories. The testimony of James P. Miller, former regional director at Cleveland, about the way he was ordered to get tough with employers, and then fired because he refused, seemed to be hotter stuff than the evidence that he traveled to New York under questionable circumstances and now is a highly paid employer consultant. Much was made of the boast of Philip G. Phillips, regional director in Cincinnati, that his intimate relations with the Guild made it possible for him to kill a newspaper story unfriendly to the board, but little was made of the newspaper's denial that he did any such thing.

More important charges were more adequately answered, thanks to the effective cross-examination of witnesses by Abe Murdock of Utah and Arthur Healey of Massachusetts, the two liberal members of the committee, and to the firm insistence upon admission of answering testimony by Charles Fahy, the board's chief counsel. Toland was overruled by the committee to give Edwin Smith a chance to explain documents intended to create the impression that he tried to persuade officials of the Filene store in Boston to boycott the Berkshire Mills and thus force the mills to settle a labor dispute. Smith explained that while he did ask friends in Filene's to help with a mediation effort and in so doing might have gone outside the letter of the law, he did not try to instigate a boycott. There was an answer, too, for the charge that Phillips influenced the trial examiner in the Cincinnati milling case. Here the board voluntarily withdrew its complaint when it learned of the influence.

What was harped on most, after the committee adjourned for the holidays, was the undisputed revelation that Witt once went to the Middle West to advise C. I. O. leaders about the best way of expediting board action against the Inland Steel Corporation, one of the companies involved in the Little Steel strike. William Green took this evidence as the text for another sermon on the board's alleged favoritism to the C. I. O. When, he asked, had the board ever shown such "sympathy" for the A. F. of L.? Fahy immediately supplied the answer, reading chapter and verse of instances of such consultation both with the A. F. of L. and with employers. Moreover, Fahy supplied figures showing that the board has ruled for the A. F. of L. fifty-one times and for the C. I. O. only forty-four times in cases of direct conflict between the two organizations.

The Smith committee up to now has been no more successful in proving industry's case against the Wagner Act and its administration than were the three other Congressional committees which have conducted similar inquiries since the law was passed. There has been a good defense for every charge made. The board's difficulty is in getting anyone to listen to the answers. Industry and the A. F. of L. have been chanting "The Labor Board is unfair to us" for so long that their plaint is generally accepted as fact. Consequently, most of the Smith committee's job has already been done, and the board, since it can expect few publicity breaks from the investigation, will not be able to undo it. Unquestionably there is a substantial majority in both House and Senate for drastic modification of the law.

Even so, if President Roosevelt and the New Dealers stand by the law and the board, they may survive the 1940 session. The committee plans about two more weeks of hearings in Washington and then a road tour. By the time it submits its final report and recommendations for amendment, the session will be well along. The White House will be in a position to bring pressure for delay and thus, perhaps, to postpone action until after the election—gaining another year for the board to operate and the labor situation to settle down. Whether the President will use his influence to this end is doubtful, however. New Dealers are inclined at the moment to agree that the board has done a magnificent job but disinclined to break a lance in its defense, feeling that it is too vulnerable politically to be defensible, regardless of the facts. Some of them want to turn off the heat by making concessions to the board's critics. The suggestion most often heard is that Madden be kicked upstairs to the federal bench, Leiserson advanced to the chairmanship, and Smith dropped when his term expires next year.

This plan is usually advanced in the name of pragmatic politics, not of justice or even reason, and in whispers. It is slightly less than gallant. Something like it is publicly urged, however, by one of the Labor Board's former friends, Robert Ramspeck of Georgia, member of the House Labor Committee. In addition Ramspeck has proposed amendments which would permit employers to petition for elections and deprive the board of its present latitude in deciding the proper bargaining unit. Neither of these amendments would be fatal to the law, but it is questionable whether any satisfactory rule of thumb can be devised for determining bargaining units. Some such compromise on amendments as Ramspeck proposes may be necessary to head off the latest program of the N. A. M. This scheme, just announced, goes so far in limiting the right to strike that no law at all would be infinitely preferable. After all, the old-time plug-ugly methods of intimidation are preferable to peonage.

Soviet Russia Today

I. HAS STALIN BLUNDERED?

BY LOUIS FISCHER

LIFE in Soviet Russia had to become very different before Stalin could clasp the hand of Nazi Germany and engage in expansion. Foreign policy mirrors domestic conditions. The Russo-German pact and the events that flowed from it can only be fully understood against the background of new Soviet internal developments, which will be discussed in the third article of this series. But to enable Germany and Russia to march together, the metamorphosis inside Russia had to synchronize with equally great changes outside—changes which produced the present European war. It was the war against the Nazi aggressor that made Bolshevik aggression possible. This is the clue to the pact and to the entire altered relationship between Germany and Russia.

The international scene is a giant jigsaw puzzle. When one piece falls out of place, all the other pieces move. While England and France allowed Germany to win victories in Spain, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, Hitler played up the Bolshevik menace in order to prevent a bloc of the Western powers and Russia which could check German expansion. When he could squeeze no more concessions from England and France, he turned to Russia. The Soviet government had for years sought to win England and France to an anti-Nazi policy. It feared a combination of England, France, and Germany which might be directed against Russia. But when the mounting antagonism between the two democracies and Germany ruled out such a combination, Russia's fear of Germany vanished.

The Russo-German pact of August 23, 1939, was not signed by Moscow for self-defense. The champions of the new Bolshevik-Nazi relationship contend that but for the pact Germany, having invaded Poland, would have marched into Soviet territory and engaged the Soviet Union in a war. This argument has no validity. If Hitler was certain that England and France would not honor their pledge to Poland and would not go to war, why should he have been prepared to share Poland with Russia? Why make his anti-Bolshevik crusade look so ludicrous? Hitler was not so confident of Chamberlain-Daladier appeasement as he had been in 1938. He needed Moscow to frighten the Allies into withdrawing from their promises to Poland; and if war came, he didn't want Moscow to be an enemy. For these favors he was willing to pay Moscow, and he did pay. You do not pay a fellow because you are not going to hit him. Hitler did not intend to strike at Russia. No self-defense on Russia's part was necessary.

Suppose that on September 15, when Polish resistance collapsed, the Allies had not been at war with Germany. Despite the pact with Moscow, Hitler could have kept right on going into Russian territory. The pact is only a piece of paper, not a protection. Why did he not attack Russia? Because he had to turn around and face the Allies in the west. It was Moscow's conviction that the Allies would fight, and not the fear that they would not, which brought about the pact. If the Russians had been worried about a German attack, they would have sought safety with the Allies. They would never have trusted themselves alone with Germany in Eastern Europe except in the knowledge that Germany would be occupied with a war in Western Europe.

Thus, as long as the Allies followed a policy of appeasement and surrender to the fascist aggressors, the Bolsheviks were pro-Ally. And the moment the Allies took a firm stand against a fascist aggressor, the Bolsheviks made a pact with him. That is what is called dialectics.

There will be an endless and fruitless debate on whether Stalin fooled Hitler or Hitler fooled Stalin. Stalin and Hitler entered into their partnership for the mutual benefits they thought it would bring them. No one expects altruism from statesmen. What looks like idealism in foreign policy is often merely a long view of selfish ends. If Stalin and Hitler were serving their countries' best interests they were entitled to act as they did. But human beings make mistakes. Unless Stalin is invested with the infallibility which some Communists ascribe to him, and unless one says mystically that a socialist state can do no wrong, one must assume that he may have blundered. The Kaiser did not intend to ruin Germany when he went to war in 1914. He did ruin it. Chamberlain thought that the Munich surrender to Germany in September, 1938, would bring "peace for our time." Look at that peace now. Perhaps Stalin made a mistake. Lenin committed errors and admitted them. In 1920 the Poles invaded the Soviet Ukraine and captured Kiev. Soon, however, the Red Army drove them back into Poland. A violent controversy broke out in Moscow. Should the Soviet forces pursue the fleeing Polish army and seize all of Poland? Lenin said yes, and Stalin agreed. Trotsky had no enthusiasm for the ven-

ture, but its most outspoken opponent was Radek, brilliant Soviet publicist, himself a Pole, who argued that if the Russian troops remained poised on the Soviet frontier the Polish workers and peasants, encouraged by the Red Army's proximity, would rise in a revolt which the demoralized Polish troops could not crush. On the other hand, the penetration of the hated Russians into Poland would kindle Polish nationalism and enable Pilsudski to rally his people and army. Radek's point of view, however, was rejected. Lenin even quarreled with Radek and broke off relations with him. The Red Army did invade Poland, General Tukhachevsky, a Bolshevik military genius of twenty-seven, leading the advance on Warsaw, and Budenny and Stalin commanding a cavalry force in the direction of Lvov. Then exactly what Radek had prophesied happened. The Red Army was thrown back from the gates of Warsaw, and the revolution did not materialize. Once, late at night, Lenin went to the telephone and called Radek, and said, You were right; I was wrong; come to see me. Lenin subsequently told the whole story to Clara Zetkin for publication. Perhaps Stalin erred again where Lenin and he erred before—on the question of Poland.

THE PACT: AN UNMIXED BOON FOR THE NAZIS

The entire subject of Russo-German relations should be examined dispassionately on the basis of what has already occurred. Hitler knew that Germany lost the first World War because it had to fight on two fronts. Every German military expert had prophesied that Germany would again be beaten if compelled to cope with the Anglo-French forces in the west and the Russians in the east. The Kaiser started with enough resources and allies to withstand this formidable Triple Entente for several years. Hitler was less fortunately situated in 1939. And he was intent on avoiding the fate of the Kaiser. By signing with Russia he has eliminated it as a potential pro-Ally belligerent. He is now engaged in a one-front war. In other circumstances Hitler might not have gone to war. The pact with Russia makes all the vast difference to Germany between certain defeat and a chance of success. Nothing that Hitler has yielded to Russia can compare even remotely in importance with this advantage.

Hitler had a second motive in concluding his treaty with the Kremlin. He hoped for Russian supplies to facilitate the prosecution of the war. In this he is likely to meet considerable disappointment. Russian materials cannot offset the strangling effect of the Allied blockade.

We know little about German internal conditions, and some observers are prone to exaggerate their gravity. But there is reliable information regarding the acute shortages in Germany of fats, copper, and petroleum—all indispensable to the conduct of a war. It was the scarcity of fats in 1917-18 which undermined Germany's resistance. Fats are not only necessary nourishment; they are the basic ingredient of soap—already doled out in a niggardly ration in Germany—and an element in munitions. Russia, however, lacks sufficient fats and meat to feed its own population. Russia imports copper and therefore cannot export any. It also imports such vital non-ferrous armament metals as lead, zinc, nickel, and antimony. Russia is the world's second-largest oil-producing nation. But its home consumption has mounted with domestic industrialization and motorization, and its exports to all countries, under commercial contracts which it must honor, constitute only a small fraction of Germany's war-time oil deficit. What Russia has to sell—grain, for instance—Germany still possesses in adequate quantities. With Russia's increased military expenditures in Finland it will have still less to export to Germany.

What are the losses to Germany? The disintegration of the anti-Comintern bloc is not one of them. That Italian-German-Japanese partnership was based on the correct assumption that each act of aggression would smooth the path to the next act of aggression. Mussolini was encouraged to invade Abyssinia by the pusillanimity of England and France in China. The supineness of the British and French governments on the Spanish issue conduced to the brazenness of Hitler toward Czechoslovakia. Successful fascist violence bred contempt. It worked in peace time. But war has changed all that. For Japan and Italy to collaborate with Germany now means to fight, and that is very costly and therefore very unattractive. Japan rejected a military alliance with Germany before the Russo-German pact was negotiated. Italy has waged two wars recently, in Ethiopia and Spain, and cannot at present afford a third. With the war in its current "sea and air" phase, Italy and Spain would be smashed if they moved to help Germany. This, and not the Russo-German pact, is what shattered the anti-Comintern agreement.

Germany gave Russia a part of Poland of no great economic value, and has retired from certain positions in the Baltic states, where it had no territory but where German immigrants had established cultural and business stakes. The Russian shadow has lengthened over the Balkans. Yet when a nation gambles for its life as Germany is doing, these are small considerations compared with the benevolent neutrality of a tremendous country like Russia.

The arrangement between Germany and Russia also has social implications. The bolshevization of Germany looms slightly larger as a prospect. But that could arise solely in case of a German defeat or from a desperate effort to stave off such a defeat—the Allies would then seek to check the upheaval—and it is typical of the Hitler regime that its leaders proceed on the principle "After us the deluge." What have they to lose from bolshevization,

if they first lose their power and position? For the purposes of the war the pact with Russia is an unmixed boon to the Nazis.

RUSSIA AND THE WESTERN POWERS

But what is the explanation of Russia's role in the rapprochement with Germany? We judge a man by the friends he keeps, by what he does, and by the way he talks. Nations too are judged by these criteria.

Russia wanted the friendship of Great Britain, France, and America. Now its spokesmen and press attack those powers. At the same time it collaborates with Germany and defends Nazi policies and acts. Russia had never occupied the territory of other nations after the fashion of Germany, Italy, and Japan. Now it has. Russia had consistently condemned aggression and defended the rights of small countries. Today the Soviets are talking a very different language. Moscow has abandoned every tradition of Soviet foreign policy and discarded the principles of Lenin, Chicherin, and Litvinov which once guided that policy. Russia has swapped streams. Soviet relations with the outside world divide into three parts: between 1917 and 1920 Russia was invaded by foreign nations; between 1921 and 1938 it was not invaded; in 1939 it invaded other countries.





Drawings by LOW

In 1931 occurred the first violent assault on the post-war Versailles status quo: Japan attacked China. Moscow's sympathies were with China. In the years that followed, Moscow opposed every attempt to modify existing territorial conditions. The symbol of that opposition was the Soviet government's adherence to the League of Nations. Moscow joined with alacrity in anti-Italian sanctions because it did not wish to see aggression elevated into a principle. It saw its own safety in a punitive League which could teach transgressors a respect for international law. Its policy was peace, and "peace," as Litvinov first said, "is indivisible."

The years 1936, 1937, and 1938 were the dark age of appeasement. The democracies helped every aggressor and helped no victim of aggression. Moscow was the only effectively anti-fascist government in the world. In China and Spain the Soviet government was actually protecting the British and French empires. It had no objection to doing so because it regarded these ancient agglomerations as stabilizing influences. They were sated, conservative, and unambitious, and therefore no danger to world peace or to Russia. "Fascism," on the other hand, the Third International preached, "is war." The assumption of Soviet policy vis-a-vis Spain and China was that Moscow would support them until the British and French finally woke up to a realization of where their true interests lay and themselves took over the onerous burden of rescuing these weak states from the assaults of rapacious imperialists. Stalin was concerned lest repeated fascist victories undermine the morale, stamina, and strategic strength of the democracies, who were the natural allies of Russia against an expanding Germany and Japan. Anti-fascism was good power politics in addition to being congenial to the Soviet public.

The Western powers, nevertheless, slept in naive self-assurance. Anglo-French policy in Spain and the unnecessary capitulation on Czechoslovakia at Munich in September, 1938, buried many Soviet hopes. The Soviet leaders wondered if the West would ever rouse itself to resistance. The Kremlin began to ask itself whether the progressive forces in democratic countries were worth-while allies. Loyalist Spain, for instance, had rallied to its standard many friends in England, France, and America. They included, moving from left to right, the Communists, the Socialists and labor elements, most liberals, many conservative Protestants, and a large number of prominent conservative politicians. Yet these alignments failed to budge any one of the three democratic governments a single inch in the direction of a more pro-Loyalist policy. Chamberlain and Daladier were firmly intrenched, and they persisted in yielding to the aggressors. Moscow believed that the British and French governments wished to channel fascist aggression toward Soviet territory. Still Moscow paid court to the Western powers. Soviet aid to the Loyalists continued until January, 1939, when Catalonia was still receiving arms; and Moscow was ready to assist the republic in prolonging resistance in the central Madrid zone even after the Catalan collapse.

Then Hitler revolutionized European diplomatic relationships; German troops entered Prague on March 15, 1939, and annexed the Czechoslovak rump. This was reveille.

That day Chamberlain made a statement in the House of Commons. He admitted two days later in a speech at Birmingham that this statement was "somewhat cool and objective" and had given rise to "a misapprehension." "Some people," he added, "thought that because I spoke quietly, because I gave little expression to feel-

ing, therefore my colleagues and I did not feel strongly on the subject. I hope to correct that mistake tonight." He did. What had happened was a revolt in the Conservative Party against Chamberlain's "cool and objective" reaction to the demise of Czechoslovakia. The British were alarmed. The people called for action. The French saw danger looming. Hitler turned the Reichswehr toward Poland. If Poland were lost, France would be the next victim. Chamberlain was prodded from behind. This was the development which Moscow had hoped for and worked toward through all the years of collective security and the popular front. The goal of those policies was a coalition of imperialists and anti-fascist, democratic, League of Nations elements which would compel the Western governments to stem aggression. It had arrived. Now the Soviet government had powerful friends in England and France. It was precisely at this moment of victory that Moscow contemplated dropping both policies—the popular front and collective security.

The result of the new spirit in London and Paris was the British guaranty to Poland on March 31, 1939, to fight Germany in case Germany assaulted Polish independence. That day is the historic dividing line in the post-war (pre-war) history of Europe. "It must be admitted," Prime Minister and Foreign Minister Molotov said in Moscow on May 31, "that the mutual-assistance pact between Britain and Poland alters the European situation. . . . There are a number of signs that the democratic countries of Europe are coming to realize that the non-intervention policy has collapsed." Appeasement was dying. And the end of appeasement was the beginning of the Russo-German pact.

By giving pledges of protection to Poland and subsequently to Rumania the British and French were actually undertaking to protect the western frontier of Russia. The guaranties to Poland and Rumania were *ipso facto* guaranties to the Soviet government. Accordingly, when in May the British opened negotiations with the Soviet government in Moscow about a mutual-assistance treaty, the Russians felt that they had already received from England for nothing almost everything that England could give them. The guaranties to Poland and Rumania came too quickly for the successful conduct of the conversations with Moscow. Now if the British desired help from the U. S. S. R. they had to offer something over and beyond the guaranties of the Soviet-Polish and Soviet-Rumanian frontiers. Moscow asked concessions in the Baltic area. The stubborn resistance of Finland to Russia's demands suggests that it would have been extremely difficult for England to persuade the three other Baltic states—Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia—to accept the infringement of their sovereignty which Moscow later wrung from them under the threat of force.

Molotov had the bargaining advantage because England, now more hostile to Germany, needed Russia's friendship. Thus the negotiations were ill-starred from their inception: one party was minus its major trumps, the promises to Poland and Rumania; the second party insisted on something which the first did not have. The British might have guaranteed the Baltic states as they had Poland and Rumania against foreign attack. But Russia wanted more; it wanted to be able to check "indirect aggression" or a change of regime inside its small neighbors which it might deem a threat even if no foreign power moved. Since Moscow was necessarily to be the judge as to whether "indirect aggression" had occurred, the Soviet government would be in a position at any time to march in and assume control of the four Baltic countries. It is obvious therefore that Russia was asking England to obtain for it what Germany subsequently gave it.

The crux of the entire Russo-German pact is that the guaranty to Poland was the reverse of "Munich." If the purpose of Munich was to direct German expansion eastward against the Soviet Union, then the British pledge to Poland was insane, certainly inconsistent. Had the Allies wished Germany to attack Russia they would have said: "This is fine. Hitler is preparing to invade Poland. Let him. Then he will wage war on Russia and we shall be secure." Instead they said, "If Hitler attacks Poland, we fight" (the present war is adequate proof that they meant it); and in all the talks with Moscow the British and French governments assured the Kremlin that they would not expect Russia to enter the war before they did. The Bolsheviks consequently decided that since the Allies would create a western front against Germany, Russia would lose nothing from the proximity of Germany or from a German advance into Poland. On August 22, the day before the pact was signed, Neville Chamberlain wrote a letter to Hitler, now printed in the British "Blue Book," in which he said: "Whatever may prove to be the nature of the German-Soviet agreement, it cannot alter Great Britain's obligation to Poland . . . which they are determined to fulfil"; and he cautioned Hitler that "it would be a dangerous illusion to think that, if war once starts, it will come to an early end even if a success on any one of several fronts on which it will be engaged should have been secured." This warning was intended to deter Hitler. But the British attitude it enunciated reassured Moscow. The new Allied policy had a double motivation: (1) Poland was the last pro-Ally satellite in Eastern Europe. Its disappearance would weaken the Western powers and finally convince Hitler of his invincibility. (2) The annihilation of Poland would bring Germany into contact with Russia. That might precipitate a war between them, but since Russia was weaker than Germany, it would also present the dreaded prospect of collaboration between them.

The present war is the logical consequence of the British pledge to Poland. Moscow saw this coming. It gave Russia a freedom of choice. Before that Russia could only have been pro-Ally. Now it had an alternative. Allied hostility to Germany and the scrapping of Munichism allowed Russia to be pro-German. If Russia sided with the Allies it would have to participate in a war in case one came, but without obtaining what it coveted in Poland and the Baltics. If, on the other hand, it sided with Germany, it could remain aloof from the major conflict and yet gather booty outside its territory. These considerations disrupted the Anglo-Soviet negotiations, not petty questions of rank, mandates, and diplomatic niceties. Had Stalin been eager for an agreement with the British, but on better terms, he would have negotiated openly with Germany. That would have constituted pressure on London. But the talks with Germany were secret. Downing Street knew nothing about them. Instead, to extract better conditions from the Germans, the Russians negotiated openly with the British. Great Britain thus helped Russia to obtain more from Germany. The Anglo-Soviet negotiations were doomed from the start to failure. Not only did Strang waste his time. Halifax himself would have wasted his time.

[*Mr. Fischer's second article, dealing with the negotiations that led up to the Russo-German pact and with the trend of Russia's new foreign policy, will appear next week.*]

Politics on the Campus

BY JAMES WECHSLER

TO LIBERALS and radicals the annual convention of the American Student Union, being held this week on the University of Wisconsin campus, has more than routine importance. Since August 23 the Student Union has been a laboratory in which one could observe the effects of the German-Russian pact and the subsequent revolution in Russian foreign policy on a left-wing organization. The current convention may be a preview of things to come in a host of other groups which were the creatures of the late popular front.

The Student Union itself was the earliest native miniature of the popular-front idea. It was formed in 1935 by liberal, Socialist, and Communist students. When the Union later supported collective security, the Socialists folded their theoretical tents and departed; but the bulk of the liberals as well as the Communists remained. The Union's activity was a genuinely joint enterprise, made possible by the coincidence of Communist realism and anti-fascist sentiment on the campus. Its membership was predominantly non-Communist, and there was a relatively slight amount of friction between the Communist and non-Communist adherents. They agreed that the Union's most important mission was to arouse and organize critical student thought; and its preoccupations ranged from the Spanish war to curriculum reform.

The German-Russian pact and later events introduced a sudden, deep cleavage. They also posed the issue of the ultimate fate of all the organizations which had been similarly the product of the popular-front policy. In the Student Union the ensuing ideological storm has tended to revolve around the person of Joseph Lash, an ex-Socialist, who has been executive secretary of the Union since its inception. Sympathetic to the Soviet Union and its effort to organize a world front against fascism, Lash had broken with his Socialist colleagues on the popular-front issue and received a correspondingly warm reception from the Communists. Then came the revolution—in Communist policy. Lash criticized the Nazi-Soviet pact. He condemned the invasion of Finland. Shortly after the outbreak of war he sent an open letter to the White House urging the lifting of the arms embargo. He argued that a Nazi victory would imperil free institutions and that the granting of aid short of war was the most hopeful method of keeping the United States out of the struggle. There was nothing very new in this document; indeed, it was a faithful restatement of the Student Union program. As late as September 8 Communist members of the Union's administrative committee had advanced identical ideas. By October 8 the mass mind-changing was complete; Lash was rebuked by the Communist spokesmen. The breach grew steadily wider, and Russia's attack on Finland brought the conflict to a head.

For until then those who were critical of Russian policy had been reluctant to press the point, fearing its possible exploitation by reactionary agencies. But shortly after the Finnish invasion representatives of the New York chapters of the Union met, debated, and issued a statement rationalizing Russian policy; the Communists had staged a whirlwind propaganda drive within the chapters. Several out-of-town groups echoed the New York stand, though in most cases a substantial minority dissented. Liberals in the Union had heretofore been unorganized, but now Lash, with several other national officers and chapter officials, proceeded to initiate a counter-drive. Opposing any moves toward a head-on collision

PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Cal.

between the United States and Russia, they nevertheless refused to accept a moral double standard for evaluating Russian aggression. They argued, further, that apologetics for the Russian action would doom the very organizations which could later resist an anti-Soviet holy war or its native counterpart—an anti-red crusade. There is ample evidence that fear of such consequences is not groundless. The Harvard *Crimson*, heretofore sympathetic to the Union, has warned that a whitewash of Soviet policy would compel withdrawal of the Harvard chapter; this view has been seconded in other important areas. It is doubtful whether the Union could survive, except in vastly disfigured and diminished form, the indorsement of a blank check for Soviet diplomacy.

If the Union is not Communist property—and it isn't—and if liberal student sentiment is overwhelmingly hostile to the current Communist manifestos, why is there any likelihood that the convention will take such a stand? The answer is vital for the light it sheds on the history of organizations like the Student Union. The Communist students act as a unified bloc in the election of delegates; they hold important posts in the Union's district apparatus because they are willing to do the difficult and unrewarding postgraduate work of organization; and they make limitless sacrifices to attend conventions when lukewarm members are content to celebrate Christmas. There is nothing improper in this set-up, but it explains how a disciplined minority may shape an organization's policy.

Far less creditable—but equally familiar—has been the Communists' recent treatment of Lash. Shortly after his dissent became audible, rumors started to circulate simultaneously in several places: he was launching a "red-hunt"; he was going to "expose the Communists" to the Dies committee; he was willing to wreck the Union in the process. One chapter sent him a telegram demanding that he "stand up before the Dies committee," with the obvious inference that he was lying down. His forthright testimony before the committee is now a matter of record. So, too, is his opposition to any move to "oust the Communists" from the Union. But these acts do not atone for original sin.

The convention now in progress will determine whether the Communists have lost their anxiety for a common front with non-Communist groups unless it can be obtained on their own terms. It may also reveal the ability of the non-Communist groups to press for an independent position without recourse to red-baiting, and to undertake the numberless organizational tasks which the Communists have heretofore monopolized by default. In that sense the convention's choice of officers may prove no less important than the policy it adopts. In larger terms the convention may demonstrate to what degree Russian affairs remain the fatal obsession of the American left.

In the Wind

NAZI PROPAGANDISTS have invented a new device to show the warmth of the Russian alliance. To Americans in Pennsylvania they have sent packages of Nazi literature stamped "Via Siberia." But the postmarks show that the material arrived less than three weeks after mailing. It would take more than a month "via Siberia."

A LIBERAL secretary to a liberal Supreme Court justice is the subject of one of Wall Street's current stories. While a friend was in his office recently, the secretary called a telephone number and said: "Hello, Tom, I'm sure my judge will be all right on that case, but you'd better get Ben to go around and see Black." After he hung up, his visitor asked timidly: "Was that Tom Corcoran?" "Sure," replied the secretary nonchalantly. Now Wall Street lawyers are relaying the tale that the New Dealers have pipe-lines to the court. P. S. The call was a hoax cooked up by the secretary.

THE NATIONALIST Spanish Writers' and Artists' Association recently renewed its "cultural" meetings. At the opening session the chairman was General José Millan-Astray. Early in the Spanish war General Millan-Astray achieved considerable fame in Franco Spain as the author of the slogan: "Down With Intelligence! Long Live Death!"

A GERMAN RADIO broadcast recently asserted that H. M. S. Kestrel had been sunk. The announcer glorified the feat and attributed it to "clever tactics" by a German submarine commander. In fact, H. M. S. Kestrel is the British Admiralty's name for Worthy Down, an airdrome miles from the sea.

NATIONAL ANTHEM: When Baltimore Communists staged a mass-meeting recently, irate legionnaires descended on the hall and nearly precipitated a riot. The Associated Press dispatch on the incident contained one curious note. It reported that when the Communists started to sing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," one of the hecklers screamed, "Why don't you stand up when you sing the national anthem?"

CONFIDENTIAL NEWS: From the Hollywood column "Screen Gossip" by Prunella Hall: "Carole Lombard, star of 'Vigil in the Night,' has always wanted a magnolia tree. This week the cast and crew of the picture made up a purse and bought one for her and had it transplanted at the Gable-Lombard ranch near Encino. Carole will find out about it at Christmas time—so closely is the secret guarded."

BUSINESS MEN are being asked for contributions by the National Association of Manufacturers. The plea explains that a $100 gift will "put on the air fifty radio programs of either the American Family Robinson or Sokolsky series explaining the private enterprise system."

[The $5 prize for the best item received during December goes to H. R. Southworth of New York City for the story about Gustavo Duran published last week.]

It Seemed to Heywood Broun

MANY have come to think of a liberal as a good-humored fellow with some sense of sportsmanship. He strides into a dispute and sagely ventures: "There is much to be said on both sides. The truth lies somewhere between the two." And that's a silly thing to say because it does not indicate just where truth sits in the uncharted field lying between the left and right. . . . There is no reason to respect the man who keeps his mind so open after the storm has broken that he cannot temper the wind to any shorn lamb.

Editors might be bored, but they were never angry, if I wrote about my fish, my child, or even my fingernails. But when something burns inside and that comes out, the situation's very different. Newspapers don't like their men to get mad about things.

I am sick to death of all the bleating which goes up about "destructive criticism." . . . In the theater Duses are discovered daily and hats go sailing into the air when any rather pretty girl walks across the stage without tripping over the furniture. . . . Nobody can paint or sing or write so badly that the commentators will fail to give him some grain of solace. And it is these crumbs of comfort, carelessly thrown, which have gone to make up the great desert areas of the half-baked.

Some believe that if you give an incompetent artist enough rope he will hang himself. Statistics fail to support this pleasant theory.

Things do not end when they are done. The liberal Boston *Herald* said when Sacco and Vanzetti were completely dead that the time for all discussion of that case was now over. "The chapter is closed. The die is cast. The arrow is flown." It is not true. I won't agree. For truth there is no deadline.

There are scores of American communities in which Sacco and Vanzetti might have been killed with just as much good-will.

Culture is a little bit like the manna of heaven and may descend upon the good even in the space of a single day. At any rate, there is no culture worth the name unless it is accompanied by a certain zest. I hate to see anyone seeking knowledge with knitted brows. Too great a gulf has been placed between learning and laughter.

For the time being there is need of a close alliance and understanding between big business and men of a radical turn of mind. . . . It is practical wisdom for the Socialist to say: "Combine and merge, grow big and bigger, and at the proper time we'll take you over."

Organized Christianity makes personal liberty impossible, mars education, and supports the utter brutalities of our prison system. . . . The pursuit of happiness belongs to us, but we must climb around or over the church to get it.

I speak as one who finds that water, in moderation, can be most refreshing. But so-called soft drinks corrode the delicate lining of the stomach. There should be chapters in the school textbooks showing the abdomen before and after it has been exposed to a raspberry flip.

Why does America hate the foreigner so profoundly? I think it is because we have wronged him so much. He has become through tariffs and war debts an economic slave bound to this country. And when a slave begins to speak, his mouth must be shut at once for fear of what he is about to say. He knows too much.

I am not a prude, and yet I must admit that it embarrasses me hideously to sit by while any ancestor of mine from grandmother down undertakes to tell a torrid story. Invariably I have the same sinking feeling which assails me when a clergyman seeks to unbend and become rowdy for the laity.

The Southerner who studiously refrains from ever going into a Negro home except for charitable or immoral purposes has no right to claim intimate knowledge of a race which he has rendered outcast. Surely self-consciousness is not swept away by handing over a Christmas turkey; and, to paraphrase a familiar anecdote, sexual intercourse does not constitute an introduction.

Anger isn't the same thing as hatred. It is a flash of feeling which goes over the dam upon the instant. No man who has expressed his anger with reasonable fluency need go back to it again. Revenge is a form of procrastination. The man who eases his soul by paying off a score at the end of twenty years confesses that he didn't have the nerve or the mental alertness to handle the situation when it lay immediately in front of him.

From my own standpoint I am not prepared to acquit atheists of all fanaticism. Their unwavering opposition to the Bible seems to me a little muddle-headed. I cannot go much of the way with puritanical freethinkers who would suppress the book as immoral. I think that under certain conditions the Bible is not harmful to young people. . . . The modern child is insulated. A youngster brought up on the various things done to Jeff by Mutt is not likely to be harmed by hearing of the mean trick which Jacob played on Esau.

God help the United States, or any other nation, when the cry of hungry children, the grinding of gaunt men, and the suffering of women can be classed as a local issue.

[*The preceding passages are excerpts from columns written by Heywood Broun for* The Nation *between 1927 and 1938.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Latest Anti-Jewish Horror

The Hague, November 20

THE flood of war news has I fear blanketed the latest developments in Hitler's crusade against the Jews. I refer, of course, to his determination to jam them all into a small piece of Polish territory which is to be called a "Jewish State," but which is to be nothing else than a huge concentration camp and charnel house. During my stay of nearly four weeks in Germany I could obtain very little news about this beyond the fact that heart-breaking deportations were going on in Austria and Moravia. Now some of the facts have leaked out here, but the German people will doubtless be kept in ignorance of them—as usual. Hitler himself seems now obsessed with the idea of moving minorities. He first undertook to move the Tyrolese Germans, with Mussolini's blessing. His "recall" of the Baltic Germans was the next step. Now comes his decision to dump all the Jews possible into a territory at present described as "from Nisko on the River San to a point southwest of Lublin." The deportations began in the Czech Protectorate, from which 150,000 were to be moved by October 17, and are to be continued by the removal of 65,000 from Vienna, 30,000 from Posen, and 200,000 from the rest of the Reich—all that remain of the 600,000 living in Germany when Hitler the Fiendish took charge.

Lest anybody ask at this point why it is not a good thing to set up a Jewish state where the Jews can be safe and by themselves, let me say that before these people are moved they are to be robbed of all their wealth except 300 marks, and they will not be allowed to take any furniture or equipment of any kind with them. Into a space of eighty by one hundred kilometers 1,950,000 people are to be jammed, without working capital, without tools or habitations, unable to do business even with the contiguous territories. How they will live until their first crops or how they will till the land without tools or animals is not explained.

One has only to contrast these barbarities with the way that the German papers say the returning Balts are being received to realize that they are unnecessary and deliberate. The Balts are welcomed by the Red Cross, by special reception committees, by government officials; they are taken with marvelous efficiency to homes all in readiness for them. They are to be paid for the property they left behind and are to be given the necessary tools and implements and working capital to start life anew. But the Jews are treated literally as no German would be allowed under the law to treat a dumb animal. I have seen a letter sent by an Aryan German from a town in Moravia to an American official begging him to get the American government to intervene. He said that he was a loyal German but that he could no longer remain silent. He declared that a train of cattle cars—the Jews are allowed no others—had stood for twelve hours in the station of his town. The weather was cold, and there was of course no heat. There were no toilet facilities. No food or water was provided. He said that the moans and groans of the older people could be heard blocks away. German laws forbid such treatment of cows or swine or dogs.

Meanwhile, the remaining German Jews sit around waiting for their turn in the cattle cars. In Vienna, the Dutch papers report, eighty-two Jews, thirty-six of them women, have committed suicide in the last two weeks. That is what Hitler likes to hear. He can steal everything they leave. He would have Jews murdered out of hand, I have no doubt, if he dared. It would certainly be more merciful if he did. I have no means of knowing how much of this news has reached America or what can be done about it there, but I am sure that a tremendous wave of denunciation from non-Jews, led, let us say, by the Quakers, might help, because the Germans are particularly anxious just now not to draw America into the war. I recall those wonderful mass-meetings at the time of the Kishinev massacres in Russia, one in Carnegie Hall with ex-President Cleveland speaking. If ever a similar outcry were called for, it is now.

One other piece of bad news I must give. It is widely believed in responsible circles in Germany that part of the bargain with Stalin calls for the application of the Nürnberg laws to Russian Jews, and that this will be done within six months from the signing of the pact. It is not thought that such laws will actually be put on the statute books. Stalin will simply give certain orders; that will be enough.

[*Since this article was written, a report has been received from the Netherlands that 40,000 Jews have already been herded into the "Jewish State" under such shocking conditions that typhus is rampant. A later dispatch, from Paris, indicates that the plan for the Lublin "reservation" has been abandoned in favor of a larger reservation of mixed Polish and Jewish population.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Disciple

By JOHN BERRYMAN

Summoned from offices and homes, we came.
By candle-light we heard him sing;
We saw him with a delicate length of string
Hide coins and bring a paper through a flame.
I was amazed by what that man could do.
And later on, in broad daylight,
He made a man sit suddenly upright
Who had been long dead and whose face was blue.

But most he would astonish us with talk.
The intent sad cadence of his voice,
His compassion, and our terror of his choice,
Brought each of us both glad and mad to walk
Beside him in the hills after sundown.
He spoke of birds, of children, long
And grueling tribulation without song
For the indigent and crippled of that town.

Ventriloquist and strolling mage, from us,
Respectable citizens, he took
The hearts and washed them in an upland brook.
Calling them his, all men's, anonymous.
He gained a certain notoriety;
The magical outcome of such love
The State saw it could not at all approve,
And sought to learn where when that man would be.

The people he had entertained stood by,
I was among them, but one whom
He trusted sold him to policemen, doom,
Repenting later most most bitterly.
They ran him down and drove him up the hill.
He who had stolen but hearts stood
With thieves, performing still what tricks he could
For men to come, rapt with compassion still.

Great nonsense has been spoken of that time.
But I can tell you I saw then
A terrible darkness on the face of men,
His last astonishment; and now that I'm
Old I behold it as a young man still.
None of us now knows what it means,
But to this day our loves and disciplines
Candle that man upon the darkened hill.

Ersatz Capitalism

FASCISM AND CAPITALISM. By Daniel Guérin. Pioneer Publishers. $2.

THE VAMPIRE ECONOMY: DOING BUSINESS UNDER FASCISM. By Guenter Reimann. Vanguard Press. $3.

THERE is general agreement among students of fascism that both in Italy and Germany its rise was materially aided and abetted by the leading capitalists of those countries. Unanimity ceases, however, when discussion proceeds to the question of whether this political investment has proved to be sound. Marxists of all schools tend to consider the fascist state as the *ne plus ultra* of capitalism: it is the instrument of the great magnates and by and large serves their interests. Admittedly it involves certain unpleasant sacrifices for the possessing classes, who, as Dwight Macdonald says in his preface to Guérin's book, "must give up much under fascism." But, he asks, "under what alternative system would they yield less?" The answer to this question may be that capitalism, given a choice of sudden death under communism, murder by slow torture under fascism, and gradual liquidation by democratic methods, might decide that the third alternative is the least painful. Of course it might be argued that it has no choice, that historical necessity will force it to struggle by the most desperate means to retain its powers and its profits. I would not care to be dogmatic on this point, but I suspect that American capitalists who appreciate the fate of their German confrères, as depicted by Mr. Reimann, will hesitate to seek the same path to "salvation."

Daniel Guérin, a distinguished French Marxist scholar (non-Stalinist), might, on the other hand, persuade them that the fascist state is genuinely devoted to capitalism, or at least willing to protect it on expensive but not utterly exorbitant terms. His fascinating and well-documented account of the rise of fascism stresses the fact that in both Italy and Germany the drive toward dictatorship was backed at a much earlier stage by the heavy industrialists than by those interested in the consumer industries, whose need to find a market for their goods led them to take a more liberal view of the maintenance of working-class standards. At the crisis, however, terrified of bolshevism and unable to stomach the thought of civil war, they too toed the fascist party line.

Guérin emphasizes the importance of the financial assistance which Mussolini and Hitler received from their moneyed friends, but he recognizes fully that such aid would have been useless without a mass base of support. The most valuable part of his book is that in which he describes how the Fascists in Italy and still more the Nazis in Germany built up a huge popular following. Obeying the injunction of the Gospels, they became all things to all men. While pleasing the owning classes with ferocious attacks on communism, they lulled the peasants and small employers by their denunciations of monopoly and "interest slavery." The

workers they sought to arouse by vilification of "international plutocracy" and by promises that unions would be supported and the dignity of labor elevated in the new nation.

Once in power the Fascists proceeded to kick the faces of those on whose shoulders they had climbed. True, the workers were given work—more than they wanted—but their standard of living was drastically reduced and their unions were smashed. The peasants were placed in a regulatory strait-jacket and forced to submit to an economic regime which raised their costs and cut the prices they received. Small business men, particularly retailers and independent artisans, received none of the relief promised and were systematically forced into wage labor. At first the big capitalists seemed to be the sole gainers. Their wage costs were reduced, their workers were rendered docile, and government contracts kept their factories busy. In Germany they were reassured by the June 30 purge of the radical Nazis, and despite the growing interference of the state in business, they were, according to Mr. Guérin, still fairly well satisfied in 1938, when this book was written.

Mr. Reimann's detailed picture of how business operates under the Nazis suggests that German capitalism has been undermined to a greater extent than Mr. Guérin admits. Increasingly wound in red tape, subject to endless restrictions with regard to prices, the purchase of raw materials, and the hiring of labor, weighed down by enormous taxes and arbitrary assessments, the German business man can hardly be said to be conducting a private enterprise. True, the right to private property remains for those who have not offended the Nazis by racial origin or political views, but more and more the state dictates how capital shall be invested. A large part of the enormous financing required by Göring's five-year plan has been provided by levies on the reserves of the big corporations.

Thus the capitalists who helped create the totalitarian state find themselves more and more at its mercy. Because National Socialism can only maintain itself by armaments and war, the surplus value created by industry must increasingly be drained off to support the army and the bureaucracy. The workers were first deprived of butter, but once they were down to subsistence level it was necessary to raid the capitalist coffers to keep the juggernaut rolling. Moreover, the logic of dictatorship demands that every rival citadel of power be captured and destroyed. The fortress of big industry held out longest in Germany, but its fall was near when the Nazis blithely reversed their anti-Communist tenets, and now its commander, Fritz Thyssen, has given up the battle. Such capitalism as remains in Germany seems as *Ersatz* as the coffee.

The question of who profits by fascism is important. The assumption that fascism is no more than a capitalist rearguard action is dangerous, for the conclusion that it will break down with capitalism is apt to follow. Actually capitalism seems likely to wither away before the Nazi party-state, which may continue to function on a collectivist basis. Those who believe that the exploitation of the workers automatically ends with the abolition of private control and ownership of the means of production may look forward to this development. But how many people today are as naive as that?

KEITH HUTCHISON

Mr. Eliot and Old Possum

OLD POSSUM'S BOOK OF PRACTICAL CATS. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

MR. ELIOT'S new book begins with two drawings on orange paper. Presumably they were drawn by Mr. Eliot himself. The second drawing represents two gentlemen roller-skating arm in arm, one of them dressed in a top hat and spats, the other in knickers and a beard, the total effect suggesting that J. Alfred Prufrock is waltzing with an old Bolshevik. This beginning is followed by a dedication of the book to four persons whom one would suppose to be children of Mr. Eliot's acquaintance, and then come fourteen poems which were undoubtedly written for children and for no one else, a fact which the publishers might have made more explicit.

The poems are not only about cats, but about English cats. Moreover, they are poems not for any children but for English children, for they refer often to such objects as pubs, area windows, the Admiralty, Indian colonels, and numerous London place names. What American and especially New York children would think of these verses is difficult to say. One suspects that the insufficiency of intricate plots, violence, and slapstick might induce unfavorable comment in beings accustomed to the comic strip. Mr. Eliot successfully avoids the usual vices of children's books, archness and cuteness; for his cats are practical cats, cats engaged in getting something purposeful done or undone; and the genres of Edward Lear are emulated skilfully. One merely doubts the universality of appeal.

The reader of Mr. Eliot's previous efforts in light verse might well have expected this book to continue the intense irony of "Sweeney Agonistes" or of the "Five-Finger Exercises," which sang of "How unpleasant to meet Mr. Eliot! (Whether his mouth be open or shut)." These verses do not present that engaging aspect of the poet; and there is virtually nothing in Mr. Eliot's previous writing which prepares, predicts, or makes probable

> Macavity's a Mystery; he's called the Hidden Paw—
> For he's the Master Criminal who can defy the Law.
> He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:
> For when they reach the scene of crime—*Macavity's not there!*

But the very best poem of the book has to do with the naming of cats and provides sublime advice on names and identifications in general. Here we are told that a cat needs at least three names, a daily name, a fancy name, and a particular, peculiar, dignified name, which is unique. Yet even these three names fall short of defining the cat as a private individual. For a cat, says Mr. Eliot, has another name which no one but the cat himself knows, "the name no human research can discover." It is of this name that the cat is thinking when he is seen in profound meditation. This ought to be a sufficient reminder to all readers. When Mr. Eliot calls himself Old Possum in this new and unexpected book, he is not only displaying himself in the hitherto unknown part of a gifted friend of children; he is also thinking of the names he has been called and reminding us of that private, pecu-

liar, dignified, "deep and inscrutable singular name" of himself, which he "himself knows and will never confess." We do not know that name, but we can be sure that Old Possum is not correct.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Journal of Julian Green

PERSONAL RECORD, 1928-1939. By Julian Green. Translated by Jocelyn Godefroi. Harper and Brothers. $3.

EACH time a new novel by Julian Green, of Paris and Virginia, appears, his French readers hasten to attribute the disturbing elements in it to his American ancestry, while readers on this side of the Atlantic commonly explain those same characteristics by reference to his French education. The publication of his diary should reveal that, though there is justice in both explanations, neither tells the whole story. Certain affinities between his novels and the work of writers from our own South such as Poe or Faulkner can be discerned, but so can they in the work of French writers—Baudelaire, Nerval, and others—who doubtless never heard of the Mason and Dixon Line. That Green's education, on the other hand, has made him more French than American is immediately apparent in almost every one of his reflections on literature or art. After all, he thinks, writes, and is comfortable only in French.

But the strange world of hallucination into which his fiction introduces us is the product neither wholly of heredity nor wholly of environment. Certainly it is quite peculiar to Green; and his diary, while not completely satisfying in the clues it offers, shows a remarkable conformity between the man and his work. The intensification of unreality in his latest novels at least borders on the pathological. In "Personal Record" he recounts his remarkably frequent and vivid dreams, his haunting fear of death and stairs, his means of escaping brutal reality, and continually indicates the strong personal element in his novels. "I am *all* the characters," he writes of "The Dark Journey," and again, "All that I write is immediately and directly derived from my childhood." It is along these lines that a clearer understanding of Julian Green's work must be sought, rather than in his bilingual background.

More than almost any other writer of our day, Julian Green is a man for whom art is life. When he is not writing, he is reading or visiting exhibitions or attending concerts; his friends are all writers or artists. The social and political problems of the modern world receive but scant attention in his diary. The fact that art in all its forms offers him a constant refuge from life gives a semblance of outer serenity to a mind which one feels to be tormented within. Unfortunately, in the present form of the diary, one only senses this, since Green has suppressed all the intimate passages, leaving the reader to stumble hungrily over suspension points. To judge from his own references to this journal, however ("Its nature is such that it can hardly be published during my lifetime"), the complete work will doubtless be buried in the Bibliothèque Nationale for our grandchildren to read.

In July, 1935, André Gide reproached Green for isolating himself in literature; eighteen months later Gide, back from Moscow, urged him to remain "unpolitical." The name of André Gide reappears every three or four pages in this diary, not the least of whose claims to interest is the lively sketches it provides of that great writer. In his own diary for June, 1928, Gide records that "Green is strangely like what I was at his age." That is enough both to explain his cordial interest in the younger man and to fill us with hope for Julian Green and for the unpublished portions of "Personal Record."

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

Mann's "Royal Highness"

ROYAL HIGHNESS. By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by A. Cecil Curtis. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

BETWEEN the serious and weighty naturalism of "Buddenbrooks" and the dialectic orchestration of "The Magic Mountain"—to use the author's own phrases—came this humorous little interlude, written by Thomas Mann in 1905 and now issued in a new American edition. With much suave irony and amiable sympathy it tells the story of Prince Klaus Heinrich, heir-apparent to the throne of a nameless German principality when royalty was only decadent, by no means obsolescent. In the hot-house atmosphere of the grand ducal *Schloss* the prince is reared for a life to be spent in the public eye—very much like the Dionne sisters behind their one-way-vision glass windows, except that members of the royal family cannot forget for a moment the thousands of noses figuratively flattened against the pane, the thousands of loyal but exacting eyes watching every gesture. When Klaus Heinrich attends school together with scions of less exalted stock, his tactful teacher even arranges a signal by which the prince may show whether he really knows the answer to a question or not, since the dignity of the state demands that he must always hold up his hand, while that same dignity would never survive the catastrophe if he should muff a question. In later years, because his elder brother has turned his back on the anachronistic puppet show of royalty in a machine age, Klaus Heinrich takes on his narrow shoulders the entire burden of representing the dynasty at shooting matches, dedications, state balls, officers' messes, and cornerstone layings. Trapped in this endless merry-go-round of ceremony as hopelessly as any fairy-tale prince in an enchanted castle, he is finally liberated by virtue of his love for a fabulously wealthy American financier's daughter, who not only wafts a breath of real life into his museum-like existence but injects a badly needed transfusion of gold into the state coffers.

If this comic-opera plot were the be-all and the end-all of the book, it would not merit a new edition; but, being written by Thomas Mann, it naturally embodies a full and complex symbolism, obligingly explained by the author in a new preface. The problem of the isolated prince is the problem of the artist, only too often apart from life and "different," destined never to be exactly as other men are, yet achieving redemption only through love and sympathy and contact with reality. Then, too, the author wanted to present a picture, however fancifully tinted, of the actual German monarchy as of 1905: the almost unrecognized conflict between intrenched prerogative and the ebullient but not yet articulate assertiveness of the middle class. The Minister of State is

Prince von Bülow in literary disguise, and Prince Klaus Heinrich is even pictured as having a stunted left arm, though this physical defect seems rather to symbolize the prince's inescapable fleshly kinship with the least fortunate of his subjects than to point a resemblance to Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Though in itself the book makes pleasant reading, it will doubtless be of greatest interest to students of Dr. Mann's development as an artist. For these readers it will be sufficient recommendation to cite the author's assertion that without "Royal Highness" neither "The Magic Mountain" nor "Joseph and His Brothers" could have been written.

LOUIS B. SALOMON

MUSIC

COMMENTING on the Metropolitan Opera squeeze play last August I pointed out that the Metropolitan Opera Association, the present operating company, was created as the means by which the boxholders retained control of production while the public assumed financial responsibility for it; and that the proposed sale of the opera house by the Metropolitan Real Estate Company which the boxholders own to the Metropolitan Opera Association which they control for $1,500,000 which the public was to contribute, was the boxholders' way of insuring that the performances continue to be given solely for their satisfaction but at least cost to themselves—the cost of a fashionable Monday night subscription instead of a share of the taxes and maintenance charges on the building. Sixty-eight and one-half per cent of the stockholders of the Real Estate Company have now voted to sell—for $1,970,000 instead of $1,500,000, and with guaranties of continuation of the social exclusiveness of the parterre boxes and of the present boxholders' exclusive rights to them. And this transaction—in which the public is to pay almost $2,000,000 to perpetuate the boxholders' satisfactions and privileges and its own discomforts and humiliations—is presented as a civic-minded action to save the opera's home. Not only presented but accepted. The transaction is one of those smoothly brazen infamies that call for a little of the anger and indignation which rise up in Mr. Downes and spill out on paper when a conductor does away with noisy applause between movements of a symphony. But it has elicited from him only approval last summer and silence ever since—unless it was he who wrote the recent *Times* editorial. The *Times's* approval is that of a conservative newspaper—a newspaper, that is, which believes literally in conserving whatever exists and functions and has money invested in it or buildings erected around it or important people associated with it, and which therefore believes that nothing or as little as possible should be said about the evils connected with it, whether these are a Teapot Dome lease or an unloading of a Metropolitan Opera House on the public. And Mr. Downes, in this matter, has been the perfect critic for a conservative newspaper, but not for the public.

Two books on the musical scene are at hand. Virgil Thomson's "The State of Music" (Morrow, $2.75) I recommend to a reader who has, to start with, a grasp of the facts about the musical world that will enable him to know when Thomson's acute, ironic, witty, eccentric mind offers a keenly and amusingly perceptive comment on the facts, and when, on the other hand, the writing is to be taken as a mere exercise of an acute, ironic, witty, eccentric mind, and as such enjoyable or fantastic or unintelligible. Howard Taubman's "Music as a Profession" (Scribners, $2.50) is for the reader who does not know. It is written with the caution and discretion of an assistant critic on a conservative newspaper, one whose usefulness as a news gatherer depends on his maintaining friendly relations with the people who control musical activities, and one who cannot risk libel suits. A sordid detail is, then, omitted here, understated there, covered up with one of the too many anecdotes elsewhere. And there are statements—for example, about teachers and how to choose one—which have no connection with realities. Nevertheless, Taubman's picture of the organization of musical activity is sufficiently detailed and candidly informative to be as depressing to the interested onlooker as it must be to the interested musician.

Only a few records have arrived from Victor, among them Dorothy Maynor's first—a coupling of Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Gretchen am Spinnrade" (15752, $2). As at her recital, her voice and phrasing are exquisite in the first song and less impressive in the second. Two other excellent vocal records are Marian Anderson's of "Deep River," "Dere's No Hidin' Place," and "Ev'ry Time I Feel de Spirit" (2032, $1.50), and Elisabeth Schumann's of Schubert's "Des Baches Wiegenlied," strangely coupled with Bohm's "Still wie die Nacht" (15735, $2); and Caruso's voice, rerecorded with present-day orchestral accompaniment, is magnificent in some trashy music from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Gounod's "Reine de Saba" (15732, $2).

The four Bach Chorale-Preludes—"Wachet auf!" "In Dulci Jublio," "Nun freut euch, lieben Christen," and the wonderful "Nun komm', der Heiden Heiland"—on one record of E. Power Briggs's set (M-616, $4.50) are recorded with fidelity to organ timbre, but the chorales cannot always be distinguished in the texture. This is true, for example, in "Nun komm', der Heiden Heiland"; and here the business-like Mr. Biggs's pace is too brisk for the profound emotion of the work to be realized. The two Daquin Noëls on the second record of the set are charming. A fine record of old music is the one of Sigismont d'India's "Lagrimo occhi miei" and three pieces by Monteverdi sung by Maria Castellazzi and Leila Ben Sedira (15466, $2); impressive, also, is Palestrina's "O bone Jesu," well sung by the University of Pennsylvania Choral Society, but not Casciolini's "Quaerite primum" on the reverse side (15732, $2); and Rameau's "La Pantomime," "L'Indiscrète," and "La Rameau," played by Ars Rediviva, are charming (12490, $1.50). But the Johann Christian Bach Concerto Opus 7, No. 6, excellently recorded by Mme Roesgen-Champion and a group of strings (444½, $2), and the Vivaldi Sonata in D minor, excellently recorded by Ars Rediviva (12491, $1.50), I find uninteresting.

B. H. HAGGIN

In Early Issues of The Nation
John Dos Passos, second of a series of articles
BY MARGARET MARSHALL
"The Study of History," by Arnold J. Toynbee
REVIEWED BY HANS KOHN

FILMS

AS YOU may have heard, "Gone with the Wind," the $3,900,000 super-picture in technicolor—playing time: three hours and thirty-seven minutes—has arrived. During years of preparation and twelve months of actual shooting, hundreds of people under David O. Selznick's supervision were at work to produce the epoch-making picture of our time. The result is a film which is a major event in the history of the industry but only a minor achievement in motion-picture art. There are moments when the two categories meet on good terms, but the long stretches between are filled with mere spectacular efficiency. One admires an excellent cast and a hundred technical details, but one's heart seldom beats faster. While one waits to be carried away, critical thoughts have time to develop. The feeling grows that one is sitting in a Hollywood Duesenberg with nowhere to go.

The picture consists of two parts punctuated by a brief intermission. The first starts with the Civil War and ends with its close; Scarlett O'Hara is back in Tara. The second is essentially the story of her marriage with Rhett Butler. In the first part the Civil War is the driving force, not the characters. In the second the characters dominate. The hospital scenes and the evacuation and burning of Atlanta are dramas in themselves, and their cinematographic reproduction is unforgettable; at the same time they reveal the principal weakness of the picture as a whole: the characters alone do not suffice. This would be no fault if not they but the times were the focus. As it is, a Strindbergian theme is attacked without Strindberg's power, hate, and insight. In spite of many excellent scenes the drama is not convincing. With the camera turning from high spot to high spot the psychological development is neglected. One understands less and less why things happen and thinks easily of more plausible alternatives. This also explains why in the end Rhett Butler's "I don't give a damn" comes as a surprise and shock to the audience.

These are critical remarks dictated by absolute standards. Relatively the picture represents progress in many respects. The courage of its producer deserves sincere acknowledgment. He proves that films of more than three hours' playing time are possible, opening the way to movie epics. He sets a new technical standard: the era of the sixties is reproduced in architecture, costumes, and make-up as never before. The technicolor photography is so superb that the normal preference for black-and-white pictures is forgotten. And the cast, in the main scenes as in the episodes, is excellent.

Vivien Leigh in appearance and movements is perfect as Scarlett. Her acting is best when she is allowed to accentuate the contrasts of the split personality she portrays. Why she loves Ashley Wilkes (Leslie Howard, who is convincing in his specialty as noble sap) remains a riddle, but that is not the actress's fault. She is particularly effective in such moments of characterization as on the morning after Rhett has carried her up to her room against her will. Clark Gable as Rhett Butler is best in the second part, where he can show the heart of the tough guy though he cannot bridge the gap between his love and his final disgust—but again, it is not his fault. Of the other characters I have only space to mention Hattie McDaniel as Mammy and Butterfly McQueen as Prissy. Victor Fleming's direction is expert and always tasteful with one exception: when he lets Scarlett stand like the Statue of Liberty on the barren fields of Tara after she has vomited (a scene which is hidden in shadows).

Of course one can easily conceive of a less polished and more exciting production of "Gone with the Wind"—for example, as an independent Eric von Stroheim would have done it. On the other hand, the fact that the hero and heroine of a super-picture are no longer merely noble and glamorous indicates a development which deserves high praise.

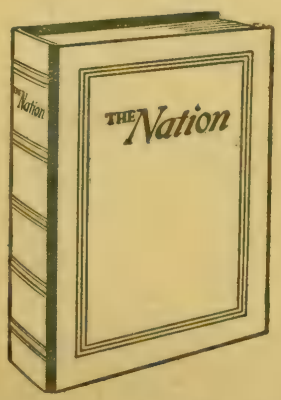
"The Light That Failed" (Paramount) is an ambitious movie version of Kipling's famous story. It is unevenly told, but Ida Lupino, as the girl who destroys her own portrait, makes the picture worth seeing.

FRANZ HOELLERING

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